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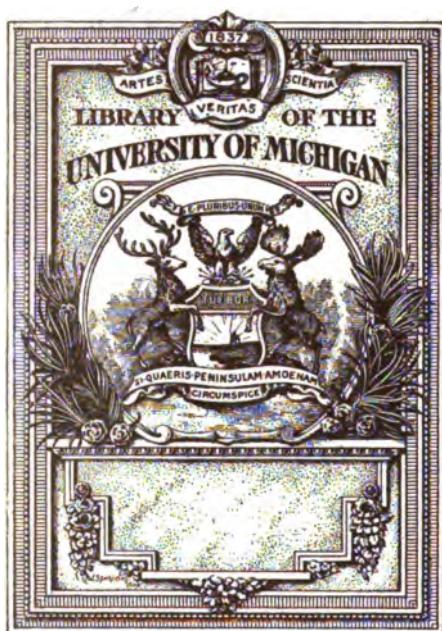
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VOLUME XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1841—JANUARY, 1842.

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# THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LV.

FOR OCTOBER, 1841.

ART. I.—*Libellus Aurarius sive Tabulae Ceratae et antiquissimae et unice Romanae in Fodinâ Aurariâ apud Abrudbanyam, oppidulum Transsylvanum, nuper repertae, quas nunc primus enucleavit, depinxit, edidit J. F. Massman.* (The Golden Book, or Waxen Tablets both of high Antiquity and the only Roman Tablets extant, recently discovered in a Gold Mine at Abrudbanya, a Village in Transsylvania, which are now for the first Time explained, described and edited by J. F. Massman.) Leipsic. 1841.

WE consider, whatever success may attend our efforts, that we should grossly neglect to discharge the duty incumbent on us as Foreign Reviewers, were we to permit the English public, through this journal, its only pure medium of information on such topics, to remain in ignorance of the immense archaeological discoveries that are daily taking place among the scholars of the continent, and those of Germany especially. The English scholars may flatter themselves that they are maintaining the reputation of Porson and Elmsley and others in classical lore, but however unpleasant the task, we must undeceive them, and plainly tell them, that, while they are stationary, Niebuhr, Herman, Wachsmuth, Müller and Böckh, have been enriching the world with views of the highest originality, the profoundest scholarship and the most accurate research. If ancient relics are to be explained and illustrated, a German professor is sought out for that object; if a series of ancient historians have been for some unaccountable reason thrown out of

circulation, a German suggests their publication, and a German edits them; if theology is to be viewed in connection with modern science, a German sets about the difficult task; if statistics are required of the state of Europe, the Germans produce matters of higher eminence and utility than anything on which Dr. Bowring can alight; and Von Raumer's Italy is worth a million of his official reports, and is infinitely less costly. England not only does nothing, but even neglects to avail herself of what is done; for, saving Heeren's Manual, Böckh's Athens (his "Urkunden über das Seewesen des Attischen Staates" has not yet been translated, though an exact account from ancient marbles of the Athenian navy in the time of Demosthenes), Thirlwall's Greece, who has availed himself of the German sources to such an extent as to make that history the only history of Greece for a scholar, though it already requires, from the immense extent of discovery since its compilation, rewriting—with these exceptions, England has not even been sufficiently industrious to get up what Germany has written. Fynes Clinton's Fasti forms possibly our only quotation; as for Dr. Arnold's lucubrations, whether on Roman history or Thucydides, they only demonstrate him incurably wrong in criticism as well as casuistry and politics. Were we disposed to point out how offensively this master of Rugby acts to all persons who profess different political opinions to his own, were we to show the insolence with which this pedagogue drives out from Rugby all candidates for admission of the conservative class, as far as their parents are concerned, we


could do so easily; for an instance has recently come under our immediate cognizance, where a Tory peer was prevented from placing his son there, and only found in the gentle and classical amenity of the master of Harrow a counterpoise for the plebeian insolence of this demagogue priest. Now politics form no bar to advancement in Germany, nor does any one dare, save a Whigling pedant, to try such a game in the gentle society of literature and art, which maintains its integrity and independence clear from all attempts to smother intellect in the child because the parent may be opposed to us in politics. Porson, Parr and Burney were respected as scholars, were treated as scholars, but were never rudely insulted by those of opposite opinions to themselves. Schelling was well treated by his king, though opposed to many notions of that sovereign. Paley and Watson, whose early opinions were certainly of extreme liberalism, were promoted and placed at the full height that their respective merits claimed. But we pass from politics to what to us is far sweeter, the curious argument of the work before us, which has been edited with great care and astonishing accuracy. It contains an account of the only waxen Roman tablets that have survived the ravages of time. It was begun in the year 1835, but from various causes, and principally from the time the author bestowed on his work "*Die gothischen Urkunden von Neapel und Arezzo*," he only completed the preface to his book on the last day of 1840. The accidents to which the precious and unique remains submitted to our notice have been subjected, the fragility of the material and its astonishing duration, render this discovery one of surpassing interest and almost incredible felicity. They completely confirm the almost prophetic remark of Spangenberg: "It is extremely probable that smaller letters were in ancient use, forming a kind of current hand on the *waxen tablets*, the *papyri* and the *parchment*;" so that the interest of the discovery becomes the greater from the analogy of the common character with the current which is here shown. The subject-matter of the tablets, independent of general interest, is also of high utility as illustrative of Roman law, and the condition also of those provinces of Dacia bordering on the Danube, in which history relates that the Getæ were aborigines, that the Sarmatians mingled there in fierce conflict with the Sclavonians and Scythians, that the Germans proved the strongest, that the Greeks were miners; and lastly, the oppressive Romans spoliators. The tablets contain, besides Roman and Greek appellations, two German, and

probably one Sclavonian name. Due heed has consequently been paid by Herr Massman to the contemporary history of these nations. He fixes the antiquity of the tablets at A. D. 167. The originals rest in the museum at Pest, which belongs to Nicolas Jankowich de Wadass. The author has also, by way of additional illustration of the current hand, appended to his work a transcript of a papyrus found at Philæ, which is in the museum of Egyptian antiquities at Leyden.

He candidly confesses his own inability to work up the book into its present compendious form in Latin, and acknowledges his obligations in this respect to Valentine Siebel for giving the work currency in that language among the literati of Europe. In the study of the Gothic he had in great measure forgotten his classical acquirements. The inscription of the larger tablet, with probably Dacian characters, he owns had puzzled to little purpose Grotefend, the late O. Müller, and others. It appears that Transylvania contains vast treasures of the same character with the tablets. At Vienna there are helmets with Etrurian characters, found in Styria, most beautiful golden vases, carved within, although of narrow neck and great content, and certainly not blown. Herr Arnett, the conservator, is shortly about to favour the literary world with the publication of these treasures from the same land with our tablets. We trust this notice will direct the attention of English travellers to this as yet unexplored country of classic treasures. We shall now enter more at large into our author's account of the tablets. It appears that in the autumn of 1835, N. Jankowich de Wadass, while travelling in Hungary, came to the university of Munich, having two triptychs or tablets, one of fir, the other of beech, which he showed to our author and Schmeller. The tablets formed of cleft beech, harder of cleavage, are joined together, and indicate the surface of the interior and exterior to have been polished by friction; the fir, on the contrary, are of ruder form, and cut up in a most simple style, so that the plate of the one may unite very closely with the joints of the other; and it is quite manifest that the plates were cut out of one and the same mass and connected. Each of the triptychs, as this name indicates, is formed of three wooden tablets of the size of small 8vo., so that it could be conveniently inserted into the pocket. The two exterior tablets of each triptych show wooden surfaces, which formed the protection and covering of the interior writing; the surfaces in the interior of the tablets are hollowed in, leaving a projecting wooden margin, and in



this hollowed interior are covered with wax, which has turned black from age. The plan of the third middle tablet is similar, with the exception that it is hollowed on both sides, and covered with wax on each. Of the tablets in question, the fir tablets are in the best preservation. The wax in both triptychs is not thickly spread, or rather is worn away by time. At first on the beechen it appears thin, and here and there loosened as the stylus\* of the writer, doubtless iron, penetrated with its sharp point heavier and deeper into the wood under the wax, and in some places the faint traces of writing occasion no small difficulty to the decipherer. In the fir tablets, if after our fashion turned from the left, the upper wax of the middle table is divided into two unequal parts by a groove, which seems to have been designed for the reception of styli, since it is deep and large enough for that purpose.

For the same object the other triptych shows on the margin of the middle tablet a grooved channel curved downwards, which appears to have been used to hold the stylus, with which the ancients were not only accustomed to deepen their characters and alter them, but also when inverted† to efface them. This channel in the margin or front of the tablets is of this shape, by which structure care seems to have been taken that the stylus should not escape from its sheath.  In addition to this, each of the three tablets is bored or pierced through to the surface of the opposite margin, so that from the hinder portion it might be held together in a book or tightened for the preservation of the writing, with a triple flaxen thread or metal tie. Thus much on the form.

The discovery of the tablets took place in the following manner: the beechen triptych was found in 1807, in the Torockoiensian mines, which are distant from Abrudbanya, a village of Transylvania, three or four miles: the fir in Abrudbanya, in the excavation of a gold mine not worked for some time previous by reason of the large quantity of sulphurous water with which it had filled. This was in 1790; and the condition of this latter gives internal evidence of the truth of this statement. Traces of the sulphurous

stream are evident on the margin and corners of the tablets; and had it not been for their complete inhumation, these delicate memorials of past time, these characters graven on this frail material, wax, probably had never reached us. How many secrets yet untold does earth keep closed up in her breast! How many memorials of a by-gone time may she yet unfold! But let us proceed to the writing itself. On the first glance over the beechen tablets in the first wax, a person will easily recognize some Greek characters: these are succeeded by a longer series of letters, which exhibit unusual forms. The fir triptych, which is entirely filled with letters, syllables, words, all connected into an obvious series, and sealed with sevenfold seal of secrecy, could not be explained by the best skilled in marbles, papyri, &c., at Pest, Prague, Paris, &c., where Jankowich carried them, nor before he came to Munich had any person either understood the shape of the letters, which some affirmed to be Mæsothotic, nor disclosed their sense. They did not however escape the penetration of Herr Massman, who, from the instant he saw them, formed the hope of achieving this "difficile opus." From the brief stay, however, which the possessor of the tablets made at Munich, he could not give so much consideration to the Greek inscriptions as he desired. Three or four hours formed the entire portion of time he could devote to them before they quitted his hands. But on these hereafter. For the present we shall proceed to the fir tablets, which our author pronounces to be *Latin*. At first the tablets appeared to him a confused mass; gradually the words developed themselves; first, *Scriptum . . factum . . positus id quod*; next *Julium . . Valerius*; and after one day's labour, the whole protocol, in just, pure, and perfect Latin, was apparent to him. "We have then," says our author, "an instrument before us, perfect in its commencement, dated, with the name of the emperor and the consul under whom it was executed, clearly made out. A document of Roman law, of the best form, of classic value, dug up in Dacia." What may be said to increase the value of the discovery is, that the writing is double; the same words re-copied. It is in four tablets. Our author discovered the sense by reading it in the Hebrew fashion, from right to left. The order of words begins in the third tablet or fourth wax, and ends in the third wax, in one tenour, with no breaks, so that the ancient *tabellarius* seems to have opened his tablets at the last wax. Contrary to our practice, the second inscription does not begin on the first wax, but on the second table, and terminates on

\* The stylus (σῆλος, γραφεῖον, γράφειον) used for the waxen tablets was formed of wood and iron, and likewise of bone, ivory, and silver. Suetonius describes Cæsar as wounding Casca with an iron stylus.—*Cæs.*, cap. 82. The stylus for the brazen tablets is called γλῶβριον, γλωφεῖον, *calum*, *celtes*, *scalprum*.

† "Stylum vertere." Cf. Hor. Sat. I. 18, X. 79; Ovid, IX. 520, &c.

the first. Why two copies of the same sense occur in one and the same triptych, does not appear; but it is assuredly fortunate for us, since the lacunæ of one may be restored from the other. This circumstance has also enabled our author to examine the form of the letters more closely, and to draw some useful hints from the proper names, which contain sometimes uncial or capital letters, at others specimens of the more current or cursive hand or common writing. The inscription, as deciphered by our author, is as follows:

"§ 22.\* *Descriptum et recognitum factum ex libello qui propositus erat Alb. majori ad stationem Resculi. in quo scriptum erat id, quod (infra) s(cryptum) est.*

"*Artemidorus Apollonii (filius), magister Collegii Jovis Cerneni, et Valerius Niconis (f.) et Offas Menofili, quaestores Collegii ejusdem—posito hoc libello publice testantur*

*ex Collegio s(upra) s(cripto), ubi erant homines) LIII, ex eis non plus rema(n)sisse [ad] Alb. quam quod h(omines) X(II)?; Julium Julii (f.) quoque commagistrum suum ex die magisterii sui non accessisse ad Alburnum, neque in Collegio; seque eis qui praesentes fuerunt, rationem reddidisse; et si quid eorum (h)abuerat, reddidisset sive funeribus; et cautionem suam, in qua eis caverat, recepisset; modoque autem neque funeraticiis sufficerent neque loculum (h)aberet, neque quisquam tam magno tempore diebus, quibus legi continetur, convenire voluerint aut conferre funeraticia sive munera; seque idcirco per hunc libellum publice testantur, ut si quis defunctus fuerit, ne putet se Collegium (h)abere aut ab eis aliquem petitionem funeris (h)abiturum.*

*Propositus Alb.(.) majori. V. (ante) Idus Febr(uarias).*

*Imp. L AVR VER III et QVADRATO CS.*

*Actum Alb.(.) majori."*

Such being the inscription, our author proceeds to offer a few observations on the exordium and subscription of this libellus; next, on the era of its composition; thirdly, on the writing; lastly, on the subject-matter, which conduces eminently, in his opinion, to the elucidation of many points of geography, history, and mythology.

The Libellus in question was evidently designed, as appears from the inscription, to indicate matters at the station or office of one Resculus, who was evidently a Tabellarius, or rather Tabellio. These public scribes†

the Roman emperors had fixed in the various provinces and cities of their empire, as well as in Rome, that parties might consult them and hand over to them their petitions, and inscribe for them donations, transactions, wills. The significance of the word *Statio* remains next to be determined. We first have this used as a haven; 2dly, as a cattle receptacle; 3dly, fixed points at the courses or games; 4thly, a gossiping place in the market or at a well for female servants; 5thly, a watching post for the soldier; 6thly, also to indicate those spots in which the publicans were situated, and from whence they got together the revenues; lastly, it is used for the home or office of the Tabellio and lawyer (jurisperitus). These, the Tabelliones especially, seem to have held at Rome certain stations, at which they were constantly present, to furnish information. Gellius has this passage, which we extract at length. "Cum ex angulis secretisque librorum ac magistrorum in medium hominum et in lucem fori prodissent, quaesitum esse memini in plerisque Romæ stationibus *jus publice docentium* aut respondentium, an quaestor populi Romani ad prætorem in jus venire posset."—N. A. xiii. 13. Inscriptions furnish constantly "*Statio marmorum*," "*Statio hæreditarium*," "*Statio vetustissima fabrum navalium Pis.*" The Liber Marini has these words: "*Ego Theodosius a. n. Tabell. urb. Rom. habens stationem in porticu(m) de Subora reg. quart. scriptor hujus chartulæ.*" These coincidences clearly establish the genuine character of the deeply interesting document before us, by showing the keeping of the terms of the exordium with classic usages, to which, in its turn, it will throw light. The following inscription adds to this argument; for three magistrates of a certain college, (it states), which appear to have contained fifty-four members, testify that there remained only ten or twelve out of that number, and that no one was willing to meet or to confer, "*funeraticia*" or "*munera*" at the legal periods. In addition to this, the com-magister is also reported as absent from Alburnum. The period of the writing is determined in the words "*Propositus Alb. quinto die ante Idus Februarias*," together with "*Act(um) Alb.(.) majori Imp(eratore) L AVR VER III et Quadrato C(on)s(ule).*" From these words we further draw the important conclusion that the involuntary worship due to the glory of the past republic was yet kept up, since we have here the emperor wielding the functions of the consul, and another consul named as his colleague. Justinian enjoined by edict, A. D. 537, that whatever matters were written by the Tabelliones for public purposes should be

\* The above inscription is given in our own Roman character for the use of those scholars who may wish to obtain the sense independent of the labour of getting up the cursive hand.

† Tabularius, Tabellarius, one who attended to public documents and preserved the archives. Tabellio. This officer had mainly functions relative to wills, or matters covenanted for in public documents.

in the following form: "Imperante Divo Augusto, Imperii anno (hoc vel illo)," and that the consuls of the year should be added and the indiction. The style used on these tablets and their commencement, prove them not to be of this low era. The indiction was the plan of Constantine. Numbering by a period of fifteen years, and marking the first indiction at 3 B. C., he proceeded to count his series. The last consul whose name was used (simply as a time mark) was Fl. Basilius, jun., after whose consulate in A. D. 541, counting down twenty-five years to A. D. 566, from this consulate we find that the Emperor Heraclius then abrogated the custom. The naming of the consul therefore gives to our tablets a superior antiquity to this period. The name Quadratus repeatedly occurs on consular inscriptions. Thus in A. D. 93, we have A. Julius Quadratus; the same a second time consul in 105, and again in 142; L. Statius Quadratus in 167; Titus Numidius—or, according to Muratori and Gruter, (Ummidius)—Quadratus, the son, probably, of the above; and Ummidius Quadratus, probably the son of the last named Titus, and probably Asinius Quadratus, the historian of the Parthian war, was a relative. And the above-named T. Numidius Quadratus, of the year of our Lord 147, was the colleague in the consulate of the Emperor L. Aurelius Verus, then a third time consul, under whose third consulate the Dacian war was ended. This fixes the wonderful antiquity of these waxen relics at the second century. They therefore far exceed in antiquity any existing MS. in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew; and the conclusions that may be established from them, however apparently uninteresting their official contents, are of course of the highest moment. The third consulate of Verus, and the first of Quadratus, his colleague, is also shown in the *Supplem. Donat. Murat.* The Greek *Fasti Consul.* exhibit Κοδρατος and simply name the Emperor Λουκιος. The full name of this emperor is Lucius Cejonius Ælius Aurelius Commodus Verus Antoninus. His colleague in empire is named Marcus Ælius Antoninus Aurelius Verus, the well known philosopher commonly called Marcus Aurelius. The greater part of the names above written arose from the following circumstances. In A. D. 130 he added the name of Ælius to his previous Lucius Cejonius Commodus, from his adoption as sanctioned by Adrian; Verus and Antoninus were added, from his adoption by Antoninus. Over the course of his life Verus appears to have repeatedly altered his style, as Lucius Aurelius Verus, the name on our tablets, L. Ælius Aurelius Commodus, L. Ælius Aurelius

Aug., L. Aurelius Commodus, L. Ælius Verus, L. Ælius Aurelius Verus, Aurelius Verus Commodus, and L. Ælius Imp. Similar changes appear in the style of his brother Marcus, though Marcus Aurelius Verus appears his predominant appellation. Lucius appears to have followed this style of his brother, and whether alone or conjointly, is written Lucius Aurelius Verus.

This well-known style confirms, therefore, the integrity of our Libellus, which may even be traced up clearly to the year previous to the war with the Marcomanni. In the following year, L. Aurelius Verus, setting out on that war with Aurelius, died, A. D. 169, in the 42d year of his age, and in the 11th of his reign. So narrow an escape have our tablets made from utter destruction, that they were only written two years before his death. Nothing in wax equals their antiquity. Of tablets in this material we possess some, but of no higher antiquity than A. D. 1301. These relate to the progress of Philip the Fair in Flanders, and are preserved in the ducal museum at Florence. Others, connected with the same journey, are extant in the monastery of St. Germain, which our readers may see in Montfaucon. Various others of still lower antiquity, are extant; none passing the fifteenth century. In the early centuries St. Willibald is reputed to have composed the life of St. Boniface on waxen tablets, which was afterwards transferred to parchment; and Charlemagne, as Eginhard informs us, kept tablets constantly under his bed-head, which passage we beg leave to point out to M. Jobard, as an additional proof that this monarch could write, as we asserted in F. Q. R. No. 53. His modern biographer, Mr. James, perfectly accords with our view also, we perceive. Out of the whole series of years, from the fifteenth century to the second, no tablets but those before us exist. They therefore furnish a most important continuation of the cursive form of Roman characters. It is somewhat singular, unquestionably, that neither Herculaneum nor Pompeii should as yet have developed tabular inscriptions, but the fact is so. It was left to Transylvania to develop what the ancient cities of the Roman rule had failed to produce. The enthusiasm of our author may of course be excused as the fortunate discoverer of the method of deciphering these ancient documents. We give his own description.

"Reddunt montium latebræ antiquorum hominum quasi manes resurgentes, reddunt luci libellos vetustate venerabiles vereque aureos, proque carbonibus, quos fortasse ille qui invenit e fodina quærebat parvulum lucrum se facturum sperans, inscius eruit thesaurum auro potiorum."



There can be little doubt that the contents of the tablets before us were transferred to brass, and kept as durable memoranda. The "*Tabulæ honestæ justæque missionis*" to the Emeriti contain similar forms to those with which these commence. To these "*Tabulæ missionum*" our author has furnished an immense body of reference, p. 22. The initial form of our tablets—"Descriptum et recognitum"—occurs in nearly all. The use of these terms may be gathered from the following form, yet extant on the Smyrnan marble of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, in reply to Sextilius Acutianus, who had supplicated that the sentence of Adrian in his favour should be committed to the public archives: "Imp. Cæsar T. Aelius Adrianus Antoninus Augustus Sextilio Acutiano sententiam Divi patris mei si quid pro sententia dixit, *describere tibi permitto*." And the Tabellarius added "*Rescripsi recogn(ovi)*." The inscription concludes in these words: "Act. VI. Idus April. Romæ Cæsar. Antonino II. et Præsente II. Cos. The form of the tablets "*honestæ missionis*" was similar to those before us. They were composed of two sheets of brass. Each of these had on the margin certain perforations, where a thread passed through the pierced brass, so that they could be opened or closed like a book. Our tablets have similar. The edict of Nero led to this fashion, who decreed that they should be bored through and held together by flax passed through the orifices. Whether the tablets of Jankowich had iron or brass fastenings is now matter of doubt, as they fell away from the holes in which they were fastened from rust. The recurrence of the inscription on the tablets does not appear easy to explain. But in the "*Tabulæ honestæ missionis*" two similar inscriptions occur; with this difference, however, that the interior inscription is written in the uncial character, and occupies each page, the exterior in smaller characters, being contained on a single page. This is the case in all the diptych tablets. The word "*scripta*," in reference to the names of those parties who received the "*honestæ missio*," must not be taken rigorously as referring to a subscription at the end of the tablets.

Our author conjectures that the twofold inscription of our tablets owes its origin to the circumstance that the magistrates, on the removal of the seal from the tablets, could compare the interior and exterior writing, and thereby prevent interpolation. But in our tablets, which are triptychs, or composed of three sheets, all the writing is contained on the interior pages. Plautus (Curcul. 3, 40) shows that the diptych was composed of four

waxen pages: "*Mihi isthoc nomini Dum scribo, explevi totas ceras quatuor*." And to what purposes were these waxen tablets applied? To friendly correspondence, as a diary, and for various other purposes. In the drawing of wills the waxen tablets were greatly used, as requiring from their softness no preparation. The page is numbered by the wax, as the "*first two waxes*," or else the "*last wax*."—Suet. Cæs. 83; Nero, 17. And in wills similarly a person was called *heir* from the first, second, and so on. Double copies of these wills appear to have been constantly made. Thus Cæsar informs us with respect to Ptolemy, king of Egypt: "*Tabulas testamenti unas per legatos Romam allatas esse, ut in ærario ponerentur alteras, eodem exemplo, relictas atque obsignatas Alexandriæ prolatas esse*."—*Bell. Civil.* 3, 108. In similar manner we learn from Suetonius that the will of Augustus was partly in his own handwriting, partly in that of his liberti.—Aug. 101. Ulpian informs us, that, as a legal instrument, the material of the tablets was not of any consequence, whether wood, paper, parchment, or skin. In fact, under the term *liber* was included (and we beg leave to suggest to the learned editors of the only Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities in our language worthy the name, now publishing by Messrs. Taylor and Walton, an addition to their article thus headed), on the authority of Ulpian, who informs us under this term were classed not only all volumes of paper or parchment, but also of the tilia or linden, or of any other skin different from parchment.—Fr. 52, D. xxxii. De legatis in III. Letters of manumission were written on the bark of the tilia. A letter also of Pertinax, of the date of A. D. 193, is extant, copied from the tilia or marble, in these words. "*Sententiam quam tulit L. Novius Rufus Leg. Aug. Pr. C. V. C. inter compaganos Rivilarenenses et Vol. Faventinam descriptam et propositam pr. Non. Novemb. inluster vir J. S. Rufus Leg. CCCX. decretum ex tilia recitavit*."—Gruter, p. 209. We have not yet enumerated the various materials for ancient writing. Montfaucon gives us a specimen of a libellus with leaden leaves.—*Palæogr. Græc.* p. 16, 180. Suetonius (Nero, 20,) speaks of a similar libellus. Pausanias, 9, 16, speaks of a copy of Hesiod on plates of lead, which he had seen in Helicon, to which Böckh assigns a very high antiquity. Thin plates of brass and tin were also used for the liber. The laws of Solon were cut on wood.

We shall now pass to the form of the characters on the tablets. The learned Lipsius, *De Pronuntiatione Latinâ*, and a crowd of

scholars after him, were of opinion that a current hand, distinct from the statuary hand, if we may be allowed the expression, did not exist among the Romans. The contrary theory, that a current hand did exist, is abundantly proved by these tablets, and that as early as the second century. Spangenberg ventured probably first on the conjecture of the possibility of a current writing simply for expedition. Pliny and Ælian both seem to treat of a minute character distinct from the larger; and there are certainly inscriptions extant, though of late date, where clear traces are observable of a variation from the capital characters into smaller and oblique forms. The MSS. of Ravenna, of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, confirm this. Boldetti and Buonarrotti both furnish examples, in V and L, of alterations of the uncial form, which exhibit the perpendicular line in this latter character as nearly horizontal, and the right angle formed by the perpendicular with the base as wholly altered, and an acute angle is contained by the two lines, thus **L**. The G undergoes also a change, so as to approach very closely to our common letter **G**. F is also remarkably assimilated to our current form **f**. M is still more remarkable for

this approximation **M**. R occurs on a coin described in the *Journal des Savans*, 1684, in this form **h**. P, Q, and S, undergo very singular mutations, which are also very remarkable on our tablets, from which we extract the word *quis*, which is thus written **quīs**. An ancient fragment found at Rome, in the year 1700, and which may be referred, from the consular suffixes, to A. D. 308 or 309, contains characters of exactly similar current writing to the Libellus before us, and thereby establishes its own genuineness and that of our inscriptions. The characters are not uniquely joined as in our own, but some appear united to others, and again many stand isolated in position. The affinity to our own current hand in both is very remarkable in

these letters **p n b d e**. An inscription at Milan exhibits a similar conformity. Another on lead, given by Lanzi, *Saggio di Lingua Etrusca*, ii., tab. 16; iii., p. 656, confirms the same law, and is also remarkable from the circumstance that it must be read from left to right. From this we extract the word *Dicata*, which is thus written **OTADIC**. An inscription on the statue of a Muse, at Florence, runs as follows, almost into our own current hand.

**OPUS ATYCIANUS AKPODITEKIK**

The A in this inscription varies considerably from the more angular, such as **AAA**, and assumes a round turn **a**; this character, and the D, are evidently approximations to our current hand. The style of both these letters varies from our tablets, which represent the D, in the form of the A, described above **a**. An inscription of the time of Aurelius is next collated with the tablets; but before we proceed to the comparison we must first note, that the inscriptions delineated by Leon Laborde, (*Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée*, Paris, 1830), and our countryman, Mr. Grey (*Transactions of the Royal Society*, London, Murray, 1832, i., p. 147), written in unknown Greek and Roman character, are clearly of the current hand, and probably written during the time of Titus by the Roman soldiery while in Judea. The Greek exhibits the angular form of the Latin A.

**a**, and other affinities; and we feel happy in being enabled to point out the key to the decyphering of these inscriptions fully both to our countryman and his distinguished fellow-traveller over the same regions. We now refer to an inscription of the same period nearly as our tablets, extracted from Marini (*Act. Frat. Arval.*, i., 263.) The

affinities here are very remarkable, and we recommend the careful observation of them to our readers for an excellent praxis in the hand. An inscription found in the codex of a Harmony of the Four Gospels furnishes fresh means of collation of the character. This MS. is curious, since it is dated five years after the last Roman consul, Basilus, of whom we have spoken above. Our indefatigable author has not stopped here, but with the assistance of Thiersch has inspected pateræ and potters' ware, and from these the theory in question receives further corroboration. Various Roman bricks confirm most amply our author's argument. These, of course, when they contain inscriptions, furnish the closest resemblance, since the clay and the wax are analogous substances for the stylus. This of course furnishes additional proof. The inscription above alluded to in the time of Aurelian contains also curious specimens of the current hand, and from the large characters in which it is given, is easier collated with other inscriptions than our tablets, which contain many of its forms, but from being given in their own small size, the characters are less determined. We subjoin a table of the twenty-four Roman letters in their forms of current hand:—

A.	Α. Α. Α.	I.	Ι. Ι. Ι.	R.	Ρ. Ρ. Ρ.
B.	Β. Β. Β.	K.	.....	S.	Σ. Σ. Σ.
C.	ϸ. ϸ. ϸ.	L.	Λ. Λ. Λ.	T.	Τ. Τ. Τ.
D.	Δ. Δ. Δ.	M.	Μ. Μ. Μ.	U. V.	Υ. Υ. Υ.
E.	Ε. Ε. Ε.	N.	Ν. Ν. Ν.	X.	Χ. Χ. Χ.
F.	Ϝ. Ϝ. Ϝ.	O.	Ο. Ο. Ο.	Y.	.....
G.	Γ. Γ. Γ.	P.	Π. Π. Π.	Z.	.....
H.	Η. Η. Η.	Q.	Θ. Θ. Θ.		

The letter L in the above table exhibits a singular change from the uncial form in the superior length of the base to the perpendicular. S also is carried considerably above as well as below the line, maintaining a similar character with our *f* which we use on the duplication of this letter. The O is frequently annexed to another letter, as *ON* or. It is also subjoined *to*. H T and Q exhibit remarkable affinities to our current hand. The E formed by two strokes, *Ε Ε*, is a remarkable irregularity both from the Roman uncial and our current form. The V discharges the office of U and V. The J, longer than the I, is found at the end of words, as *Jvlj*, *Collegj*. The i nowhere receives any dot or point over it. From the similar character of the B and D in these inscriptions we suspect great confusion has arisen in words into which these characters enter. Our author refers to the donation of Odoacer in proof of this point, where we find such forms as, *Judeatis*, *suscridsit*, *scridsit*, *nodiscum*, &c. With respect to the connection of letters, the union of vowels with consonants in the writing occurs more frequently than that of consonants with each other. The letters d, f, g, q, m, p, r, t, all admit this union. Three or four letters frequently occur without any break or separation. We refer our readers to p. 60 of our author's work for an illustration of these forms; this current style, in a table he there gives, possesses, at least, an antiquity as early as Cicero.

On a comparison of the characters in our tablets with those of Pompeii, so obvious a similarity occurs, that it suggested itself instantly to the acute observation of one of our best scholars at the first glance, but his distinguished position does not permit us here to insert his name. Now these bear the date unquestionably of 79 A. D., for at that period Pompeii was submerged and from the walls marked either with a stylus or nail, we gain many specimens of the current hand. Thus,

*SUSTULI* *sustuli*, *VESTALIS* *vestalis*, ex-

hibit characters the same as on these tablets; the union of V or U with S final as in

*SEVERUS* *Severus*.

Of the singular form of the E, *MONV-M* *INTUM* (*monumentum*), furnishes an exemplar. Many more examples exhibiting a conformity of character to our tablets might be adduced, but we must, in mercy to our printer, refer our readers to the work before us for further illustration. Contractions occur but rarely in our tablets:--*Neq(ue)*, *homin*, *hom*, *h*; *Aldur* once in the last line, *Ald* in the middle, for *Alburnum*, which is also found with all its letters. We find also as for *supra scripto*; *act(um)*; *et IMP(eratore)*; *CS* or *Css* for *consulibus*. The letters *i* s probably also imply *i(nfra)* s (*criptum*). As to punctuation, there is little or none in these tablets; no commas or other

stops appear, and periods or full stops but rarely. The orthography, like the modern Italian, is defective in aspirates as *abere*, *aberet*, *abuerat*, *abiturum*; the contrary to this is often exhibited in ancient inscriptions, where we frequently read aspirates *hac* for *ac*, *have*, *harena*, *holitor*, *Hosiris*, *heæ* *contro-versiæ*, &c. I in these tablets seems to be confounded with E, *reddedisæ*, *reddedisset*; there are also numerous inscriptions in which the same orthographical variety occurs, as in *reddedit*, *possedet*, &c. E also appears to have as early as this period assumed the present representation of *Æ*, as in *questores*, *presentes*. The letter D is interchanged with T, as *quiz*, *quot*. In *Menofili*, the letter *f* occurs, as in the Italian, for *ph*. Nor must these variations be considered as errors of the librarius, for each copy agrees in the same style of writing. The specimen is unique and perfect of small hand and current-writing; no fault of the librarius or copyist is traceable; no erasure by his own or correction from another hand is apparent; for, though we find in one "ad stationem" for *stationem*, this is not without ancient authority, since we read on Marbles, "ardente lucernam, cura agant, pietate redere, post ea uxore," &c. An apparent solecism must also be carefully noted as really no error, for "legi continetur," which occurs twice, is forensic Latinity, and it must be noted that "contineri" is construed legally with the dative. The style, though forensic, is in pure Latinity, nor are such expressions as "abere aut abiturum" to be held as marks of barbaric style, since they were probably the ancient legal style, equivalent to our "feme sole," and other legal terms. Coeval inscriptions with our own exhibit similar forms, as in particular that ancient conveyance by *Herenius* executed in the reign of *Severus* and *Caracalla*, A. D. 174, in which, towards the end, we find the words "dolum huic rei abesse afuturumque." The word "cautio" also occurs in these tablets, a very common juridical expression, for the full sense of which we refer our readers to a work from which we have already quoted, the Dictionary of Roman Antiquities; this word passed into Gothic.

We have the words "*cautionem* suam, in qua eis caverat, recepisset." A "*cautio*" is any writing in which security is provided for a party for money lent. When this instrument is destroyed it is equivalent to the cancelling the debt. We say "*Cavere cautionem* et *cautionem*, *cavere* in re, de re." A similar legal expression we have in "*rationes ille reddidisæ*." If any errors occurred in these details of calculation care was taken to pro-

vide a remedy, even after the lapse of twenty years. The word "*proponere*" may be also noticed, which is of common occurrence in edicts, actions, &c. The *curiosa felicitas* of the jurists of Rome, *circa verborum proprietatem*, is carefully preserved. We shall offer a few observations on the words *Magister*, *Quæstores*, *Collegium*. On the first of these we refer our readers to the dictionary cited above for many of its combinations, to which we shall append a few more. *Magister* was a general term among the Romans for numerous offices civil and military, private and public. Our word *Master* has not even yet parted from its ancient associations: thus we have *Masters* in *Chancery*, *Masters* in the *Exchequer*, *Master* of the *Rolls*; and amid the Romans we have, independent of the titles given in the dictionary to which we have alluded, a *magister palatii*, *balnearum*, *gladiatorum*, *census*. The emperors in addition to these offices, which are described in the work we have alluded to, made use of a *magister cognitionum sacrarum*, *dispositionum*, *admissionum*. The republic also had its *magister pagorum*, *decuriarum*, *morum*, *curiæ*, *fani*, *larum*, *sacrorum*, *regis*, *juvenum*; and the office of *magister societatis* was held by the father of *Plancus*, who was *auctor maximarum societatum*, *plurimarum magister*. In similar manner with the *societates* there were *magistri collegiorum*, heads of houses or presidents of colleges. There was the *magister collegii Saliorum*, *collegii fabrum*, *aurificum*, &c.

Our tablets describe *Artemidorus* as *magister collegii*, and his office is called *magisterium*. In similar manner we have the *magisterium equitum sacerdotum*, *morum*, &c. These *collegia* were evidently similar in numerous instances to our merchants' guilds or city companies, and were either settled under the *senatus consulta* or monarchical decrees. *Augustus*, on discovering the danger resulting to him from many other bodies which met under the appellation of *collegia*, abolished all, saving the *collegia fabrum*, *fictorum*, &c. Three members of a college formed a congregation. Many of these colleges contained large numbers; some were restricted in complement, such as the *collegium Æsculapii et Hygiæ*, to sixty men. The one spoken of in our tablets, *collegium Jovis Cerneni*, contained fifty-four. In *Pliny's* address to *Trajan* he consults the emperor as to a *collegium fabrorum* of one hundred and fifty. And due care is taken by him that no one should be received into this number but a *faber*, or abuse the purposes of the college to any other end. "*Nec erat difficile custodire tam paucos*." *Trajan* was, however,

of a different opinion, and did not accede to the petition of the Proconsul. Our author has with great diligence collected, at page 77, every possible existing body of this character in Rome. He has well inspected Muratori, Gruter, &c., and has drawn into one mass every possible institution to which the name "Collegium" could be given. These bodies, when incorporated, held their property under the same tenure as the state. They had a common chest, could sue and be sued. Our modern incorporations are clearly traceable to this source. Some of these *magistri* were annual, others quinquennial, others perpetual. Their *sodales* maintained a common worship, sacrifices, seal, device, treasury, temple. They were united in life, and in death they were not divided, possessing a common tomb. Their co-mates received a public funeral. The *sportula*, or dole, was distributed at their gates to the people. They had many festal days, some of which evince the strong attachment of the Romans to beautiful nature, as the *Dies Violaris*, when that flower began to bloom, the *Dies Rosæ*, &c. As in our universities, ladies were allowed the privilege of contributing to such institutions, and received the appellation of "*mater collegii*." A curious endowment of this character by Marcellina we recommend to the consideration of our readers at page 83. In further proof of the genuineness of our tablets and in illustration of their contents we extract a similar document in style and words, "*Descriptio decreti cujusdam Ceretanorum*," A.D. 113, now at Rome. It runs thus, "*Descriptum et recognitum factum in Pronao ædis Martis ex commentario, quem jussit proferri Cyperius Hostilianus per T. Rustium Lysipponum scribam in quo scriptum erat id quod infra scriptum est*." This supplies our letters *i s*, or *infra scriptum*. The letters in italic furnish us clearly with powerful marks of the genuine character of our tablets by the recurrence of the words, or their synonymes, which we have distinguished by italics. Various other ancient marbles might easily be cited in corroboration. These tablets exhibit a *senatus consultum* complete in all its parts, month, day, consuls, and emperor. The proper names also furnish additional proof. That of Apollonius is very remarkable, since we learn from Julius Capitolinus that there was a stoic of this name of Chalcedon, who attended M. A. Verus. The genitive "*Artemidorus Apollonii (filii)*," Valerius Niconis, Offas Menofili, Julius Julii," follows the Greek mode in sons of Greeks probably. Artemidorus and Apollonius occur on various inscriptions in Gruter, and the first is also in the Anthology. An Artemidorus is referred

to in the conveyance executed by Herennius, of which we have spoken above, A.D. 174; Nico, Νικων; Menophilus, Μηνοφιλος; both common on marbles. There existed also during the reign of A. Severus, a *Præses Moesiæ*, Menophilus, when the Goths invaded that country. Valerius and Julius sufficiently attest their Roman origin. Offas we shall notice hereafter as we proceed, which we shall now do, to indicate the connection between the spots where these precious relics were found and the Roman authorities of that period. Abrudbanya is a small village in Transylvania. The Romans there had assuredly one of their principal gold mines. Four places in Dacia are famous for metals—Abrudbanya, Offenbanya, Körösbanya, Kisbanya. The first alone appears to maintain traces of its ancient character, and the mountaineers still find gold sand in the streams about it, and various pieces of rock containing gold are found. These are brought into Abrudbanya, then broken to pieces with a hammer, the precious metal extracted, its quantity ascertained, and an equivalent given for it. This takes place every Monday, on which day the mountaineers bring it down to Abrudbanya from all quarters. Dacia affords at present but a very inconsiderable quantity of the precious metals, gold and silver; but anciently, if we can credit Pliny, in the time of Nero her mines gave daily fifty pounds of gold, and Hannibal is also reported to have drawn daily from one mine three hundred pounds of silver. Abrudbanya attests by its magnitude what care the Romans had bestowed on this portion of their metallic empire.

The history of Dacia may be very briefly summed up for our present purposes. The inhabitants maintained a gallant conflict against Alexander the Great, as we learn from Strabo and Curtius. At his death, they dismissed Lysimachus, whom they had captured, with the brief advice, that he should hold in recollection his defeat for his instruction and amendment. Over a long series of years they were a terror to Rome. Cotyson, Boerebista, Dorpaneus, and lastly and best known, Decebalus, amid their kings, infused considerable panic into the Roman armies. Domitian bought a truce for twelve years of this later sovereign, but Trajan gave him war for tribute. Decebalus was unable to withstand the forces of the empire, and Dacia yielded to Trajan. The emperor, however, did not neglect his conquest, and bestowed on it many local and civil benefits. The inhabitants soon lost their original character, and Romenia probably furnishes a trace of their attachment to their civilizing conquerors. St. Bernard conferred on it the

appellation of *terra auri*, and Trajan seems to have been equally sensible of the metallic worth of his conquest, and in his vows to Jupiter Stator for the conquest of Dacia he does not forget to return thanks also to Jupiter *Inventor pro detectis Daciae thesauris*. Gellius tells us that the Forum Trajani was formed ex manubiis, or the money raised from the booty taken from Dacia, N. A. 13, 14; and the column of Trajan attests also the rich value of the spoils from this people. This country was the scene of many persecutions of the Christians, for Adrian and Trajan sent them into it to be hewers of stone, and drawers of water, and excavators in the mines. L. D. Aurelian, the emperor, when he was unable to check the incursions of barbarians on this country, then a Roman province, placed numerous inhabitants from it in Mœsia, which obtained the name of Dacia Ripensis, or Aureliana. Scythians, Goths, Huns, and, lastly, the Hungari, followed each other in rapid incursions into this unhappy country. Trajan had withered their force by numerous colonies drawn from them; five may certainly be counted. The ancient marbles around Abrudbanya give melancholy attestation to its ancient wealth; of these, we extract the following as a specimen:—

“PRO SALUTE DOM. NN. L. SEPT. SEVER. ET M. AUR. ANTONINI ET P. SEPT. GETAE. CAESS. AUGG. CULT (ores) IOVIS DEDIC. VIII. K. AUG. MUCIANO ET FABIANO COSS. COLL. AURAR.”—p. 107.

Of this collegium aurariorum (or aurarium), we have quæstor and master and sub-master, to whom, perhaps, the Aurarian mines were confided. We shall conclude this article with a few observations on the geography of our tablets. Where then, in the first place, is Alburnum, which is stated as the locality of the college in question? Our author frankly confesses that he had never heard of such a spot in Dacia. The terms, too, of the writing are singular, “Actum Alb. majori.” Now, Abrudbanya, in its latter portion, *banya*, implies a mine, in the common language of Hungary; and numerous mining districts, some of which we have quoted above with this termination, *banya*, doubtless derived it from this circumstance; but though this would account for the termination, we have no such word as *Abrud* in Hungarian; and here alone our author fails in the attempt to identify Alburnum with Abrudbanya, if indeed the bold conjecture of Cerneni as identical with the Zernensian colony be not another instance. The diligent collation of the language of these countries with ancient tongues, which is at present

making great progress, may soon, however, supply even these difficulties. Offas is unquestionably our Saxon name of Offa; a king of the East Angles of this name existed in 575 A.D., another turned monk in 709, a third was contemporary with Charlemagne in 755; and among high Saxon descents, Offa, Affa, Yffe, is spoken of as in the direct line from Woden.

Nor is this mixture of names uncommon in Roman monuments; we should be led to expect it from the reason of the case, from the long intimacy and connection of Britain with Rome, and Herr Massman has confirmed it by numerous instances. The coins constantly found throughout Dacia show that great intercourse had subsisted between the Greeks and that country as well as the Romans. Our author, however, does not touch eight lines of most singular character which occur together with Greek quotations on the waxen tablets, but commends them to hands amply worthy of them,—to Böckh, Franz, Lepsius, Grotefend, simply stating that in his notion they are to be read from right to left; the characters are certainly very remarkable. The prayer, oracle and other inscription appear unconnected, and simply things jotted down at hazard on the tablets.

A few words on Verus, whose name appears on the tablets, may not be deemed irrelevant. He was a mere voluptuary; he passed through life in the indulgence of every vice and appetite that could disgrace nature; a laughing-stock even to the effeminate Syrian. But the unseen scourge of his crimes and luxury was at hand, and with it the deadly pestilence was approaching with rapid strides. It was probably moving by the side of the emperors into Rome; earthquakes involving the fall of many a city, inundations, repeated blasting of crops, the deadly locusts in fierce swarms, were its heralds. Antoninus betook himself to various salutary and pious measures, but war being menaced by the barbarians in numerous directions, the brothers set out to encounter it, but near Aquileia, Verus was seized with a sudden attack of apoplexy in a carriage with his brother. A vein was opened, he was carried to Altinum, remained mute for three days, and then died in the 39th or 40th\* year of his age.

Mærus Antoninus set out alone for the war.

\* Herr Massman is not very consistent with himself in this statement, as our readers will perceive by a reference to p. 18 as compared with p. 139. Petavius, Rat. Temp., says “Sed in ipsa profectione Verus, apoplexiâ correptus inter Concordiam et Altinum, perit a.o. 171 si undecimum imperii attigit, vel 169, si nonum haud excessit.” The year of the death of Verus cannot be exactly determined.

He appears to have died by the pest at Vienna. It is said that on the seventh day of the attack, his son alone was admitted to see him; but soon dismissed, for fear he should take the disease. His son being thus dismissed, he covered his head as if to sleep, and died on the night following. Thus passed the emperors. Our tablets indicate their own era. The Marcomanni invaded the Roman provinces in 168, having routed 20,000 Romans; they conquered again in 174, invaded Dacia in 178, attacked Pannonia in 252, were repulsed in 304, embraced Christianity in 396. Thus fiercely did Germany fight against Rome, and at last, as Herr Massman piously observes, Rome was not their conqueror, but Christianity. These tablets, drawn up by the *Tabellio Resculus*, relate evidently to this period of the Roman annals. They show that out of fifty-four members of the college of Jupiter Cernenius, only ten or twelve remained, and probably the college was confused, disturbed, and dissolved in consequence of the great pestilence. We here close our remarks on the most interesting remains of antiquity that have been recently discovered; and although they may not equal in importance the valuable marbles so ably annotated on by Böckh, of the Records of the Athenian Navy, or excite equal interest with the Homer of Mr. Banks or the Oration of Cicero by A. Maio, or the various papyri now unrolling, or possibly what may yet arise from the site of the lost decads of Livy, or the treatise of Cicero de Gloriâ, extant in the time of Petrarch, yet do they lend light on the cursive character of Roman writing, that no other document could supply, indicating the various mutations of the language, and filling up a vast gap of desiderata, which were scarce even faintly anticipated, clearing up the inscriptions at Pompeii by analogous characters, and, in one word, diffusing a more exact sense of the language by the close peculiarity of their terms, and by a perfect freedom from any false reading or interpolation. The material of which they are constructed has been wonderfully preserved, and the frail wax retains in perfection the characters from the stylus as fresh in some instances as though executed on the instant. Such are the mutations of time, and such the light the gold mines even of Transylvania can produce. What then may we not imagine will be yet derived from those eyes into the past, the mummy and Pompeii? We trust we have yet to learn many new views of antiquity; and for ourselves are fully prepared to relinquish all anterior prejudice or confined reading before this teaching from the tomb, this voice from past ages.

#### ART. II.—*Geschichte des Ersten Kreuzzugs.*

Von Heinrich von Sybel, Doctor der Philosophie und Privatdocenten der Geschichte an der Universität zu Bonn. Düsseldorf, bei J. H. C. Schreiner. 1841.

It was towards the close of the eleventh century (1074), that Gregory the Seventh, perhaps the most remarkable man that ever swayed the pontifical sceptre, first gave the world any official intimation of an approaching crusade.\* The character of the man and the circumstances of the time all seemed to favour the project. Engaged as the pope had been, from a period long previous to his accession to the Holy See, in a struggle against the temporal influence exerted within the Church, occupied with the magnificent scheme of erecting a spiritual empire before which all worldly potentates should bow, endowed with a genius whose splendour has never been denied, and acting with a sincerity which can hardly be questioned, his insatiable ambition, and his intolerable arrogance, have nevertheless made it doubtful whether he designed his intended crusade to serve the Church chiefly in the East or in the West.

It could hardly have escaped the notice of so penetrating a statesman, how great would be the advantage to the papal power could the ambitious princes of Europe be induced to draw off their turbulent nobles with their disorderly retainers, to the scene of a distant and a religious war. Still less could the more important advantages escape him which his plans would derive from the high tone of religious feeling which a war against infidels and on behalf of the Holy City would necessarily excite. Obedience to ecclesiastical authorities, the vital importance of union with the Church and her chief pastors, the supremacy of the throne of St. Peter over all earthly dignities, mediately in temporal and immediately in spiritual matters—such were the lessons which it was the sole object of Gregory's pontificate to teach, and such would be more effectually taught by a crusade than by any operations in western Christendom which the popes could ever hope to effect.

The novelty of the design, the vast ideas of oriental splendour which then prevailed, the discoveries which might be made, the noble field for the display of combined valour and devotion, the extraordinary and enthusiastic manner in which, when the scheme was

\* Sylvester the Second had previously addressed the Church on the subject, and proposed himself to lead the chivalry of the West, but the proposal met with no sufficient response, nor was the scheme of Gregory brought to maturity during his pontificate.

at last matured, the appeal of Urban the Second was received, all tend to make the history of the first crusade the most important portion of European mediæval history. It was the first updrawing of the curtain from a scene of gorgeous romance, the commencement of a brilliant æra of war, and chivalry, and diplomacy; it called into display a thousand splendid qualities, and into action a thousand splendid characters, which would otherwise have been occupied and expended in petty provincial warfare; it united and, as it were, fused together the best and most attractive parts of the eastern and western character; it gave a new impulse to poetry and music and architecture, and it poured into Christendom, with a tide which continued for three centuries to flow, all the comparatively ripened civilisation of the then more advanced East.

But of this interesting period we have had until lately no well written and faithful history. In England this want struck less forcibly on the mind, because the subsequent glories of Richard Cœur de Lion absorbed the national attention, and the former period lay in comparative obscurity without any attempt being made to illustrate it.

In 1820, however, appeared Mills' History of the Crusades; and this, though necessarily bestowing but a comparatively short space on the first of these expeditions, is the largest and best connected work treating on the subject which is accessible to the English reader. Yet there are few portions of history of which the contemporaneous accounts are more numerous or more diffuse. Dr. Sybel classes these into, first, letters of individual crusaders, of which a few still exist, and of which some might be made available in the compilation of a history of the period; secondly, letters from princes and popes, among which those of Alexius Comnenus to Robert, Count of Flanders, and those of Urban II. to Alexius, are the most important; and thirdly, the contemporaneous histories and chronicles of the crusade. The first part of Dr. Sybel's work is occupied by an investigation of these sources, and is distinguished by an accuracy and a patient research which leaves little if anything to be desired.

Professor Ranke, in the year 1837, called much attention to an investigation of the sources from which our knowledge of the history of the first crusade is derived. In the course of this investigation it appeared, says Dr. Sybel, that the first books of William of Tyre were a mere rifaccimento of other and earlier writers, as Albert of Aix, Raimond, and the "Gesta Francorum." This, how-

ever, is anything but new to the literary world, for Mills, in his "History of the Crusades," frequently speaks of the Archbishop as the copyist of Albert; but with regard to the "Gesta Francorum," we have here for the first time a view taken of that document which entirely alters its position among the histories of the crusade. There are two works called by this name, but Sybel, by referring to the pages of Bongarsius, identifies the one to which he alludes: it is the same of which Mills in his History, vol. i., p. 461, says, "It is an improvement of Tudebode," and with this brief notice proceeds to the other. There is, however, much important matter here left untouched, and we shall therefore proceed to give a few extracts from Dr. Sybel's work, as to the history and value of the "Gesta Francorum."

"John Besly, in his Preface to Tudebode, asserts with great confidence that the work entitled 'Gesta Francorum,' which in former times was used as an authentic and original document, is in fact no more than a plagiarism of the very grossest description, and that as the anonymous compiler had to thank his verbal following of Tudebode for his fame, it was a mere matter of duty to expose his misdoing. He grounds this assertion upon three places, one in which the writer speaks of himself, and two in which he alludes to his deceased brothers."—p. 23.

Besides this it appears that Tudebode spoke frequently of himself, and that the anonymous writer has carefully left out all such passages. Now it is to the merest chance that Besly owes the consent of all later writers to this assertion, and it would probably have remained uncontradicted to this time, had not our author been led by the character of some passages in the "Gesta Francorum," as well as by the doubts of Professor Ranke, to investigate the subject. A short examination proved to him that Besly was mistaken, and that Winkel and other historians of the crusades had been subject to considerable errors in consequence of taking up the same opinion.

"In the first passage (upon which Besly's assertion is grounded) Tudebode relates an unlucky occurrence which took place during the siege of Jerusalem, and he adds—'Tudebode, a priest of Sivray, the author of this history, was present and saw the event. The whole narration to which this assertion refers is wanting in the 'Gesta,' and I see nothing improbable in the supposition that Tudebode, having proceeded so far in his copy, inserted in this place an event of which he was an eye-witness. As to his following the army with his brethren it is of course impossible to disprove it, though many difficulties would arise if we endeavour



to derive from his account that of the 'Gesta.' Again, the anonymous author speaks throughout in the first person; Tudebode speaks sometimes in the first, sometimes in the third, and changes back without any apparent motive to the first again."—p. 23.

The priestly character of Tudebode forms a still stronger evidence of the truth of Dr. Sybel's conclusion, for a similar inconsistency prevails in that respect as in his confusion of the first and third persons. The anonymous writer was a knight, and speaks ever consistently with his knightly character, while Tudebode is perpetually changing his tone and represents his occupation sometimes to be war and sometimes religion, and sometimes a strange (to us at least) mixture of both. This incongruity is easily comprehended if we consider the writer merely as a copyist, but it is totally incomprehensible on any other supposition. Another point which Bealy passes over as though it were of small moment, Sybel rightly notices as one of great importance; it is by itself almost sufficient to settle the question of priority. Tudebode has copied many passages verbatim from the book of Raimond of Agiles. Now if the author of the "Gesta" had copied Tudebode, it could hardly fail but that some at least of these passages would have found their way into the transcript; yet not one is to be seen, and the very place in which Raimond and the "Gesta" are agreed most remarkably upon, affords the most remarkable proof of this fact, for Tudebode, after giving to a certain extent the words of the "Gesta," transcribes next several passages from Raimond, and then goes back once more to the words of the "Gesta." Our limits will not allow us to follow the doctor through the proofs which he gives in support of his position; passages in which Raimond is evidently wrong are copied into the book of Tudebode, and the inconsistencies of the latter, as well as the internal evidences of the "Gesta" and the results of an examination into the *Historia Belli Sacri*, all tend to show that the first "Gesta," in the collection of Bongarsius, is the most trustworthy record of the first crusade that has reached our times. We have but little information as to the life of the author.

"We know only that in the year 1096 he went with Bohemund to Amalfi, and remained with his forces till the siege of Antioch by Kerbuga. He served here among the knights, and had the fortune to be concerned in almost every undertaking of consequence. He accompanied Robert of Normandy and Raimond of Thoulouse and Tripoli, and this is the last of his personal adventures that we are able to trace."—p. 26.

His personal character is so beautifully sketched from his own writings by Dr. Sybel, that we cannot refrain from laying before our readers a few passages.

"If his personal character be not so clearly indicated as that of Raimond, it is nevertheless sufficiently so to impress us with a sense of his trustworthiness. In the first place he seems evidently penetrated with the universal idea of the holiness of the expedition. He connects it immediately with God's ordination, and in a hundred places speaks of God as their great leader and protector. 'The Almighty God, gracious and merciful, who alloweth not his host to perish, sent us help.' 'So were our enemies overcome through the might of God, and of the Holy Sepulchre.' 'We walked secure among the fields and mountains, blessing and praising the Lord.' With such expressions does he begin and end almost every narration of individual exploits and conflicts. We may indeed say that all this was to be expected, and that an indifference to such subjects among his contemporaries would have spoiled and disturbed the picture; but their enthusiasm is kept within its due bounds, and neither leads to the neglect of temporal affairs, nor does he regard the enemy with the eye of a controversialist."

For 180 pages does Dr. Sybel investigate the sources of the history of the crusade; and though considerable attention had been paid to the subject before, his labours have been rewarded by what, if we cannot call them discoveries, are at least strikingly novel views. Nor are these views hastily taken up; the reader's judgment is carried along with the investigator, and we rise from the perusal of this part of the volume, impressed with the conviction that a history of the first crusade, in every respect worthy to be credited, has been hitherto a desideratum. One of the most interesting points on which Dr. Sybel has exerted his critical acumen is the origin of the crusade itself, so long attributed to the solitary of Amiens. We shall briefly give an analysis of what our author advances on this topic.

The character and adventures of Peter the Hermit occupy much of the attention of every writer on the Crusades, and it is somewhat curious to notice the inconsistency which they have displayed. Few persons have been more misunderstood than this celebrated individual; the sneers of Gibbon, and the all but adoration of some of the monkish writers, have been alike taken as true. The actions of a sage have been attributed to one described as a weak enthusiast, and the influence of a sovereign to a despised outcast. In one respect, however, all have been agreed—in whatever mode they chose to represent the man himself, they unanimously attributed to him the first move-

ments of the crusade. That he led to Palestine a vast undisciplined host, nearly all of whom fell a sacrifice to their own vices and follies, is undoubted; that he previously organized a similar but smaller band (if indeed it could be said to be organized at all), under the banner of Walter the Pennyless, otherwise Walter Habenichts, otherwise Gautur de Vaurien (titles all of the same import), has never been denied: that he remained with the army of the crusades until the war was over, and headed such ragamuffins as remained to him, is a matter of history; equally so is it that, previous to the first armament, he preached in various countries. But here we must stop. Dr. Sybil brings together a few facts that throw a strong light on this portion of history. First, let us take the legend properly so called; we will next deal with the romance. Albert and William of Tyre shall be our authorities.

'Deeply grieved on account of the heathenish enormities, he prayed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre till he sunk to sleep; then appeared to him the Saviour in heavenly glory and spake to him, a weak and sinful man. 'Peter, my dearest son, stand up, go to my Patriarch and take from him the letter of my mission. In thine own land thou shalt speak of the misery of the Holy State, and shalt awaken the hearts of those who believe there, that they may purge Jerusalem and rescue the saints out of the hands of the Heathen, for the gates of Paradise are open to him whom I have called and chosen;' and Peter rose up at dawn and went to the Patriarch to receive the letter of mission, and the Patriarch gave it to him and thanked him exceedingly; and Peter went his way and prepared for his departure in the greatest anxiety, so he came to Bari, and at last to Rome. There the Pope received with joy and humility the word of calling, and went first to Vercelli and then to Clermont to preach the way of the Lord. And all lands arose and all princes and knights throughout France to set free the Holy Sepulchre. On the 8th of March in the year 1096, Walter the Pennyless, a powerful knight with a mighty following of infantry and eight lances, the first crusader on his way to Jerusalem, passed into the potent kingdom of Hungary.'

On this Sybel makes some very valuable remarks, but as we have no space to follow the pennyless knight, we will just *en passant* observe that his host was all before long destroyed. Now to our author's observations:—

"The character of this relation appears not to be mistaken; it is the history of a wonder, a holy legend, if ever there was such. Christ, the Saviour of the world, appears and commands a crusade; he speaks the word and the deed is done. As soon as Peter has mentioned it, the Pope receives it, and announces it to others;

and by the 8th of the following March, without much negotiation, the first crusaders are already in Hungary. It is a creation of God's command through the instrumentality of a weak hermit. The Pope appears only as the third link in the chain, and then in the most unpretending manner."

With this legend are all the histories from Albert of Aix downwards interwoven. Peter, after his interview with the Pope, went from country to country, detailing the miseries of the Christians and the cruelties of the Saracens, urging rich and poor to band together

"Il gran sepolero liberar di Cristo."

As with one voice, so runs the same strain, the nations responded to his call. *Deus id vult!* *Deus id vult!* was the cry, not at the council of Clermont only, but throughout Christendom; and an armament before the year was out proceeded on its way only to be, as it were, pioneers for one yet mightier and more enthusiastic. Four successive levies took place, which well nigh drained Europe of her vilest as well as of her most fanatical sons; men, women and children, the old and the young, set out together; ill-armed, ill-victualled, and not disciplined at all. Before they had left France, the children were inquiring about every town they came to, whether that were Jerusalem, and the parents were hardly able to answer the question. The commanders of these mobs were successively Walter the Pennyless, Peter the Hermit, Godeschalco and Emicho, the two latter being counts, and about as indifferent characters as the middle ages could produce. Upwards of a quarter of a million persons perished in these four expeditions, after exhibiting all the vices and all the brutality that could degrade human nature.

No individual will require any further notice (of those, i. e. who were concerned with these first movements), save Peter himself. And here, when we come to seek for contemporary notices of him and his doings, we find them wonderfully small. Radulph of Caen, who pays him no great respect even at the beginning, leaves him out altogether when Raimond and Bohemond and Robert of Normandy appear on the field. None of the strictly contemporaneous writers speak of him otherwise than they do of Walter and Emicho. The English and Italians scarcely heard of him at all; and what they did know was merely that, after having taken upon him to preach a crusade, he led a tumultuous rabble into the Holy Land. Anna Comnena indeed, who calls him Cuckoo Peter, speaks of him as a kind of saint; but then, as Sybel well observes, it must be remembered that

Walter the Pennyless had prepared the mind of Alexius to receive him in that capacity, and that vile and ill-disciplined as was the mob which he called the army of Christ, it was nevertheless a formidable neighbour for the peaceful citizens of Constantinople. Peter himself, too, was a man of family and some dignity, accustomed to the society of the great, and probably convinced that he was in reality called of God to undertake this expedition.

"The Byzantines," observes the doctor, "were already made somewhat acquainted with him, when he approached them with a numerous array. The emperor called Peter to his presence, and learnt from him that he had been in Palestine (what and what kind of visions he had been favoured with was not now the question); that he had preached in all countries the hermit asserted. Of the Pope he said not a syllable—indeed why should he, for the probability is that he had never seen him, but according to his own belief had gone on his mission quite secure that he had the authority of a higher Power than that of the preacher before the council of Clermont."—pp. 240, 241.

It is perfectly marvellous how little the earlier historians say about Peter. Fulcher does not even mention his name, and Hugo Flor gives it only among those of the other chiefs. Ekkehard, Robert the Monk, Baldric and Guibert, say little more: nor should we in all probability have heard more of him, had it not been necessary to refresh from time to time the fainting spirits of the Christian warriors by reminding them of the miraculous origin of their enterprise.

The great historian of the first crusade, again, is one whose object was to give as strong a supernatural colouring as possible to the whole series of events which he relates. It is said that when the Duke of Marlborough made some incorrect assertion with respect to a point of English history, and was asked from what historical writer he drew his information, he replied, "From Shakspeare, I never read any other history of England." This is much more the case with the events of the first crusade; the sources of its history are unknown save to scholars. Modern works on the subject have been few and far between, and what ideas readers in general have of that eventful period are derived, not from the "*Gesta Francorum*" or the Archbishop of Tyre, but from the enchanting pages of *Tasso*. Now we find that with every disposition to exalt Peter, with a natural love of the marvellous, and a necessity of employing it in the structure of his poem, *Tasso* makes the hermit but a secondary character; he could not indeed have

done otherwise, without too much outraging the recorded history of the times, and taking too much from the probability of his story to be consistent with an epic poem. But we have lingered too long over this discussion, and must pass on with the now assembled croises to the land of their destination. Europe had been purged by the first four levies of her refuse; she now prepared to send forth the noble, the wealthy and the chivalric. Godfrey, the sixth lord of Bouillon, Marquis of Anvers and Duke of Brabant, was in all respects the most considerable of those who took up the cross. For his power, his abilities and his virtues he stood pre-eminent; his learning and his wisdom made him invaluable to the expedition, and it is probable that he was the only commander among the soldiers of the cross whose motives in the enterprise were thoroughly pure. Even Tancred, the "preux chevalier," looked as much to personal glory as Bohemond did to power and wealth; and the latter, though he has been leniently treated by *Tasso*, must be regarded as a rapacious and suspicious as well as an ambitious prince, not incapable of treachery, and characterized by a thorough selfishness. Raimond of Thoulouse, stern and severe, but brave and at times generous—Robert of Normandy, endowed with talents and valour which might have raised him to the highest rank among the princes of his time, but so totally devoid of sound judgment that his other qualifications were useless—Robert Frisco, Count of Flanders, brave like every knight of that day, but a mere soldier—Stephen of Blois and Chartres, the most powerful of the French barons, whose castles are said to have amounted to more than three hundred in number—Hugh, the Great Earl, as he was emphatically called, brother of the King of France and Count of Vermandois—such were the chiefs under whose command a deluge of well-disciplined troops was poured into the East, there to perish without leaving any solid fruit of their victories and sufferings. Alexius Comnenus sat on the throne of Constantine; and, though the empire of the East was fast decaying, he imagined that its restoration to its pristine glory was a work reserved for himself. But the crafty and disingenuous mind of Alexius was ill calculated for the circumstances of his day; he had to contend with enemies far more mighty, and, if not so cunning, at least as wise as himself. The Turkish and Saracen opponents of the Greek empire were not the barbarous hordes who had overrun the West; they were highly civilized; their capitals were the abodes of art and science and literature. Poetry and music and all the

amenities of life were cultivated among them to no common degree; and what was far more effectual to make them formidable opponents, they fought with a religious enthusiasm. Under these circumstances, had Alexius been actuated by an enlightened spirit of policy, he would have aided the chiefs of the crusade and strengthened his own position. They would have repelled *his* enemies and extended his dominions. As it was, he employed himself in sowing fears and jealousies among them; sent help when it was not required, withdrew with his whole army when his appearance might have turned the scale; flattered and cajoled each leader in turn with a view to detach him from the rest, and is more than suspected of having induced the Persian sultan to interfere and send forces to the relief of Antioch when beleaguered by the Christian army.

At the same time the abilities of the emperor are not to be underrated, nor are the difficulties of his position to be forgotten.

"The narrow circumstances of his treasury," says Dr. Sybel, "were quite inconsistent with a state of warfare. The cultivated condition of this branch of the public service, which was once so characteristic of the old Roman empire, was lost with the lands over which its sway extended, and the defects only of the more ancient system with its hardness and its despotism remained. Measures such as are occasionally resorted to in all times by bad governments were here the rule, not the exception—the coinage was repeatedly debased—metal, both rough and manufactured, was seized upon wherever it was found—extraordinary taxes without hesitation made permanent. From one day and one requisition a respite was only obtained till another—every moment was deemed a gain—and the present pressure allowed no thought for future welfare or future misfortune." "Such was the state of affairs in the year 1092, four years before the first appearance of the crusaders at Constantinople. 'The times,' says Anna Comnena, 'in which the Roman name ruled from Thule to Meroe were over. Adrianople on the one hand, the Bosphorus on the other, formed the boundaries of the empire. Alexius himself,' she adds, 'had formed the resolution to extend them to the Euphrates and the Adriatic sea; and it must be acknowledged that the very determination, considering the lowliness of his then condition, the historical consciousness of his dignity, and the resolve to realise it as far as possible, were at all events likely to prevent its total extinction.'"

The condition of the Byzantine government was also in a state of amelioration—the Seljukian dynasty of Rhoum was no longer formidable—the troops of Alexius had obtained some unexpected successes, and the haughty conduct of Hugh, Count of Vermandois, induced the emperor to act in direct

hostility to the leaders of the crusade. That he was unwise in this we have already shown; he would better have consulted his own dignity by declining to answer Hugh at all by appealing to the princes of Europe. As it was he threw many obstacles in the way of the Christian princes, and lost the opportunity of turning their arms in such directions as might have forwarded his own patriotic designs. It is impossible to go through the course of events—to notice the bloodshed among the crusaders, the treachery, the willingness that marked the conduct of the Greek sovereign. War was almost ever prevalent between the Latins and the Greeks, the most solemn engagements to peace were violated by the generals of Alexius, and doubtless by the emperor's command; while not unfrequently the Latins, urged to fury, took fierce vengeance upon their treacherous allies, and made them in turn the subjects of slaughter and plunder. At length the host having escaped not a few dangers, and having lost not a few of their numbers, sat down to besiege Nice in Bithynia, the capital of Rhoum, the Seljukian kingdom. For seven weeks the siege lasted, and at the expiration of that time, when the city could not have resisted much longer, Alexius sent forces and provisions, and at the same time entered into a treaty with the Niceans to deliver up the city to him; so that when the crusaders were about to make their final attack the banners of the Greek emperor were displayed on the walls, and the city was pronounced his prize. It was with some difficulty the Latin army could be reconciled to this gross breach of faith, for Alexius had distinctly agreed that every captured town should be their own. At length, however, the entreaties of Godfrey and others prevailed, and the troops marched on towards Antioch. In their way they were much annoyed and much injured by the forces of Saisan, son of Kilidge Arslan, the prince or sultan of the Seljuks, who hung about their rear with one party, while with another he swept the country of provisions before them—in Phrygia 500 people died in one day from the want of water. In the meantime an excursion was made into Cilicia by Tancred and Baldwin, and Tarsus was taken; and here a melancholy picture is presented of treachery and cruelty by the conduct of the latter chief, conduct which was of itself sufficient to prevent any future union among the crusaders. Baldwin, indeed, seems no longer to have desired such union, for we find him detaching himself from the rest and making war on his account at Edessa; he was adopted by the Duke Thoros as his own son, and at the death of Thoros, who was

slain shortly afterwards, unanimously elected prince. The ceremony of adoption is thus described by Guibert, and it is worthy of note that the wife of Thoros, as well as that prince himself, had to perform it to Baldwin. —“*Intra lineam interulam, quam nos vocamus camisiam, nudum intrare eum faciens, sibi adstrinxit, et deinde omnia osculo libato firmavit. Idem et mulier post modum fecit*” —rather a strange ceremony. Thus did Baldwin become the sovereign of Mesopotamia. But while these transactions took place there, the general host of the crusaders were marching towards Antioch, and after forcing the passage of the Orontes, they sat down before that city on the morning of the 21st of October, 1097. Our description of the city must be greatly abridged from Dr. Sybel, who gives a very elaborate account of its position and defences. Antioch was about four miles in circumference and strongly fortified; in one place the wall was sixty feet high—the city was likewise surrounded by a deep ditch, and on the west the fortifications were rendered still stronger by the river Orontes. Bagi Sijan, the emir, had done all that art could do to render his position impregnable, and a good store of provisions was accumulated within the walls.

“The council of the princes now determined that the assault of the city should take place as early as possible. Some few voices were heard advising delay, but their motives, the approaching bad season, and the expected arrival of the Greek army in the spring, were not able to convince the rest. The order of the attack was next to be settled. It was decided to leave the south and west sides of the city unassailed; on the contrary the gate of St. Paul was to be attacked by the Normans and Northern French, while the northern wall was to be stormed by the troops of Provence and Lotharingia. Bohemond's tents extended accordingly to the foot of the mountain, and near him to the north were the forces of Robert of Normandy, with the Counts of Bois and Boulogne, and in general the troops of Northern France. Before the Dog's Gate the Duke Godfrey and Count Robert of Flanders took their station; next to these the Bishop of Puy, and lastly before the Duke's Gate Count Raymond of Thoulouse. This last had between the river and the city so little room that his tents were pitched on the very bank, and the arrows of the enemy could reach him across the Orontes. From the very first day the Provençals on their side made rafts and boats in order to bridge the stream, and thus make themselves masters of the other shore; and as the Turks thus passed out of the city through the Bridge Gate and over the river, there seldom passed a day without some skirmish on the northern side of the Orontes.”

There is some little difficulty in ascertain-

ing the exact positions of the various parties composing the host of the crusaders. Albert of Aix places Godfrey before the Duke's Gate, and Raimond of Thoulouse before the Dog's Gate, and this assertion derives some weight from the remark by the Archbishop of Tyre, that the gate called the Duke's Gate derived its appellation from the title of Godfrey. Other writers are almost unanimous in asserting the contrary, and Dr. Sybel, after much patient investigation, gives the positions as above. The circumstance is only important as affecting the credibility of Albert and consequently of the Archbishop of Tyre. A well digested plan could not be expected, for no two of the besieging chiefs entertained any lasting and well-grounded confidence in each other; and there is scarcely a more melancholy picture in the whole compass of history than that which is presented by the weaknesses, the treachery, and the jealousy of the crusading leaders. Dr. Sybel continues thus:—

“We are unable to ascertain the plan of attack adopted by the pilgrims, so much however is certain, that they must, before they led out their troops, have provided for their own safety, and restricted themselves to simply cutting off the means of ingress and egress. The first days passed over in unmingled joy, they were employed in making the necessary arrangements and establishing the forces in the country around. The mere arrival of the host had put a virtual end to the Turkish rule, and called the whole Christian population to arms.\* Every district within the emirate of Antioch was taken by parties of Franks, or given up to them by the native Christians—the garrisons had partly thrown themselves into the capital, and partly fallen back upon the adjoining territories.”

Radulphus of Caen, speaking of this same event, which affords a remarkable proof of the want of military skill displayed by the leaders, observes, in Latin much less inflated than usual,† “All the fortresses in the district, and those connected with the neighbouring cities, surrendered themselves, as much through fear of our army as through the desire to escape from the Turkish yoke, *which circumstance greatly dispersed our army*, for each individual wished as far as possible to consult his own interest, and cared nothing for the common welfare.

“To the great Frankish host,” continues Dr. Sybel, “the ultimate consequences of this present fortune were in all respects prejudicial, the number of its effective men was lessened by the continual separation from it of small garri-

\* Kemaleddin apud Michaud. bibl. iv., p. 5.

† Rad. cap. 59.

sons, and not the slightest advantage gained to the whole by the feeble unanimity of the administration. No care was taken for the supply of provisions, each separate party lived sumptuously in their own quarters, followed their propensity to unbridled extravagance, and meanwhile not a single grain of corn arrived in the camp before Antioch. Here too were measures taken with no greater foresight; they lived so long as their stores lasted in careless luxury from day to day, till they saw themselves reduced to extremities, the country was entirely exhausted, and unmitigated famine stared them in the face."

Three months had thus passed away and there appeared no probability that the city would speedily fall into their hands. The events that followed are of great importance to the historian, because they not only show to what an extent had the perfidious Alexius poisoned the minds of the Christian princes, but cast a strong light also on the motives by which these last were actuated. Godfrey himself, the Pius Æneas of the expedition, is the only one, save Tancred, whose character escapes uninjured. The distresses of the troops became soon extremely severe. All kinds of wholesome food were attainable only by the wealthy, carrion was openly sold and dressed, and William of Malmesbury does not hesitate to say that the flesh of the Saracen dead was in secret greedily devoured.\* This much is certain, that Bohemond ordered some Turks to be roasted, and declared that if he found any spies in his camp, he would not only put them to death, but eat them afterwards. But this, though perhaps the most disgusting, was not the worst effect of the famine. One by one the religion, which, in seasons of plenty, had been so strong, began to decline. Peter the Hermit discovered that starving was by no means his vocation, and as Fuller in his *Holy War* quaintly observes, "he found a difference between a voluntary fast in his cell, and a necessary and indispensable famine in a camp, so that being well nigh hunger pinched, this cunning companion, who was a trumpet to sound a march to others, secretly sounded a retreat to himself."† Some writers have taken considerable pains to prove that though Peter thus fled from the camp, he was by no means afraid, but that hunger induced him to desert, which was very probably the case, as no one ever accused Peter of cowardice. William, Viscount of Milan, surnamed the Carpenter, because his blows in battle fell like those of a hammer, was the companion of Peter's flight; his character stood by no means high

among his cotemporaries; he is even accused of having by oppression and robbery obtained the requisite funds to fit out his followers for Jerusalem. The interesting fugitives had not proceeded far, before they were met by Tancred, who stopped their further departure, and brought them to the tent of Bohemond. Here it is probable they would have received something more than a reprimand, had not Hugh of Vermandois become their advocate with the Italian prince.

"In the meantime Bagi Sijan, the Turkish commander, who was in daily expectation of a decided attack, kept his forces together, but when, after waiting some time, he found the Christians idly scattered through his territories, he began on his side offensive operations, his light troops made sallies almost every hour through the bridge gate on the west and south sides, and thus, without any attempt being made to hinder them, they were indefatigable in harassing the Christian camp, and cutting off all stragglers. Distant about eight miles from the city in the mountains lay Haxim, a fortified place, then celebrated for its pomegranates. Here they established themselves and ravaged the country on all sides."—p. 388.

It now became necessary to take some decided measures, and though the crusaders succeeded in warding off the attacks of Bagi Sijan, the famine had its usual effect. Robert, Duke of Normandy, withdrew himself and his forces, Godfrey himself was seized with severe illness, and Taticius\* with his Greek troops left under pretence of inducing the emperor to grant a supply of corn. It is needless to say that the wily Greek never returned, and that the corn never arrived. A large supply having been obtained by Robert (who after having been three times entreated to return, at last did so) and Bohemond, for a time the spirits of the crusaders rose; but their store was before long exhausted, and famine again pressed on them as heavily as before. But the season was now more favourable, and every day improved the condition of the Christians, and made that of the besieged worse; at last, after a siege of seven months and upwards, during which every species of barbarity and brutality had been exhibited by both parties, the city fell by treachery when the strength of its defenders was almost worn out. Firouz, a

\* Anna Comnena gives a much less probable account of this transaction. She says that a report prevailed that the Sultan of Persia was about to succour Bagi Sijan, and that Bohemond told Taticius, that the chiefs believed this succour had been promised through the interest of Alexius, and that Taticius, thinking himself no longer in safety, fled.—Alex. p. 252.

\* Gul. Malm., p. 433.

† Fuller's *Holy War*, book i., cap. 8.

renegade, and a great favourite with the veteran governor, Bagi Sijan, delivered up the city by night to the troops of Bohemond, who had previously agreed with the rest of the Christian princes, that if Antioch fell by his agency, he should be acknowledged as its prince. Very graphically does Dr. Sybel describe the scenes of horror which characterized the sacking of the deserted city.

"In one moment were all the gates overpowered; flight, pursuit and murder filled the streets; on the one side boundless terror, on the other the most savage ferocity; no prisoner was made and no fugitive spared. In a wild chase through the streets the unbelievers were driven to the rocks which bounded the south part of the city, no house, no corner, afforded protection, men and women, the infant, and the aged perished alike. The native Christians excited the enthusiasm of the pursuers, pointed out to them the richest houses, and the hiding victims, till at last the unbridled thirst for blood turned upon themselves too, and they saved themselves from death only by their loud singing of Christian hymns."—p. 416.

The new principality of Bohemond was not long destined to remain in peace. The Persian succours, of which so much had been said, and so many expectations formed, were indeed on their way, and when the capital was taken, and the emir slain, they appeared to the number of 200,000 men before the walls of the conquered city. Here the crusaders were in turn invested, and perhaps more misery was suffered from famine in this one siege than in all the rest of the crusade; desertion again thinned the ranks, William the Carpenter once more made his escape and this time succeeded, and so many were those who followed his example, that the Archbishop of Tyre indignantly refuses to record their names, saying, "*nomina non tenemus quia deleta de libro vitæ presenti opere non sunt inserenda.*" The forces of Alexius, which he was himself leading to Antioch, turned back amidst the unconcealed disgust of the enthusiastic warriors, and at Antioch despair took the place of courage, and the soldiers refused to fight at all.

In this desperate state of affairs, the hopes of the crusaders were revived, and soon raised to enthusiasm by a few well timed miraculous appearances, judiciously made to certain priests, promising certain and speedy victory, and pointing out the cause of the late reverses in the excesses committed by the troops of the cross with pagan women. Promises of present as well as ultimate success were not wanting, and the spear which pierced the side of the Saviour was to be given to them as a pledge and a means of

the predicted victory. In a few days the host of the Persians was routed and dispersed; their wealth, great almost beyond computation, fell into the hands of the Christians; a victory, one of the most splendid in the annals of nations, had been succeeded by a dignified triumph and a religious festival, and for the first time since the siege of Nice, the Christian warriors acted consistently with their profession. Sixty-nine thousand Turks had fallen before the walls of Antioch, and the Prince of Tarentum was in peaceable possession of his prize.

Our limits forbid our following Dr. Sybel through his narrative of the events immediately following the taking of Antioch. We must pass over the embassy to Alexius, the destruction of Maara, the capture of Esaz, the discord among the chiefs, the pestilence which raged among the troops, and the dreadful cannibalism which was the fruit of famine. The Franks not only killed and ate their prisoners before Maara, but, as if this were not enough, they opened the graves of the Saracens, who had been buried two weeks before, and made a revolting repast upon the corrupted flesh. Time, however, passed on, the Turkish emirs sold provisions to the crusaders, and the Latin army was at length fairly on its way to Jerusalem. The treachery of the Count of Thoulouse, of which he had already given some notable specimens, had greatly diminished his authority, and a still further reduction was in store for him. He had been elected keeper of the sacred lance, and the office had been considered as one of great trust as well as sanctity, but now an idea prevailed that the relic was no genuine one, and Peter Barthelemi was unhappily (as he had first been favoured with visions about it) induced by the taunts of Arnold, chaplain to Robert, Duke of Normandy, to offer to prove the genuineness of his lance by undergoing on its behalf the ordeal of fire. The proposal was accepted, for Arnold was a notorious disbeliever, and Barthelemi perished together with his spear in the flames. We must now take some notice of another power, which though in the earlier part of the crusade it had made itself known, was known rather by report and through embassies than in a more direct way. This power was the Caliphate of Egypt.

"The Egyptian government had, after the exchange of ambassadors, which has been already mentioned in the account of the contest with Kerbuga, been now for many months at rest, but when the total destruction of the Seljukian dynasty had been followed by such great distresses of the Franks, Al Afdal might after such events hold the power of either party as by no means formidable. He seized the moment, and began an open war on two points at once,

through the long projected attack on Jerusalem. According to Oriental custom, he opened the campaign by laying the Frankish ambassadors in irons, and then fell with considerable might upon Palestine, where the Seljukians could only offer a feeble resistance. In the August of 1098, while the Christians were resting at Antioch, the garrison of Jerusalem was, it is said, struck with terror through the appearance of these imprisoned ambassadors, and the city was held in a state of preparation by Ifikar."

No sooner was Al Afdal returned to Egypt than the Christians left Antioch and made incursions into his territories. Gibellum was the first place that yielded to their arms, and then the vizier, deeming resistance in vain, had recourse to treaty, and sent the Frankish ambassadors, who had been hitherto kept as prisoners, back to the Christian host, together with others on his own part. The promises on the part of the caliph were now tempting; he guaranteed, or rather expressed himself willing to guaranty, that Christians in bodies of three to four hundred might visit the holy city, but warned them that they should be obedient to his sovereignty or dread his wrath. This, however, was not a kind of message likely to be acceptable to an army in a full career of success; nor can we be surprised with the ambassadors being sent back with a message to their master, that before he talked of Jerusalem in a strain of so much confidence he should look to the security of his own capital. Indeed on one occasion, while on their way to Jerusalem, a council was actually held among the crusaders as to whether it would not be advisable to march at once into Egypt and destroy the Saracenic power in its head-quarters; nor was this advice otherwise overruled than by representing the length and dangers of the way. The progress from Antioch to Jerusalem was at last finished, and the host of the Latins arrived at Emmaus, from which the holy city was visible: and here who does not remember the beautiful description given by Tasso of that moment when, forgetting all the perils and hardships which had hitherto been their portion—forgetting even the loss of more than eight hundred thousand of their companions—they beheld at last the object of their vows, the termination of their career? Fuller, too, is touched with the subject: "Discovering the city afar off, it was a pretty sight to behold the harmony in the difference of expressing their joy; how they clothed the same passion with divers gestures, some prostrate, some kneeling, some weeping, all had much ado to manage so great a gladness."

"It had been," says our author, "only at the distance of sixteen miles from the city that a proposition had been made to march into Egypt,

and in its own land finally to bring the Egyptian power to the ground; but when the universal impulse was nearly fulfilled and their vows almost accomplished, who could hold them back? The siege of Jerusalem was unanimously resolved upon, and a bishop, one Robert a Norman, appointed over Ramula, the first see established in the Holy Land."

On the 7th of June, 1099, the city was invested. On the northern side were the troops of Robert of Flanders, and his more celebrated namesake of Normandy, together with those of Tancred and Godfrey: on the west were the men of Provence; while on the south and east so formidable was the appearance of the walls, that no attack was made. The number of the besiegers amounted to about 40,000, but of these only 25,000 were effective soldiers. While the siege was at first rather a blockade than anything more active, the Christians occupied themselves in seizing upon all the neighbouring places that might be fortified, and wherever the Saracens showed themselves they were conquered, and a great number of prisoners were taken. On the thirteenth day of June, six days after the investment (Tudebode erroneously says the second day), the first attack was made on the fortifications.

"On the Mount of Olives dwelt a holy hermit, with whom Tancred had already become acquainted, and he went to the princes and told them how it would happen to them, and how he knew that on the day following, at the ninth hour, God would give Jerusalem into their hands."

The attack was made, but made with great carelessness, and was a signal failure; but the Latins learned prudence from their defeat. From the woods of Sichon they gathered materials for the construction of military engines, and much time was spent in these tedious but necessary preparations. Thirst too invaded the camp, and probably caused as much suffering as hunger had done before Antioch. Immorality prevailed in a similar way, and it was found necessary that Adhemar of Puy, who had died on the way, should appear to one of the priests, and assure him that the drought was caused by the crimes of the army, but that conquest would be the reward of penitence. The people amended; the leaders were unanimous; the machines were finished; and, after one day's unsuccessful attack, the city was taken on the second. As to the particulars of what took place during the siege, what valiant deeds were done, we have but little information.

"So much is certain, that on the 14th of July, 1096, and at the hour when the Lord suffered, Godfrey's Tower (a moveable tower for



the purpose) was brought close to the inner wall. The falling bridge was let down, and Godfrey and Eustace stood among the first on the walls. Almost at the same time had Tancred and Robert of Normandy made a breach in the gate of Stephen, and from both sides the Christians met in the streets. The men of Provence had not yet accomplished the same feat on their side; but lo! there appeared in the Mount of Olives a knight in bright armour waving his shield over Jerusalem, and then these also succeeded in their conquest."

We would willingly draw the curtain over the scenes that followed. Raymond himself says, were he to speak what he saw he should not be believed. The knights, in the porch of Solomon, were up to the knees of their horses in blood. There is something melancholy in the joys of fanaticism, but its revenge is deadly. Even Godfrey himself set the example of slaughter, and the only person who at any time during the few days that succeeded the capture objected to bloodshed was Tancred; and he did so, not from any feelings of humanity, but because he had pledged his knightly word that certain prisoners should not be sacrificed. Religion—the religion of the period—was not now forgotten. The army poured its thousands to all the spots consecrated by the Saviour's passion and miracles. Princes put on white robes, and did penance for their misdoings—the multitude vowed to live without sin for the future. Alms were abundantly given by the rich, and each one thought that he could now die in peace, having been permitted to see the holy city in possession of a Christian power. Now too we meet with the last historical mention of Peter the Hermit. The multitude once more remembered with gratitude his almost forgotten preaching, and offered him veneration as the awakener of the feelings of Europe on behalf of the oppressed Jerusalem. The Patriarch, who had just returned from Cyprus, recognized his old friend, and thus closes the account of this variously estimated man. Such were the transactions of the day on which the city was taken.

One of the most interesting periods of the history now opens upon us. Palestine was now in the power of the crusaders, and eight days after the capture of the holy city the chiefs assembled to decide on a form of government, or rather on the choice of a sovereign. During those days every demand, which the religious belief of the Latins made upon them, was obeyed. All the prisoners, women and children as well as men, were put to death; the city was washed, and public thanksgivings offered up. The synagogues were burnt as well as the mosques, and the

Jews driven into the flaming structures where they perished. Having thus satisfied the miserable superstition of the day, it appears to have occurred to the assembled Christians that something more was necessary than a mere division of the spoil—*οὐκ ἄγαθον πολυ-κοιρανιη*. The 23d of July was appointed for the foundation of a Christian kingdom in the Holy Land; but another subject was forced upon the council by Arnold the Norman and other priests, who wished first to settle the ecclesiastical constitution. Arnold in fact wanted the patriarchate, and though a man of notoriously profligate manners, flattered himself that his easy patron, Robert, would obtain it for him. But the assembled princes proceeded to the election of a king. The information given to us on this point by Dr. Sybel is very important; we shall follow him in his narration. It was to be expected that the most prominent character among the Christian leaders should be the one on whom the eyes of the rest would be turned as their chief, nor was there one so powerful at that time as Raymond of Thoulouse; to him, therefore, was the crown offered, but he declined the glittering prize, using the words afterwards used by Godfrey, that he would not wear an earthly crown in that place where the Saviour had been crowned with thorns; but stating that if any other person were elected, and were willing to reign, he would not offer any opposition; nor was there any improbability in this assertion, for his piety was exactly of this external kind. On the other hand it would not be difficult to point out reasons of a more worldly character. Raymond knew thoroughly his adversaries, that they were both numerous and powerful; he had but a slight hold on his Provençal troops, who would endeavour, as he well knew, to frustrate his election. The Count of Thoulouse having thus refused the crown, it was next, according to Henry of Huntingdon, offered to Robert of Normandy, but the testimony of this one writer can hardly be held sufficient to overbalance the silence of all the contemporaneous historians.

"The Duke of Lorraine and Brabant was next applied to, and he expressing his willingness to undertake the proposed charge, was elected, without opposition from the part of any other prince, Protector of the Holy Sepulchre; the royal title and a pompous coronation were waved, according to one authority by the pious wish of the barons, according to the general belief by the humble feeling of the prince himself. The foundation of a Christian kingdom in the Holy Land, surrounded by heathen countries, was then solemnly proclaimed."—p. 494.

A few weeks of rest were all that could be

allowed after the election, for news soon arrived that Al Afdal was making warlike preparations, which, though indeterminate as to their object, were yet exceedingly formidable. It was said that his intentions were to gather together a vast army—to retake Jerusalem and Antioch—to annihilate the Franks—and to lay waste the Holy Land, that no traces of its former beauty should remain to invite the approach of western Europe. His array, in point of numbers, was formidable indeed, and it soon appeared that he really intended what had been reported of him. The accounts of his army vary from 200,000 to half a million, but they were held together by no bond of union, no feeling, and appear to have been dispirited even before the appearance of their enemies. Godfrey, with at most 20,000 men, took his march to Ascalon, and there, after a sanguinary engagement, the enemy were entirely routed; 36,000 were left dead on the field, and the city, together with immense treasures in gold and silver and a large quantity of warlike stores, fell into the hands of the Christians.

Godfrey now freed, at least for the present, from external foes, turned his attention to the framing of a constitution for his own kingdom. Robert of Normandy and he of Flanders, Eustace of Boulogne and finally Raymond of Thoulouse, announced their determination to leave the Holy Land. They took their leave of Godfrey, and departed the way that they came, viz: along the sea-coast towards the north. With their progress homeward, which in the hands of Dr. Sybel becomes very interesting, we have in our present article no further concern. We shall briefly notice the institutions by which Godfrey governed his newly erected dominions; and on this subject, though we have information enough to lead us to form a general outline of the system he adopted, we are not in possession of sufficient to trace all its minute ramifications.

The Assises of Jerusalem, of which the best edition is that by Canciani,\* are the chief if not the only authorities upon this topic. These Assises are a collection of laws and uses, frequently called the Letters of the Holy Sepulchre, from the place where they were deposited; they were revised in 1260 and 1369 for the use of other states, and it is this last revision that is in print. The laws themselves were for the most part characterized by wisdom and sound policy; the most important passages are, however, those in

which courts of justice are spoken of, and those in which the existence of a commons or tiers état is recognized.

“Godfrey, as the Assises assert, established two temporal courts of justice, the higher or feudal, and the lower or civil court. The former, which had to decide the suits and differences between knights and vassals, was presided over by himself, and the judges and assessors were such knights and vassals as had taken the oath of allegiance to him. The second court was presided over by a viscount appointed by him, and who was obliged to be a knight and a royal vassal. The judgments were, however, pronounced by the wisest men of the city who had previously taken the oath which the jurats of the civil court take at present. And because the barons and knights, and on the other side the burgesses, persons of a lower origin, could not be judged according to the same system of jurisprudence, Godfrey decided on making two Assises, one for the supreme or feudal, the other for the burgess, or civil court.”—p. 518.

With the exception of this last clause, and that in certain cases of difficulty the trial by battle was permitted, it must be allowed that the Assises of Jerusalem breathe a spirit of practical impartiality and very considerable lenity; even these were concessions to the spirit of the age, without which the whole code would have been useless. Dante, by far the most enlightened man whom the middle ages produced, did not altogether deny the possible interference of divine justice in answering the trial by battle, and as to the difference established between the knight and baron and the burgess, it amounted merely to a trial by their peers. Godfrey was active not only in his own person but by deputy also; he took care that in every city and town throughout his new dominions these two courts should be established. According to some authorities he allowed the Syrians the use of their own laws, but of this, as Dr. Sybel observes, the Assises make not the slightest mention; the passage upon which the opinion is founded is the following. *Dapoi venne il popolo de li Soriani al conspecto del rè del ditto reame et supplicò et rechiese, li piacesse che i fusseno menati secondo l'usanza di Soriani, &c.*—i. e. then came the people of the Syrians before the king of the said country, and supplicated and entreated him that it might please him that they should be governed according to the custom of the Syrians. Now on this passage Dr. Sybel observes that it must refer to some transaction later in date than the reign of Godfrey, as the expression “king” plainly proves, a title which Godfrey never used in his Assises, and expressly declared that “he would not

\* The edition of Canciani is an Italian translation. That by Thaumassiers, in 1690, is the only edition of the original: it appeared in Paris.

wear a golden diadem where the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns." The assertion too is at variance, not only with the spirit of the age and the characters of the individuals, but also with the tenour of the system of law then and there established, as a little attention to Dr. Sybel's work will amply prove.

"But of far more importance is the foundation of a commonalty, (in the before quoted passages attributed to Godfrey,) as an integral part of the state, at least in the general acceptance of them. It is certain that the word frequently occurs in the Assises, and that they once compare their commons to those of Venice, Genoa and Pisa."—p. 519.

The establishment of municipal corporations with their peculiar laws and privileges, together with the gradual changes in their institutions as the government passed from the hands of one sovereign to those of another, next occupy the reader, by no means the least interesting chapter in the book before us, and from the information which has come down to us on this subject, the author is enabled to throw a strong light on the credibility of Albert and Ekkehard. But when these laws were established there arose difficulties of another kind. Dagobert the patriarch openly declared that he must have one-fourth part of the city of Joppa as a means of supporting his metropolitan dignity, and when this was granted, he asserted that a temporal governor in the Holy City was an anomaly, and that a spiritual person alone could rule there; this he asserted was no new claim, inasmuch as the same demand had been made by the clergy before the siege; he even went so far as to say that he required only to be reinstated in those rights which the Moslem emir had respected. Now in one sense this was true, as in consequence of a treaty between Constantine Monomachos and the Egyptian Caliph Daher, a part of Jerusalem had been appointed for the exclusive residence of the Christians, and the jurisdiction of the patriarch over them had been confirmed. However unreasonable the demands of Dagobert might be, it is not the less certain that he gained his end, and by a treaty made between the parties Godfrey became only the second person in his own dominions. The wisdom of the sovereign seems to have deserted him, and he entangled his successor in the same difficulties by executing a will in favour of the patriarch. But his life was drawing near to a close; more than once had he been affected by the heat of the climate, and at the time he took upon him the cross he had long been the subject of a lingering and painful disease. It may be said, and said justly, that his death happened fortunately

both to himself and his kingdom, for though his reign lasted hardly a year, it was evident that fatigue and hardships had impaired his powers, and repose was more necessary than the toils of government. He was seized by a quartan ague, which speedily exhibited fatal symptoms.

"To deliver and to protect the holy sepulchre, not to reign over an earthly kingdom, was his wish, and the disorder from which his taking on him the cross had healed him, now attacked him again, and as then it removed him to the earthly, so now did it remove him to the Heavenly Jerusalem. There are indeed rumours of a more worldly kind, and it has been said that the heathen, whose weapons had been powerless against him, removed him by fouler means out of their way. Albert speaks of a pomegranate after eating which he was taken ill. In France as well as in Armenia, it was confidently reported that he had been entertained with poisoned dishes; but the English author, from whom we obtain our information of his last illness, speaks out decidedly that God had called the duke to himself."—p. 533.

A few reflections as to the character of this excellent man may not be misplaced by way of conclusion to this paper.

It is impossible to read through the history of his life without feeling the strong resemblance between him and the hero of Virgil. The same title might have been given him, for Godfrey was eminently pious according to the piety of his age; he commands a cold respect but no vivid interest. Tancred was in truth the hero of the first crusade as Tasso has been its historian; even the chivalric but too easy Robert gains our affections more readily than the faultless Duke of Lorraine. Radulph of Caen describes him as being humble as he was brave, a holy monk in a warrior's armour, and the same in his ducal robes, and here indeed every part of the history confirms the verdict. He was out of his sphere; had he been a bishop or a lawyer, his name would probably have reached us with no small honour; he was a good king because he was a good man; but when the sceptre passed from his hands to the energetic grasp of Baldwin, then Dagobert found he had a lord and Jerusalem a monarch. With the death of Godfrey Dr. Sybel closes his work, which forms an unpretending volume of erudition, usefully applied, and agreeably illustrated. There are portions of his investigations in which he differs and differs greatly from other writers, but never without strong and sufficient reason; the style too is at once perspicuous and eloquent, and we shall look forward with hope to see a history of the second crusade from the same pen.

ART. III.—*Kaschmir und das Reich der Siek von Carl Freiherrn von Hügel.* Hallberger, Stuttgart.

"Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere?" That green El Dorado of delight, wedded to immortal verse by our own Moore, that spot conjectured by not a few to have been the Eden of Scripture, at the mention of which the rigid lineaments of the Brahmin are said to relax into a transient smile of rapture; Cashmere, the whilome summer residence of the luxurious court of Delhi, with its hanging gardens and gay palaces, once illumined by the presence of "the young Nourmahal," where the gorgeous tints of the Indian Flora lie embosomed in their mountain frame of sombre Alpine vegetation, and where nature has showered down all that can gladden the heart and eye, and minister to the wants of man. Yes; we have all read of it, dreamed of it, but, alas! "Fuit Ilion."

The volumes before us profess to give an impartial description of the valley as it stood in 1836, the latest period, as far as we are aware, of any European having been thither.

Different alike in country, qualifications and object, have been the travellers that have severally presented to the world the result of their personal observations in Cashmere since Father Xavier, the Spanish jesuit, who was the first European to penetrate to this remote region some three centuries ago, in the suite of the Emperor Akbar. The French physician Bernier, the missionary Desiderius, the adventurous George Foster, the ill-starred Moorcroft, and subsequently Victor Jacquemont and the converted Jew Wolf, have each in their turn contributed to our store of information on the subject. But no traveller came better fitted for the task than Baron Hügel; with a highly cultivated, deep-thinking mind, and scientific acquirements beyond any of his predecessors, he combines the talent of a shrewd and intelligent observer. As we follow him, we are not merely presented with a fund of entirely new facts and remarks, but at the same time are agreeably surprised with a grace of style and power of description, seldom joined with the practical spirit of discovery, and the minute researches of the naturalist; while we are irresistibly taken by the affecting tone of sadness, so peculiarly adapted to the description of a land fair as heaven, of a people by nature noble, who, though sunk for centuries under the deadening, degrading yoke of barbarians, still retain deep traces of a glorious past.

The book is an episode in the six years' travel of Hügel, during which this modern  
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Marco Polo, as he is called, visited Greece and Syria, where he caught the plague, traversed the major portion of the Indian peninsula, the charming island of Ceylon, and the East India islands, then passed over to New Holland, after which he sailed northwards to China, and returning from thence to Bengal, crossed the Himalaya to Cashmere.

The valuable collection of specimens of natural history, antiquities and curiosities, now lodged in the Imperial Library at Vienna, to the number of thirty-two thousand, bears witness that he was by no means idle. Many of our English readers are probably already acquainted with the interesting geographical notices communicated by him to the Asiatic Journal of Calcutta.

We find him on the 21st of June, 1835, at *Massari*, south of the Himalaya chain, waiting for the *Pervanna*, a passport from Runjeet Singh, to enter his territory across the *Selledj*.

At first he had intended to proceed over the Himalaya by the *Berenda* pass, a route never before taken by any European. The monsoon however sets in before he can obtain the requisite document, and when it does at length arrive, the season was too far advanced to permit his attempting the pass in question. He determines therefore to go by way of *Belasper*, a town picturesquely situated in a fruitful valley on the banks of the winding *Selledj*. To the eastward of this place rise gracefully shaped mountains, crowned with old robber castles, like the hills of his native Rhine. Amongst them the colossal *Bondelah* stands proudly conspicuous. "On his topmost heights lives an invisible *Beyragi Gossain*, or 'penitent hermit,' who from time to time shakes his locks; at this the whole valley trembles, houses fall, and mighty fragments of rock, which, according to the tradition of the inhabitants, are ashes shaken from the head of the *Beyragi*, dash down from the summit of the mountain."

He crosses the *Selledj* on a large raft with his followers, nearly a hundred in number, including jägers, butterfly catchers, animal stuffers, gardeners, and all such persons as were requisite for the fulfilment of the main object of his expedition. The route then pursued is by *Jualamucki* and *Nurpur*, and across the *Pir-Panjal* pass into Cashmere.

This march is a good deal interrupted by the vexatious laziness and refractoriness of the baggage carriers, which he vainly attempts to cure by the "*argumentum ad baculum*." In this posture of affairs, his secretary, a Brahmin, reduces them, as if by magic, to the sense of their duty. The solution of the mystery is given, and throws light on the

strange influence exercised by this sect in India.

"When all was again in motion, and we were following the caravan through a forest of palms, I inquired of the Brahmin how he had so instantaneously succeeded in overcoming their obstinacy. His answer was that he had opened his *Angrica* and displayed to view his triple cord, the badge of his sacred order, exclaiming at the same time, 'I am *Thakir-Das* a Brahmin, and servant of the great king (pointing to Baron Hügel), dare ye then refuse to serve him for one day, to whom I devote all my life; ye who are but *Zemindar* (peasants), and I a Brahmin?'"

In pursuing his vocation as a naturalist, our traveller is more than once in imminent danger of losing his life. On one occasion his jäger fires at him in some bushes by mistake, but fortunately without any dangerous consequences. At *Nurpur* again hearing something buzz past overhead in the dusk of the evening, he levels his piece and brings down not a bird, as he had expected, but a hideous vampire. The inhabitants poured out from their houses at the report of the gun, and finding what he had done, rushed on him with frightful yells and imprecations to avenge this, in their eyes, impious piece of sacrilege. Fortunately no stones were at hand, or he would infallibly have fallen a prey to their fanatical fury; meantime putting his back against the wall, he manages to keep off the ringleaders with his gun, until he succeeds in explaining that he had shot the holy monster by mistake, by which he succeeds in pacifying them. Two English officers not long ago met with a more tragical fate at *Mattra*. In this place the ape is held sacred, and consequently it is infested by swarms of these animals, who annoy the wayfarer with impunity. One old fellow, more daring than his brethren, attacked the officers, who shot him dead. The people rose in a twinkling, while they, to save themselves from being stoned, ordered their elephant driver to swim the animal over the river *Jumna*; the current proved too rapid, and elephant and all were lost.

We cannot resist quoting the following description of a pretty scene not far from *Cotoa*.

"The foreground was composed of two or three isolated dates, and a large impenetrable group of trees. In front of these my tents were pitched, crowded with men of all colours and costumes, from the gorgeous *Siek* and *Mahomedan* to the simply but elegantly dressed *Hindoo*, one and all busily engaged in breaking up the camp. In the back-ground the fortress (*Patancotta*) mounted aloft, while the *Himalayan Alps* showed their majestic form sharply outlined against the dark blue twilight of the morning heaven. The whole picture was laved

in the warm breath of the Indian atmosphere, and on the eastern firmament were reflected the glowing rays of the still hidden sun. A moment more, and all nature was alive, not as in northern climes, languidly struggling into life through a tedious twilight; no, with one magic stroke from night it became day, from deep sleep, lively awaking. The *bulbul* in clear and friendly tones saluted the morning, the golden mango bird began his heart-rending plaint, the variegated *meynar* flitted chattering from tree to tree, the glittering parrot swept through the air, and noisy apes swung from bough to bough. In the thicket sported the blue merlin, and the solitary thrush cried his last farewell to the departing night. Proud peacocks strutted along the plain, while the black lark soared joyously upwards to carry to the sun nature's earliest good-morrow."

The following remark will be interesting to ornithologists:

"Among some extraordinary birds, none of which however were new to me, my jäger brought a most diminutive *Buceros*, a bird, eaten by the women here as an antidote for barrenness. I opened his stomach, and found, as I always have in these birds, nothing but vegetable sustenance; in opposition to the idea of naturalists, who have concluded the grotesquely long bill was given it for the purpose of catching lizards."

At *Moradpur Serai* he enters the former high-road from *Lahore* to *Cashmere*. This place is one of the stations built by the Emperor Akbar to serve as a resting-place in his progresses to the valley, and which are described at length by Bernier. It is now in ruins; indeed, of all these once magnificent houses of entertainment, the one at *Aliabad*, or *Badhi Schahi Serai* as it is commonly called, is the only one now in preservation. We will by the bye here advert to the error committed by Moore in his *Lalla Rookh*. He makes all the Mongul monarchs, in their "annual migrations," pass through the lovely valley of *Hassein Abdoual*, which route would have conducted to *Cashmere* by *Mazufferabad* and the *Baramulla* pass, whereas it is almost certain that they always went by the way of *Bimbur*, and the *Pir-Panjal*.

After passing the parallel ranges of *Ratan-Panjal* and *Pir-Panjal*, with the thermometer in the morning as low as 18°, he reaches *Rampur*, where he is met by a party of *Siek* soldiers, despatched by the governor to escort him to the capital. This was another of the many proofs of attention which *Runjeet Singh* paid our traveller; among other things, that monarch sent him orders for several hundred rupees, which etiquette compelled him to accept, in order to avoid giving insult.

The house which had been assigned to him for his abode during his residence, lay on the

banks of the *Schelum*, "it contained plenty of rooms, but was small and dirty;" in this exigence he bethought himself of *Dilwar-Khan-Bagh*, the garden where Moorcroft and Jacquemont had resided. Here he found one of the two summer houses which it contained already occupied by Mr. Vigne, an English traveller, who had just returned from a journey to *Iskardu*; the other was still vacant, and he determined to make it the repository of his goods and chattels, while he himself lodged in his tent close by.

Not long after his arrival he is greeted, according to the ancient custom of the country, by a band of Cashmerian damsels with the *wonnum* or "song of welcome." But oh! horror, "for the sake of veracity," says he, "I am bound to confess that my welcomers surpassed out and out all that I had seen in Asia for ugliness, and that their singing was the most abominable howling." So much for Cashmerian beauty, at least among the lower orders. The upper classes are better; the figures, however, are generally far superior to the faces. Strangely enough, the weavers would appear to form a distinct race, their features are remarkably fine and expressive, with a delicacy of contour almost feminine.

At Cashmere, Baron Hügel is thrown into the society of another Englishman, Dr. Henderson, a bit of an original. This gentleman, who had been the setter on foot of the *Agra Bank* and Radical newspaper, had obtained a few months' furlough from his garrison at *Ludanah* for the purpose, as he said, of going to *Calcutta*, instead of which, and in disobedience to the express commands of the company, he had passed the *Selledj* and wandered as far as the *Ladhac*. It will be necessary to remind our readers that it was with the Rajah of this province that Moorcroft entered into an offensive and defensive alliance on the part of the East India Company; an act, which took place entirely without their authorization, and subsequently declared by them invalid. But we will proceed in Hügel's own words.

"Henderson told me, that just as he arrived in *Ladhak*, *Gulab Singh's* general, *Teron Singh*, took possession of the country. The Rajah received Henderson very politely, but of course was not long in detecting what country he was of, in spite of his Mahomedan costume and assumed name of *Ismael Khan*, and thereupon took it into his head that the object of his journey could be nothing else than the fulfilment of the above-mentioned treaty. In vain did the Doctor try to assure him that he knew nothing of the matter. The Rajah produced the original document, and it was only on perceiving Henderson's unfeigned astonishment at the

sight, that he became convinced that he was not an emissary of the Indian government. Nevertheless the wily Rajah resolved to profit by the accident, and tried to make it appear that Henderson's arrival was connected with the treaty, hoping to intimidate *Teron Singh*."

He forcibly detained the poor doctor, and his scheme actually succeeded in temporarily checking the advance of the *Siek*; advices however soon arrived from India with the intelligence that it was all a hoax of the Rajah's. After some fruitless attempts to escape, Henderson was at last liberated, and after wandering about the mountains of Thibet, and losing his horses and baggage, he arrived at Cashmere just at the same moment that Hügel came from the opposite direction.

The aspect of the province is sadly changed for the worst since Moorcroft's visit. In his time he calculates 120,000 persons to have been employed in the manufacture of shawls alone, and the total population of the district at 800,000. Hügel fixes the total population at 200,000, of whom 40,000 inhabit the capital. *Scheraz* affords a striking instance of the sweeping devastation which has taken place; it numbers 2,000 houses, and but 150 inhabitants. The cause is to be attributed mainly to the frightful earthquake, which occurred in 1828.

"Twelve hundred persons," says he, "are supposed to have perished under the ruins of the houses. After the first violent shock, slighter ones kept following each other for the space of three months, during which period dwellings never ceased falling in. To such a state of terror were the population driven, that not a soul entered into a house, and they lodged, as best they might, in the open air; so great was the panic, that they neglected to secure their property, but this remained undisturbed. The thieves were quite as terrified as the rest of the inhabitants. Three months later the cholera broke out, here called *Wuba*, and in forty days, 100,000 human beings fell victims to the ravages of the pestilence."

This was not all.

"In the year 1833 the rice harvest was computed at twenty lacks of *kurwars* (a *kurwar* = 194lbs. nearly), the crop was most luxuriant, and was already in blossom, when on the morning of 20 *Jumbollo*, the entire valley was covered with snow, those ears only that were not yet out produced seed, all the rest were destroyed, and instead of the twenty lacks expected, but one was obtained."

The dire consequence of this disaster was a famine and second attack of cholera, which reduced the wretched population to the most extreme grade of misery. Hundreds left the valley in search of subsistence elsewhere, but

were already so debilitated that they died on the way, and the hills to the east and west were covered with their putrifying corpses.

The following is a moving picture.

"How different was the aspect of a village viewed from a distance, and when I entered it. The noble groups of palms, poplars and fruit trees, the curious mosque with its quaint alleys and flower-garden, where the chrysanthemum and tagetes were in full bloom, notwithstanding the lateness of the autumn, the whole scene surrounded with verdant meadows, through which ran a brook with its water-mill, and rows of willows planted along its banks; such objects as these would lend to the villages a friendly and hospitable look. But in place of this lovely exterior, how mournful a spectacle would frequently meet my eye as I rode into the place. Then all was life; now all death: the mill-wheel stood still, many of the houses were ruinous, while others with doors and windows open, offered a refuge only to the wild beast. In many a hamlet there was not a mortal to be found, with the exception of an old fed-up Fakir, squatted at the entrance of a mosque, or a Brahmin wasted to a skeleton, conning prayers out of his Veda. The first would rise, screech out *Allaho-Ackbar*, and importune for alms, while the other continued to bear his far greater misery with uncomplaining resignation."

It is true that cruelties and blood are not so frequent as formerly; the gigantic palms of *Kosipara*, called by the inhabitants "The end of ill-luck," no longer wave daily, as they did under the Afghan regime, with the livid corpses of half-a-dozen wretches. This Cashmerian Place de Grève is comparatively deserted; murder alone is made capital by the Siek. But if the former tyrants out-Heroded the present ones in bloodthirstiness, these in their turn go beyond them in rapacity. Those fattened on the blood, these on the purses of the pauper population. As a natural consequence, those who do possess money, keep the fact as still as the grave. Hügel says,

"I mentioned to my banker, in the presence of a number of persons, that I should apply to him for what money I might happen to need. This communication made so publicly, in a place where the possession of a few hundred rupees is not breathed of, for fear of the grasping cupidity of the Siek, took the unfortunate banker so unawares that he nearly fell into a fit, and stuttered out 'he did not know whether he possibly could raise so much as 1000 rupees.' He then took his *Rokshut* or 'permission to depart,' returning, however, when I was alone, to assure me any sum I thought fit to demand was at my service."

The manufacture of shawls, what with the diminution in the wealth and numbers of the

merchants, the decreased demand, and the rival manufactories at *Ludeanah*, *Simla*, *Delhi* and elsewhere, is sadly fallen off. Still, from some undiscovered cause, those made in Cashmere excel all others both in purity of colour and style of execution. The first of these has been explained, and perhaps with truth, by the superiority of the water in Cashmere. Thirteen thousand weavers perished of the cholera, and according to our author but 2000 are now employed. The number of shawls annually constructed is about 3000, and 1200 pieces of striped cloth for various uses. Baron Hügel took considerable pains to ascertain the exact relation of the price of a shawl to the expense incurred in making it, and he gives us the following result.

	Hary. Singhl Rupees.
Wages of 24 persons for a pair of superfine shawls requiring twelve months to make	800
Paschmina and dyer	300
Outlay for the establishment	200
Stamp tax to government	700
Total 2000—£116 13s.	

The usual price demanded for such a pair of shawls is 3000 rupees, or 1000 more than the cost of making. They may be purchased however at a lower price. Those taking twelve months are now but seldom made, and never unless ordered. We may consider therefore that those sold as the very best in the European market take about six months to complete, and the cost of making them to the *Daschawalalla* is pretty nearly as follows:

Wages of workmen for six months	400 rupees
Paschmina and dyer	300
Outlay for the establishment	100
Tax	250*
Total 1050—£61 5s.	

It is only during the last century that the article has become so expensive; in Bernier's time the highest price for a shawl was fifty rupees, and in the latter quarter of the last century 150 rupees. The wool is combed from the back of the shawl goat and not shorn.

Considerable discrepancies of opinion prevail as to the place from whence this wool comes. The Asiatic Journal of Calcutta in 1836 says "it is brought from Yarkand to Ladhak," where it is disposed of to the Cash-

\* This depending on the worth of a shawl.

merian dealers. Moorcroft also states that it formerly came from the neighbourhood of Ladhak, but lately from Yarkand and Kotten.

"Without being able to give a positive contradiction to this account," says Hügel, "never having myself been in Yarkand, I still consider this to be by no means the fact. I conversed with several inhabitants of Yarkand at Cashmere, and all the various productions brought from thence were shown to me, but neither was there any mention made of Pashmina, nor were any of the many different kinds of cloth from Yarkand prepared with that material. It is truly incredible that a large and populous city like Yarkand, where there are so many manufactories, would not employ so highly prized an article in its own fabrics, were the goats from whence it comes really found in their vicinity. The account given in the Journal is derived from pilgrims returning from Mecca, and who most probably boasted, though without any truth, that their native place, Yarkand, is the country of this important production. I have myself seen a herd of the genuine shawl goats in the Himalaya. They are small insignificant animals, generally of a light or dark grey colour, and come, as far as I can discover, from the highlands between Ladhak and Lassa."

The finer sort of wool, called by Bernier *Tus*, and by Moorcroft *Asali Tus*, is from the *Ahu* or wild goat.

"It comes," says our traveller, "in small quantities from *Iskardu*, the capital of the country set down in the maps as little Thibet or Balti. The greater part of this costly wool is employed at *Iskardu*, for common kinds of fabrics it is true, but they are of an extraordinary suppleness. Hence little of it comes to be exported. The natural colour is a light brown."

The business of buying shawls\* is a trial too great for European patience, so that the only method is to employ a plenipotentiary.

"The settling of the bargain," says he, "mostly took place after a curious fashion. The buyer and seller sit down on the ground, and present each other the right hand under a large piece of cloth. They then commence looking at each other, and the demand and offers are made without either uttering a syllable, by means of sundry pressures of the hand; this mummary lasts not unfrequently the whole day; sometimes several pass before this tedious negotiation is terminated."

In his excursion up the valley he reaches *Ventipura*, the former capital of Cashmere.

"The town was built, according to the saying, by *Ven*, one of the last Hindoo Rajahs. The memory of this exemplary prince lives in many a verse and legend. He is said to have had so tender a heart that he could not endure the thought of his people working to pay him taxes. He lived therefore from the property which he had inherited from his ancestors, spending much of his treasure upon the poor. Having at last run through it all, he earned his daily bread by the making of pots, which his wives sold in the public market."

Pity that the present governor does not hit upon a similar idea; the inhabitants we *will* venture to say would overlook such a laying aside of dignity on his part.

Riding up an eminence in the vicinity of this town, he makes an important discovery.

"I found the hill dug out into terraces, to a considerable height, each presenting a small level for cultivation, while the soil was supported by Cyclopien walls. This gigantic work must date from an era when the population of the valley was numerous enough to require their construction, in order to produce the quantity of sustenance necessary for the people's subsistence. Now if we take into consideration that but a few years ago, in spite of the number of once fruitful spots that had ceased to be tilled and had become overgrown with wood, 800,000 persons subsisted in the valley, it will be no exaggeration to think that at the time when *Ventipura* flourished, as many as three millions were stowed together in this little country."

With an extract, descriptive of the ruins of *Korau Pandu*, we must close the first volume, which, we forgot to mention, is in the form of a diary. Unlike Moorcroft, who says "the roof had generally fallen in," he fancies there *never* was one, and gives his reasons (to which we refer the German scholar) for supposing the building never to have been finished.

"The chief ornaments," says he, "are the same as those found in the temples of *Ellora*. The whole building is of black marble. It is perfectly evident to me that it is connected with those remarkable excavations in the *Deccan*, i. e. the architect of the one must have seen the other. The building is ascribed by the Hindoos to *Kaura* and *Pandu*, the two kings who warred in the *Mahabarat*; indeed every great work is named by the Brahmins *Pandava Kri-teya*. The Pandits affirm that the temple is 2500 years old; in my opinion it dates from the period when *Schankar Atscharia* disseminated his new creed and symbol of divinity (the *lingam*) throughout India, at which time a more intimate connection arose between the *Deccan*, where he lived, and other Hindoo lands."

He enters into a lengthy and learned discussion on the origin of these two names,

\* Our word shawl is a corruption of the Cashmerian word "Duschala."



*Korau* and *Pandu*, so well known to the traveller in India, but our limits will not allow of our following him.

The second volume traces up the history of Cashmere till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The source from which it is drawn is the *Raja Taringini*, or *Kings' Chronicle*, called by Professor Wilson the only Sanscrit work that can at all lay claim to the appellation of a history. The difficult chronology of the work he skilfully analyses, summarily disposing of the absurdities, and pointing out by what means some of the dates may be reconciled with those of Scripture. We see successively represented the various phases of the country under the several dominions of the Hindoos, Monguls and Afghans, down to its present lords, the Sieks, while the author sketches a very comprehensive view of its social and physical condition, its religion and monuments, artificial and natural productions, geographical position, in short, everything calculated to make the reader fully acquainted with the country in all its bearings. On one subject, however, he is not very communicative, we mean the political relations of the province. Travelling as he did under the auspices of the Company, we can very well understand why he has been silent on this point. Who does not know that the policy of the Indian government is to keep all such matters under a veil of impenetrable secrecy? But after all, we do not lose by it here. The occupation of a country like Cashmere, severed by its encircling mountains from the rest of the world, will surely never be very desirable, and however much humanity may gain by it, we own we have no peculiar wish to see the hope of Hügel gratified and an English consul taking up his abode in the imperial palace of Shalimar.

The valley is supposed formerly to have been one vast lake, and manifold are the traditions as to the manner in which it was drained; perhaps it may not be amiss to give one of them.

Kasyapa (in the Mahomedan tongue Kaschef), a grandson of Brahma, came to visit the neighbourhood, and found it in a lamentable plight, from the depredations practised on the inhabitants by a certain water demon, *Jaladeo*, who dwelt at the bottom of the lake.

"The heart of Kaschef was moved with pity, he settled down at *Naubadau*, and passed 1000 years in the strictest penance, and by this means caused *Maha Deo* to appear to him, who promised to destroy the demon, and despatched his two servants Vishnu and Brama (!) to Cashmere with this intent. For 100 years did *Vishnu* strive with him, but all to no purpose,

for he always effected a safe retreat into the mud at the bottom of the water. At last Vishnu opened the mountains at *Baramulla*, the water ran off, and he made easy work of the bad spirit."

Certain singular isolated hills, of from 200 to 300 hundred feet high, of a sandy alluvial formation, and with their summits horizontal or slightly depressed towards the middle, made it seem probable to our traveller that a sudden and violent rush of waters, like that hinted at in the legend, had really caused these geological phenomena. This idea however is controverted by the fact that the hills were all too far from the rocky flood-gates at *Baramulla* to have originated in this manner, and he attributes them to a subterranean movement, such as the valley is subject to even now, but which was not of sufficient violence to force the rocks beneath through the alluvial superstratum.

"It is not to be denied," says he, "that the valley must once have been under water. Its extent, accurate level, and alluvial soil, all clearly point out this to have been the case, but in order to explain how the lake was transformed into a plain, we do not need the hypothesis of a natural or artificial opening having been made. The cause of the change is not that, but an elevation of the soil by the filling up the lake with earth, a process still at work with the remains of the former great body of water, and especially with the *Wular* lake. After violent rains, quantities of earth and sand are brought down by the rivers, which cause a continually increasing deposit that eventually ejects the water."

Some remarkable points of difference occur between the account of Moorcroft and our author's. It is true that the former gentleman's residence of ten months would give him opportunities of learning much from ocular observation that Baron Hügel from the shortness of his stay could only have become acquainted with by hearsay. Still the whole book evinces that he is not the man to give ear to superficial or unauthenticated accounts, moreover he is much more intimately acquainted with oriental languages than Moorcroft was, so that we are not a little puzzled which version to prefer. For instance, talking of the climate, Moorcroft gives as a reason for the unusual fecundity of the valley, the *excessive humidity of the climate*, while Hügel, who devotes a whole chapter to the climate, says "Neither moss nor lichen overgrow the ground (in the woods), and even ferns are rare, a striking proof of the dryness of the climate." Again, "Cashmere lies beyond the region of the periodical rains of India. These reach only to the summit of

*Ratan-Panjal*, in some years they extend somewhat further, but never over the *Pir-Panjal*. In the same way they reach up the valley of the *Schelum* only as far as the highest chain of hills below *Uri*. In autumn, rain seldom if ever falls." Further on he says, "the most remarkable phenomenon attending on the climate of Cashmere is that there is never any wind. The vast expanse of the *Wular* lake is never rippled by a wave, so that a boat passing across leaves its track visible on the pellucid mirror behind it for miles." In further confirmation of this fact, he adduces the fragile architecture of the houses, many of which, built of *Deodar* wood, are only one window broad, while they are often three stories high. In another place we read "sails are not used in the valley."

The reader will be astonished to hear that Moorcroft in crossing this identical *Wular* lake was forced to keep the boat in-shore to escape the perils of a tempest which sprung up, moreover he mentions "gusts of wind" as of frequent occurrence during the "dirty spring." Was Hügel misinformed or what? judicent peritiores.

The geographical position of the town of Cashmere as given in the Asiatic Journal on our traveller's authority was  $34^{\circ} 27' 58''$  N. Lat. Later calculations have induced him to place it at  $34^{\circ} 7' 36''$ . Trebeck, the companion of Moorcroft, makes it  $34^{\circ} 4'$ . We are now informed for the first time that the number of passes leading into the valley amounts to twelve.

We find a more favourable verdict pronounced on the Cashmerians than we have been accustomed to hear. He grants that they are cunning and supple, but considers this as a fault not to be laid to nature, but to circumstances. As a set-off to this vice, he says, "they are most hospitable and obliging, and imperturbably good-humoured amidst the most grinding distress." So passionately fond are they of music, that there is a proverb "When a *Kanschani* (danseuse) sings of the love adventures of *Andam* and *Durtschani*, one can rob a Cashmerian of wife and child, without his stirring to recover them till the narration is over."

Many extraordinary customs are much in vogue among them.

"The India Durma-sitting is not uncommon. It consists in sitting before the door of some distinguished personage until one has obtained some particular request. Instances are known where a person has passed twenty years in this manner, till at length his wish was granted. Another custom is that of going bare-headed and bare-footed to the governor, in broad daylight, preceded by lighted torches, the significa-

tion of which is 'Thy justice is so obscure that one cannot see in the streets at mid-day, and has reduced me to such an extremity, that I have neither shoes on my feet, nor do I possess a cloth wherewith to cover my head.'"

The *Suttee*, that horrible rite, the burning of Hindoo widows with their deceased husbands, has revived under the *Siek*. Moorcroft states that it had entirely ceased, but this was only the case under the Mahomedan dynasty: we shudder to hear that six of these unnatural tragedies have been represented during Runjeet Singh's usurpation. The martyrdom is not, as many have imagined, compulsory; it is quite voluntary, and generally in consequence of a solemn vow made to the husband during his life-time, by which act of devotion the wife hopes to gain a securer dominion over his affections. The most general custom pursued on the death of a Brahmin in Cashmere is as follows: his body is burnt and the ashes are taken to a small pool named *Ganga*, four days' journey from the town, into which they are cast; here his widow is also conducted by the relations, and her hair is shorn off into the pool; nor is it allowed to grow again.

Moorcroft remarks, that since the *Siek* conquered the country, *Hinduism* predominates. Now let Hügel step forward into the witness-box: "The majority of the population are *Mahomedans*, and are divided into the two well known sects of *Sciah* and *Suni*, of which the last is by far the most numerous. . . . All Afghans are *Suni*."

All the Hindoos in Cashmere are Brahmins. A third religion is that of *Guruh Nanokjie*, to which, as the orientalist is well aware, the *Siek* belong. Their priests live in *Darmshalla*, or houses, where they are bound to entertain all travellers professing their religion. With the exception of the two regiments forming the garrison, there are but few *Sieks* in Cashmere, and consequently their religion has taken no firm root. Indeed, they are daily inclining more and more to *Hinduism*.

A singular fact did not escape the traveller's notice, that the Brahmins of Cashmere are much darker skinned than those of India: for the strange story in explanation of this, we refer the reader to the volumes themselves.

Before passing to the natural productions of Cashmere, we must advert for a moment to a certain branch of industry, we mean the fabrication of vases and other vessels from chalcedony and rock-crystal, which is obtained in inexhaustible quantities at *Iskardu*. A mass of rock-crystal seen by Hügel, could only be moved by the united strength

of four men. Some of these vases have been sold at Lahore for 800 rupees a-piece. But these interesting creations of Cashmerian ingenuity, far surpassing, according to our author, similar productions in Europe both in tastefulness and correct workmanship, have gone the way of all other arts here; the sculptor's occupation is gone.

The natural resources of the land are very great, and the gross amount of yearly export, amounting to four millions of Hary Singhi rupees, while the import is only 500,000, shows how soon its present condition might be bettered, were proper measures to be adopted.

Hügel estimates the gross revenue which the province would be capable of yielding, at 34 lacks of rupees, or 3,400,000; deducting from this government outgoings, say 1,150,000 rupees, we have a remainder of 2,250,000, exactly the sum demanded by Runjeet Singh in 1835. According to recent accounts, however, 18 lacks only were demanded last year, but so great was the poverty of the population, that they were considered incapable of furnishing even this sum.

The hidden geological riches are but partially explored. Iron is found to the east of the capital—it is bedded between strata of limestone. There is as yet but one mine, which yields 2,500 kurwar annually. Near it are the lead mines, first discovered by Jacquemont; they have been worked since 1833 with a yearly return of 1,000 kurwars. Copper is also found. Black lead abounds about Pir-Panjal, but is not used.

The botanical part of the work is purely popular.

Of all the trees the stately *Deodar* (or gift of God), a species of cedar, whose blossoms are covered with a peculiar yellow dust, is the most useful to man, and is preferred to all others as a building material, from its wonderful durability.

The chestnut is the same as that found in Europe, except that its fruit is never armed with prickles. The bark, which pares off in strips of a foot long, but still adheres to the bole of the tree, imparts to it an uncommon appearance.

Cashmere and the Tyrol are the only countries he knows of where the alder is to be found at so great an elevation. Among the Alpine plants is a species of *Rhododendron*, similar to the *Ponticum* in magnitude, and with rust-coloured leaves, like the *Rhododendron Campanulatum*. It grows in the snow itself, as well as the juniper, neither of which plants is to be found in the valley below 11,000 feet above the sea.

A rare kind of barberry merits remark; it

has blossoms like the *Berberis aristata*, while the fruit in size and colour is similar to that of the plant, and is agreeable and sweet-flavoured. "In the roads of Cashmere," we are told, "not a single tree grows belonging to the Indian vegetation, and the European meets with none that are not related to those at home, although they are all of a different species."

The fruit-trees of Cashmere are celebrated; there are nine sorts of apples and as many of pears. Moorcroft mentions eighteen to twenty different sorts of grapes, but our traveller discovered only eleven.

The following way of preserving this fruit we commend to the attention of housekeepers.

"Three or four bunches are placed on a deep earthen unglazed plate; this is covered with another similar one, and the two are cemented together with lime or gypsum. The whole is then deposited in a dry situation, and the moisture generated in the interior keeps the grapes fresh and undecayed till the next summer."

It is the fashion to send half-a-dozen of these as presents to the stranger on his arrival.

The most magnificent fruit is perhaps a white mulberry, found also in Northern Hindostan; it is from three to four inches in length, and of the thickness of the little finger, the flavour is delicious.

A curious fact relative to Cashmerian horticulture is, that if the peach be grafted on a peach-stock the fruit is liable to be devoured by insects, for which reason the gardeners use an almond or apricot stock instead. Three plants entitled *Gilah*, *Onnab*, and *Vishkana*, are peculiar to the gardens of Cashmere, but not described by Hügel, as he never saw them himself.

We shall give at length a method for the cultivation of rice, unnoticed, to the best of our belief, by any previous writer. The Indian plan, viz. to sow the rice thickly, and subsequently transplant it, is also used, but this one secures the Cashmerian farmer so productive a crop that it is mostly employed.

"As soon as the soil is open, and nothing more to be feared from the frosts, the rice, after being well washed (till the water runs off clear), is placed in earthen jars, and kept immersed in water fourteen days. Meantime the soil is three times ploughed, and the clods well broken; on the tenth day after putting the rice in the jars, the ground is ploughed again for the fourth and last time. Water is now let into the field, and permitted to remain there for three or four days, when it is drained off, and the rice having by this time begun to sprout, is sown in the swampy soil, over which oxen and buffaloes

are driven to and fro, and tread down the grain to a depth of about two feet. The field is now again placed under water, and after eight or ten days green sprouts appear, the oxen are then brought a second time and driven about till every speck of green has disappeared. In eight or ten days the sprouts have shot up again higher than ever, and the first weeding now takes place. When the plant has attained the height of eight or ten inches, the peasants come and pass their fingers down along the stem, as deeply into the moist soil as possible, which manipulation breaks off the lateral roots; if this were to be neglected, it is said the ears would miss."

The crop not only affords a means of livelihood, but also a dwelling to the poor peasant, who forms a hollow stack of the sheaves in which he lodges, till at last perhaps he is forced to dispose of his warm abode from over his head to provide himself with winter food.

Tobacco was first introduced into the valley in the seventeenth century under the Emperor Aurangzeb. The inhabitants nevertheless prefer to it another plant named *Bang*.

"This is a species of hemp growing in prodigious quantities in waste and arid spots. It is peculiar to Cashmere and the Himalayas. The blossoms are dried and then smoked like tobacco. A tax is levied on the article. It possesses the same effect as opium, without its soporific and deleterious influence on the health. Like opium-smokers, those who smoke *Bang* affirm that after a whiff or two every unpleasant sensation vanishes, and they feel the happiest mortals in existence. With more truth than many others does this plant deserve the epithet of 'utilis;' for to the Cashmerians it is indisputably so. The seeds yield oil for the table, the leaves a cooling beverage, producing, though in a slighter degree, the same effects as the blossoms. From the fibres, tow is made, which serves for ropes and nets, and the remaining parts are consumed as fuel. Even the Siks, excluded by their religion from the delights of smoking, enjoy the flowers in the form of an infusion, which affects them in the same way as the smoking does."

The *Sinhara* (*trapa bicornis*) or water-chestnut, is of such immeasurable benefit as food for the poor, that the Brahmins represent it to have been transplanted into the valley by *Lakschimi*, the wife of the God *Vishnu*. The 20,000 *sinhara*-fishermen, who live on the shores of the Wular lake, eat nothing else the whole year round, and never ail anything except when they take other nourishment.

Every one is acquainted with the "rose of Cashmere," but not so, peradventure, with the renowned "Atar Gul perfume;" the pro-

cess of making it is this. A quantity of rose water is boiled and poured into a large uncovered vessel, which is placed for a night in cold running water. Next morning, small almost invisible molecules float on the surface of the rose-water; these are collected with a leaf of the sword-lily, and rubbed off by the finger into a vessel prepared for the purpose. This is the Atar. About 500 pounds weight of roses yield only one ounce of Atar. It is hard as rosin, of a dark green colour, with a most delicious odour of fresh roses, and is totally different from the Persian rose-oil known in Europe, neither is it an article of commerce.

The horses of Cashmere according to Moorcroft are "small and indifferent," and he ought to have been a judge, if any one. But perhaps in uttering this opinion he merely meant it with reference to their inapplicability to the uses of the service; for our traveller, who is an old military officer, and should know something of these matters, pronounces them to be *ganz vortrefflich*, capital, "small it is true, but strong, lively, enduring, and docile,"

"I consider them," continues he, "even superior to the far-famed Himalayan Ghunt, neither are they so grotesquely put together as that animal, which is like a brewer's stallion in miniature." "On the Pir-Panjal I met a whole drove of them, each bearing a load of one and a half kurwar, (about 295 lbs. Avoirdupois), which they carried in one day over the whole pass from *Hirpur* to *Poscian*, a distance of forty miles."

And again he says,

"It is a pretty sight to view one of them with a native on his back, galloping at full speed, often in the dried-up bed of a river, filled with great loose stones, where another horse could only proceed at a foot's pace, and even then only with great caution."

The *Hunda*, a sort of sheep, identical no doubt with that mentioned by Moorcroft as exceedingly well flavoured and fat, appears to have died off, and we are told that the present race is as ugly in appearance, as its flesh is ill-tasted.

Among the birds is a species of vulture, believed by our traveller to be the largest in the world.

"Its haunts are the highest peaks, where the Cashmerians creep stealthily up to him, and as he rises, as all birds of this description do, heavily from the ground, kill him at a single blow. This can be easily effected with the black vulture of India, from which I was induced to believe that it was the same, but was soon convinced to the contrary. The bird is

killed for the fur on his crop. This is used by the inhabitants for the material for caps, to which many extraordinary qualities are attributed, one bird yielding stuff sufficient for a cap."

The *Bulbul* of Cashmere, so renowned in Asiatic poetry, differs entirely from that found in the rest of India. Instead of the carmine coloured feathers, which adorn sometimes the belly, sometimes the eyebrows of the latter, the colour here is yellow. On the head is a cap-like tuft of feathers, which gives the bird a very knowing appearance. They are most social companions, perking curiously into the houses, following one's every movement, and when food is offered them, evincing their gratitude in sweet-toned melody.

The entomological part of the work is but meagre, indeed insects are not very likely to abound where the feathered tribe so predominates, added to which the yearly autumnal custom of setting fire to the long grass in the valley, must prove very destructive to them. We are promised a more detailed treatise on these and the other productions of the animal kingdom in the two additional volumes which are requisite to complete the work and are not yet out.

At the end of the second volume, the traveller offers us a very elaborate description of the surviving religious monuments of Cashmere. The greater part of them has been mutilated or totally razed by a certain fanatical iconoclast (as it is said), named Sikander, about the year 1396. Those still extant are designed with uncommon freedom of style, and are somewhat dissimilar from those in Southern India. Our limits will not allow of our following the erudite arguments of the author on this most interesting topic.

We would however direct the attention of Indian philologists and mythologists to the remarkable assertions delivered with respect to the antiquity of Buddhism. It is doubtless well known that the German antiquaries are still at issue on this point. The acute and learned *Ritter*, in the face of generally received notions among the learned, has maintained that there existed an older *Buddhism*, of which the religion of *Brahma* formed but a junior branch. *Von Bohlen*, on the other hand, in his comprehensive work on India, states his conviction that the religion of Buddh belongs to a much later epoch than that of *Brahma*. This decision had become universally countenanced when Hügel surprises us with the discovery that in the purely Brahminical Cashmere are to be found primeval temples of Buddhist origin,

and affording confirmation strong of the religion of *Buddh* having existed here long anterior to that of *Brahma*. After a discussion showing much ingenuity and reflection, he settles the question "Which are the oldest temples in India?" with the answer "The Dhagoba of the Buddhists."

He leaves the valley by the pass of Bara-mulla, which Moorcroft, as it will be remembered, also took, but was compelled to return. On the road, some of the stalwart sons of the valley, who are superstitious to an absurd degree, entertain him with frightful stories of ghins and ghouls, of whose existence they entertain no more doubt than of there being a sun in heaven. Finding him incredulous, they determined to give him a proof positive of the veracity of their assertions, and being arrived near the pass, scampered up to a temple of *Sadaschio* on a neighbouring eminence, from whence they return with a Brahmin. This apostle of ghouliism set to work forthwith to convert the unbelieving baron, in the following harangue:

"About 5000 years ago, a notably pious Brahmin named *Jambas* lived in his cabin on the spot where yonder temple stands. Once on a time a ghin (*Jin*) came to his door just as he was performing his *Tup* (devotions) to Vishnu, and tweaked him by his *Paggeri* (turban.) The holy man knew him in a moment for a ghin, that wished to disturb his prayers, and he bid him to be off about his business, but the ghin scorned the idea of such a thing. The Brahmin now fell into a transport of pious wrath, faced about, and dealt the monster such a buffet, that he had one of his teeth knocked out and ran away howling. 'Here is that tooth,' said the Brahmin, as he deposited a large bundle before me. He proceeded to unfold the cloth wrapper, and I was unable to restrain my laughter when he displayed to view an elephant's lower-jaw tooth."

We have perused these volumes with unfeigned pleasure, and do not hesitate to pronounce the work to be the most instructive as yet presented to the public on the subject.

There is a vivid portrayal too of natural scenery, of a country depopulated, of temples and palaces levelled with the dust, such as we in vain look for in the matter-of-fact pages of Moorcroft, while at the same time the traveller eschews any unnatural exaggeration. The wonderful and entertaining are matters of subordinate consideration. He is no *Semiaso*. We have before us a plain unvarnished tale, denuded of all anthropophagous incredibilities. Not a patchwork of isolated fragments, but a portrait complete in all its parts. The plan of arrangement he has chosen occasions some useless repetitions. We would recommend him if he aims at extensive circu-

lation, to be more concise; four volumes to Cashmere alone is no joke, at this rate he will soon stock a library. The work is embellished with drawings on steel and wood-cuts; unfortunately his sketches of the temple of *Kora Pandu* were lost. Perhaps Mr. Vigne will supply the deficiency. How Jacquemont's travels, at present publishing by the French government from his posthumous papers, may turn out, we know not; according to his own saying "he was blind," so that the world cannot expect to be much enlightened by his researches.

Before concluding our notice, we must not omit to mention the solid benefit which our traveller conferred on Cashmere, by the introduction of the potatoe plant. In order to insure its cultivation, he left funds for a prize to be given to those who produced a stipulated annual quantity. *Zein-ul-abadin* is revered by the Cashmerians as the monarch who first caused expert weavers to come from Turkistan, and thus originated that source of wealth, the shawl-manufacture; Baron Hügel's name, will, we prophesy, live not less green in the memory of the inhabitants, as one whose philanthropic care will have prevented a repetition of those horrors of starvation, which have already created such fearful havoc in Cashmere. During the famine which raged in Germany in 1770, 100,000 Saxons, and 180,000 Bohemians were swept from the land, while Prussia alone escaped a similar fate owing to the provident foresight of the great Frederick, who had not long before introduced this useful plant into his dominions.

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ART. IV.—*Reise in Abyssinien*. Von Dr. Edouard Rüppell. (*Travels in Abyssinia*. By Dr. E. Rüppell.) 2 vols. Frankfort. 1838.

THIS extremely interesting and instructive narrative of a lengthened residence in a country hitherto comparatively unexplored by the adventurous spirit of European activity, is the production of an author well known on the continent as an enterprising traveller and naturalist. It was undertaken shortly after his election into the Imperial Academy of naturalists (of Leopold Caroline), in which every new member is entered by some name indicative of his works or travels, and on this occasion the name of Bruce was conferred upon Dr. Rüppell, for his previous admirable descriptions of oriental provinces, a name which, high as it stands, would have been justified by the present volumes, if it had not been deserved be-

fore. This is by far the most perfect, and almost the only work upon modern Abyssinia; for although the author is of opinion that a journey through that country is not attended with the dangers which threatened the traveller in the times of Bruce and Salt, yet since that period only two voyages have been made thither by Europeans, one by Messrs. Coombes and Tamisier, two Frenchmen, whose work is neither distinguished for originality nor accuracy in what is original; the other by a Prussian, Herr von Katte, who, however, could penetrate no farther than Adowa, and does not seem to have been over qualified for the task. Comparisons have been said to be invidious, although they may frequently be more justly complained of as being either inapt or erroneous. Still however from the time of Plutarch downwards they have ever been the favourite measure for estimating the relative proportions of those between whom there has existed a similarity of character, talents, or fortune; and in this instance we think there is sufficient to authorize a parallel, were it simply to compare this German writer and the celebrated Scottish traveller, whose name is as inseparably connected with Abyssinia as that of Cook with Otaheite. Bruce has more the stamp of the restless explorer, the daring adventurer, whose character partook in a great measure of his physical qualities, and whose ardent enthusiasm carried him forwards to the fountains of the Nile, where no European had trod before (and but few after), in whose vicinity armies had perished, though they failed to reach them. Dr. Rüppell, with nearly equal powers of observation and research, and superior scientific attainments as a philosopher, antiquary and naturalist, has more the style of a discriminating observer, confirming and completing much that has been previously pointed out. The fame of Bruce was sudden and brilliant, for his adventures were startling and perilous, and occurred in regions which may be said to have been utterly unknown before he explored their wild recesses; and this fame has remained solid because he was a man of eminent talents and character who described with accuracy what he discerned with penetration. Dr. Rüppell, with the benefit of the labours of his predecessor, has produced a work valuable for the information it imparts, and which will rise in public estimation as the country in question becomes an object of curiosity to Europeans. It is surely no small proof of this that the Royal Geographical Society (of London) have awarded to him the prize "for the most important achievements in geographical research," an honour which had never been conferred upon a foreigner, and which is alluded to with evident pride and gratitude. A copy of a chart of the Red Sea, drawn up by many dis-

tinguished officers of the East India Company, was likewise presented to this author in 1826, with an acknowledgment of the advantages derived from a similar work of his illustrative of the northern parts of that Sea. (It may be remarked that General Baird and other officers in like manner speak in the highest terms of the correctness of the latitudes laid down by Bruce for various places on the same coast.) In the course of this work several, generally venial, errors of Bruce are detected and rectified, but its general tendency bears decided witness of his veracity, and vindicates him from the imputations sought to be fixed upon him by Mr. Salt, who, with all his active talents and quick wit, does not seem to have been invariably happy in his assertions, or profound in his researches. We will proceed to lay before the reader some extracts which will afford an idea of the nature of modern Abyssinia—a country little less difficult and dangerous to traverse now than it has always been; where incessant vigilance is necessary to guard against the attacks of the climate, the inhabitants, and the wild and ferocious animals; where property is only secure when acquiescence in the extortion of the Naib and Ras procures a temporary protection from the wholesale plunder of the robber—and where in plain and mountain pass, tribute, toll and passage-money are levied as a matter of course, and when demurred to, enforced by the agency of pointed gun-barrels and keen scymitar blades, wielded by hands equally skilled and unscrupulous in using them for the compulsion of refractory travellers. Any one, native or foreigner, who travels in these guerilla-ridden provinces, and will not pay, or cannot defend himself, is likely to encounter a rather stern experience of the *væ victis*!

Part of the first volume contains a description of the state of Egypt, and of the nature of Mehemet Ali's government, and gives an interesting account of the gradual rise of his power, with many passages of his life. Much has lately been written concerning Egypt, and recent events have given her an importance which will probably fall with the transient causes that have united in producing it. She has been lately forced into a constrained political eminence by the talented administration of her despotic ruler, but it is not fully known with what a dreadful sacrifice of the happiness of her inhabitants this arbitrary sway has been accompanied. Whatever may be the present effect of Mehemet Ali's autocracy, certain it is that the permanent stability of his reforms is as doubtful as the means by which they have been enforced are ruthless and tyrannical, and the servitude in which his unhappy subjects are held, is far more oppressive than in the worst times of the Ottoman Pachas, because

more systematic. Tyrants in ancient days have scourged thousands from the impulse of individual caprice. Mehemet Ali, like them, is master of the lives, the persons, and the property of those he governs, but he mercilessly and incessantly expends them for the single purpose of self-aggrandizement. Men are but insensible machines in his system of political economy, and are to be applied to whatever purposes will render them most available. There is, perhaps, no race of men upon whom the iron hand of legalized oppression has closed with a more paralyzing grasp than on the Egyptian peasantry and artisan, except the black population of the Southern districts of the freedom-prating United States; that free and enlightened land of mob-upheld equality, where bowie knives enforce the legality of lynch decrees, where men are sold without remorse, and retribution tracks not murder. The Egyptian peasant, when unable to pay the government taxes, becomes personally the slave of Mehemet Ali, whose property in this line is constantly increased by the pressure of his exorbitant extortions; he is only allowed to grow the crops authorized by the Pacha, and when with unremitting toil he has raised enough to pay his own taxes, he is frequently ruined, in common with the whole population of his village, by being obliged to make up the deficiency of a neighbouring village. He is liable to the conscription for military service, which is enforced with unsparing severity, or forced to work in the Pacha's factories without wages, and upon an allowance of food barely sufficient to sustain life. But an enumeration of the administrative details of the Pacha's system would exceed the limits of these pages, and we have to follow Dr. Rüppell through Abyssinia; we will therefore merely annex a part of his description of Lower Egypt.

"In the many large villages, which in Lower Egypt especially are extremely numerous, a third part is often deserted and ruinous, and among the peasantry who inhabit the remainder the most distressing indigence is apparent. Of the silver ornaments which, in former days, were so frequently seen on the women of the lower classes, there is no longer a trace. The furniture that garnished the huts has entirely disappeared. The confused screams of the numerous inmates of the poultry-yards, which used to greet the arrival of every visitor to the village, are no longer heard; even the number of the cattle has decreased, from their having been given up in payment of the taxes. The groves of date trees are thinned, because the augmented taxation of their produce left no prospect of gain to the cultivator, nor reward for the trouble of recruiting with new trees the openings caused by the decay of the old. The magnificent verdant meadow-land has alone remained unchanged, and presents the most glo-

rious aspect, when in the winter time, after the subsidence of a favourable inundation, every acre is teeming with a luxuriant vegetation. Plantations of fragrant beans and high-stalked hemp are chequered with fields of waving corn and dark green clover, on which last buffaloes and other cattle lie scattered, generally surrounded by small groups of the white heron (*adea bubalis*), which prey upon the grasshoppers and other insects, and seem to live indiscriminately and without fear among both men and quadrupeds. Occasionally are seen broad pools, caused by the receding waters of the inundation, on which the large (many-hued) kingfisher (*alcedo rudis*), is patiently employed in the chase of the smaller kinds of fish, and on the banks close to a group of rushes, the grey heron is waiting in a melancholy posture for the decline of day, to obtain his booty from the watery expanse. The mud-covered beds of the dried-up canals are overgrown by a rank vegetation of the ricinus and other thorny shrubs, in which innumerable cooing pigeons seek shelter from the voracity of the vultures, and from a remote distance the approach of a stranger is announced by the alarm of the spur-winged plover (*charadrius spinosus*), who seeks by simulated flight to draw off attention from the locality of her nest. The border of the horizon is studded with the earth-built huts of the hamlets, resembling bee-hives, and overshadowed by the thin-stemmed date-palm; and whenever the village is of any importance, a whitewashed mosque, with slender minaret or ornamented cupola, covering the grave of a scheik, may generally be seen shooting up from within its precincts. On the appointed sites are the lofty inclosures of reeds, forming the granaries, which contain the government portion of the harvest; and the densely foliated sycamore trees, beneath whose grateful shade the wearied traveller seeks repose. Asses without saddle or bridle, but with heavy burdens fastened on the hind quarters, form an invariable accompaniment to the scene. Some few wretchedly-clad peasants, employed either in conveying water, or in agricultural labour, present a mournful contrast to the rich luxuriance with which nature has overspread the country."—vol. i., p. 88.

Having made an excursion into Stony Arabia, and completed some observations in astronomy and natural history, the author, in September, 1831, hired a large Arabian vessel to convey him from Djetta to Massowa. This vessel was likewise engaged to carry out the new governor of Massowa, Omar Aga, who had just been named to the command in this town by his brother-in-law, the governor of Djetta, in whom the appointment is vested; and in company with him and his escort, Dr. Rüppell set sail from Djetta on the 8th September, a Sunday, a day fixed in deference to the superstition of the Mahometans, who believe that no voyage can end auspiciously, if not undertaken either on that day or a Monday. After seven days' navigation through the numerous shallows and

coral reefs which render this part of the Red Sea so dangerous, with variable and stormy weather, they made the Island of Dahalak, which lies immediately opposite to the harbour of Massowa. Here the newly-installed Stadtholder was very nearly meeting with a more sudden and alarming catastrophe than that which closed the career of the sagacious governor of Barataria.

"Omar Aga, heartily weary of the constraint to which every one is subjected in the narrow limits of a transport, had caused himself to be landed on the island late in the evening, with several of his servants and slaves, intending to sleep there in the open air. Here he regaled himself with coffee, made in a copper coal-dish, and smoked tobacco; but about midnight the capricious kaimakan\* took it into his head to return to the vessel. On coming on board, some of his attendants threw the copper vessel into the hold upon a sack filled with coals, and shortly afterwards the whole crew were buried in sleep. One of the soldiers, happening fortunately to wake in the night, noticed an unusual glow of light throughout the ship, and soon discovered that the sack of coals was on fire, and that a large sail lying near had already been caught by the flames. We were thus in the most imminent danger, and had the soldier awoken but a few minutes later, the ship must have perished, for in the hold stood a cask containing two hundred weight of gunpowder, which had been used for salutes the evening before, and left quite open, in order to save trouble when wanted again in the course of next morning. There was also a considerable quantity of fine powder among my baggage, which I had brought for the purpose of hunting, and for presents to different chiefs."

The infatuation of leaving so much powder thus exposed is a characteristic instance of oriental carelessness.

The island of Massowa is founded upon one of the coral formations so frequent in the Red Sea, and is the ordinary starting point to the interior of Abyssinia from Egypt, and the great outlet of the Abyssinian trade, which is conveyed to it by the caravans, the merchandize being principally slaves, elephants' tusks, musk, wax, coffee, &c. It is a dependency of the Ottoman empire, to which it was annexed by conquest in 1557, and is held by a Turkish garrison. The population consists chiefly of Abyssinian Mahometans, Indian pagans called Banians, and of merchants from different parts of Arabia, and comprises neither Christians nor Jews. The Banians are allowed the free exercise of their heathenish religion, but are interdicted from bringing their wives to

\* A Turkish word signifying representative or vice regent, and synonymous with the Persian word Naib, which are both in use throughout this country.



Massowa, a restriction which exists throughout the whole of Arabia, with the single exception of Maskat.

The character drawn of these islanders by Bruce and Salt, although true in the main, seems rather too darkly shaded. They are unquestionably far from high in the scale of morality, owing chiefly to the demoralizing influence of the slave traffic, which is their principal occupation. Although extremely strict in their attention to the ceremonies of their religion, the fasts and rites of which they observe with bigoted exactness, they are unscrupulously addicted to thieving, the commission of which is not by any means held infamous, nor confined to the lower classes. A merchant of consideration in Massowa called upon Dr. Rüppell, and upon rising to retire, rather than depart empty-handed, carried away a bar of lead weighing ten pounds. The property was recovered from him through the intervention of a common friend, and the purloiner had subsequently the assurance to repeat his visit. He was not however allowed an opportunity of indemnifying himself by a more profitable essay for the ill success of the first. Among their virtues it would appear that gratitude at least can hardly be included.

"Although I frequently dispensed medicines and advice to patients for various maladies, not one either during the course of treatment or upon recovering, ever made the slightest acknowledgment, much less offered remuneration for my trouble or expense. One man, whose wrists had been shattered by a musket shot, and whom I had tended almost daily for eight weeks, expressed himself in the following manner in my presence, 'God is great above all, and his dispensations wonderful! This dog of an infidel has he sent here expressly to cure my wound!'"

Before pursuing his journey to the interior of Abyssinia, Dr. Rüppell resolved upon an excursion northwards to the valley of Modat, for the purpose of making a collection of the many animals and plants with which that beautiful country abounds. In his arrangements with the Naib of Arkiko for the hire of camels, &c., he was subjected to the invariable extortions and disappointments which accompany every negotiation with either Abyssinians or Arabs, and for the benefit of those of our countrymen who may be similarly circumstanced, we may relate, that he particularly recommends Europeans to employ the influence of the agent of the acting English consul at Djetta, Hadji Omar El Saidi, who has been established as a merchant at Massowa for some years, and whose services on this and other occasions in which

they proved invaluable, he secured by a present. The direct distance from Massowa to Ailat, the principal town in the valley of Modat, is about twenty-four miles, but the fatigue of the journey is considerably increased by the mountainous nature of the country to be traversed, no less than the constant winding of the road. The general character of the country between Massowa and the valley consists in a succession of hills formed of sandstone and mica, and rocks of volcanic structure, intersected by narrow ravines, along the edge of which runs the road or path, and scantily dotted here and there with low slender trees and stunted thorn-bushes, for little nourishment is afforded to vegetation by a soil composed in a great measure of lava, and but sparingly irrigated by springs of tainted water. The weariness of threading this sterile district is, however, amply repaid by the beauties and natural treasures of Modat.

"The only habitations in the valley of Modat are slight huts, formed of twigs and covered with dry rush-grass, and calculated to stand only for a very short time, as from the annoyance of the termites and other vermin, frequent change is necessary in the places of encampment. They are in general very small, of a circular shape, and are entered through a low doorway; some few square and cage-like dwellings are built more solidly of trunks of trees; but they are all penetrated by the rain which falls in from above, to the utter despair of the collector of objects of natural history. These huts are always erected in groups, and surrounded by a hedge formed of the large branches of thorn-bearing trees, and the entrance is stopped up by a thorn-bush pushed forward into the cavity. Within the enclosure the numerous herds of sheep and goats are driven for the night, and a partial protection is afforded from the attacks of the beasts of prey which prowl in great numbers about the valley, and consist of hyænas, lynxes, leopards, and occasionally a lion and his mate.

"The hyæna of this valley, called by the natives karai, is the spotted kind, the only one found in Abyssinia, but in the north, from the seventeenth degree of latitude, this species disappears, and the striped hyæna alone is seen. These animals are of a cowardly nature except when rendered daring by extreme hunger, on which occasions they enter the houses even in the day-time and carry off young children, although they have never been known to attack men. When the flocks are returning home in the evening, they often spring upon any sheep that may have straggled or loitered behind, and generally succeed in carrying off their prey in spite of the pursuit of the shepherds. Dogs are not kept here, as they are found to be utterly useless against beasts of prey. The inhabitants caught several large hyænas for us by digging trenches across a path enclosed by thorn-bushes, and tying a young kid at one end of it. The

ravenous beast, attracted by the bleating of the little animal for its dam, rushes to the spot and falls into the pit, which is carefully covered over with twigs and sand, and is immediately killed before he has time to free himself by scraping a path out. The power of scent possessed by these animals is very extraordinary. A lion with a lioness and cubs infested the valley of Modat during the time we were staying there; the spot they had selected for their lair was well known, and they had already carried off several camels and other cattle, but the chase of these beasts is extremely dangerous, and they can only be expelled by the efforts of several men uniting to form a battue; but the Abyssinians are wholly destitute of any spirit of union, and so far from associating for any common purpose, each man rejoices over any misfortune that may befall his neighbour. During our stay at Modat, a lion sprang in the night-time over one of the thorn-bush fences described above, tore to the ground two shepherds who attempted to oppose him, and seizing a bullock in his powerful jaw, cleared the hedge again, and went off with his booty. Besides hyænas and lions, which are called *Assat* here as in Arabia, there are numerous other kinds of wild beasts in this part of the country. There are, in particular, several species of foxes, whose plaintive howl is often heard breaking in upon the stillness of the night, whilst the smothered moan of the hyæna gives indication of his undesired proximity to the flocks. Numerous herds of wild swine, armed with enormous tusks (*Phascochoeres Aelini*) ploughed up the dry and sterile beds of the mountain torrents in search of roots; the dwarf-like bushes swarmed with hares and small gazelles, which frequent the pasturages in couples; the larger antelopes only come here at periodical times, and in herds more or less numerous; the great antelope, with the powerful spirally curved horns, (*strepsiceros*), which is only found upon rocky hills, and of which species we killed two, is more rarely seen. None of these animals are hunted by the natives. The elephant alone, of whom a solitary one sometimes strays into this valley from the Abyssinian mountains, is attacked by the hunters. In this chase, long matchlocks are used, which carry balls of a quarter of a pound in weight, and are so heavy that they require two men to use them, one supporting the long barrel upon his shoulder, whilst the other fires. As their powder is extremely bad, it is only by approaching close to the animal that they can succeed in inflicting a mortal wound. The elephants scent the smoke of the match at a great distance off, and can only be approached therefore against the wind; their organs of sight are, however, inferior. The natives procured two elephants for us whilst we were in the valley of Modat. They were of the species called by the naturalists *Elephas Africanus*, and are only found in this part of the neighbouring coasts there are only three hunters world.\* In the whole district of Arkiko and the

who make excursions for the purpose of killing elephants, and these men together scarcely slay on an average seven in one year. When the political state of the country will allow it they push on into Wadi Ansaba, a low country well wooded and watered, about six days' march to the west-north-west of this valley and inhabited by Christians, in which elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, and other large animals, are found in numbers. The only useful part of the elephant is the tusks, for the thick muscles render the flesh unfit for eating, and the skin furnishes but indifferent shields. I have never perceived any traces of the pretended devastation which this animal is said to wreak upon the trees, and which Salt has described in his Travels, although both here and in Abyssinia, especially in Kulla, I have met with them frequently.

"The greater part of the wood in this valley consists of thickets of prickly shrubs scantily furnished with leaves of small growth; magnificent clusters of trees are however frequently met with, shadowing the soil with their luxuriant foliage and harbouring countless swarms of variegated birds, whose busy activity as they fly abroad at early dawn, in search of sustenance, gives great animation to the scene. Euphorbias, gigantic Asclepiads, intermingled with different kinds of creepers, impart a very picturesque aspect to this country.

"Being unable to convey an entire idea of the enchanting beauty of this tropical landscape, I will only attempt to describe such of the birds as are most conspicuous by their hues or their numbers, to the eye of the traveller. The number and variety of these is greater than I have met with in any other part of the world, and the naturalist may often distinguish more than seventy species in one morning; within a circuit of four or five miles, 132 different kinds were shot by my hunters in less than a month. The eye is especially attracted by the brilliant plumage of the honey-sucker fluttering in crowds round the thickly blown flowers of the broad-leaved Asclepias, and the various kinds of bee-eaters hunting for insects, just revived by the warm rays of the rising sun from the torpor caused by the coldness of the night, for Modat, although lying hardly 800 feet higher than Massowa, has much fresher nocturnal breezes. From the tops of the trees is heard the noisy chattering of various parrots, and the clapping note of the restless *Lamprotornis nitens*. Swarms of little finches, rendered more conspicuous by the variety of their dazzling hues, are eagerly intent upon picking out the grains of seed from the stalks of the plants, whilst innumerable thrushes of the *Fringilla Paradisa* and fly-catchers, both remarkable by the uncommon length and undulating motion of the feathers of the tail, are fluttering down from the tree-tops. The step of the wandering traveller in the sandy bed of a dried-up torrent frequently flushes a covey of the hundred-eyed guinea fowls, whose clamorous wailing as they wing their startled flight, spreads fear and anxiety among their plumaged brethren of the vicinity. The cooing of the amorous dove is silenced in alarm, the huge bustard makes off with lengthened strides, and the *Cursorius Isabellinus*, stretching its head on high

\* Cuvier, in the last edition of the *Règne Animal*, has left undecided what species of elephant inhabits the Abyssinian coasts.

and gazing around in terror, betakes itself to the elevated sandy spots of ground which are uninhabited with shrubs. The *Buceros nasutus*, whose flight is so remarkable from the singular and measured motion of its wings, is frequently seen, as also even at mid-day a species of large Owl, (*Stryx lactea*), noiselessly floating onwards, and swarms of different kinds of vultures cruising in the higher regions of air, or intently gazing on the carcasses with which we had intended to bait the hyæna traps."—Vol. i., p. 226.

In returning from Ailat to Massowa in the night time, to avoid the intense heat of the sun, one of the camels broke loose and ran off with the skin of water strapped upon him, and in the fruitless chase after the fugitive among the prickly shrubs and sharp fragments of quartz, the author's sandals proved such a slight protection to the feet, that he was laid up in Massowa for nearly six weeks from the effects of the wounds. From the quantity of saline particles contained in the lower strata of air along the shores of the Red Sea, all wounds in the feet are extremely slow and difficult to heal. When released from the confinement of a sick room, Dr. Rüppell was present at a marriage in high life at Arkiko, of which he gives a description; but it is too long to extract at length, and we therefore refer the curious to vol. i., p. 237.

The arrival of the long expected caravan from Gondar brought with it intelligence of the state of Abyssinia and the position of the different powers at issue with each other in it. That unhappy country was then as before and now, bleeding in almost every province, from the ravages of rebellion and warfare. The incapacity of the emperors had been taken advantage of by the different governors of provinces to render themselves wholly independent, and they then turned their arms against each other, in the hope of extending their usurped possessions. Some idea of the precarious tenure of the Abyssinian throne may be found from the fact, that, from the abdication of the Emperor Teckla Haimanot in 1778, down to the year 1833, no less than fourteen princes have occupied it at twenty-two different times.

Uninviting as this prospect was, there was however the probability of a more immediate danger from another quarter. A body of Turkish and Albanian troops, lying in garrison at Djetta, had long been disaffected to Mehemet Ali for the withholding of their pay and gradual diminution of their rations, and finally driven to extremity by a perfidious attempt to destroy them by suddenly attacking them with a very superior body of Egyptian regulars, had raised the standard of revolt after repulsing these last, and there

was reason for supposing that the garrison of Massowa would follow their example. Under these circumstances there was no time to be lost, and Dr. Rüppell accordingly sent on his extensive collection in natural history to Alexandria, and hastened his preparations for departure. In many parts of Abyssinia, money is less generally useful as a medium of exchange with the inhabitants or for presents than various articles of merchandize, such as glasses for drinking honey-water, black pepper, Indian cottons, strings or bands of twisted blue silk, &c. These last, called *Mateb*, are the most useful of all, as they are universally worn round the neck by the Christians of Abyssinia, and when of the requisite length of five feet, and of a bright blue colour, are eagerly sought after. Dr. Rüppell recommends every traveller to provide himself with a store of these articles, a timely donation of which will frequently be of the greatest efficacy in softening the obstinacy or ill-will of the innumerable chiefs and naibs whose narrow territories he has to pass through. Having engaged the requisite number of attendants and camels, and brought to a successful issue his treaty with the Naib for the amount of passage money, a kind of capitation tax which this potentate levies upon all who pass through his province, and which Salt was obliged to pay both in 1804 and 1810, the author joined a caravan of merchants which, in times of comparative tranquillity, proceeds from Arkiko regularly about this time (April) every year to the interior of Abyssinia, for the purposes of trade. In this instance it consisted of 200 men and 49 loaded camels, but it is more or less numerous according to the number of ships which arrive from India by the passage winds. Salt's observation, that the caravan or company of merchants of 140 men and 20 camels, with which he travelled, was the largest that had departed from the coast of Arkiko since the arrival of the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, is a ludicrous misstatement. We will describe the travelling equipment of those who composed this caravan.

"Only four of the principal Abyssinian merchants besides myself rode upon mules, the remainder journeyed on foot. Every man was armed either with a long curved sabre, always worn on the right side of the body, or with a spear and round target; eight of our number carried long matchlocks. Many bore likewise parasols made of reeds, which are extremely useful whenever, as is the Abyssinian custom, the head is uncovered. The Abyssinians are distinguished at the first glance from all the other inhabitants of the coast by their dress, for the men without exception wear trousers. By

those of Tigré they are worn close, and extend only from the hip to the knee. Each man has a white scarf, thirty feet long, but only one foot broad, wrapped round the body, and over this the sabre is girt by means of a strap. Over the upper part of the body is thrown a large white cotton cloth, the broader end of which has a blue or red stripe five inches broad, and on the shoulders a long shaggy sheep-skin, which however must have the feet and tail entire. Their hair is braided in tufts, arranged in different directions, or worn in short natural locks. Into these butter is rubbed as often as possible, chiefly to preserve the head from the darting rays of the sun. After the hair has been freshly anointed with butter, a small white cotton stripe is bound round the head, to hinder the melting fat from dropping down. This stripe must not be confounded with the scarlet band which every Abyssinian who has slain an enemy in war, wears round his head in battle. The thickly curled head of Jupiter Ammon is represented on statues and medals with this stripe, the object of which I think archæologists are not acquainted with. The Abyssinians wear besides round the neck or on the arm, a number of written amulets sewed up in leather cases, one of which is sometimes eight inches long, and together often form a neck-band hanging down to the stomach. Whenever a man is armed with a matchlock, he has a girdle round the body with fifteen bags or cases of leather, in shape like a quiver, in each of which is a short reed cut so that the knot inside shall divide it into two equal parts, one of which contains the quantity of powder, and the other the ball, for one charge. When marching the musketeer has likewise in one hand a burning match, which is twisted out of the dried fibres of a plant."—vol. i., p. 290.

For ten days, until they reached Halai, the road ran parallel with the range of mountains which terminates with the great Taranata, and is the abode of the Schohas, a nomadic tribe, numbering about 300 grown-up men, who have the well deserved reputation of being most active thieves. Salt continually confounds them with the Saortu, but they are a distinct race. From Halai, the usual route was through Dixan, but since 1816, when a caravan of merchants was plundered to the last rag by the Baharnegash Jasu, (to whom Salt has given such interesting qualities, for he was completely duped by the wily Abyssinian) this passage has been very reasonably avoided. The caravan separated at Halai, one party taking the direct road to Adowa in spite of the troubled state of the country, which was overrun with hostile bands, while the other part, with Dr. Rüppell, took the far safer course of going round towards the province of Agamé, through Sanafé. As they approached a dreary place called Kaskasse, which is notorious as a lurking-hole for robbers, it was agreed that each man should hold himself in

readiness for fighting, and that a sharp lookout should be kept, but on reaching the spot where they were to encamp for the night, the whole company was thrown into alarm by the sudden rising of a flight of ravens who made off with noisy croakings. The Abyssinians were seriously frightened, for they held this to be an unlucky omen, and Dr. Rüppell, dreading the effect of this in the case of any real attack, was obliged to assure them that in his country this bird was always hailed as the certain forerunner of good fortune, and that this might be clearly inferred from the history of Noah's Ark! This artifice in some measure restored their *morale* as soldiers, and passing from one extreme to the other, they now began to encourage each other by violent gesticulations, brandishing their weapons, and many of them shouted out revilings against all lurking thieves within hearing, and challenged them to come forth and fight. The author, misdoubting this assumed courage, hints that it was as well for the caravan that no answer followed the defiance. It is not unlikely that they were indebted to these very rooks for not being molested that night, since the robbers were probably frightened by this inauspicious covey, and had not any one amongst them skilful enough to reverse the omen.

At Sanafé, the rocks, chiefly formed of marl, are full of natural cavities, which often form the abodes or hiding-places of the inhabitants. It is in this part of Abyssinia that Bruce places the existence of a people of Troglodytes, for which he has been so undeservedly criticized. The environs of this town are infested with a species of ape, who lay waste a field of corn with astonishing rapidity; the caravan met with one troop of the *Cynocephalus Hamadryas* more than three hundred strong. The country around is held as a fief by a Mahometan of the name of Aito Ali, one of the chiefs of the Schohas. This man was for some time in Lord Valentia's service, and recommended himself to the Detjatsch Sabajadis by his talents and honesty. It is remarkable that all offices in trust in Abyssinia requiring fidelity and uprightness are held by Mahometans, who are far superior in morality to the Christians.

On arriving at Ategerat, the capital town of the province of Agamé, they found that an instant invasion was threatened from the Detjatsch Ubi of Simen, and it became a critical question how an attack by any of his foraging troops could be repelled. The Detjatsch of Agamé, Oeleb Michael, was absent on a plundering excursion against an uncle of his in a neighbouring province. Dr. Rüppell consulted Herr Gobat, a Swiss

missionary, who had for some time been travelling in various parts of the country, and has published an account of his mission at Basle, and urged him to convert his stone dwelling house into a temporary fortress for their common defence, but received the unconsoling assurance that on the first disturbance, the people around would infallibly plunder it throughout, and, added the Swiss, "All Abyssinians are rascals, without either truth, gratitude, or belief." Learning that a mountain pass opening into the province of Haremat happened then to be unoccupied by either of the contending troops, it was resolved to push forward without delay; upon leaving Ategerat the caravan was joined by several women who wished to escape from the troubles thickening around; among them was one very pretty girl of seventeen, who had been married and divorced seven times, and intended to select the eighth husband at Gondar. They passed the lava-coloured mountain of the Alequa, and descended into the valley of Saheta.

"In the valley of Saheta, nature assumes quite another face," [from the dreary aspect of the previous tracts of country, strewn with rocks and volcanic remains, cut up with the deep worn beds of mountain torrents, and generally destitute of trees,] "the towering and barren slopes of the rocks which hem in the valley, form a picturesque contrast to the richness of its meadow lands, covered here and there with magnificent groups of lofty trees. Numerous families of an unknown species of ape, marked with two naked spots on the neck and breast, were clambering up and down the clefts of the rocks. I witnessed here the remains of an ancient Pagan ceremony. A great number of the women of the country were gathered round a running spring which gushed up from under a cluster of tall trees, in which they washed their hands and feet, and then prostrated themselves several times on the ground before a large block of sand-stone roughly hewn into a quadrangular shape, and marked with two elliptical cavities. It is probably a kind of altar. I could obtain no information of the meaning or origin of this ceremony. The Abyssinians declared that it was a remnant of Paganism, and they knew, or would impart nothing more of this religious sect, which is probably one of the most ancient in the country."—Vol. i., p. 352.

On the first of June they descried the snow-covered peaks of the mountains of Simen, and shortly afterwards passed several villages lately laid in ashes by the army of the Detjatsch Ubi. At Tackerraggino they were detained ten days by disputes as to the amount of dues and tolls to be paid. This town, the capital of Temben, consists of about 100 dwelling-places built of stone, and 500 inhabitants, mostly Mahometans, who carry

on a trade with Gondar and Massowa. The Mahometans are a superior race of men to the Christians of Abyssinia, who are apathetic and ignorant. Every Mussulman has his son taught to read and write, an accomplishment only possessed by those of the Christians destined for the church, who are required to be able to read the Bible, but are utterly uneducated in any other science. The most immoveable, stagnant sloth is the characteristic of these last, who seem to be little influenced by the religion of which they bear the name only. Abyssinia in fact forms an exception to the respective character of Christianity and Islamism in every other country. The only ambition of a priest is to amass by begging a sum of money sufficient to carry him on a pilgrimage through Massowa and Cairo to Jerusalem, and on his return, he conceives himself entitled to importune for presents all to whom he has access. Every agriculturalist tills no more of his field than is just sufficient for the wants of himself and family; any foresight in laying up provisions is out of the question. All manual labour they consider degrading; thus the tanning leather and weaving cotton-stuffs are performed exclusively by Mahometans; almost the sole silversmiths and armourers are the Greek emigrants and Egyptian Kopts, the masons and workmen are all Jews. The Abyssinian Christians have 180 festivals in the year, and are obliged by their religion to observe 200 fast-days, and this without question conduces in a great measure to their idleness.

As they proceeded southward, cultivated tracts of land became less and less frequent, and the constant succession of hill and rock and waterless ravines, which the mountain streams had ploughed, afforded little pasturage to the mules, or verdure to the eye, save occasional thickets of thorn-bushes. At a short distance from Geba the caravan forded the rapid stream of Takazzé. This river, the principal one of Abyssinia, is about 80 feet broad in this part, and varies in depth according to the prevalence of rains among the mountains; it is sometimes swollen to 10 or 12, but in general does not exceed 3 or 4 feet, and it usually subsides as rapidly as it has risen. It is always the safest course here to cross all rivers without delay, for a few hours may render them impassable, and bridges form no part of Abyssinian architecture. The bed of the stream consists entirely of slate-rock, over which volcanic stones have been rolled in its course. These stones are of different sizes, and chiefly composed either of Trachyt or Dolevit Lava, the first containing layers of glass feld-spar, and the

latter many kinds of Stilbit and Chabasit crystals. The water is discoloured by dark particles of earth, the result of dissolved lava.

'A barometrical observation which I made here gave only 2812 French feet as the absolute altitude of the bed of the river; by another observation made a year after on passing the same stream in the province of Schire, between 60 and 70 miles to the northwest, it was 2603 feet high. The results of these calculations I esteem important, as they serve to explain satisfactorily some circumstances connected with the overflowing of the Nile. Hitherto nothing has been known of the absolute height of this stream in the province of Senaar, situated in the thirteenth degree of latitude. Humboldt and Rennell estimate it at 4000 French feet, because their calculation is based upon the supposition of a certain regulated fall for every mile, as necessary for the current of the river. When passing through the country watered by the Nile in the province of Dongola in 1822 and 1824, I observed the total absence of any current in the body of the water when in its *normal* state. Except at the time of the periodical overflowing, the craft upon the river are obliged to be towed down as well as up the stream, the fall alone not being sufficient to carry them on. I was unable to make an estimate of the absolute niveau of the river in that province, having lost my barometer in the general plunder of my effects at Esne; and I believe that no travellers, either earlier or subsequent, have calculated the niveau of the Nile in Dongola or Senaar, but from the fact of the absence of rapidity in the stream when uninfluenced by the inundation, I am convinced that Humboldt is wrong in his observation at Senaar.\*—Vol. i., p. 379.

Near the village of Gadober, on the other side of the Takazze, an adventure awaited them. The inhabitants lay in ambush for them when they had forded the stream, and showered down fragments of rock upon them like the giants in Morgante Maggiore, inflicting a loss of one mule entirely hors de combat. In retaliation, the party seized upon three shepherd boys who had charge of some cattle and bound them as prisoners; a vigorous proceeding, which had the effect of putting a stop to hostilities for the moment. Inspired doubtless by this success, the Abyssinians of the caravan passed the night in grotesque dances and rejoicings, believing themselves certain of a happy return to their homes, since the passage of the Takazzé had been happily effected. Upon attempting however to advance the next morning, they were again saluted with immense pieces of

rock rolled in from above, and stones were slung down upon them like hail. A discharge of fire-arms, which however caused no bloodshed, scattered the assailants right and left, but they merely retreated to the heights overhanging the road, through which the caravan must pass, and with wild cries and clashing of arms, insisted on the release of the three prisoners. Being unable to advance, and yet unwilling to knock under entirely, the caravan halted in the forenoon for the purpose of deliberating. A council of war never fights; and the issue of this formed no exception to the proverbial result of far more warlike assemblies. It was discovered besides that they were blockaded by the insurgent population, so as to be unable to procure either food for themselves, or provender for the beasts, and under these adverse circumstances, they concluded a convention by which they gave up their three stripling prisoners, and passed an act of indemnity for the slaughter of the mule, on condition of being allowed to journey unmolested through the mountain passes.

The fatigue of ascending the tremendous declivities of the Selki and Buahat mountains, links of the chain which divides the provinces of Simen and Talem, was immense. The summit of the Buahat is clad in eternal snow, and is one of the highest points in Abyssinia, being 3500 French feet; the Abba-Jaret mountain, next to it, is about 14,000. Dr. Rüppell remarks that no inconvenience was experienced by any of the party from rarefaction of the air in ascending these eminences, and that notwithstanding the state of the atmosphere was such as to influence the reverberation of sound, there was no feeling of compressed respiration nor fluxions of blood to the head or extremities. Even at this height they were not free from the attacks of hyænas, who tore one of the mules to pieces, to the great surprise of the caravan, who had omitted taking the customary precautions against them.

Here the caravan again separated, the greater part going in a westerly direction towards Gondar, whilst Dr. Rüppell, with some others, proceeded in a south-south-westerly direction, towards the province of Ifak, through Simen, where he stayed for some time. This province (Simen) is the highest and most mountainous of Abyssinia, being everywhere intersected with mountains, formed chiefly of volcanic masses of rock, on none of which however are there any traces of a crater, and from which many streams flow down into the Takazzé. There is a general want of trees, which are only seen in the valleys and round the churches.

\* Dr. Rüppell's calculations have since been confirmed by those of Herr Bergrath Russegger, printed in the Annual Register of Mineralogy at Stuttgart in 1840, which give 1060 French feet as the altitude of the confluence of the White and Blue Nile at Carion.

This rocky district was chiefly inhabited by Jews until the end of the sixteenth century, when they were either exterminated or converted by force; but the annals of the country are silent as to the details of these religious wars, and during the last century and a half all traces of this Israelitish colony have been obliterated by the zeal of the different governors. The Christians of Simen seem to have found it easier to root out Judaism than to preserve Christianity in purity.

"On the 15th July, a Sunday, I visited one of the churches in company with one of my new Abyssinian acquaintances, in order to be present at the service. In Entschetquab itself there are no churches, but there are two about a league off, one to the north and the other southward. Each church consists of two rooms, the interior of which is almost dark, and which are connected by folding-doors. They are covered with a cone-shaped straw roof, and surrounded by a group of juniper trees, beneath whose shade the churchyard lies. Some small scattered huts afford lodging to the ministering priests. The whole is enclosed by a low wall. I may remark here *à propos* of the churchyard, that throughout Abyssinia there is nothing to be found which can be designated as a tombstone or a monument.

"Those who wear shoes or sandals, both which are scarce enough in this country, take them off upon entering the churchyard. The people assemble in the front division of the church, after having respectfully kissed the frightful colossal figures of angels painted upon the doors. They sit or kneel promiscuously on the ground. Through the open folding-doors we could see the ark in the inner room, and many priests standing round in ragged silk gowns. Each held a burning taper in his hand, and one had besides a bell, and another a censer, which they swung up and down from time to time, singing or rather howling psalms. Sometimes one read in a loud voice a short sentence from a book lying on the ark, and occasionally the doors between the two rooms were shut, and a priest stepped out into the front room, and presented a crucifix for the congregation to kiss, during which ceremony they were fumigated with incense. After attending for about an hour, during which time the congregation had been frequently renewed by departure and arrivals, I withdrew from this so called divine service. In none of those present could I perceive the slightest sign of any Christian-like edification. They kept up a continual chattering of prayers with their lips, but to judge from their looks, their thoughts were intent upon anything else. In returning, we met with some women riding to church upon mules, each accompanied by a considerable retinue of male and female servants on foot. The demeanour of these ladies, who belonged to the upper classes, struck me as being extremely free. Was it in consequence of the long absence of their husbands in their continual wars, or is it the custom in this part of the country?"—Vol. ii., p. 9.

Dr. Rüppell appears in one sense to come under the designation of a simple traveller. The ark mentioned here is a large wooden chair or throne, meant to represent the ark of the covenant of the Israelites, and is found in almost every Abyssinian church. The bread and wine for the communion are consecrated upon it. The name of this chair is Mamven or Tabot, and it is everywhere an object of the greatest veneration.

The following account of slavery in Abyssinia may be found interesting.

"There are few slaves in Simen, for they are not brought to the market here (Entschetquab), but are sent on to be sold at Gondar or Adowa. The slaves exposed for sale in Abyssinia may be divided into four classes. To the first belong those full-born Abyssinians who have become slaves either by being made prisoners or kidnapped. The second comprises those natives of the northern and north-western provinces, who have been seized in invasions or forays by the Abyssinian chiefs, and pass under the common name of Shangalla-Takazzé. The inhabitants of the southern provinces of Abyssinia, upon the left bank of the Nile, form the third class; they are regularly brought in by the slave dealers, and are called Galla-Barie. The fourth class are the real negroes, brought from the south-eastern countries by Fazuglo and Senaar, and denominated Schangalla. These last only belong to the Nuba or Negro race. Each of these races has distinct characteristic qualities, which determine their relative worth. The Shangalla Negroes, for instance, are laborious, tractable, and faithful; the native Abyssinians are dissolute, deceitful, and wasteful, and the Galla slaves of both sexes are in general warmly and faithfully attached to their master. I must here correct an error into which almost all earlier travellers in Abyssinia have fallen, and which if once admitted into our geographies will not easily be eradicated. It has been said that the extensive flat country lying north-west of Abyssinia, between the Maleb, the Takazzé, and the Dinder, and which Ritter has described as a marshy tract of forest land, is peopled by a race of Negroes. Bruce has even delivered a minute account of their customs and manners, which Salt has corroborated, although he was never on the spot to observe himself. In spite of these authorities I must affirm that this is an absolute error. I have seen many individuals from these regions in the course of my travels, and made inquiries during my long residence in Kulla, and from my own observation, and the decided assertion of the natives, I am convinced that, east of the Nile, in the province northward of Abyssinia, there are no Negroes whatever, but that the indigenous race is identical with the neighbouring Bischarie, Habab, and Dongalawi, who reside at Schendi and on the Nile, and whom I have elsewhere classed under the name of *Æthiopian*. It is singular that none have noticed the express declaration of Abba Gregorius upon this point, 'Non autem ad utrinque sed ad occidentalem Nili ripam Nu-

bece habitare dixit Gregorius meus Habessinus.\* In the Appendix to Bruce's Travels, published by Murray at Edinburgh (1813), there is the following notice in the original diary of that traveller.—'There are no Nuba east of the Bahar-el-Aice. I regret that I cannot impart much information concerning the religious and social relations of these Shangalla-Takazé.' It is however certain that Bruce's description is inaccurate. The greater part of them are either Christians or Mahometans, and are accordingly declared unbelievers by both parties, and looked upon as a race of men devoted by Providence to slavery, and constant forays are made upon them. They do not, as has also been affirmed, exist solely by hunting and rearing cattle; a great deal of maize is grown in those parts of their country which are favourable to its cultivation. Many ancient ruins are found in different parts of the country they inhabit, which Bruce mentions, and which I often heard of, as did Calliard during his residence in the provinces of the Upper Nile. Slaves in Abyssinia are treated with great mildness, and never severely punished; the utmost severity inflicted consists in fastening chains on their feet. No Abyssinian Christian is legally allowed to carry on this traffic, but they elude the regulation by associating underhand with Mahometans; when they wish to sell their slaves they send them either to Adowa or Massowa."—Vol. ii., p. 26.

After a residence of four months in Simen, Dr. Rüppell pursued his journey to Gondar, which he reached with more facility than he had anticipated from the previous narrations of European travellers. When within about two days' journey of Gondar it was reported that Aito Jasu, a grandson of an emperor just deposed, who had been levying contributions through the country at the head of a numerous retinue of banditi, had left that town with two hundred of his freebooters for the purpose of attacking a small caravan which was approaching, and which was reported to be very rich. The Abyssinians were as usual half paralyzed with fear, and Dr. Rüppell was again obliged to take the lead in suggesting measures for their safety. A heavy shower of rain came on and lasted for several hours, and he advised that they should take advantage of this and set out in the middle of the night, trusting to the superstitious fear which the Abyssinians have of darkness, and to the probability that Aito Jasu, not foreseeing the adoption of such an unusual method of travelling, would be entirely thrown out in his plans. This scheme was successful, and they reached Gondar without having made the undesirable encounter.

Gondar is built upon a volcanic hill, which is connected on the north with other eminences.

Its eastern base is bathed by the Ange-rab, and its western by the Gaba, which both flow from a valley to the northward, unite about half a league south of Gondar, and flow onward in serpentine course to the Zana lake. This city is neither fortified nor hedged in, and consists of groups of houses more or less dense, which are separated by wide spaces covered with ruins and bushes. The number of houses is about 1000, and the population, which Bruce estimated at about 10,000 families, was in 1832 scarcely 7000 souls. These houses are all built of unhewn volcanic stone, cemented with a kind of shiny earth, the roof being conical and covered with straw. The construction of all is similar, and varies only in the greater or lesser height and breadth. The market-place is a spacious, irregular plain, on which pieces of rock are lying scattered, and where the inhabitants pass a great part of the day, as is the custom in the plazas, in Spain; and every Sunday the country people flock in from the environs to sell their commodities. Gondar labours under one great disadvantage from the want of water. The inhabitants are obliged to draw either from the two streams at the bottom of the hill, or from a spring half way up the eastern declivity, and consequently when invested by an enemy they often suffer dreadfully.

The list of persons to whom Dr. Rüppell was obliged to offer presents upon arriving in the capital, no less than of the presents themselves, is curious. Burckhardt has declared that one of the greatest difficulties to an African traveller, is to know what and to whom to give—for by ill-judged liberality you merely excite the avidity of all, and by neglecting even one grandee may often feel the effects of his resentment. Dr. Rüppell's presents were as follows:

To Arto Saglu Denghel, the present occupant of the Abyssinian throne, a piece of fine English muslin, with a chaplet of large mother of pearl pearls fabricated at Jerusalem.

To the Estcheghe Gebra Selassé, the head of the Abyssinian priests, the same.

To Lik Atkum, chief imperial judge, a great advocate and favourer of Europeans, a piece of fine blue cloth for a cloak, and several articles of fine cut glass ware.

To the two Mahometans, who farm the customs of Gondar, Najade Ras Zadig and Mehemet, to each a piece of common scarlet cloth, and a white Indian shawl for the head.

To Oeleda Tackelit, daughter of the deceased Djeaz Marn, and mother of the Djeaz Cousse, who commands the whole district between Gondar, Matsha, and the Zana lake,

\* Ludolf, Commentarius.



a piece of the finest scarlet cloth, sufficient for a large mantle.

The author had an interview with the emperor, which presents nothing remarkable, and shortly afterwards the following instance of the state of the municipal system in the capital served to show that the power of the intendant of the Abyssinian police is not a whit superior to the political insignificance of the emperor.

"I had sent one of my servants on a market day to buy some good fodder for the mules, to set them up after the fatigues of this trying journey. The man went out of the town to meet some country people who were coming to market, with whom he concluded the purchase, and on his return was assailed by a number of disbanded soldiers, who not only took the grass from him, but, upon his attempting to resist, struck him on the head with their sabres, robbed him of his arms and clothes, and left him bleeding on the ground. A troop of women hastened from the market-place to my house with dismal cries, informing me of the accident and urging me to go to save the man. I immediately proceeded well armed and with two of my negroes to the market, where a group of about thirty soldiers were pointed out to me as the robbers. They were very coolly occupied in sharing the plunder. I went up to them at once, presenting my piece to them, and exclaiming that I would shoot every one of them if they did not restore what they had stolen. Hereupon they all ran off, and when I followed them and threatened to fire, a panic seized the entire mass of people who filled the market-place, about 2000 in number. In a few minutes there was scarcely one to be seen except the group of soldiers, which was continually increasing, and whom I and the two negroes were driving before us. The noise of this unequal contest filled the whole town, and Lik Atkum and Gatana Mariam, with other friends of mine, came up to rescue me from the supposed danger. I declared that I would not desist from pursuing the soldiers until I had received back what they had taken away, for if I had submitted to such an outrage I knew very well that the license of the soldiery could be kept within no bounds. Finally, in order to allow the traffic of the market to go on, they were induced to give up my property by the walie, or intendant of police, who assured these cowardly soldiers that I was resolved otherwise to fight with them to the last, and that in that case the superior quality of my fire-arms would certainly cost more than one of them their lives."

Our limits will not admit of following the author in his excursion to the bridge of Deldei and to Axum, but we may present some of his reflections upon the geological formation of the country, the physical qualities of the natives, and the political state of the empire.

"On approaching the coast of Abyssinia from

the east, from the sixteenth degree of latitude the course is steered between numerous coral islands of different magnitudes, which are mostly level, and when they have not been raised by the influence of volcanic powers, generally shoot up above twelve feet from the surface of the sea. These islands only possess verdure in the winter months, from December to April, which form the rainy season; then the low bushes, almost their only vegetation, are covered with a foliage which soon withers away. Only a few of the larger islands, which are better able to retain the rain-water, are sometimes adorned with a scanty growth of mimosas, but they are useless for the purposes of agriculture, and their appearance is at all times monotonous and dreary. The coast of Abyssinia is in many parts a continuation of these level banks of coral rocks, but as the base of the mountains extends very nearly to the edge of the sea, this flat strip of land is nowhere more than half a league in breadth, and in many parts is intersected by the dry beds of torrents running from the mountain-valleys. Along these there is generally a line of well-grown trees, otherwise the barrenness of the coast is only relieved by mimosa shrubs and grass, and on the very shore of the sea stand isolated groups of the brilliantly verdant *Avicennia* and the leafless *Tamarisk* shrubs.

"Beyond the flat sea shore, and at a short distance from the coast, rises a chain of mountains of imposing height, which run nearly parallel with it, and rear their heads at, ten leagues inland, about 8000 or 9000 feet above the level of the Arabian Gulf. They consist of slate and gneis-felz rock. On their eastern base many streams of trachyt-lava are visible; isolated volcanic cones shoot up from the flat inundated coast of the Annesley Gulf near Afte and Zula, and the obsidian, observed by Salt at Amphila, is the proof of the prevalence of an earlier volcanic action along the whole coast. To the west of this littoral range of mountains the same formation of slate is prevalent through the whole country, and is especially observed in the deep beds of torrents. This formation is covered by a widely extended horizontal layer of sandstone, which, by the effect of later volcanic agency, is in a remarkable manner cleft in perpendicular fissures and displaced or raised. In many places, for instance, on the two mountains of Aloqua, in the provinces of Ategerat and Shiré, the mass of lava has broken through the mass of sandstone, and raised itself above in isolated cone-pointed eminences; in some parts, as around Axum, connected volcanic ranges of hills have arisen from these suffusions of lava, and in others, finally, a wide extent of this sandstone formation has given way, and formed the flat districts, bounded on one side by the steep sides of rocks, of Giralda and partly of Temben, the average elevation of which above the level of the sea is about 6000 feet. This general uniformity in the geognostic character of eastern Abyssinia I have only seen interrupted by two other formations. One instance was the formation of the hills at Sanafé, which consisted of chalk and marl, and is again seen at Agometen and Gantufufé on the road from

Adowa to Halai. The second exception is presented by the masses of granite which appear, either as colossal weather-beaten blocks or as unshapen masses, to the south of Amba Sion, and near the village of Magab. I met with these again in Shiré in almost the same latitude, where they formed the sides of the valley through which the Camelo flows.

"The eastern declivity of the Abyssinian mountain coast is overgrown in all its lower regions by a thin underwood of bushes, and contains in the valleys, and ravines, which are traversed by running waters, groups of lofty trees, among which the sycamore-figtree is pre-eminent. In the more elevated parts are the thickly planted and colossal chandelier-formed euphorbias, and plants of the aloe tribe. After these is found a growth of thorny shrubs or bushes, throwing out creepers, and on the summits of the mountains are scattered juniper-trees, sometimes ten feet in diameter, and whose branches are covered with long lichens or ivy-shoots.

"The table-lands upon the tops of the mountains sometimes afford tracts which, being regularly fertilized by the summer showers, are available for agriculture. On the other hand, the low grounds to the west have not the regular benefit of a periodical rain, and for this reason the whole extent of country, from the Taranta mountain to the valley of the Takazzé river, is often, on account of the dryness of the air, exposed to failure of the crops. Forests are never met with; the vegetation of these grounds consists chiefly in bulbous plants, which spring up from the arid sandstone soil. On the banks of several waterless beds of streams are seen *Adansonia*s of ordinary size, and here and there are gigantic sycamore-figtrees.

"The valley through which the Takazzé flows in foaming cascades is hollowed out in a formation of slate, and the sides are very steep; as it lies only 3000 feet above the level of the sea, it enjoys a very warm temperature as compared with the rest of Abyssinia. The banks of this narrow and utterly uninhabited valley by human beings are covered with tall trees; these were, however, destitute of both leaf and blossom when I saw them, and have caused me to retain but a very mournful idea of this country.

"To the west of the Takazzé rise the imposing mountains of Simen, the summits of many of which are always overlaid with snow. They are of volcanic nature, but along their base, which is bathed by the Takazzé, is the same formation as on the eastern bank of this stream, viz. slate deeply deposited, and covered with horizontal sandstone and cones of volcanic lava, which have broken through it. On these mountains nothing but thickets of shrubs are found, to the height of 8000 feet, which draw a penurious nourishment from the rocks. Grass is wholly wanting, and agriculture can fertilize but few spots. This is the character of the provinces of Salent and Adarga.

"The action of Abyssinian volcanos, as recorded in their historical annals, is confined to tolerably frequent earthquakes and the formation of warm springs, of which there are a great number in the provinces of Begemder and

Quara. The truth of the fall of ashes, which is also asserted in their chronicles, must be determined by future investigation. The chroniclers themselves, however, state that this is an unexampled event in Abyssinia.

"The mountains of Abyssinia contain, I am persuaded, no metallic productions nor minerals of any kind which can be said to deserve attention. The fact that fragments of solid gold are sometimes washed down by the rain from the mountains of Gedam near Massowa proves little; this happens in other countries in which the hills are of the same formation, without inducing men to enter upon the experiment of working for gold mines. As a single exception to this must be mentioned the production, so important to the country, of mineral salt, which is quarried out of the flat surface of an elevated plain east of the province of Agamé."—vol. ii., p. 313.

The following observations on the natives will be read with interest.

"The majority of the population are a finely formed race of men, whose physiognomy is identical with that of the Bedouin Arabs. Their exterior characteristics are chiefly an oval face, a thin pointed nose, well proportioned mouth, with regular and not projecting lips, animated eyes, well set teeth, hair either smooth or slightly curled, and frames of ordinary strength and size. The greater part of the inhabitants of the high mountains of Simen and of the plains around the Zana lake, as well as the Felasha or Jews, the heathen Gamant and the Agows, belong to this family, although they have not the same dialect. A second and numerous division of the Abyssinian race is identical from their features with those whom I have distinguished as *Æthiopian*s, and are marked by noses less pointed and somewhat curved up, thick lips, lengthened and not particularly animated eyes, and by hair thick, curly, and almost woolly. A part of the inhabitants of the coast, of Hamagen and the other districts along the northern boundary of Abyssinia, are of this *Æthiopian* origin. The third type, which is also frequently met with, I shall call that of the Galla tribes; it is embodied in the Schohos. The head of a Lasta soldier, in one of Mr. Salt's illustrations, may be taken as the type of the Galla physiognomy, and the features of this race are common among the people of Tigré and the soldiery of most of the other districts. Negro visages are only remarked in the Shanggalla slaves brought in from the west and their offspring, and with the exception of these, who are entirely black, the general colour of the Abyssinians, of whatever race, differs extremely, varying from a light brownish yellow to the darkest tinge."

The following fearful picture of the degraded religious state of the country we need only publish to ensure some exertion to remedy it.

"The natives of Abyssinia seem to have at-

tained a very low degree of civilisation in the ages anterior to the Christian era. They appear to have had no intercourse with the civilized tribes which dwelt in Æthiopia along the Nile, and founded the kingdom of Meroë; but the colonies of Syrians which Alexander the Great, according to the testimony of Philostorgus, planted on the coasts of Abyssinia, probably developed in them, with the Jewish religion, the first germs of cultivation. (I must entirely dissent from the opinion of the Rev. Michael Russell in his work upon Nubia and Abyssinia. 'That the land of the Pharaohs was indebted to Æthiopia (Abyssinia) for the rudiments and perhaps even for the finished patterns of architectural skill, is no longer questioned by any writer whose studies have qualified him to form a judgment.') From these Jewish emigrants, who were undoubtedly far superior to the indigenous occupants of the country in intellectual acquirements, and who introduced their own religion among them, is derived the singular tradition, considered throughout Abyssinia as an irrefragable truth, that Menilek, a pretended son of the Israelitish king Solomon and a queen of Saba (Sheba), came into Abyssinia in the eleventh century before Christ, and that from him are descended the imperial families who have occupied the throne down to the latest periods.

"The religious ideas of the ancient inhabitants are wholly unknown. That the intercourse with the Greeks who settled on the coast of Abyssinia during the reign of the Ptolemies, ostensibly for the purpose of hunting elephants, introduced a pantheism into the Axumitish kingdom, and displaced the Mosaic religion, probably already corrupted, is by no means incontrovertibly proved by the contents of the Greek inscriptions at Axum to which Salt has drawn attention. For the name of 'the invincible Areos' which occurs in the description might also refer to Jehovah, and whilst marking one of his qualities, according to the intention of the compiler of these words, have been arbitrarily rendered by the Greek translator by the divine name of Areos. In any case it stands as a remarkable fact, that no trace of the Egyptian religious mythism is visible throughout Abyssinia, although this last was diffused through the whole kingdom of Meroë. For since not one imitation of the Egyptian idols has been discovered in Abyssinia, it is very probable that the small stone with hieroglyphic characters of which Bruce has given a representation, and which he received from the Emperor Tequela Haimanot, and states to have been found in Axum, has been conveyed from Egypt through some casual circumstance. Stones of exactly similar form and sculpture are frequently discovered in the ruins of Egypt.

"None of the relics of antiquity found in Abyssinia afford direct proof of monuments having ever been erected there to pantheism. Thus the ornamentally carved obelisks of Axum were unquestionably erected at a period when Christianity had already penetrated into the country, for this is apparent from the excavations worked for the fastening the Greek cross

under the arch of the upper end. The number of the Abyssinians who professed neither of the three dominant religions, the Christian, the Jewish and the Mahometan, was insignificant, and limited to the Waitos dwelling on the Zana lake, and to a part of the Agows in western Abyssinia, whose religious rites I am unacquainted with. I have already described the adoration of a water-spring which I saw in Haremat. Pearce mentions besides a kind of divine reverence paid to snakes, as observed by him in the province of Endesta, and Bruce says that the Agows reared tame snakes in their huts from idolatrous motives. But what Bruce affirms of the sacrifices which the Agows offer to the star Sirius, at the source of the Nile, for the space of ten days, and of an altar constructed with great art in the middle of the nascent stream, is calculated to excite astonishment, as there is no apparent reason why the Abyssinians should distinguish this river by any religious celebrations, since it confers no especial benefit either upon those who dwell near its source or on its banks in the country it flows through, and many other river sources exist in the same country unhonoured by any similar rites. Why should the Shum, standing at the source of the Nile, slaughter a victim to the stream with the exclamation, "Most powerful God, Saviour of the world," when he knows nothing whatever of the fertility caused by its waters to distant lands, with the names even of which he is scarcely acquainted? If any adoration of this kind is practised at the source of the Nile, it must have had reference rather to the enormous caverns which Bruce described as existing in the vicinity, and in which he was nearly lost.

"The kingdom of Axum seems to have been the only part of Abyssinia in which, in ancient times, and probably as a consequence of the introduction of Christianity, any degree of civilisation prevailed. This attained its highest point from the fourth to the seventh century, and we have every reason for believing that within this period those structures arose of which Salt saw the remains at Abba Asfê, and Pearce at Quened. In succeeding ages, the Abyssinians wasted their strength in furious religious contests; in the tenth century, the Jewish sectarians obtained dominion of the country from this cause, and in the early part of the sixteenth, the imminent danger of conquest by the Mahometans was only averted by calling in the Portuguese. An obstinate struggle then ensued between the different Christian sects, fomented by the efforts of the Roman Catholic priests to obtain unlimited supremacy, and which ended in the expulsion of all Catholic ecclesiastics, and restoration of the Coptic ritual. The helpless decay into which the empire fell two hundred years after, had this deplorable consequence to Christianity, that a total indifference to any dogmas of faith sprung up. This ruined the hope in the Romish Church of at last effecting the long wished-for suppression of Arianism. Moral cultivation of the people seems not to be in the least the object of her endeavours, which only aim now, as three centuries before, at the introduction of certain out-

ward ceremonies and the establishing belief in her tenets. How little ground therefore is there for hope that the gross ignorance and immorality in which the whole population of Abyssinia is sunk will be eradicated!

"From my own experience, the followers of the Mahometan faith rank far higher in morality than the Christians of either the Arian or any other sect, and their religion is gaining ground in Abyssinia. Should any new contest arise between the Roman Church and the ignorant Abyssinian clergy, the result might easily turn to the advantage of Mahometanism. In the present degraded state of the ministers of religion in that country, controversy would work little good, and indeed could only be maintained by procuring a Koptic patriarch from Cairo, which is chimerical. I must acknowledge that from the lawless anarchy to which the land is at present a prey, there is not the slightest ray of hope of any moral regeneration, and that the total absence of any powerful government is the chief obstacle, and the more difficult to be removed as not one single fraction of the nation think of bringing about its establishment. The last shadow of a common political sovereignty disappeared with the deposition of the Emperor Saglu Denghel. The history of the last sixty years shows a complete political dissolution in the country, and turns solely upon the chiefs, who, having risen to independent power in the different provinces, have taken off their rivals either by treachery or violence, and then fallen in turn by the perfidy of their allies. Continual civil wars are raging, the only object of which is to attack suddenly an antagonist lulled to security by promises and oaths, and to plunder the inhabitants of any district who have managed to collect a trifling property. The necessary consequence is the universal arming of all classes; landed property is valueless, agriculture more and more neglected, herds of cattle daily becoming scarcer, commerce often wholly interrupted, so that the price of native productions differs enormously in contiguous provinces, the circulation of specie is almost stopped, and I believe that the whole amount of gold and silver in Abyssinia would scarcely produce more than 100,000 crowns."—vol. ii., p. 326.

With these extracts we conclude our notice of this excellent work. It has been said that Germans do not know how to write, and this is true of the style of many of their even celebrated authors. Generally speaking they are not skilful in using their rich and powerful mother-tongue, and one growing defect of their writers is the engrafting foreign words into a language which, of all European dialects, least requires such recruiting, and these besides are often so awkwardly naturalized, so disguised and cumbered with augments and final syllables, that the German can neither understand the strange word, nor the foreigner recognize his own. Dr. Rüppell's style, although not entirely free from unnecessary exotics, is generally pure and national, a circumstance the more

gratifying as it is chiefly by the example of their good writers that this disease may be arrested before its contagion be further extended.

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ART. V.—*La Donna Saggia ed Amabile. Libri Tre di Anna Pepoli, Vedova Sampieri. Capolago, Tipografia Elvetica.—1838.*

IF it were always permitted to draw an obvious inference from the most irrefutable precedents, without incurring the sneers of scepticism, we might almost venture to affirm that the days of man upon earth are drawing to a close, and that the long-dreaded millenium is at hand.

Yet a few more efforts of mechanical ingenuity and the plough will ride unguided over the field like a railway train, steamers will glide like ducks over the waters without noise or smoke, and balloons will be curbed and bridled like Ariosto's hippogriffs.

Already the influence of climate has been utterly neutralized. Our coal has been made to answer all the purposes of an Italian sun. It has all its warmth, its light, its life. England has become the metropolis of the vegetable kingdom, and the horticultural gardens at Chiswick are the flora of both continents. A shop in Regent Street has been turned into nature's own workshop, exhibiting within its genial temperature all the mysteries of an artificial maternity. Mr. Epy of Philadelphia has thrown his spell over the storms and offers to sell rain by the bucket to the highest bidder. In short, it will go hard with us if, ere we are many years older, we do not see the isthmuses of Suez and Panama cut through, a railroad tunnel driven through the bowels of the Alps, and a suspension-bridge launched across the Atlantic.

Then will there be rest for man and beast. Then will men grow weary of watching with folded arms the progress of their self-acting tailoring apparatus, and, impatient of a state of inactivity inconsistent with their nature, they will, like Alexander, complain that their fathers left nothing for them to do, and look out for another world, the earth being much too narrow for them.

Nor do we hesitate to affirm that the moral improvement of the human race has kept pace with physical discovery. The teetotallers strive boldly to undo the work of Noah. Wilberforce has raised the patriarch's curse from the heads of the devoted children

of Canaan; the peace-societies hope to rivet the sword of war to its scabbard and to turn all the nations of the earth into a vast Quaker community. Reason and justice are soon to obtain an undisputed ascendancy over force. The Russians will be made to feel the propriety of withdrawing from Poland, the Austrians will suffer themselves to be talked out of Italy. The French are raising a Chinese wall round Paris, to save them the trouble of fighting for their country. All ancient grievances will be amicably settled. All nations will vie with each other in forgetting old grudges, and redressing time-sanctioned injustices. But the most natural as well as the most glorious result of this voluntary abnegation of the right of the strongest will be the cessation of an abuse of power as ancient as Eden, a revolution to be operated by the suppression of a single word in the marriage ceremony, the rehabilitation of a much injured being into its natural rights—the emancipation of women.

Already the champions of the trampled sex, the Chapmans and Martineaus, have unfolded the standard of independence. Having at first trained themselves to public controversy in the cause of abolitionism, they soon learnt to stand up, like Cicero, *pro domo sua*, in vindication of their inalienable right of sitting in senates and parliaments and being elbowed and squeezed on the hustings. Another more formidable combatant, the fair authoress of "Woman and her Master," after searching in the treasures of the past with unwearied diligence, has fully demonstrated that woman in all ages and countries (not excepting even such characters as Aspasia and Messalina) has been and is a middle creature between a lamb and an angel, perverted, fettered and tortured by another selfish being, half-demon, half-brute. She has raised Medea's war-cry:

πάντων δ' ὅς' ἔστ' ἔμψυχα, καὶ γρόμην ἔχει,  
γυναικες ἐσμέν ἀδελώτατον φύλον.

With all our heart do we congratulate these lovely emancipators on the favourable prospect that everything is taking before them, and wish them a speedy success in an enterprise which, as it would most powerfully contribute to bring about that new order of things, that golden age of peace and justice which has been hitherto considered incompatible with the frailty of human nature, would be the most infallible sign of the forth-coming close of time.

Female writers in England, France and America, are pretty nearly a match for their male opponents, and if the sword is to be

definitely laid aside and the field open for a fair and impartial discussion, we have no doubt but women will in the end talk men out of countenance. But to whatever extent these ladies may carry their female radicalism, they will easily perceive that their social reforms will not be immediately applicable to all countries alike; and as we hear every day of nations being unripe for the blessing of liberal institutions, as we see statesmen insisting on the necessity of fitting a people for better destinies by the gradual influence of civilisation and culture, so it will be likewise understood that the fair sex cannot be everywhere equally ready for an immediate enfranchisement, and that, for instance, the Georgian slave of an eastern harem could not be as easily trained to take her share in the weighty deliberations of the sublime Porte, as a Yankee girl might be called to sit among the members of Congress.

These reflections were awakened in our mind at the sight of the work of which the title stands at the head of the present article, and we were curious to ascertain what notions concerning woman's mission might be entertained by a lady born and bred up in a country in which the persons of her sex are kept in something like a middle station between oriental seclusion and—what would strike every other traveller but Miss Martineau as—the total independence of American women.

We like to look over a book written by a lady. There is, we believe, an immense tract of unknown world in the female heart; there exists between these two sexes, created so essentially to belong to and to be necessary to each other, to share all hopes and fears, all cares and enjoyments of life, a barrier of conventional dignity and propriety, of sexual etiquette, which almost every lover and husband flatters himself with removing, but which perhaps no living man ever succeeded in so doing, and which we do not know but it were, perhaps, unadvisable that every one should attempt to remove.

Yet it is but too natural that we should all stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of this *terra incognita*, and we would willingly renounce all the pleasure derivable from one of Captain Parry's voyages to the North Pole, or from an American South Sea expedition, to be enabled to overhear, without indelicacy, a conversation between two fair "bosom friends" in some trying and unguarded moment, or to possess the key to that magic telegraph of nods and winks and smiles by which two female spirits commune with each other before company, to the utter mystification of the duller sex.

Next to this would be the other no less unhallowed gratification of intercepting one of those four-page, small-hand, close-written, cross-lined feminine epistles, to the uninitiated conveying scarcely any meaning at all, but where, in every turning in every letter, the corresponding parties are enabled to decipher so much "more than meets the eye."

Next to this, again, is the pleasure of perusing the works of a female author; for although the fair writer, knowing that her page is to stand the full glare of broad daylight, may be constantly on her guard lest she should by any involuntary indiscretion jeopardize the secret interests of the community, yet some unlucky expression, some half-word may, in the heat of inspiration, happen to drop from her pen, which will shoot like wild-fire across the benighted understanding of a man who *can* read, and do more than an age of learning towards his initiation into the mysteries of female freemasonry.

Of these voluntary confessions and involuntary revelations, thanks to heaven, in our own country, we have enough; and the new novels and essays by ladies, misses and mistresses, issuing every year from the English press, bid fair to leave scarcely one fold of the female heart unexplored, scarcely one blush of the maiden's cheek unaccounted for.

But if this be the case in Old and New England as well as in France and Germany, the same can hardly be said of the Italian peninsula, where, with the exception of a very few Petrarchesque poetesses, and still fewer moral or ascetic writers, man seems still almost completely to monopolize the trade of book-making.

For this apparent sterility of the female mind in the land of Vittoria Colonna and Olympia Morata, it would not perhaps be difficult to adduce many important reasons. But the most insurmountable obstacle against female authorship lies in the deep-rooted antipathy, or, if we must call it so, prejudice of the people of that country against any attempt on the part of a woman to call upon herself the gaze of the multitude, or court notoriety.

The Italians, a highly sensitive and cultivated nation, are as far from grudging the tender and timid creatures whom they associate with their destinies through life, the advantages of a liberal education, as any other people can well be; but a fond notion—may be a mistaken one—prevails among them, that all a lady's accomplishments and acquirements should be exclusively consecrated to enliven that little domestic circle which she is called to bless with her presence. Hence an authoress, no less than an actress

or an *improvisatrice*, is for them an anomaly, an exceptional being who has cast aside all the delicacy, grace and modesty, which constitute the peculiar charm of her sex, and thereby forsworn its inalienable privileges, and rendered herself liable to the disrespect of the other.

Female authorship in Italy is looked upon as a kind of moral hermaphroditism; nor would the high station and still higher character, the noble and irreprehensible life of the lady whose name graces this page, have secured her against the sneering comments of her jealous countrymen, had she not made choice of that only subject which exclusively belonged to one of her sex—the illustration of the domestic and social virtues which ought to characterize "a wise and amiable woman," and the degree of moral and intellectual distinction to which it is not only lawful, but even desirable that she should aspire.

Anna, Countess Pepoli, and widow of the Marquis Sampieri—for her titles, according to the Italian custom, are carefully omitted in the title-page—belongs by birth to one of the most ancient and illustrious historical families of Bologna. Her brother, Count Carlo Pepoli, already well known to the republic of letters as the author of the melodrama "I Puritani" and other poems, is an exile from his native country and belongs to ours for various reasons, because he fills the chair of Professor of Italian Literature in London University College, and because he evinced his preference in favour of our ladies by choosing a bride among the daughters of Albion.

The Countess Anna has been a wife and a mother, and it was only after having performed her uxorial and maternal duties in a manner that won her the admiration and esteem of all who knew her, after having trusted to another the happiness of the only daughter, whom she had brought up with all the solicitude of love, that she endeavoured to draw up a theory of those countless and nameless cares by which woman can make a heaven of a husband's home, and indemnify the world for the unavoidable, however remote, contingency of her loss, by leaving behind her what has been not unaptly called "a second edition of self."

But besides her desire of communicating to her countrywomen all that her own experience had taught her respecting the duties of woman as a house-keeper or (*reggitrice*) as an instructress (*educatrice*) and as a social being (*donna conversevole*), the Countess harboured in her bosom a higher object, common in Italy to every person who thinks or feels no less than to all who write, that of

vindicating the women of Italy "from the unjust judgment" and "false accusations" brought against them by partial or prejudiced foreigners; the rehabilitation of the national character being the aim of the most anxious endeavours of every generous soul that lives between the Alps and the sea.

Certainly this plea in favour of the national character is neither uncalled for nor inopportune; for the Italians write comparatively little, and that little must undergo the ordeal of a most odious censorship, which scruples not to proscribe even the most harmless book, under no other pretext than that it bears the obnoxious name of Italy and Italians; so that even the work that we have undertaken to examine, holy and pure as its subject may appear to us, and meek, gentle and moderate the spirit in which it has been dictated, could, however, only be printed at Capolago, in Switzerland, and on its first appearance in the papal states was put to the Index, seized upon, and subjected its authoress to endless petty annoyances and vexations on the part of his holiness's government.

That the character of the Italians has been wilfully misrepresented by ignorant travellers, who have hurried through the country under the influence of illiberal prepossessions, is a fact sufficiently demonstrated by the more mature and rational reports of other visitors, who had leisure to ground their estimate on a closer observation and a more intimate acquaintance. We do not believe that those writers have any wish or interest to be unjust to other nations, but the poor honest Milanese, or light-hearted Florentine who happens to read a smuggled French or English newspaper, or a stray volume of a novel where it is unblushingly stated that "Italian life is a mass of rottenness and corruption," that "every man is there a swindler, every woman a wanton," (we quote at chance from a leading article in the "Britannia" newspaper) must be sympathized with, if taking such compliments literally and supposing such uncharitable animadversions to be implicitly relied upon abroad, he feels sore and bitter on the subject, and considers himself bound to seize every opportunity to stand forth as his country's sworn champion and advocate.

We shall always be willing to open in these pages a list where such national contests may be fought on equal ground; and our duties to the sex no less than our sense of right are equally engaged to allow the Countess Pepoli to plead in favour of a class of women, of whom her virtues no less than her rank have made her one of the brightest ornaments, and upon whose morals her book is

likely to exercise the most pious and salutary influence.

We need scarcely repeat here the well-known maxim that woman is invariably such as man wishes her to be: that the female mind and heart are moulded according to the ideas prevailing in the society in which she is brought up, and that, by a natural reaction, she exercises an equal ascendancy over society itself, that as she is physically a daughter and a mother, so she is by turns also a pupil and a mistress; so that her sex may always be taken as a fair representative of the moral standard reached by the human family in all ages and countries.

In proportion, therefore, as our authoress succeeds in demonstrating how far her countrywomen have attained a high degree of feminine excellence, so shall we feel inclined to judge more or less favourably of the morals of the nation at large; and every proof she may be able to bring forward in support of her subject will have the force of a hundred arguments in refutation of the charges brought against the Italian name.

Meanwhile, since men are willing in our days to lay so great a stress on the philosophy of language, we deem it worth our while to study the sex in a country, whose tongue has no such word as *woman*, the only analogous appellation being "*Donna*" a corruption of the latin *Domina* or *Domna* (lady) which is still equally applicable to a female of the lowest order, to the proudest matrons in the land, and even to the worshipped "Queen of the Angels."

The work of our authoress seems from its very beginning calculated to overthrow our long cherished ideas of Italian female education. No mention of convents is made. That strict rule of monastic seclusion to which every young lady of high rank was almost universally supposed to be condemned in Catholic countries, there to be walled up in a narrow cell, only to pass from the silence and solitude of the cloisters, to the glare and bustle of the wide world, affianced to a husband, whose very portrait she had never seen, we know that many of our readers will be astonished and scandalized to hear it—is neither better nor worse than one of the thousand and one absurd fables by which Italian life is rather romantically than veritably represented.

Countess Pepoli does not inquire into the good or evil effects of monastic education. She does not advocate or inveigh against the system. She seems not even to suspect, to dream of its existence; belonging by birth to and moving all her life among the highest cir-

cles, she knows very well that neither herself nor her daughter, nor any of her friends, at least since the days of Napoleon, ever set their foot within the precincts of a nunnery, except only those few unfortunate or perhaps deluded ones, who either through disappointment, or dread of the world, or misunderstood devotion, are still occasionally induced to leave all their worldly hopes and anxieties with their shorn hair on its threshold.

The convent in our days—hear it, ye gallant and compassionate champions, whose chivalrous feelings are so deeply affected as you roam around the enclosure of an Ursuline monastery, and whose imagination loves to conjure up images of loveliness as crowding those harems of the Brides of Christ,—the convent has become the refuge of shrivelled old women, and of those ill-favoured creatures who are wedded to heaven in sheer despair of earthly nuptials. Those confirmed old spinsters, whom the provident English match-maker ships off by the score to India, and the American packs off to the marts of the far west, the Italian parent dooms or persuades to cloistral solitude, and this is perhaps, the only earthly advantage of an institution, which the mighty will of Napoleon had successfully uprooted, and which nothing but the narrow-minded policy of after governments would have deemed it expedient to restore.

But if the system of conventual education may be considered as utterly exploded, it cannot be denied that her mother's home has not unfrequently for an Italian young lady all the sameness and loneliness of monastic seclusion.

Female delicacy in Italy is looked upon as a pure crystal which the faintest breath of the world may contaminate. It is a sweet, tender flower, equally dreading the scorching meridian ray and the blast of the northern gale. The Italians believe in a virginity of the soul, without which personal chastity has hardly any value in their eyes. To secure this moral innocence, and here perhaps is their main error, they know no better means than an almost entire abstraction from, and ignorance of, the world. / The independence of a Yankee girl—we make use of that obnoxious denomination, not through disrespect for the "smartest nation in creation," but better to designate the people of New England, that part of the United States where American manners are most characteristically developed,—begins with the earliest stage of boarding-school life. Early in the morning she walks out alone sometimes for a distance of miles to her academy; who her tutors and companions, what her studies,

what books she reads, what friendships or habits she contracts, her parents scarcely ever care to inquire; or if asked, scarcely ever does she condescend to reply. In proportion as she grows, more complete and absolute does she acquire the mastery over her own actions. She chooses her dancing and music masters, her congregation, her minister. She subscribes to cotillion parties, shines off at a fancy fair or at a flower auction. She walks home late at night from a rout with her favourite partner, and takes a long tour by moonlight to enjoy the coolness and sentimentalism of the night air. She introduces her male friends to her mother, and sends out her invitations to tea without consulting the "old lady;" finally she informs her parents that her lover has "popped the question," unless indeed she prefers the éclat and excitement of a runaway match. And yet this unbounded latitude is scarcely ever attended with mischievous results. Thanks perhaps to natural coldness of temperament, or to the early marriages which in those wide-spreading colonies are and will long continue to be the order of the day, the American young lady very early acquires the *calculating* habits of the country. She is her own *duenna* and *chaperon*. Her fancy and heart are always under the control of reason. She learns to value her admirers according to their *worth*. You never hear of a *faux-pas*, or if you do, you may be sure all worldly advantages have been duly weighed, and that even that apparent imprudence is the result of the most consummate policy. Before she leaves school, a Yankee girl—God bless her!—has a thorough knowledge of the world. She is up to every trick, secure against all dangers of amorous seduction. Else, what were the good of the million of novels she reads? Her look is proud and daring; her step firm and secure. With her, as with the Spartan virgin,

"E' la vergogna inutile  
Dov' è la colpa ignota."

Modesty she would look upon as a want of sincerity and frankness; delicacy as a lack of spirit and independence. With the exception of a few luckless words, which her nice notions of decency have proscribed from the English dictionary—for a list of them vide Sam Slick—there is scarcely a subject of conversation which she should dream of rebuking or discountenancing.

In presence of her betrothed or her husband she launches forth in the most transcendent expressions of admiration for another. Her hand and person are the exclusive pos-



session of one man, but she is perfectly free to fancy whom she pleases *ad outrance*. She is a coquette upon principle, and she delights in wanton but unmeaning flirtations, merely to test the endurance of the man of her choice, and assert, to its full extent, her own independence.

Having still a queen at the head of our nation, as well as a national church and aristocracy, we cannot boast of going the whole length of American freedom. Our English girls are made sometimes to remember that they *have* a mother. If not absolutely under the sway, they are still at least under the guidance of their natural guardians. They have got eyes, and are permitted to make use of them; a taste, and they are free to exercise it; a heart, and we let them believe that it is theirs to bestow. Truly this liberty exists rather in words than facts. The tether is long and loose, but we never let it entirely slip from our hands; our daughters have the motion of their marriage bill, but we reserve the enactment for ourselves. We do not control their inclinations, but reason them out of them. We do not crush their feelings, but tamper with them. We do not thwart their love, but awaken their ambition. We do not present them the alternative between an old husband and a convent—God forbid! we only bid them choose between a young gallant and a coronet. They are not dragged like victims to the altar, oh no! they are driven to church in glittering carriages, decked out with jewels and garlanded with flowers.

An Italian mother—we speak of the ladies of the old school, since Countess Pepoli seems to entertain more liberal ideas—can be contented with nothing short of making herself the gaoler of her daughter. The poor girl must grow up in her parent's bower like a sweet rose-bud hidden beneath a bush of thorns, like a gem buried in the depths of the ocean. She is never lost sight of for a moment; never opens a book, never converses with any living being without her guardian's knowledge and consent. Are visitors announced? she is bidden to withdraw. Is mamma going to the opera? she is ordered to bed. The slightest outburst of passion or enthusiasm is visited with a frown. Everything is studied to guard her against sudden impressions. Her friends are in a constant dread of her southern susceptibility. Her heart is a little half-smothered volcano, which causes them endless anxiety. All her mother is able to teach, the girl must learn from her. If other instructors are required, females are preferred to male teachers, old to young. In all cases the mother is in constant

attendance. All this not only lest the silly inexperienced young creature should set off one fair morning with her dancing-master, bound upon what is called in this country "a walk to Kensington Gardens;" but in order to prevent even the possibility of her ever conceiving a passing desire of so doing.

The greatest pride of a matron's heart consists in offering her daughter to her chosen lord as perfectly new to all tender sensations as the babe unborn. By such a cautious and watchful system of domestic policy the mother flatters herself to have provided for her daughter's felicity. The intended husband is almost the first man with whom she is brought into close intimacy. Her little heart is a blank, upon which every image can be with equal facility engraved. She has no dangerous comparison before her eyes. Her affections, her ideas, her very curiosity have been hitherto concentrated upon the very few persons constituting her domestic circle. Her feelings have gained in intensity what they have lost in extent and variety. Her husband is almost materially sure to obtain her first love, and it entirely depends upon his own conduct to secure her last.

We would not confidently bring forward this as the most perfect system of feminine education; its faults and imperfections are obvious enough, nor indeed do we believe that it is always followed to the letter even in Italy. Still the leading idea of every instructress in that country seems to consist in guarding a youthful mind from pollution, by removing it as far as practicable from the tainted atmosphere of society.

It is not difficult to perceive that such is the main object even of Countess Pepoli's directions to her "Educatrice." That part of her work which relates to educational purposes seems to us by far the most interesting and commendable. We have seen nowhere a more perfect exhibition of the beau-ideal of a mother instructress. Never was a theory of sound and practical moral education more discerningly and satisfactorily traced out. True to the national feeling, she does indeed recommend a constant solicitous vigilance of the mother over every step, every thought of her child. She evinces the same anxious apprehensions of the natural combustibility of Italian young blood, and is equally liberal of her warnings against the chances of its sudden ignition:—but her guardianship is one purely of confidence and love. The mother's security is to be grounded entirely on an unceasing interchange of social sympathy. She is to leave nothing unattempted to win her daughter's friendship and devotion. Mother and child must be necessary to each

other, indivisible in their graver as well as in their lighter pursuits. The girl must feel that she is never left to herself, not because she is by any means mistrusted, but only because her mother loves her too well to be able to spare her company. She is not bidden to stifle every sentiment in her heart, but she is taught to let her mother into its inmost core. She is not rigidly kept aloof from society—though too great a familiarity with the world is considered as equally baneful to the purity of her mind and injurious to the spotlessness of her character—but she is to feel the propriety, the reasonableness, the blessing of never appearing in public without her tutelar angel. She is in fact to be a prisoner, but utterly unconscious of confinement, unable to look beyond the golden bars of her dungeon without an indefinable awe and misgiving, and incapable of dreaming of her emancipation consistently with her security and happiness. In the like manner we have seen well-trained canary birds stopping on the unclosed door of their cage, as if afraid of the dreariness of the open air, and loth to quit the comforts of their love-nurtured captivity.

Thus we think it would prove rather amusing to British readers, to see with what warmth and earnestness our fair authoresses admonishes every loving mother to keep a sharp look-out and trust no person—"e sia oculata e diffidi di tutti; di tutti"—adding, however, that she must so contrive that her mistrust and suspicion be never perceived; with what rigidity she proscribes novels and all other writings calculated to pervert a young mind by amorous extravagances—"non concedere alla figliuola la lettura d'ogni romanzo o d'altri libri che pervertono l'immaginazione con amorosi vaneggiamenti"—alluding especially to "those pestiferous works of fiction, which late in the eighteenth and during the present century are sent by hundreds from 'oltremonti ed oltremare' to pervert Italian manners, already so deplorably corrupted;" exception being made only in favour of those "stupendous creations" of Walter Scott and a few others in that style, which the countess expressly and strenuously advocates. These cares and solitudes redouble when "the girl has reached that age in which duty and expediency equally demand that she should be produced into society." Then, indeed, must the mother beware of every living being, "not excepting even her best friends, especially female friends;" she must, we are taught, "keep close to her daughter," and at every rout or ball be sure that her eye constantly watches all her movements, "nothing being more

shocking than to see a girl dancing or waltzing in one room, whilst the mother sits down at her rubber in another."

Such are the ideas of a lady who, on every other subject, appears to be so very far from harbouring bigoted scruples or illiberal prejudices, but who, on this delicate point, can but write under the influence of that southern delicacy and susceptibility, not to say jealousy and suspiciousness, which seem to crowd the social world with myriads of phantoms and monsters, from which a tender, unsophisticated mind, even if it escape without serious hurt, may perhaps not come off without some of those slight scratches and bruises, which—as an Italian woman is understood to love only once, and that for life—may be left to smart and bleed for an incalculable length of time. In short, a girl in her teens is not in that country thought to be possessed of sufficient discernment to guard her against the suddenness and impetuosity of her own inclinations, and as these may fatally be found at variance with the views that her best friends entertain as to her worldly preference, her mother's arms are to be thrown around her, so as to shield her against all untoward impressions, which, by rousing unjustifiable desires and expectations, may lead to nothing but disenchantment and misery.

A strong sense of duty in England, and a calculating spirit in America, may no doubt induce our young ladies to acquiesce in their parents' disposition as efficiently as the most rigid and watchful chaperonship; but whilst we limit ourselves to provide our daughters with fit weapons to spurn and overcome seduction, the more wary Italians secure them even against the dangers of temptation, and spare them the pangs of a struggle.

One only exception occurs in this universal monopoly which a mother is expected to exercise over all her daughter's thoughts and feelings, and that one is made in favour of her spiritual adviser. From every line in her book, from the candour and purity which transpires in every thought it contains, it very evidently results that the Countess Pepoli is deeply penetrated with a sentiment of true piety. But were it even otherwise, we feel assured that she could not in Italy safely venture to declare against either any of the tenets or the forms of worship of the Established Church. Religion is there considered as one of the best outward signs of feminine gentleness. The most daring sceptic, the most obdurate unbeliever of an Italian university, could not look without disgust and abhorrence on a female free-thinker; nor, we are sure, could either

Countess Pepoli or any of her countrywomen believe in the existence of such a one of their sex, as we have all seen travelling from town to town in America, followed by wondering crowds, as a professed apostle of infidelity.

Hence an Italian husband, whatever the bias of his own mind in relation to religious matters, is always fain to allow his wife and all the female part of his domestic community to follow the dictates of the church, to observe all its ceremonies and festivities, and even goes the whole length of allowing another man to search into those inmost recesses of his wife's heart, from which he himself, her paramount lord and master, no less than her truest friend and counsellor, is often excluded. Hence travellers have been surprised to see the Catholic churches on the continent almost exclusively frequented by females, as if woman alone, in her meekness and gentleness, felt still the need of her Creator's protection; and, however modern philosophy may have thinned the confessional of one-half of its customers, it is still, and will long continue to be, knelt to by fair penitents.

In compliance with this, which we do not hesitate to call one of the most fatally absurd practices of catholicism, even a mother does not consider herself a competent guide of her daughter's conscience, and willingly resigns her parental authority to a man, who, she thinks, by the sacredness of his ministry, by his deep knowledge and long experience of human frailties, is better enabled to clear her child's doubts and scruples, and to strengthen her sense of righteousness and virtue.

Thus, after long dwelling on the necessity of giving education a thoroughly religious tendency, and with equal carefulness warning against the dangers of bigotry and hypocrisy, our authoress proceeds to give her directions as to the choice of a confessor; and so many and various are the qualities which ought to adorn this candidate for admission into the sanctuary of her daughter's soul, that we almost feel inclined to doubt whether, in the present notorious profligacy of the Catholic priesthood, the difficulty of finding that *rara avis* of spiritual monitor does not amount to a plainly avowed impracticability of the system itself.

Many and grave objections have been and may be raised against this Italian method of female education. In the first place, it evidently requires an entire and exclusive devotedness on the part of the mother, and indeed Countess Pepoli plainly insists on "the necessity of a total concentration of all a mother's thoughts and faculties on this foremost and holiest of her duties." Then, this rigid seclusion of the damsel must, to a

great degree, unfit the bride and matron from social life, and she must, at her first outset, find herself besieged with vague apprehensions, and also encompassed by real dangers, which a previous initiation into social life might have gradually enabled her to steer through with perfect safety.

Still it cannot be denied that an essentially domestic education must necessarily engender domestic habits and tastes; that the very inexperience and helplessness of the novice in the world's ways, must naturally compel her to cling to her husband for advice and support, and contribute to increase her respect, deference and affection for him.

And here the great question arises: "What is woman's mission?" For if home, husband and children, her domestic circle and her immediate friends are to be the only objects of her cares, if her influence on society is to be exercised only through the empire of affection, if she is only to be the adviser, the inciter and soother of man's passions, through the ascendancy of private, social or educational agency, then we contend that Italy—in so far at least as Countess Pepoli's precepts are literally adhered to—ought to rear up the best patterns of feminine excellence; and that if Italian women are not the most faithful wives and the wisest mothers, it must result from any other cause rather than from want or incompetency of education.

True, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Martineau, and a crowd of their disciples, protest against this illiberal limitation of a woman's faculties to what they disdainfully term "the drudgery of domestic life:" nor while the question is so warmly debated, whilst the number of their supporters and partisans are daily increasing, and till a neutral tribunal is found to pronounce an impartial sentence, would we venture to declare either in favour or against them, nor pretend to affirm that a lady would prove a less delightful companion, or a less careful house-keeper, if she were heard thumping and thundering at a political *caucus*, or if she were to stop to drop in her ticket at the polls.

But, as we have hinted from the beginning, *non omnia possumus omnes*; till the Italians have been raised to the rank of free nations, it would be of little moment for them to discuss the expediency of extending their free rights of citizenship to their wives; till they have a national assembly, elections and political meetings, it were idle for them to train their daughters to be orators, electors or members of parliament. Till men themselves are allowed to aspire to public virtues,

women must evidently rest satisfied with the fulfilment of private duties.

The people of Italy seem certainly to be well acquainted with the peculiar qualities in which their women excel. "*Donna Tedesca*," says their quaint old proverb, "*buona per la casa* ; *Donna Francese buona per la conversazione*—we trust they will soon add, "*Donna Inglese buona per la politica* ;" and after thus having yielded to the women of Germany the superiority in the management of the household, to the Parisian ladies the charms of conversational powers, they conclude, "*Donna Italiana buona per gli affetti*," usurping for their own fair partners the privilege of a more tender sensibility and a more ardent soul.

The ideas developed by our fair author on this subject seem to a certain degree in unison with the popular feelings. She plainly acknowledges an intellectual as well as a physical superiority of her sex to ours. "And on the very outset," she says, "I am fain to confess that I do not deem women to equal men in strength of intelligence and soundness of judgment; on the contrary, I feel how widely nature has placed them above us." Again she consecrates a whole chapter to prove "*che la donna non deve ingerirsi delle cose spettanti al governo* ;" that woman has no right to meddle with politics; all which would sound to the ears of our emancipators like blasphemy and high treason. But it is quite evident that the "new light" has not yet dawned over Italy, and that woman there, strong of her *moral influence*, has not yet aspired to the acquirement of *legal power*.

The education of women in Italy is then still eminently domestic and feminine. Boarding schools and young ladies' academies are yet far from being the same flourishing institutions as they are with us; and even our countess, while she seems to approve of colleges and universities for boys, on account of their levelling spirit, of the early development of character, of the knowledge of self and of the world, naturally arising from the bustle and aurition of a public school, insists that, whoever may be called in to adorn their minds with accessory accomplishments, the mother alone should be charged with the moral education of girls, and that an early contact and acquaintance with society, even if not pernicious, would at least be useless to her whose whole world is to be limited to a narrow circle of acquaintance, and to the precincts of home.

But are then the women of Italy as pure and chaste, are they as true to their domestic mission, are they as good wives and mothers as such a social system would seem to imply? This is altogether a different and

indeed a most complicate and insoluble question. If we were to collect the votes of all the rival nations, especially if we were to consult the writings of the most popular authors among the Teutonic races, we are afraid that the verdict would not be greatly in their favour. But we must make some allowance for the inevitable misunderstanding of national antipathies. The French take their standard of Italian women from Catherine or Mary de Medici. What if the Italians were to judge of German women from Caroline of Naples or Maria Louisa of Parma? The English traveller forms his estimate of Italian female character from the mock countesses the *Cameriere* offers to introduce to him. What if an Italian were to draw his knowledge of English ladies from the painted damsels that are to be seen after dusk rustling in silk and velvet in Regent Street?

Nothing is more apt to lead into error than to generalize on individual observation. Why should Mrs. H—— be an exception among English, and Countess Confalonier an anomaly among Italian ladies? Till the day of her elopement the first was not suspected to be any worse, till her husband's arrest the latter was not thought to be any better, than the generality of their countrywomen. Man is but a creature of circumstances. The temptation which led a respected mother astray from the path of duty to which she had strictly adhered until that period, and the domestic calamity which called into action the unsuspected energies of a young and timid bride, are neither unexampled nor yet impossible occurrences.

Walter Savage Landor has said that it would be difficult to find an honest man in Italy for every forty in England. A bold and gratuitous assertion! Nor do we know on what statistics of probity it is grounded. But he adds soon after, that one Italian is worth all the forty honest English together. All which only tends to demonstrate that human nature in Italy is equally susceptible of the highest moral excellence and of the utmost depravity. Again it has been justly remarked, that nowhere are such startling specimens of human deformity, such horrid old hags, to be met with as among the lowest classes at Rome or Naples; but it has also been granted, that although the average standard of beauty may be said to be higher in England, yet such patterns of perfect female loveliness are occasionally found in Italy as are not to be seen in any Christian country of Europe.

In the like manner, and by that law of consistency which nature observes in all her works, we shall expect to see the extremes

of moral beauty and ugliness as frequently brought into contact, and exhibiting as striking a character now as they did in the age of Lucretia Borgia and Vittoria Colonna.

It is said with great justice, that the Italians are an eminently passionate people. This word, however, has not among them the same obnoxious meaning as it has with us. True to the Greek and Latin etymology, *passione* in Italian is synonymous with feeling. Passion is for them an indispensable element of life. It indifferently leads, think they, to the noblest exploits and to the darkest enormities. Hence they cherish and foster, even though they contrive to guide it. Like good horsemen they wish their beast to proceed by bounds and capers, and indulge it in every prank and whim short of running away with them. They seem to pride themselves on the violence of their temper as we do on our self-possession and coolness. They mistrust every reasonable, as a calculating, being: "What is man," says Ugo Foscolo, "if exclusively abandoned to the control of cold reason? A villain and a base villain!" These words are a code of law for the whole nation, and every one is, like Jacopo Ortis, ready "to tear his heart from his bosom and cast it off, like an unfaithful attendant, whenever it proves slack to excitement or blunted to feeling."

An Italian woman is then a creature of passion, and, as such, equally susceptible of being led to the extremes of good and evil. As a girl, her heart's impulses are governed and kept under restraint by the mother's vigilance. When married, she is as much under her own guidance as under the control of her husband. The Italians are said to make the best lovers, but the most indifferent husbands in the world. Countess Pepoli seems to hint as much. An Italian is jealous as long as he loves. His affection is selfish and exclusive. He must absorb all the faculties, engross every thought of the woman he sets his heart upon. He will shoot her favourite spaniel on his wedding day. He is a self-tormenting domestic tyrant, whom nothing short of a desert island could free from anxiety.

Happily, however, his partner is trained up to seclusion and solitude. She is fain to attribute her husband's suspiciousness and disquietude to excess of tenderness, and easily puts up with it. Indeed she is rather alarmed at the first symptoms of seriousness on the part of her jailor. An Italian woman is very fond of home. We have so very often heard of the "domestic comforts and fireside virtues of good, merry, happy old England," that we are too readily induced to believe other nations as little attached to their dwell-

ings as the Arabs of the desert. Certainly if all ideas of home-bred felicity are to be connected with trim hearth-rugs and burnished fire-grates; if dusting, rubbing and scrubbing are to be considered as "intimately associated with and dependent upon moral feelings and habits," according to Mrs. Ellis's notions of the characteristics of the women of England, no other nation—Philadelphians and Dutch always excepted—can compete with this "favoured country."

An Italian housekeeper cannot, Cornelia-like, in the pride of her heart, point to her Brussels carpets as her best jewels, nor boast of *fire-side* virtues. But she looks with amazement at the crowds of home-loving daughters of Albion of every age and description, who carry abroad specimens of English manners and feelings. She stares at the swarms of Tompkins, Pumkins and Popkins, with caravans of wives and children, nurses and infants, hurrying from town to town, like tribes of strolling gipsies with the parish beadle at their heels. She asks where are now the homes of old England? At the crowded hotels of Brighton, or at the boarding-houses of Cheltenham? Home, indeed! Where is now the Englishwoman willing, if she can help it, to rest her head for two months under the same roof?

An Italian wife certainly prefers her terrace or balcony to the chimney corner, and a moonlight walk, or even a box at the opera, to a rubber at whist. But her home are her husband, her children, her friends, her country, and to that home she is rooted for life; for its sake she renounces even the excitement of travelling.

"Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille." Her meekness and amiability enable her to live at peace with her mother and sisters-in-law. She does not break up her husband's establishment, because his house happens to be "too near Holborn," or "on the wrong side of Oxford Street." She finds it unnecessary to dismiss her domestics at the end of every fortnight. As long as she loves and is beloved, her affection for her husband extends to his house, to every branch of his family, to his home-grown servants, to every animated or inanimated being connected with his patriarchal establishment. But will then this wonder-working love, will this transcendent adhesiveness and inhabitiveness endure for life? Were we to venture one word on the subject, the bard of "Yankee girls" would strike up with—

"The dark Italian loving much,  
But more than *one* can tell;"

a thousand sneering remarks on Italian *cicisbei* and *cavalieri serventi* would assail us on

every part, and the voice of argument would be drowned by a universal charivari.

From what we have said of the nature of affections in Italy, it must be naturally inferred that they are as short-lived as they are headlong and intense. Though the Italians pride themselves not a little on their powers of endurance, and notwithstanding their darling proverb, "*Furia Francese e Constanza Italiana*," we are inclined to believe that the sameness and seclusion to which young couples, in the egotism of their happiness, improvidently condemn themselves, must have the effect of wasting in a few weeks of honeymoon ebriety the sober enjoyments of a whole life, and be attended with a satiety dangerously akin to indifference and disgust. This is, indeed, the case in every country; but the passage from the romance of hymeneal holiday to the realities of every day life must be the more critical; the higher the pitch of illusion we had wound ourselves up to, the deeper the abyss of forgetfulness we had plunged into.

Every chance, not only of domestic felicity but of sober moral conduct in Italy, depends upon the degree of rationality and resignation with which the happy lovers resume their place in society after that long entrancement of unearthly bliss. If all their store of affection has not been wantonly consumed among the extravagances of the bridal banquet, if they can contrive to live thriftily on its remains—and we believe that such is still the case with the majority if not with the generality of Italian families—all may yet be well; but in a different case, the estrangement of the lovers' minds is as complete as their union was all-absorbing; a moral divorce ensues. Legal separation being in that country prohibited both by divine and human laws, a secret compact is entered into, according to the terms of which husband and wife continue to inhabit the same house—not the same apartments if they can help it—and to keep up all the appearances of a quiet and orderly household, without in fact any but the faintest and coldest bond of friendship between them. In this agreement the young wife, who has been hitherto suffered to see as little of the world as maternal caution and foresight could contrive, who has been taught to look up to her husband alone for advice and support, finds herself suddenly, unexpectedly mistress of her own actions, and launched into the midst of a society, every element of which seems most fatally calculated to determine her ruin.

Up to the period of the French revolution, celibacy had been in Italy the order of the day. The country was then swarming with numberless cadets, who unable, on account of their penniless condition, to support a family, num-

bered marriage rather among the burdens than the advantages of heirship, and conspired to bring about that anomalous state of society which, under the name of *cicisbeism*, has reflected perhaps as much ridicule as disgrace on their country, and which certainly gave them little reason to envy the rights and privileges of primogeniture.

Things have now indeed undergone a rapid improvement. It is no longer unblushingly asserted that it is "only the fool that marrieth," nor is a husband any longer congratulated with or thanked for, "his devotion to the *public weal*." The code of *cicisbeism* has been abolished, if indeed it ever existed; for its institutions, like those of ancient chivalry, seem to recede in the past as we look for them, so as to render it a very difficult task to unravel the truth from the fables with which it has been interwoven. But notwithstanding the partition and equalization of property arising from the abolition of feudal laws, and the French agrarian reforms, which had the splendid result of bringing the whole nation to a happy level of beggary, many are still the Italian youths whom sheer want and dread of starvation deter from wedded life; and celibacy, if it has ceased to be a matter of fashion, is still, to a fearful extent, a measure of necessity.

Religious and political institutions also conspire to aggravate this most pernicious of moral disorders. Myriads of Catholic clergy bound by hasty vows, and thousands of officers in the vast continental armies either prevented by law or forbidden by poverty from marrying, are let loose on a society in which the most sacred affections are for them unlawful and criminal, in which feeling can only lead them to error, and love to libertinism.

Moreover, soldiers and priests, plebeians and nobles, all in Italy are idle. Idle less perhaps through habit and inclination than absolute necessity. The peer has no parliament to sit in, the warrior no battles to fight, the Churchman only a mass *per diem* to celebrate. Commerce and trade obey the influence of this universal languor and indolence. Private exertion slackens without the stimulus of public activity, and southern life is but too easily enticed into the unlawful but heart-stirring excitement of love intrigue.

By such a crowd of wary and enterprising enemies, unrestrained by principle and skilled in the arts of seduction, the always inexperienced, often unhappy Italian wife, neglected by her husband, and fallen from all her dreams of conjugal happiness, finds herself beset on her first entrance into the world.

A Frenchwoman presiding over her husband's counting-house, an English peeress riding across the country to win electors to her husband's party, an American woman prepar-

ing her pamphlets for the "Unitarian Tract Society," may perhaps, as a man, look upon her love-romance merely as an episode in her life : but for the woman of Italy—that woman, *par excellence*—love is the business of her whole existence, it is existence itself ; and, in the shipwreck of her domestic affection, she must be too fatally prone to cling to the first hand that is insidiously stretched forth to her in sympathy, and to transfer to another all that treasure of love so wantonly spurned and trampled upon by its legitimate possessor.

Heaven forbid that we should be understood to bring forward these attenuating circumstances as a justification for woman's misconduct. By thus alluding to the state of society in Italy, we mean not to palliate guilt, but to exalt virtue. The Bostonian wife, luxuriating in all the magnificent loneliness of her drawing-room, reading the last fashionable novel and indulging in fantastic but harmless dreams of fairy land, deserves commendation, no doubt, if, at the return of her husband with a company of dull, sleepy partners and brothers, who talk hardly of anything but dollars over their tea, she has strength of mind sufficient to prevent her from looking at any of those excellent men of business for the realization of her romantic visions, and comes to the conclusion that, after all, her own husband is as good a companion as any man living ; but she has hardly any idea of that militant virtue which must stand the test of long incessant temptation, and resist the contagious force of example.

What is elsewhere only called a dutiful wife, in Italy must be a heroine ; and yet the number of these heroines is greater by far than foreign travellers are willing to acknowledge, greater even than the Italians themselves seem inclined to suppose.

Against the allurements of a loose society, an Italian woman has the shield of her religious and moral principles, the constant watchfulness of her husband and all around her, and the hundred-eyed vigilance of public scandal.

Religion in Italy is omnipresent. Whatever may be said or thought of Catholic institutions, it must not be denied that that creed yields a constant, faithful support to a wavering mind. As long as frequented by a true believer,—and we have already seen that most women are so,—even confession, notwithstanding its absurdity and liability to abuse, may have the effect of giving timely warning against, and putting an end to, dangerous connections.

Again, the Italian wife, even when inclined to evil, will often be refrained by want of opportunity. Her husband, however perfectly indifferent as to the possession of her heart, is still inexorably jealous of what he calls his honour ; around his lady, at every hour of

the day or night are a crowd of his allies,—his mother, his sisters, and other bigoted dowagers and sour-tempered spinsters belonging to his family, and warmly attached to his interests, who, on the first symptoms of coolness and estrangement between the parties, range themselves into a formidable array on his side, and volunteer their services as an active and sleepless domestic police.

Finally, it can only be a hopelessly abandoned woman, and dead to all feelings of feminine delicacy, that will brave the meddling and gossiping spirit prevailing in those petty Italian communities. In every small town,—and all towns in Italy are small as to notoriety,—there are its coterie of *male lingue*, idle, and generally worthless beings, whose sole business is to pry into the privacy of families, to weigh and sift their neighbour's conduct, and put the worst construction upon it. The levities of an English commoner's wife, lost as she is among the crowds of this vast metropolis, may amount to the utmost profligacy, ere they attract public attention. Likewise the gentle flirtation of a few months at a German spa, or at a southern watering place, is not likely to tell against the character of a wandering peeress at her return. But an Italian lady is acting all her life on the same stage and before the same audience. Every word and step are malignantly commented upon by abject creatures, always willing to bring forward any momentary imprudence as an argument in favour of their disbelief in female virtue, and who are never so happy as when they can exult at an angel's fall.

Before such a jury, it is evident that scarcely any woman's fame can escape unsullied, and it is, therefore, no wonder, if those foreign observers who grounded their judgment on the venomous report of such compilers of scandalous chronicles, have formed so unfavourable an estimate of the moral standard of woman in Italy ; whilst, if they had had chivalry enough in their souls to give stoutly the lie to those vulgar defamers, and challenge them to produce proof of their vague accusations, they would, most probably, have arrived at different results.

This cause must likewise account for the fact, that even a woman notoriously pointed out as guilty of immoral conduct, does not, as we say it, "lose her caste," and never, without the greatest reluctance, is excluded from society ; a fact which has given rise to a notion universally cherished abroad, that public opinion in Italy has no check and exercises no influence on private demeanour. The Italians know full well what value they are to set on such idle slander ; and as, in a country where government, always apparently bent upon fostering and encouraging vice, punishes the adulteress only with three months' im-

prisonment, and condemns the husband who sends a challenge to her paramour, to death, or the galleys for life, such cases are seldom or never brought to court, and a wife's guilt can never be satisfactorily proved as in our own happy land of damages and Doctors' Commons,—the most irreprehensible classes are always eager to discountenance imputations originating with vulgar gossip-pickers, and will rather run the chance of sheltering the real offender, than suffer an innocent victim to be immolated.

This must also account for another moral phenomenon which has often struck foreign travellers, viz. that women are to be found in Italy, according to all appearance, perfect specimens of uxorial and maternal excellence, and yet designated by public rumour as the heroines of many a tale of gallantry and intrigue. An apparent contradiction which they fondly ascribe to Italian artfulness and duplicity, contrasting such a conduct with the candour and uprightness of an Englishwoman's character, who, even on the eve of yielding to irresistible temptation, finds it impossible to add simulation and hypocrisy to her disloyalty and unfaithfulness, and, heedless of the consequences it entails on her name, her family and children, resorts to a desperate, irrevocable resolution, and prefers the scandal, and, it may be also, the romance of elopement.

For so very inconsistent are the charges brought against the morals of the Italians, that they are, at once and in the same breath, declared to be, of all people in the world, the most loose and remiss in suffering themselves to be carried away by their passions, and the most perfect masters in the art of dissembling or disguising them; at once the hottest hearts and the coolest brains, at once headlong and violent, circumspect and cunning!

Would it not sound more like common sense and Christian charity to suppose that "handsome is that handsome does?" Would it not be humane and generous to estimate a woman's character rather from her deeds than from the scandal of the vulgar? Would it not be more like English justice to admit of no guilt till it is satisfactorily proved before a court of law? to hold as calumnious and apocryphal every crim. con. which has not been duly registered at Doctors' Commons? Do we not proceed with equal forbearance at home towards our own countrywomen? Why then not on the continent? Why not towards the women of Italy?

It is not thus, we are obliged to confess, that foreign writers are wont to deal with us. "In no region of the earth," says our fair authoress, "are so many domestic virtues to be met with as are found to adorn the women

of England; nowhere is a woman more readily disposed to show her respect and deference towards her husband, or more active and industrious in ministering to his comforts, or promoting his prosperity."

This compliment, — evidently written in the style of Tacitus's golden description of the German tribes, and which we might perhaps have more unscrupulously accepted in the good old ages of the distaffs and spinning wheels,—this compliment the Italians send us in return for the many indignities heaped upon their name by our Morgans, Blessingtons, *et hoc genus omne*, it being the object of every patriotic writer in that country to raise the moral standard at home by descanting even to exaggeration upon the excellent qualities of other nations, whilst we generally seem to have done enough for the improvement of our people when we flatter ourselves that we have satisfactorily proved that we are no worse than our neighbours.

"Let then a woman's heart," exclaims Countess Pepoli at the close of a long chapter on "Friendship, Love and Coquetry," "let a woman's heart be chaste, and her manners and thoughts be chaste; let her greatest beauty be *il Pudore*, and her greatest ornament *la Vercondia*;"—we are obliged to quote her original words, regretting that these sweet Latin terms have not been adopted in the English language. "For if modesty and ingenuousness are, in any time in any country, the most becoming requisites of our sex, much more are such qualities desirable in the women of Italy, that by their irreprehensible demeanour they may put an end to the unfavourable opinions entertained among foreigners about their character. For who can read without sorrow and anger those books from *oltremonti*, where it is unblushingly asserted that the Italian women are loose to all incontinency, that their life is wasted among dissipations and follies, and their minds bent only on coquetry and intrigue. No doubt, there is in all this exaggeration and untruth; but I hope it was reserved for our age to silence slander for ever and restore our fair name altogether.

"Nor must we follow the dictates of virtue only because it is conducive to our personal welfare, because it secures the love and respect of our husband and children and the estimation of all, but also for the sake of our own beloved though unhappy country; which, as long as it produced a race of valiant and generous men, it could also boast of giving life to the wisest and noblest of women; wherefore if, choosing our models among the most applauded characters of by-gone ages, we in our turn make ourselves patterns of chastity and purity, we shall leave an example which will long survive us and exercise its regenerating influence among future generations."

We say *Amen* with all our heart, and since our subject has finally led us back to the



work of which it was our business to give some account to our readers, we think we may venture to affirm that the countess's precepts are amply calculated to operate a most salutary reform on the morals of a country, which, disposed as we may be in its favour, certainly admit of considerable improvement; and we take the warm reception and speedy diffusion of her work—which, in spite of the Papal interdict, has gone through the second and third editions—as an omen of the earnest desire of the Italians for a general reform of their manners and rehabilitation of her name.

Certainly a book that may better answer the purpose of a manual for the easy exercise of all religious and moral duties of woman, in her capacities of wife and mother, that may enter with more minuteness into all the petty details of domestic economy or with more depth and sagacity into all the inmost recesses of a young heart in its earliest development, and yet with less tediousness and prolixity, is not, perhaps, easily to be found in any language. It would not be difficult to perceive, for instance, more profundity of metaphysical thought, more strength of reasoning, more conciseness and pithiness of style in an anonymous recent publication, entitled "Woman's Mission," and more skill in the art of writing, more ease and amenity in Mrs. Ellis's "Women of England;" for not women only but writers of every description in Italy seem to be labouring under a perpetual constraint, as if their rich and beautiful language were no longer sufficient and adequate to the conceptions of their thought, and all write in a sort of contorted, affected, mosaic style, as if the choice and collocation of every word were the result of a long and painful deliberation. From this affectation, laboriousness, and—if it were not ungallant to use such an expression in reference to a lady's work—pedantry of style, we cannot say that Countess Pepoli is always perfectly free. Luckily, however, language in a work of that description, is an object of secondary consideration, and as a manual of practical education, as a guide for training up "wise and amiable women," this volume is calculated to do more good than any of our analogous publications.

And as we confidently recommend it to those of our fair readers, to whom the wanton desire of *murdering* an Italian *cavatina* has given a *smattering* of the "dolce Idioma,"

"Del bel paese là dove il sì suona,"

and as we offer up our prayer that the work may be translated into English—we must be permitted to observe that if such books are

written, published, purchased, and read, almost exclusively, in Italy, whilst our circulating libraries scarcely furnish us with any thing but their vile trash of sickly novels and leprous magazines, literature must indeed have lost all its influence on the progress of society, if we cannot from such a fact freely infer that Italy is rising from its moral degradation as fast as we are sinking lower and lower into corruption and vice.

After this, should we boast of the present, admitting even that the balance be now in our favour, with such prospects of the future before us? Shall we console ourselves with the fond notion that whilst the continental nations theorize on moral virtues, the Briton needs only the guidance of his unerring instinct? Shall we, when we read "Jack Sheppard," and translations from Paul de Kock, or whilst we applaud the ribaldries exhibited at the "Adelphi," console ourselves with our hypocritic "Omnia munda mundis?" Shall we say, with the old man at the Olympian games, that the Athenians can talk plausibly about virtue, but that we, the Lacedemonians, alone practise it? Shall we ever look upon a foreigner without calling him a Frenchman, and suppressing with difficulty our unchristian feelings of dislike, mistrust, and inveterate rancour? Shall we say of every Italian that happens not to carry a stiletto, not to be able to sing, and to look up in our face whilst he speaks, that "we could not have thought him an Italian?" Must he take it as a compliment that we declare him to be an exception from the mass of his countrymen, and as an honour that we adopt him as our own countryman? Shall he, when asked what countryman he is, endeavour to remove sinister impressions by giving us the proverbial deprecating answer of the Lucchese show-boys, "In tutto il mondo ci sono dei buoni e dei cattivi—Son di Lucca per servirla?"

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ART. VI.—*Reisen in Südrussland von J. G. Kohl.* (Travels in Southern Russia). Dresden and Leipzig, 1841.

IN the month of May, 1838, Mr. Kohl undertook an excursion to the steppes of Southern Russia, and with his departure from Poltawa he commences the recital of his adventures. The ground was still covered with snow, but the moist and foggy atmosphere announced the returning spring, and the melting snow was rapidly converting the

rich soil of the Ukraine into an almost impassable morass, through which it cost three vigorous horses some trouble to drag the light britshka of our travellers. It was on the same ground and about the same season of the year that the artillery of Charles XII. got imbedded in the mud, and thus prepared for that eccentric monarch a defeat, from the effects of which he never afterwards recovered.

At the outset we are introduced to a genuine specimen of Russian nationality—the *yemtshik* or postillion.

"I wish," says our author, "I could give here the separate portrait of each of our postillions between Poltawa and Odessa. Accompanied by a running commentary, these several physiognomies would furnish one of the most interesting picture galleries in the world. And then their peculiar voices, their original replies, their soliloquies, and the ever-returning colloquies addressed to their horses, to their whips, to the reins, and to every animate and inanimate object about them! the style of eloquence is generally much the same with all, yet each has some favourite expressions of his own. The patience with which they endure the severest weather is really astonishing. At our second stage we had a sharp little lad, who had nothing to protect him from a raging snow storm but a pair of breeches and a red calico shirt. Of the rim of his hat only a small fragment remained, which he always contrived to bring to the point where the wind and snow came from, and this little strip an inch broad and about four inches long, was all that he had to shelter his neck against the tempest. Yet so far from grumbling, his merry tongue was scarcely allowed a moment's rest, and for all his suffering in our service, and for all the amusement he had afforded us, he thought himself abundantly remunerated by a gratuity of thirty copecs."

The villages or *mestetshkos* of the Ukraine are large and populous. Reshitilofka, celebrated throughout Russia for the delicate texture of its sheepskins, contains 11,000 inhabitants, of whom 2,000 are serfs, and 9,000 *Kusakki* or freemen. Of these serfs about one half are the property of a nobleman of the vicinity, and the remainder are owned by a multitude of smaller proprietors, many of whom are masters only of two or three of their fellow creatures. The servile condition of a large portion of the rural population of Russia would afford a fertile topic for consideration, but it is one to which our author seldom alludes.

The same description will generally apply to all these *mestetshkos*. They extend over an astonishingly large area of ground, are all amply provided with churches, and are usually surrounded by a little army of wind-mills. The smallest village seldom contains

less than 2,000 inhabitants. This system of concentration, originally adopted as a means of security against the frequent inroads of the Tartars, is retained, through habit, even now, though the Tartars, long so formidable to Russia, have for many years been counted among the most peaceable of her subjects.

The Russian inns have furnished matter for bitter lamentation to almost every traveller who has ventured into the country, and the hostelry of Reshitilofka was not calculated to inspire any doubt of the justice of common fame. Wet, cold and hungry, our travellers arrived there, comforting themselves with the anticipation of a warm meal; but they had forgotten that the day was a fast day, and their hostess was careful to prevent them from infringing the ordinances of the church. Some lukewarm water, in which a few slices of cabbage and cucumber were floating about, was the first dish set before the famished wayfarers. This specimen of Russian cookery was not inappropriately dignified with the title of *posdnoi borshi*, or fasting broth. The second course consisted of fish, rendered unendurable to any but a native stomach by a liberal outpouring of train-oil. The next and closing dish professed to be pastry, but had the appearance and consistency of papier maché. The hostess, seeing that her hungry guests carried their abstinence beyond what might have been expected even from a devotee, began to suspect that her dainties were not duly estimated. By way of tempting the appetite of the travellers, she seized a few lumps of sugar, and crushing them in her delicate hand, she scattered the fragments over the *patisserie*. After witnessing this last operation, eating was out of the question, and Mr. Kohl and his companion were driven to seek consolation in a glass of brandy, that ever ready comforter for every Russian grievance. Yet his companion was native there, and to the manner born, and, having traversed every part of his fatherland, even beyond the confines of China, must often have been subjected to a similar trial. At the next stage they hoped for a supper that might atone for the meagreness of their mid-day meal, but there they were even worse off. Bread or meat was at once candidly admitted to be non est inventus, but eggs and milk were promised. The fair deceiver, however, soon returned, to announce that the eggs were "not fresh," and that the milk pot had been found empty. Fortunately the travellers had in their trunks some meat patties, of which they had prudently laid in a small store on leaving Poltawa, and these secured them against that least enviable of

all descriptions of fasting, namely, a compulsory and entire abstinence from eating, whereby the patient, be he ever so devout, cannot flatter his conscience with the belief of having performed a pious action, fully convinced as he must be, that had the appliances not been wanting, his appetite would scarcely have been restrained by the injunctions of his Church.

The badness of their inns, however, is a matter of which the Russians are rather proud than otherwise; and they have reason to be so, if the cause usually assigned be the right one. The spirit of hospitality, they say, that pervades all classes, makes the existence of good inns all but impossible.

On crossing the Dnieper, our travellers first entered upon the genuine steppes of Tartary. The Ukraine is generally pictured to us as a flat and unwooded country; but though trees do not abound there, they do occasionally occur. In proportion, however, as we approach the steppe, the trees dwindle into bushes, and at last disappear altogether, leaving nothing but one vast naked plain to the wearied eye.

"The uniformity of the landscape is well calculated to weary the traveller, more particularly such a traveller as my companion, who had explored nearly all the steppes of the vast Russian empire; but, for my part, I found the journey anything but tedious. The consciousness that I had at length reached the genuine steppe, the scene of so many yet unexplained movements of the human race, was alone sufficient to keep my mind in an agreeable state of excitement. These boundless grassy plains, on which blade succeeds to blade for hundreds of leagues, and on which a calf may eat his way from the base of the Carpathian mountains, till he arrive a well-fattened ox at the foot of the great Chinese wall, afforded a never ending theme for my imagination. I was never tired of contemplating the countless herds of oxen and wild horses, and the flocks of fat-tailed sheep. Even the vast extent, the apparent endlessness of the steppes, was to me a source of pleasurable fancy. The horses gallop away, and the carriage rolls lightly over the ground, yet we seem never to stir from the spot. On we fly, yet all around remains unchanged. The optical illusions also that frequently present themselves, contribute not a little to the traveller's amusement. Sometimes a solitary figure, a man or an ox, will present itself on the edge of the horizon, as a huge spectral form, as though it were raised on stilts of enormous dimensions, or floated unsupported through the air. The appearance of lakes and large masses of water presented at times so complete an illusion, we could scarcely persuade ourselves that we did not behold some wide-spreading inundation before us; more particularly when there happened to be herds of cattle near, for the legs of the cows seemed to disappear in the water.

*Ettot tolko ot sontse, tak pokasivayet,*† said our postillion, and he went on to assure us that the cattle were never led astray by the appearance of a mirage, which, by the scent alone, they were able to distinguish from real water."

Wherever the relays happened to be at *panski* (villages belonging to one landowner), a number of fine large greyhounds were always to be seen. No other sporting dog is so well adapted for the steppe, where a fine scent is of less importance than a quick eye. There are but few covers to beat, except along the banks of the rivers, mostly fringed with broad belts of reeds, among which numbers of wolves find a shelter. To hunt these is a favourite amusement of some of the wealthier lords of the steppe. One of these gentlemen, a Mr. Skarzinski, who owns a chateau near Wosnessensk, is in the habit, every season, of inviting twenty or thirty of his friends to a hunting excursion, on a somewhat larger scale than we have any notion of in our puny part of the world. When he sallies forth with his guests, twenty-five camels are put in requisition to carry tents, cooking apparatus, wine casks, and various other articles calculated to contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of the little sporting caravan. An orchestra of about thirty performers is engaged to enchant the modish Nimrods after the fatigues of a day's pleasure, and some two or three hundred peasants, huntsmen, and servants, accompany the expedition. During the day Skarzinski and his companions scour the plain. Towards evening they seek their tents, where a sumptuous banquet has been prepared for them, and a portion of the night is spent in drinking Champagne and playing cards, or in listening to the harmonious strains of the band. In this manner they drink and hunt their way to a place called Beisbeirak, near Elizabethgorod, where there exists a plain of some extent covered with brushwood, that serves as a cover for great numbers of wolves, foxes and hares. To this point other sporting caravans are wont to direct their course. On their arrival they join their forces to those of Skarzinski, and after a few weeks spent in hunting and carousing, the season is closed by a grand festival.

Travelling the steppe is at no season more agreeable than in May and June, when the roads are firm, and not yet incommoded by the summer dust. Mr. Kohl had therefore chosen his time well, and appears to have made a most agreeable journey. Earlier in the spring, the roads are rendered impassable by the melting snow, that converts the rich

\* "It is the sun makes it look so; it is no real water."

soil into a sea of mire, into which the horses sink to their bellies, and through which even the oxen find it difficult to force their way. When the summer dust rises, travelling becomes exceedingly troublesome, for this dust is so light that it remains suspended in the air in large clouds, even when there appears not to be a breath of wind stirring, and being quite black, it soon casts a sable mantle over every object within its reach, adorning the faces of travellers with the complexion of Othello.

Art has attempted but little for the formation of roads in this part of the Russian empire. The only thing that has been done is to mark off a track for the caravans by cutting small ditches at the side. These, of course, are concealed by the snow in winter, when some pyramids of loose stones, erected here and there along the roadside, are the only landmarks that break the uniformity of the great level shroud in which all Nature lies enveloped. Such were the roads in the days of Darius, and such they are likely to remain for centuries to come, for throughout the whole country there exist no materials for roadmaking. The only stone dug from under the soil is so soft that the builders are able to cut it with a knife into the desired form, and it hardens but little, if at all, after long exposure to the atmosphere. The stones with which the streets of Odessa are paved, are chiefly brought from Malta and Italy. Mr. Kohl thinks that an iron railroad would be as easy of construction in the steppe as any other, and perhaps not more expensive. "In the small towns," he says, "the favourite material for mending roads is dung, and a pedestrian, wading through the bottomless mire of one of these roads, is always delighted when he comes to a heap of dung, where, at all events, for the time being, he may consider his life in safety."

Our travellers passed through Nikolayeff, and visited the spot, about two leagues down the river, on which two thousand years ago flourished Olbia, the celebrated emporium of the trade of the Pontus. The site is now occupied by a small village called Stomogil, and is the property of a Russian nobleman, one Count Kusheleff-Besborodko. There remain but few ruins to mark the spot on which stood once a Greek city quite as important as Odessa is now. The most valuable inscriptions and antiquities that could be collected, have been removed to enrich a private museum belonging to Count Besborodko. Others are preserved in the city library at Odessa. One highly interesting monument remains. It was erected, as we learn from the inscription, by the senate and citizens of Olbia, in honour

of one of their townsmen of the name of Protogenos. This man was probably a wealthy merchant, who expended a part of his honourably-acquired opulence in public undertakings. Among other things, we are informed by the inscription, that he assisted in the construction of the harbour; that on the occasion of a famine he advanced large sums of money to buy corn for the poor; that he built the fish-market; that he contributed towards the erection of one of the city gates; that he repaired several of the public buildings; erected places for the building of ships, &c.

Shortly after passing Oczakof, our travellers were for the first time saluted by the breeze of the Black Sea, and their next stage brought them to Troitzkoye at the mouth of the Liman of Teligul. The Limans of the Black Sea compose a natural phenomenon peculiar to the Euxine. They occur at the mouth of every river between the Dnieper and the Danube, and seem to be inlets of the sea, hollowed out by the contending waters of the Euxine and its tributaries; but we will let Mr. Kohl state his own theory of the origin of the Limans.

"The steppe originally formed a continued unbroken plain, terminating at the seashore in the form of a terrace rising above the level of the water. The rivers, which, originally, no doubt, precipitated themselves as cataracts into the sea, gradually wore deep furrows into the plain, till at length the bed of the river became, at its mouth, nearly level with the surface of the sea. When the work had proceeded so far, the sea had acquired the power, in case of a strong south or south-west wind, of forcing its way into the mouth of the river. The two waters meeting, a struggle naturally arose, the consequence of which was to undermine the steppe on both sides, and gradually to enlarge the entrance to the stream. When the wind subsided, the sea water retired, but being heavily charged with the soil which it had washed away, a deposit was formed at the entrance, till the frequent repetition of the same operation led to the construction of a long narrow dyke or bar."

The enlargements at the mouth of the rivers are called by the Russians "Limans," and the bars which separate the Limans from the sea are called "Perissips." The Perissip is seldom more than a hundred yards broad, and consists of a narrow, low, grassy slip of land, sometimes of sufficient elevation to act as a barrier to exclude the sea, except in the case of severe hurricanes, such as occur only once or twice in the course of twenty years. A complete Perissip, however, can only be formed where the river itself furnishes no larger supply of fresh water than can be carried away from the

Liman by mere evaporation; where the river brings down a larger volume of water, as is generally the case, there must of course be some break in the Perissip, through which the fresh water may find its way into the sea, or through which, during a gale from the south or south-west, the waters of the Black Sea may enter the Liman. The Russian name for such a break is "Gheerl," and at most of these Gheerls, either a ferry-boat has been established, or a bridge has been built. Something analogous takes place along the southern shore of the Baltic, where, among others, the Niemen, the Vistula, and the Oder, have likewise formed for themselves Limans, Perissips, and Gheerls.

"The deep valleys of the Limans exercise no trifling influence over the climate of their vicinity. This influence is sometimes beneficial inasmuch as the cool and moist sea air thereby penetrates far into the interior; at other times the influence is of a more noxious kind, for where a large Liman is cut off by its Perissip from all communication with the sea, the stagnant mass, putrifies during the summer heats, and throws off the most poisonous and offensive exhalations. It has sometimes happened, that the whole population of a village has fallen sick, during the course of a single night, after the wind, laden with a stinking miasma, has been blowing from one of these Limans."

From these Limans is derived the chief supply of salt for the whole of Southern Russia.

"It is not from every Liman on the north-western coast of the Black Sea that salt is to be obtained. Some never furnish any, others only in very hot summers, while from a few, salt may every year be collected in large masses. The Limans of the Dnieper, the Dniester, and other large rivers, receive constantly so great a mass of fresh water that not a trace of salt remains there. Indeed, few of the Limans eastward from Odessa produce salt; the most productive are the three Bessarabian Limans, and of these the most celebrated is the Dusle Liman, where, as early as in the month of June, the water begins to recede, and to deposit small crystals of salt along the edge. This deposit increases throughout the whole of July, at the end of which month it is mostly worth while to commence the salt harvest. About this Liman several buildings are erected for the convenience of the government officers, appointed to superintend the work, for the crown lays claim to all the salt deposited under the influence of the sun. Some is collected by workmen in the pay of government, some by private speculators, to whom, on payment of a fixed sum, certain portions of the Liman are assigned. The imperial functionaries take possession of their dwellings towards the end of July, and at about the same time the Podolian and Bessarabian nobles send their servants and waggons to collect from the lake the necessary supply for their estates.

The master of police directs the whole, grants licenses to private speculators, and fixes the time when the salt is said to be ripe. If the harvest begins too soon, the deposit is less considerable than it would otherwise be; if too late, there is danger that the autumnal rains may set in, and put a sudden stop to the whole operation for that year.

"The whole Liman is marked out by iron bars into a number of sections, and each section may be worked as far into the lake as the workmen can reach. On the margin the salt crystals lie about an inch deep; farther on, three or four inches; and still farther on, the stratum is often more than a foot in thickness. Great interest is often made, and large bribes paid, to secure good places; the best are always reserved for the crown.

"The salt is merely shovelled up from the surface of the mud, and conveyed to the shore in wooden troughs. Simple, however, as the work seems, it is in reality both toilsome and dangerous. Where the sun has completely dried the mud, there is but little difficulty, but as the men advance into the lake, the salt is sure to be damp and the ground marshy, and in some places the water stands one or two feet deep. To avoid sinking into the mud, the men fasten wooden boards under their feet, with which they move about with great difficulty, and which do not always secure them against accidents. The stratum of salt supports them in some measure, but at times it gives way, and many lives are thus constantly lost, for if a man begins to sink into the mud it is often scarcely possible to afford him assistance.

"The salt in which the men work soon covers them, their clothes and their tools, with so thick a crust, as materially to interfere with their labours. The skin often bursts, and the wounds festering disable the men from continuing their work. They are ordered to bathe every day in fresh water, but this is not always within reach. They work with gloves on their hands, but it is not always easy to obtain the right sort, for woollen gloves let the brine through, and leathern become in a short time stiff and useless. The most difficult of all is to protect the poor horses, who are constantly obliged to wade into the water, or at least into the damp salt. Cloths, it is true, are carefully wrapped round their legs and hoofs, but even this precaution is insufficient, and many horses are ruined every year at the salt-lake, where they contract maladies from which they never afterwards recover. For these reasons high wages have to be paid, each man receiving from 50 to 60 rubles a month. The harvest generally lasts through August and September, and terminates only in October, when the autumnal rains set in.

"Private speculators convey their produce immediately away, but the crown removes only as much as it requires to complete its magazines on the Dnieper. The remainder is piled up on the banks of the Liman into large ricks called 'skirti,' which remain there during the winter. One of these ricks contains from 8,000 to 10,000 poods of salt.\* To protect this against wind

\* A Russian pood is equal to 36 lbs. avoirdupois.

and rain, several layers of straw and reeds are burnt upon the surface. The salt is partially melted by the heat, and, mingling with the ashes, forms a black impermeable crust. In a little time the salt in these *skirti* becomes so compact, that it can be loosened only with iron crowbars. In the year 1826, when the harvest was unusually productive, it is said that 6,000,000 poods of salt were obtained from the three Bessarabian Limans."

Our travellers had no sooner reached the seashore, than they became aware of the extreme strictness with which the Russian quarantine regulations are enforced along the margin of the Black Sea. The road ran close to the sea-side, and every now and then they came to little reed-covered huts, in each of which a party of Cossacks was posted, to guard the empire against the introduction of the plague and smuggled goods. Not a boat is allowed to land on any part of the coast, without the express permission of the Health office at Odessa. Nothing that is cast on shore is allowed to be touched, not even the drift wood, and the fishermen, according to the letter of the law, must not go farther out to sea than one verst.

Travelling along the several Perissips of the Limans, a fine firm road, formed by the hand of nature, our author reached Odessa, where his stay appears to have been of some duration, a large portion of the work being devoted to a description of the city and the surrounding country.

Mr. Kohl has furnished us an admirable picture of Odessa, as it now is, but we are inclined to believe that many of his readers would have felt indebted for a brief history of the rapid rise of this commercial capital of southern Russia. A few statistical tables, such as those respecting Trieste, which Mr. von Raumer has embodied with his interesting work on Italy (see *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 50), would have enabled the general reader to trace the gradual progress of Odessa's maritime prosperity, and would at the same time have afforded some criterion by which to estimate the commercial greatness to which the city may yet attain. The total want of good building materials, neither timber nor stone being obtainable from any part of the steppe, will always act as an impediment to the growth of Odessa; but the experience of the last thirty years proves that such impediments are but trifling difficulties in the way of commercial enterprise, and Odessa, which scarcely existed, even by name, forty years ago, and which has not been in the possession of its present commercial privileges for quite a quarter of a century, ranks already as the third seaport of

the Russian empire, and will probably in a few years more stand second only to St. Petersburg.

That the commerce of Odessa is still in its infancy may be inferred from the fact, that large quantities of tallow, prepared on the steppes about the Don and the Dnieper, are still sent, partly by land carriage, to St. Petersburg and Riga, and there shipped for England. Nothing but the most inveterate force of habit could have prolonged such a state of things to the present day, but it is impossible that Odessa should not eventually absorb the whole, or nearly the whole, of the foreign trade of the Russian provinces, watered by the rivers that fall into the Black Sea. Hitherto but little has been done to promote the inland navigation of those rivers. More than eleven-twelfths of the goods exported from Odessa are brought from the interior by waggons, and the upward navigation is so tedious and inconvenient as to be of scarcely any use at all to the merchant. This can be remedied only by the introduction of steam, which will be certain to accompany the development of commercial activity. In 1837, there cleared out at Odessa 796 vessels for foreign ports. In the same year the number of coasting vessels that entered the port was only 487. This fact shows the great extension that may and must at no distant period be given to the coasting trade of Odessa. Of the abovenamed 487 coasters, 382 arrived from the Dnieper, 6 from the Dniester, 6 from the Danube, 66 from the Crimea, 23 from the Don and Sea of Azoff, and 4 from the Caucasian coast.

One serious impediment in the way of the coasting trade of the Black Sea appears to be the total want of nautical skill among the mariners engaged in it. So notorious are the Chersonese sailors for their lubberly seamanship, that in the autumnal months, the rates of insurance from Cherson to Odessa, a distance of between seventy and eighty miles, rise as high as 6 or 7 per cent. Their regular practice, it seems, on the first appearance of bad weather, is to throw their cargo overboard; and should the gale continue, the whole crew go to prayers, throw themselves down before the images of their saints, and commit the vessel and themselves to the care of Providence. Some extraordinary tales on this subject are current in Odessa:—An English captain is said one day to have fallen in with a Chersonese vessel off the coast of Troy; the Chersonese hailed our countryman, and inquired where they were, when, after a mutual explanation, it turned out that they had lost their reckoning in a gale of wind, had left their ship to take care of her-

self, and had drifted through the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Propontis, and the Dardanelles, imagining all the while that they were beating about on the coast of the Crimea.

The foreign trade of Odessa is chiefly carried on under the Austrian and Sardinian flags. Under the former, 243 vessels arrived in 1837, and 161 under the latter. Of British vessels, in the same year, there were 121; and under the Greek flag, 89 vessels visited the harbour. The resident-merchants are chiefly foreigners,—Germans, Italians, and Greeks; the native traders, here as in the other sea-port towns of Russia, engaging seldom in foreign speculations. English houses, we believe there are none at Odessa of any eminence, and indeed the whole commercial machinery is still in a somewhat rude and primitive condition, many of the rich land-owners of the steppes having their own warehouses in the city, whence they dispose of their produce at once to the foreign captains without the mediation of the merchant.

The three principal articles of exports are, wheat, tallow, and wool; the imports consist almost wholly of manufactures and colonial produce. According to the official returns these imports are nearly all consumed within the city, which, being a free port, is altogether exempt from dues to the customs. It may, however, be taken for granted, that a large portion of the foreign merchandize supposed to be consumed in Odessa, finds its way, by some means or other, to the chateaux of the lords of the steppe, though the remote position of the place, or the rude nature of its commercial relations, makes most articles of luxury so extremely dear, that the elegancies of London and Paris can often be obtained by the southern Russians at less expense by the way of St. Petersburg than by that of Odessa. Moscow even receives its supply of Levant goods almost wholly by the way of the Baltic: such are the long enduring effects of commercial habit.

The quarantine buildings occupy in Odessa a more prominent social position than perhaps in any other city of the world. Every foreign vessel that arrives at Odessa must, of course, have passed Constantinople, and must thereby, according to the quarantine maxims of civilized Europe, have made itself liable to the suspicion of infection. A foreign vessel, therefore, on arriving at Odessa, goes into quarantine as a matter of course, and as an active captain may often discharge his cargo and take in a fresh one before his quarantine time is up, a foreign sailor may be all his life engaged in the Odessa trade without ever seeing the inside of the city.

By running two moles out into the sea, two artificial harbours have been formed. One of these is called the quarantine harbour, and receives all foreign vessels; the other is called the war harbour, and there ships of war and coasting vessels are usually moored. The town stands on the steppe, beetling over these two harbours, with each of which it maintains a communication by means of a ravine, formed originally by the action of the heavy autumnal rains, but converted by art into a tolerable road. These ravines are extremely animated during the business hours of the day, as every merchant or broker who has a word to say to a foreign captain, is obliged to go down in person to the quarantine harbour. Within the limits of the quarantine, however, it must be remembered, are not only extensive warehouses, and premises for the purification of suspected merchandize, but also hospitals, houses for the medical officers and employées, lodging houses, coffee houses, pleasure gardens, and spacious quays for the landing of goods. The whole is carefully cut off from all communication with the town, not only by lofty walls and iron railings, but by a complete *cordon sanitaire* of soldiers, whose muskets are always loaded with ball cartridge, and who have orders to arrest every one who attempts to enter the quarantine grounds, and to shoot without ceremony every one who attempts to leave them.

"All communication between the infected and the unsuspected takes place in a neat little forecourt or garden planted with acacia trees. Of this garden two sides are open towards the town, and hither repair all those who have business to transact with any of the captains, or who have friends in quarantine. Along the other two sides are a number of small arcades, with three several iron railings dividing them from the quarantine grounds, with a wire partition to prevent even a letter from being handed through. This place, like the streets of Odessa, has two names, a Russian and an Italian—the *parlatorio*, and the *rasgovorni*. One side of the *parlatorio* is for those who are already *en pratique*, that is to say, who have passed the first fourteen days of their probation; the other side is for the new comers who continue what is called *en observance*. These latter are not allowed to set foot on land, but must come up to the *parlatorio* in a boat accompanied by a quarantine soldier.

"Few things are more amusing than a morning's walk to the *parlatorio*, where immediately before change time the principal business of the merchants is transacted. The unsuspected, rejoicing in their conscious purity, walk up and down under the acacias, awaiting the arrival of their friends. Through the railings may be seen the unhappy prisoners perambulating their grounds, whiling away the tedium of their captivity in conversation, or seeking to amuse

themselves in the coffee room. Each arcade is occupied by a couple engaged in conversation, pressing their faces as closely as possible to the bars, and whispering their secrets to each other at a distance of three or four yards. Some may be heard loud in their upbraidings, others may be seen in violent gesticulation, while the object of their anger and reproach remains in perfect security at the other side of the grate; when a pretty girl happens to be in quarantine, and her affianced bridegroom outside, the days of probation must often form a doubly tantalizing prelude to the honeymoon."

Few things strike a stranger more at Odessa than the naked character of the surrounding country. Standing in the centre of one of the long broad straight streets that intersect the city, his eye may pass from the waters of the Black Sea at one extremity, to wander over the apparently boundless desolation of the steppe at the other. The idea naturally suggests itself, that ground so rich in pasture, so abundant in its returns to the husbandman, can require only the expenditure of a moderate degree of industry and perseverance, in order to acquire at least so much of a picturesque character, as may be derived from flourishing plantations, and the tasteful arrangement of trees. Such also was the belief of the original founders of the city, who expended much labour and money upon the planting of groves and gardens, but their endeavours ended in complete failure, all their trees, after a few years, having sickened, decayed, and died. The acacia alone seems to struggle against the baneful influence of this inhospitable soil. A botanical garden has been established for the express purpose of ascertaining what plants can be brought to endure the climate and soil of the steppe, but the experience hitherto gained is but little calculated to encourage very sanguine hopes. The frost alone has sometimes killed in the Botanical Garden upwards of half a million of plants in one winter.

"The gardener and arborist," says Mr. Kohl, "have to struggle with almost insuperable difficulties in these regions. Firstly, there is the drought of the summer, unmoistened either by rain or dew; next, the scarcity of rivers and springs; thirdly, the merciless severity of the winter; and lastly, and worst of all, there appears to exist throughout the steppe, immediately under the rich deep mould of the surface, a stratum of clay that kills every tree within its influence. The stratum of mould is from three to five feet in depth, and as long as the roots of the trees extend no farther, provided the summer be not too dry nor the winter too cold, all goes well; but as soon as the root touches the clay, the tree sickens, and in a few years dies. The oldest tree in Odessa, I was assured, had not stood for more than twenty-eight years,

but as the experiments in arboriculture can scarcely be said to go farther back than forty years, too short a time has yet elapsed to allow of despair."

Mr. Kohl rejects the prevalent belief that the steppes were at one time covered with forests, nor does he anticipate that it will ever be possible to cover their nakedness.

"I believe it would be more easy to succeed in covering the desert of Sahara with trees. Sahara is a sandy region intersected here and there by hills, and to make it susceptible of cultivation, water, and a covering of mould, are alone wanting. Both these might be supplied by art. By planting trees wherever trees would grow, more moisture would be attracted, and a soil would be formed. The steppes, however, are by no means deficient in soil; on the contrary, they have a greater depth of mould than most countries. Nor is there a total want of rivers and springs. It is the very nature of the steppe, flat and unsheltered, that exposes it to the rude influence of adjoining countries, making the climate so hot and dry in summer, and so severely cold in winter. These are impediments against which man must vainly struggle, unless he learn how to dig valleys and erect chains of mountains. The unfavourable nature of the substrata of clay and stone might in some measure be neutralized by digging large holes and filling them only with good soil, and such is now the usual practice in and about Odessa; but though this may be done for single trees, or even for avenues, it would be out of the question to think of planting forests on such a plan. In the case even of single trees, if they happen to be oaks, limes, and other large trees that drive their roots to a great depth, it is difficult to secure so large an artificial range, that the roots shall not after a few years reach the murderous clay. Nay, let the amount of artificial soil given to the newly planted trees be ever so great, it is believed that it would, in course of time, be deteriorated by the oozing in of the clay-water of the adjoining mass. To extract the whole stratum of clay, and to substitute good soil, might be practicable for those who can pile Pelion upon Ossa, but for poor humanity the task is hopeless. No, the steppes are condemned to remain steppes to all eternity.

"To show the obstinacy of the steppe, I will here give some idea of the labour expended in the botanical garden on the pine tree, a plant that flourishes vigorously and spontaneously in our northern countries. This tree, when young, would be killed at Odessa either by the drought of the summer, or by the north wind that rages during winter. The seed is, therefore, sown in boxes kept in greenhouses. When the plants are two years old, they are transplanted into pots, and exposed to the open air during summer, care being taken, however, to select shady places. Only at the end of the fourth or fifth year is the young tree planted in the garden, but even then a roof of straw or reeds is erected, which in winter is turned towards the north, to protect the tender sapling against the cold and



cutting winds, and in summer towards the south, to shelter it against the burning rays of the sun."

After this, we need hardly feel surprised when we are told that Odessa receives its chief supply of fruit and vegetables from Constantinople, whence they are brought in four days by steamboats.

The wealthy merchants of Odessa, meanwhile, do what they can to create something in the shape of gardens, whither they may fly for shade and rural enjoyment, when the toils and anxieties of the day are at an end. These gardens, in which the minimum effect appears to be produced by the maximum expenditure of labour, are called *Khutors*, a word the etymology of which our author was unable to learn.

"I saw several *Khutors*, on which, I was assured, the owners had expended hundreds of thousands of rubles, without succeeding in raising anything more than a house and a few bushes. Nevertheless their relative value makes them delightful, and the merchants are right to expend great labour on their *Khutors*, and to seek refuge there on the summer evenings. The pleasure and interest we take in things cannot be measured by any arbitrary standard, and his simple *Khutor* probably affords as much delight to the resident at Odessa, as the most splendid villa to the Roman. One merchant was quite in transports when he showed me in his garden a beech tree, which he declared was the largest about Odessa, and consequently the largest within nearly two hundred miles. This tree was fifteen feet high and was already so thick near the ground that I could not span it with my two hands. His joy was not, however, without a dash of anxiety, lest the dear tree might in a little while begin to sicken. The same gentleman showed me with nearly equal pride some lilies of the valley, which he had imported from the Crimea, and which he had succeeded in rearing. He had also procured a few primroses, and boasted that his garden was the only one in which they were yet to be seen. In this country, a horticulturist must be content to enjoy nature on a small scale, or he will derive but little pleasure from her. As among trees the acacia thrives the best, so amongst flowers the dahlia is most abundant. Great quantities of this gorgeous flower are seen in every garden, and indeed throughout the whole of Southern Russia."

Can we wonder at the bitter lamentations of Ovid when banished to a climate such as this; and that at a time when no Odessa millionaire had expended his hundreds of thousands in the abortive attempt to enliven the desert by the semblance of a garden, when balls and dinner parties were yet unknown in these inhospitable regions?

"Pace tua, (si pax ulla est tua, Pontica tellus,  
Finitimus rapido quam terit hostis equo.)  
Pace tua dixisse velim, tu pessima duro  
Pars es in exilio, tu mala nostra gravas,  
Tu neque ver sentis cinctum florente corona,  
Tu neque meorum corpora nuda vides,

\* \* \* \* \*

Nec tibi sunt fontes, laticis nisi paene marini;  
Qui potus, dobium est, sistat alatne sitim.  
Rara nec haec felix in apertis eminet arvis  
Arbor, et in terra est altera forma maris.  
Non avis obloquitur, nisi silvis si qua remotis\*  
Aequoreas rauco gutture potet aquas.  
Tristia per vachos horrent abinthia campos  
Conueniensque suo mœsis amara loco."

*Nec tibi sunt fontes!* Yet Odessa boasts of not less than 563 wells! Unfortunately, however, none of these wells produce drinkable water, and in many of them it is as salt as though it had been drawn from the sea. The only spring from which good water can be obtained is two and a half versts from the city, and 2,000 people find constant employment in conveying the requisite supply to the several private houses. An aqueduct has often been spoken of, but as yet it remains among the *projected* improvements. Water is consequently a tolerably dear article in Odessa, where even in moderate establishments, when the mother of a family comes to make up her budget for the year, she must be content to set down at least twenty pounds sterling for the supply of her cistern. In autumn, after long continued rains, the water in some of the city wells is considered sufficiently fresh for the use of the cattle.

What the steppe does produce, it yields in the greatest abundance. The countless herds of cattle furnish an almost unlimited supply of meat to the Odessa markets, and corn, and all the hardier vegetables, (such as potatoes, beans, peas, &c.) grow with a luxuriance unknown in most countries.

"When I was there, large cabbages for winter stock were selling at one and a half ruble the hundred. Fresh beans and peas, at the beginning of June, brought two rubles a pood (about a halfpenny a pound), but afterwards they fell to less than a quarter of that price, so that it scarcely paid the country people to bring them to town, and they left the greater part to rot on the ground. In the summer of 1838 I saw the German colonists clearing their cellars of their winter stock of potatoes, which were thrown away in large heaps to make room for the produce of the new harvest. The men seemed to repine over the blessing of heaven, because it cost them so much trouble to get rid of their store. In no city do I ever remember to have seen such an abundance of food. The very corn is to be seen lying about in every

street. This was particularly the case during the summer when I was there. There had been heavy rains, and the corn had come damp into the town. The wheat was in consequence exposed in all the streets, that it might dry in the sun. It was spread out on cloths, and continually shovelled about by the workmen. In no other city do I remember to have seen this kind of labour performed in the public streets."

We must have one or two more extracts, however, before we take leave of the climate which Ovid has immortalized in lamentations, that apply apparently quite as aptly at the present day as they did in the times of Augustus.

"The months of December, January, and February form the nucleus of a steppe winter. Then all the vigour of nature is sunk into a deep and uninterrupted sleep, but a sleep disquieted by the most terrible dreams. By these I mean the fearful snow-storms of the steppe, so generally and so justly dreaded.

"A Russian distinguishes his snow-storms into three different classes, the *myatol*, the *zawmet*, and the *vyuga*. The *myatol* is the common snow-storm, when the snow falls from the clouds; the *zawmet* is a storm that raises the snow in large masses from the earth, to scatter it again over distant fields. Such a *zawmet*, seen from one of the tumuli of the steppe, or from any other accidental elevation, produces a singular effect, the sun often shining beautifully over head, while the plain is concealed from the eye by the drifting clouds of snow. These *zawmets* are not unattended by danger. Neither the cattle nor their drivers can see their way, every track is lost, every ravine concealed, and it has sometimes happened to a whole party to be completely buried in the snow. The *vyuga*, however, is the most dangerous of all, this name being given to a storm during which the snow falls from the clouds at the same time that it is raised from the ground. During these *vyugas* all travelling ceases; even the mails and imperial couriers cannot proceed.

"Fine cheerful winter days, such as we often enjoy in Germany, are of rare occurrence in the Russian steppes; even the charms of a winter landscape as seen in Northern Russia, with its trees heavily hung with snow and icicles, are as unknown here as the trees themselves. The steppe at this season presents nothing but a melancholy desolate plain, over which nature appears to have spread out one vast tattered shroud, and over which the sky seems to mourn in dull unchanging weeds of heavy leaden clouds.

"The cold is often severer here than even on the Baltic. In the winter between 1837 and 1838, the thermometer, during four weeks, never rose above—10° of Reaumur (9½° below Fahrenheit's zero,) and often fell to—30° (35½° below zero of Fahrenheit.) Sometimes, on the other hand, the winters are exceedingly mild, and how little reliance is placed on these warm winters may be judged from the general costume of the people. The inhabitants of the steppe

are just as anxious as their more northerly compatriots to enfold themselves for six months of the year in warm furs, for which there is quite as much demand in Odessa as in Riga. The sheepskin dress of the humbler classes is seldom laid aside before June, and the young men in the German colonies when they meet in an evening to gossip with each other, or to sing their national melodies, usually make their appearance, even late in the spring, with their sheepskin cloaks about them."

In other parts of Russia the winter brings with it many advantages that are wholly unknown on the steppe. The convenience of sledge travelling in Russia during winter has been the theme of admiration with many travellers, and those alone who have experienced it, can estimate the luxury of gliding over the ground with the smoothness and almost with the rapidity of a railroad, but without the least particle of its noise, smoke or smell. On the steppe, however, the snow never remains to form a sledge road, but is driven incessantly before the boisterous north wind, that fills up the ravines, raises huge masses in particular places, while in others it leaves the surface completely bare.

The spring that succeeds this long inhospitable winter brings at first but few charms with it. The accumulated snows of the winter seem to melt all at once, converting the whole surface of the steppe into a sea of black mire, through which it is impossible to wade without great labour, nor sometimes without danger. Along every ravine is raging a torrent of disgustingly dirty water. About the dwellings of men, and more particularly in the streets of the towns and villages, the accumulated filth of five months, over which the winter had kindly thrown a mantle of dazzling purity, is suddenly exposed to the general gaze, and strong must that stomach be, that can look unmoved on what is usually revealed in a Russian street, when the first thaw exposes to public gaze the various iniquities that the winter snows had so charitably covered. At this season it is that some of the most important natural changes are effected upon the surface of the steppe. The water forms to itself fresh channels; the edges of the elevated land are undermined; the Limans of the several rivers enlarge or contract their bounds, &c. This state of things frequently continues for several weeks, owing to the immense accumulation of snow that takes place in particular localities, and to the occasional returns of frost, for there is perhaps no country in the world where winter and spring have so hard a battle with one another. One day the whole face of the steppe will be almost

covered with tulips, hyacinths, and crocuses, and the very next day a boisterous north-easter will set in, putting Flora and her attendant nymphs completely to flight, and wrapping the whole gay scene in fresh garments of white. A few days afterwards a north-wester will assert his power, and discharging whole torrents from his heavy-laden clouds, will wash the face of the steppe from the Ural to the Carpathians.

When at length the month of May has come to the rescue and has fairly beaten Winter out of the field, the steppe puts on its gay green robe, while a bright azure sky smiles from above, so that all nature appears for the time to have cast aside every colour but those of Hope and Truth. Nothing can be more luxuriant than the herbage of the steppe at this season, but the vast unvaried surface of green soon wearies the eye, and the unbroken monotony of the scene "almost converts the hue of Hope into the livery of Despair." Green grass, and plenty of it, may suffice for a cow's paradise, but shady trees, graceful shrubs, verdant hills, and bubbling brooks, are requisite to furnish forth a spring landscape in which an English or German eye can find delight. Instead of these—

"Imagine to yourselves, from the Carpathian Mountains to the Mongolian capital at the foot of the Altai, not one little streamlet murmuring over its pebbly bed; from Hungary to Circassia not one grove of trees; the steppe is passing rich in grass and herbs but miserably poor in everything else. For days and nights successively you may gallop along in a straight line for hundreds and hundreds of leagues, with Hope ever smiling in the van, only to lead you through the tedious paths of disappointment. Fields of tulips breathed on by the breath of spring; beds of hyacinths, so rich in blossom that it may be doubted whether all the gardens of Batavia have yielded as many from the days of Cæsar to the present time; natural plantations of mignonet, covering more than ground enough for a dozen royal parks; all these, it will be thought, can scarcely fail to awaken ideas of abundance and delight, and to atone in some measure for the absence of the wood and the brook. These things, it must be admitted, are not without their charms, but they are, after all, apt to be much more beautiful in a description than when seen in their reality. The hyacinths of the steppe must not be pictured too beautifully by fancy's pencil. They are mostly yellow, have a short and crippled stem, and bear as little relation to the hyacinth of a Haarlem florist as a berry on a thorn-bush does to the luscious pear of the horticultural artist. The mignonet is good for nothing, as it is only to long and patient cultivation that it owes its perfume. The gay and variegated tulips remain for the admirers of a Tartar spring, and to an ardent admirer of the flower, a spring campaign in the steppe may not be with-

out its charms; but he must consort with the nomadic tribe, for to live with the agriculturist in the steppe is insupportable even in spring. It is inconceivable how so perverse an idea could ever have suggested itself as that of driving the ploughshare over the steppe, whose very nature protests against settled habitations; whose every law is a law of motion; whose soil, while it rejects all plants that attempt to strike a deep root, is boundless in the profusion with which it caters for the flock and the herd; whose unchecked gusts of wind invite you to emulate their fleetness; while the very monotony of the flat plain reminds you that gallop whither you will, you may gallop a long way without the fear of encountering any natural obstacle."

We must claim the credit of introducing into England the poetry of the steppe or Ukraine, for which we refer our readers to the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 52, which partakes largely of the scenes of its inspiration.

If however the spring is so little attractive, what shall we say to the dry and sultry summer that follows? The quickening rains and dews of April and May seldom extend far into June, and in July every trace of moisture disappears. The heated soil of the steppe cracks in every direction, and seems vainly to implore the heavens to shed down a little water to still its parching thirst; but no, for even should a heavy cloud show itself over the horizon, it passes unpitying along, either to waste its favours on the mountain ridge, or to lavish its abundance on the thankless waves of the Euxine. At this season the sun rises and sets as a globe of fire, whereas during noon the sky is obscured by the strong evaporation raised from every object in nature by the incessant heat. Almost every trace of vegetation seems to be burnt away; the green robe of spring is cast aside and a blackish brown mantle is assumed in its stead; men and cattle hang their heads, and look meagre and dejected; the wild horses, fiery and ungovernable in May, become as tame as lambs in August; wells, ponds, rivers, nay the very lakes dry up; water becomes an article of speculation, and the few springs that continue to yield must be carefully watched and guarded, if the legitimate owners wish to secure a refreshing draught for their own flocks. Thousands of animals perish miserably at this season; and though it is true that the description just given does not apply to every year, yet the return of these thirst and famine summers is but too frequent. The following years are mentioned by Mr. Kohl as remarkable for their dryness, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1826, 1827, 1830, 1831, 1833, and 1835. The years 1837 and 1838, on the other hand, were distinguished for the

moistness and consequent luxuriance of their summers.

Towards the end of August the dry season draws to a close. Night dews afford then some refreshment to the parched soil, and the thunder storms are followed by showers that suffice at least to clear the atmosphere of the intolerable black dust that lately hung suspended over the steppe. Men, cattle, and vegetation all revive in September, and the privations of summer are quickly forgotten amid the beauty and abundance of autumn. Short and fleeting, however, is this season of delight, for in October already occasional snow storms announce the approach of Winter, who before the end of November has generally set his house in order, and established himself comfortably for the next six months.

Our author gives an amusing account of the herds of wild horses that form a characteristic feature of these boundless plains. Not that the horse is really found in any part of the Russian steppe in a state of nature, but many of the wealthy landowners have from eight to ten thousand horses grazing there, and derive no inconsiderable portion of their income from the sale of the young animals. The greater part of the Russian cavalry is mounted on horses foaled upon the steppe, and many of the principal fairs in different parts of the empire are supplied from the same source. The *tabuntshiks*, or herdsmen, of these wild horses are described as the heroes of the steppe, as a race of dare-devils of whom their very masters stand in awe. The *tabuntshik* has generally a *taboon* of eight hundred or one thousand horses under his care, and if he succeed in keeping the wolves and the horse-stealers at bay, he may grow rich in a short time; but for every missing horse a deduction is made from his wages; to avoid which he usually endeavours, when one of his own herd has been lost, to make up the number by stealing from another *taboon*. The wolf is the enemy from whom the herd has most to dread, and against the wolf therefore the *tabuntshik* is bound to be continually on his guard. In spring, when the foals are young and the wolves still hungry from their winter fast, the most furious battles often take place, but the *esprit de corps* that reigns among the horses enables them almost always to come off victorious. The rearing of horses is not so profitable on the steppe, nor is it carried on to the same extent as the rearing of sheep, but the *tshabawn*, or shepherd, though probably a more estimable being, is of less interest to a stranger than the wild *tabuntshik*, whose graceless pranks and proverbial roguery

do not prevent his being looked upon by all the pretty girls of the steppe as the conquest most to be prized, and by the youths as the model to be most carefully studied.

The Russian government has long been sedulously engaged in the hopeless task of converting the nomadic tribes of the steppe into a fixed agricultural population. In the immediate vicinity of such cities as Odessa and Taganrog, the attempt has not been unsuccessful. The German colonists, who have been induced to establish themselves there as farmers, have, for the most part, prospered upon their farms, and the native nobility have sometimes been induced by the premiums offered them to collect around them all the semblance of a thriving plantation. These premiums, however, lead frequently to acts of deception, of which the following extract may afford some idea:—

“A man who happens to have a little ready money, buys himself a principality in the steppe, where he may often obtain one on easy terms. He begins to plough his land, and contrives to allure as many people about him as he can, Germans, Russians, Tartars, Bulgarians, &c. He plants a few trees, tends a flock of sheep, and arranges a vineyard or an orchard. Above all things, if he can, he induces a few nomadic Tartars or Calmucks to fix themselves for a while near his house. At the end of two or three years he begins to blow his own trumpet, and to make representations to the government of the great things he has done. He will say, ‘he has sacrificed all his fortune, but by dint of perseverance he has succeeded in converting so and so many wandering Tartars into industrious agriculturists, has planted trees, reared sheep, and brought a large number of acres under the plough.’ Commissioners are sent down to inspect the property, and the most ludicrous devices are often brought into play to impose upon these eyes of the state. Trees and vines are put into the ground merely for the day. Bee-hives are borrowed from all the neighbours round. The same flock of sheep is made to muster on several points of the estate. The commissioners, meanwhile, having been sumptuously entertained, are in raptures with everything they see, and make the most pompous report of the wonders that have been effected in so short a time. The upshot is, that the government, by way of rewarding the enterprising owner, purchases the estate at four or five times its value, or remunerates him by a large grant of land, or makes him a pecuniary present, or confers rank, office, and decorations.”

Our author devotes several chapters to an account of the German colonies on the Black Sea. The strangers appear to have had much to endure on coming into the new country, but they gradually worked their way, and are now, for the most part, in a prosperous condition. They are in the en-

joyment of many valuable privileges, and, as they form a community altogether distinct from the rest of the population, they are likely to retain much of their national character for several generations to come.

Not the least attractive portion of the work before us is the author's lively description of a tour through the Crimea, a country which, not many years ago, was hardly deemed within the range of the tourist, but which may now be visited with the most perfect convenience, a regular line of steam-boats existing between London and Taganrog. Indeed, there is now scarcely one of the important towns of the Black Sea, which a cockney-traveller may not reach with the same facility as Margate or Boulogne, due allowance being of course made for a somewhat larger expenditure of time and money.

The Crimea, or rather the southern coast of it, is rapidly becoming a sort of Russian Italy. The mountains in the centre of the peninsula shield the country against the boisterous north winds that exercise so unfavourable an influence on the climate of the steppes. The consequence is, that the southern coast (the *Yushnoi Bereg*, as the Russians call it), is famed from one end of Russia to the other for its genial atmosphere, and for the quality of its wines, olives, oranges, &c. The real *Yushnoi Bereg* is, however, of small extent, and includes only that portion of the coast which lies between Alushta and Balaklova. The beautiful climate of this small but favoured land was known even to the ancient Greeks, and was, at a later period, duly estimated by the Genoese, who have left behind them numerous marks of their partiality for the country. To the Russians, however, it must be invaluable, being, throughout their vast empire, almost the only spot that can be said to enjoy an Italian climate. It will scarcely excite surprise when we add, that many of the wealthy nobles of Russia are ambitious of possessing at least a little pleasure-farm in the *Yushnoi Bereg*, which in due time is likely to be wholly occupied by the villas of the Muscovite grandezza. The climate of the northern portion of the Crimea, where there is little or no shelter from the destructive north wind, differs little from that of the steppe.

The steamer in which our traveller embarked at Odessa stopped at Yalta to land passengers, and then proceeded on her way to the sea of Azoff. Yalta is a town that will be vainly sought for on maps even of a modern date, for the place is one whose geographical existence can scarcely be said to go back more than three or four years. It was only in 1838, we believe, that Count

Woronzow induced the emperor to raise Yalta to the dignity of a city, and to fix upon the spot as the most convenient point for maritime communication with the "south coast." Under the Genoese there existed a small town on the same site, under the name of Gialita, but during the barbarous ages of the Crimea every vestige of Gialita was destroyed, and the little town that now occupies the ancient ground is entirely new. "The little place, with its bran new houses," says Mr. Kohl, "looks so dainty and diminutive, that one might fancy it, at the first glance, as a suitable new-year's gift to a child. There are three little inns, a little custom-house, three or four pretty little shops, a little apothecary's house with a couple of little cypresses before the door, a little quay in front with a pier of about two yards long, two little streets, and on a little hill behind, a little posthouse, and a very little church; *et voilà Yalta!*"

The Tartars of the Crimea, so terrible at no very remote period to the whole of southern Russia, and at times even to Poland and Hungary, are now among the most peaceful subjects of the Russian sceptre. In some of the towns and villages they are mingling with their conquerors, and with the German and Greek colonists who have been induced to settle in the country; but in general, the Tartars keep aloof from the foreign intruders, and in Baktshi-sarai, their ancient capital, no Russian or other stranger, with the exception of the government employés, is allowed to establish his residence. The characteristic features of the place are thus preserved, and as the town lies completely out of the route of tourists, we shall probably do our readers an agreeable service by presenting them with a few extracts from our author's description of the antique residence of the Tartar khans.

"Baktsha is a Tartar word signifying garden, and Baktshi-sarai therefore means the seraglio of gardens. This place was for several centuries the capital of a remarkable state, the last wreck of the Mongolian empire in Europe, and extended its baleful influence far into the regions watered by the Dnieper and Dniester, and sometimes even into the valleys of the Volga and the Vistula. Here, in a narrow chalky ravine, on the extreme border of the steppe, resided the mighty khans, at whose name the ancient city of the czars felt a periodical dread at each returning spring, whose friendship was eagerly and simultaneously courted by the Pole, the Russian, and the Turk. Here, at the passes of the mountains, were wont to muster those daring hordes of mounted barbarians, whose constant incursions scared away the husbandman and his plough from the plains, and for centuries together condemned thousands of square leagues of fertile land to remain unoccu-

pied by man. The Tartars, who since the annihilation of their political power have shrunk into a quiet inoffensive nation of mountaineers, retain a strong partiality for their ancient capital. This feeling is not only tolerated, but even encouraged by the Russians; and the city whence numerous armies marched so often to carry fire and sword to the very gates of Moscow, has not only been spared by its conquerors, and invested with peculiar privileges, but even the palace of the khans, those sworn foes of the Moscovite, has been carefully preserved and enriched with fresh ornaments.

"The city, therefore, shows no symptoms of decay, but is full of life, music and song, and as thoroughly Tartaric at the present day, as though the khan were still sitting on his throne. The place not only offers a striking contrast to the two adjacent and modernized cities of Sevastopol and Simpheropol, but is in itself one of the most singular towns in all Europe.

"Having been built in a chalky ravine, the town was naturally limited in its latitudinal extension, and has therefore stretched itself out all the more in length. It consists of one long main street, with only trifling ramifications. This street is more than two versts in length, and excessively narrow. The Russian cities are so large and straggling, and the streets of such endless breadth, that it is impossible to enjoy in them anything like a comprehensive picture. In Baktshi-sarai, on the contrary, everything is brought so close together, that every step enables the eye to embrace a new group. Moreover, things that with us are withdrawn to the innermost recesses of the house, are here open to the public gaze, and the street wanderer is at once familiarised with the domestic arrangements of each house. The little closely packed houses are all without windows, but the side towards the street consists almost entirely of wooden boards that admit of being opened, and that mostly remain open the greater part of the day, to let in the light and air. These boards, in many instances, let down, so as to form tables or counters, on which various kinds of goods may be exhibited for sale. In one house you may see a baker mixing his dough, and insinuating it into his oven, the heat of which may be sensibly felt in the street; in another house you may survey at a glance all the manipulations which the Bussa (a Turkish beverage) must undergo before it can acquire the legitimate flavour. A little further on you may see a tailor and all his men busily engaged about the habiliments of his customers, and altogether indifferent to the inquisitive stare of the passer by. The entire organisation of a Tartar kitchen is elsewhere thrown open to your gaze. The cabbage kettles are steaming away, and the roasting joints of lamb are sending their inviting odour into the public thoroughfare. It is difficult to believe that in a kitchen where every operation is thus carried on in public, there can be any very serious tricks played in the concoction of the viands. The hungry passenger stops in front of such a shop, he is helped to a plate of soup out of a huge boiler that boils all day long; he eats his soup in the shop, carries away a slice of the roti to devour as he goes

along, and with that the man has dined. Among the most remarkable shops are those of the saddlers and harness-makers, with their beautifully twisted kantshu whips, and their elegantly embroidered morocco leather. The tobacconists with their enormous piles of Turkish tobacco, and their endless varieties of oriental pipes, will be certain to attract attention; nor will a stranger be likely to overlook the fruit-shops in which the exquisite produce of the Crimean valleys and of the south coast are offered at astonishingly low prices. At the coffee-houses there are covered galleries that look into the street, and in which you may see certain animated statues sitting the livelong day, sipping their coffee, and smoking their series of pipes. In one of our streets a man feels solitary and isolated; but here he is every moment made conscious that for the time being he is one of the community. In such a Tartar town there is of course no need of a newspaper to make known the local gossip of the place. There is no behind-the-scenes in all Baktshi-sarai, and every piece of news runs at once, hot and fresh, from mouth to ear, till it has penetrated into every nook of the little commonwealth.

"The crowds in the street were chiefly composed of Tartars, but there were many Russians there, the day of my visit happening to be the annual festival of a neighbouring convent, celebrated far and wide for its sanctity, among all the Christians of the Crimea. The clumsy dark-visaged Tartars of the plain were easily distinguished from the more light and well-formed mountaineers. Here and there might also be seen the white turban of a haggi; for even from these northern regions there are not wanting pilgrims to Mecca. Of Turks there were very few. Now and then a Tartar woman closely veiled would hurry timidly through the crowd, in which the Russian wives tricked out in their gaudy trappings made themselves the more conspicuous, and not the less so, as owing to their corpulence, so great a charm in the eye of a Russian, they generally occupied quite as much space as would have sufficed for two Tartars of ordinary dimensions. Some pretty girls from the Greek colonies were likewise to be seen, and the Caraites Jewesses were everywhere busy. The desert ship, the patient camel, with its lack-lustre eye, was meanwhile threading its way through the multitude. Riders were there in abundance, and every now and then there would dash along a restless clattering Russian troika, like our own, which is always certain to stir up the whole sediment of an oriental crowd. We kept our postillion in check as much as we could, and yet, what with his scolding, bullying, and clattering, I believe we occasioned more open and suppressed vexation during our tour through the street of Baktshi-sarai, than during all the rest of our journey through the Crimea."

We pass over the description of the khan's palace, and do so the more willingly, as with all his ability in sketching popular peculiarities or the characteristics of a country, Mr. Kohl seldom succeeds in imparting much interest to his descriptions of public buildings.

This deficiency on his part is felt more strikingly in his recent work on St. Petersburg, in which the least attractive chapter is that dedicated to the imperial palaces. The harem of the khan remains, and many of the chambers are still furnished with the divans, the commodos, and the mirrors, in which the fair sultanas were wont to delight. There are even legends connected with the harem, and duly retailed to every stranger that visits it. The harem, by the bye, is small, and not calculated for the accommodation of more than four princesses, for the khans, we are assured, were all pious and moderate men, and none of them was ever known to exceed the limits of an orthodox Mahometan in the number of his matrimonial establishment.

At no great distance from the ancient capital of the khans, lies Simpheropol, a new city, built by the Russians, and now the seat of government for the Crimea. The place, however, has as yet but little to attract a stranger. Kertsh is another Crimean city that may be looked upon as a Russian creation; but in a political point of view, the most important place in the peninsula is Sevastopol, which the Russian government have made their great naval station for the Black Sea.

Sevastopol also is but a city of yesterday; few of the government buildings have been completed before the accession of the present emperor, but should the system now acted on be persevered in, the city must in a few years become the most important of the Euxine. The permanent population is estimated by Mr. Kohl at 10,000, but this includes neither the crews of the ships of war, nor the 30,000 troops encamped in the vicinity, and chiefly engaged in working on the fortifications. The works, however, in Mr. Kohl's opinion are not likely to prove very durable. They are all constructed of the soft and porous stone peculiar to the steppe, a stone which, though it looks handsome enough when it first comes out of the hands of the builder, begins in a few years to rub away into dust, giving a ruinous tumble-down look to buildings, that only a few years ago wore the aspect of palaces. The houses of Odessa already bear the appearance of decay, and those of Sevastopol will probably before long assume the same look.

We have seen the Tartars in undisturbed and exclusive possession of Baktshi-sarai, but at Sevastopol the ancient lords of the land are not even tolerated. Jews and gipseys also are but rarely admitted, and the whole city has a genuine Russian look about it. The naval docks, when complete, will be among the largest in the world, but many years will probably elapse before their completion. Yet

the chief labour has been performed by the hand of Nature herself, a considerable inlet of the sea having been judiciously taken advantage of by the original designer.

After his return from the Crimea, Mr. Kohl appears to have made but a short stay at Odessa, whence he returned to Germany through Moldavia and Hungary. His reader, however, he allows to accompany him only to the frontier town of Novosselidze, near which, by stepping across a brook, a traveller may have the satisfaction of standing nearly at the same moment in the dominions of three emperors, those of Russia, Austria, and Turkey. Many are said to have travelled to Novosselidze with no other object in view than this fanciful disposal of their *understandings*, and among these curious pilgrims, no less an individual is mentioned than the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria. Russian and Austrian sentinels stand looking at each other in bold but silent defiance, for they are strictly prohibited from interchanging a single word. The Turkish sovereign, meanwhile, appears to think this portion of his dominions safe from foreign aggression, for not a single Ottoman sentinel is to be met with for many miles about. Perhaps the sultan thinks it useless to assert his rights too ostentatiously, feeling, as he must, that a rough breeze from the Russian steppe may at any time sweep away the last vestige of his pretensions.

Here then we will bid our agreeable travelling companion farewell. His observations, though frequently superficial, carry an air of truth with them, that commands the confidence of his reader, and his pictures of popular peculiarities are so full of life, that while we listen to his narrative we fancy ourselves assisting in the scenes which he describes. Respecting many points we should not have been sorry to have had fuller and more scientific information than is to be found in the volumes before us; for instance, we could have wished for some details respecting the geology of the steppe, for meteorological tables to enable us to compare more closely the climate of these singular regions with that of other portions of the globe, and above all we must regret the absence of those progressive statistics respecting the commerce of Odessa, which it could not have been difficult to collect during a prolonged residence; but these are matters which enter not into our author's plan, who shuns all dry tabular lore, and seems to aim rather at amusing his readers, than at surprising them by the profundity of his own erudition. The work is that of an intelligent and well-informed man, who knows how to tell his own story agreeably, and aims at no more.

- ART. VII.—1. *Statistik öfver Sverige, grundad på offentlig Handlingar, 3dje Upplagan, betydligt tillökt och förbättrad, &c.* (The Statistics of Sweden, grounded on Public Documents. 3d edition, considerably enlarged and improved. By Colonel C. Af. Forssell, Chief of the Landsurveying Department, Knight of many Orders, &c.) Stockholm. 8vo. 1836.
2. *Reise Durch Schweden in Sommer 1836, &c.* (Tour through Sweden in the Summer of 1836. By Baron F. von Gall.) 2 vols. 18mo. Bremen, 1838.
3. *A Tour through Sweden in 1839, comprising Observations on the Moral, Political and Economical State of the Swedish Nation.* By S. Laing, Esq. 8vo. London, 1839.
4. *Darstellungen aus einer Reise durch Schweden und Dänemark im Sommer des Jahres 1839, &c.* (Notes on a Journey through Sweden and Norway in the Summer of 1839. By Baron F. von Strombeck.) 8vo. Brunswick, 1840.
5. *Recueil des Exposés de l'Administration du Royaume de Suède, présentés aux États Généraux depuis 1808 jusqu'à 1840. Traduit du Suédois.* Par J. F. de Lundblad. 8vo. Paris, 1840.
6. *On the Moral and Political Union of Sweden and Norway, in Answer to Mr. S. Laing's Statement.* [By General Count Björnstjerna, Swedish ambassador at the Court of St. James's.] 8vo. London, 1840.\*

SINCE the general peace there is perhaps no country which, in proportion to its relative importance, has enjoyed a greater share of the public attention of Europe than the ancient kingdom of the Goths and Swedes. Even within the last ten or twenty years not less than two or three score tours in its provinces have appeared in England and on the continent, and of late interest in its fate and fortunes has considerably increased. People begin to think that the comparatively virgin and untraversed land of the great *Vasa*, that grey-haired Gustavus, who was at once the restorer and father of his country, and of the second *Adolf*, that glorious Gustavus who checked for ever both pope and emperor, and established on a sure foundation the *liberty to think*, sealing by a martyr-death on the plains of Lützen the triumph of liberty and of Protestantism; and of the twelfth *Charles*, that "mad soldier," whose rough hand overturned thrones as the child his house of cards only to build them up again for others, and whose daring genius gave Russia a lesson and Europe an example which neither have yet forgotten; such a land, people

now surmise, may be at least as interesting and instructive as the hackneyed routes and eternally-repeated connoisseur phrases of immoral democrats or of long enslaved quasi provinces. Accordingly every year adds something to our stock of Scandinavian travels, and the Scandinavian polemique now exciting so many journals and so many circles show sufficiently that the subject is an interesting one. In one word, Sweden begins to be no longer regarded as the land of bears and brandy, and its literature challenges already the attention of all Europe. The elaborate and elegant history of this country by Professor Geijer has appeared in a French and a German dress,\* and translations of Swedish *chefs-d'œuvre*, which are daily appearing in so many languages,† naturally tend still further to excite curiosity as to the people from whom they sprang.

But in addition to this general ground for devoting some pages to a view of the present condition of the Swedish North, there is another reason which is not without its weight on our judgment. On examining the last tours the stranger will find statements so contradictory, pictures so opposite, and political systems so adversely argued by appeals to the same institutions, that it is almost impossible to form any distinct idea of the state of a country so variously described and apparently so possessed of a Protean suitability to every theory and to every eye.

We have thought it then a task not unbefitting our position, and which would not be regarded with ungrateful carelessness, to present to our countrymen such general sketches and such comparative statements taken from the latest and most correct sources of information, and digested from impressions received during long residence in the country itself, as would enable our readers to judge for themselves of the real facts of the case, and perhaps agreeably instruct many inquirers into the remarkable changes now going on in the north of Europe. This attempt will be made with every regard to the difficulty of the undertaking, and the slenderness of our abilities to do it justice, and with a firm resolution to be biassed by no interest, led by no light but that of truth herself. The revolution of 1809 was a solemn sanction to popular government, a solemn preparation for an entrance into that great European family of constitutional states now spreading so rapidly around us. Swedish history pre-

\* And why not also in English? Is it that our literature and our taste have of late grown too shallow to permit the publication of a work so renowned for depth of research and philosophical and poetical views?

† Bishop Tegner's *Frithiof's Saga* has already appeared in about twenty different translations, among the rest into Russian, Polish, Modern Greek, &c., &c.

\* As might have been expected, Mr. Laing's book has been translated into *Norwegian*, and Count Björnstjerna's reply into Swedish.



sents a remarkable picture of national freedom gradually overwhelmed by the arts of a Catholic hierarchy and the force of a powerful aristocratic phalanx, until the strong arm of Gustavus Vasa and the wholesome caustic of Charles XI. broke the one and mutilated the other, and gave room for the yeomanry—that life-element in every state—once more to bloom up in the shadow of the throne which protected them. Under many dynasties and stormy contests and remarkable changes the people have been constantly regaining something of their old rights, and the despotism of Charles XI. and of Gustaf III. laid the foundations of real popular power on the ruins of the mighty noblesse whom they eluded and overawed. The development of this regeneration has been constant though slow, and this principle it was which gave to Charles XIV. John his double crown. The whole reign of this prince presents, if narrowly examined, one long unbroken *period of transition*. This period has been, it is true, criminally and weakly lengthened; efforts have been systematically made by the government rather calculated for retrograding than advancing in the career of social and political civilisation; and the successful *swordsman* who now sways the Swedish *sceptre* has preferred founding his fame and his dynasty on a *juste milieu* of despotic law, rather than on the new ground of vigorous and liberal institutions. But still public opinion has ripened; home views have been enlarged and purified; an immense mass of knowledge has been circulated among all classes, while a sad experience of its *representative* failings has excited earnest wishes for a better organization of the *state machine*; and the prosperity of Norway gives rise to vivid hopes of similar success from principles similarly applied. In this respect, then, the period since the accession of the present king, in point of fact embracing a course of nearly thirty years, a whole generation of human life, has been not only busy with incident, and not destitute of advance, but of the deepest importance for the future welfare of the Swedish people.

The question then naturally arises, what is the result of so many years of preparation? How are we to regard the present position of Sweden as respects everything submitted to human control and human influence? What is the general aspect of its cultivated soil, manufactures, morals and political standing? What has been the consequence of the union with the sister-state, and what are we to expect as to its coming fortunes? Bold outlines of statement in reply to these important queries cannot be without interest to the great majority of our readers.

We must take care, however, to avoid writing an essay instead of a series of pictures; and, at the same time, we must not forget that

we profess to give a review rather than an independent treatise. We consider it therefore as most advisable to take up our travellers in chronological order, extract from their works whatever we may regard as most characteristic or entertaining, and interweave the whole into a form which shall leave few points of general interest untouched.

We begin then with Ferdinand von Gall, who passed the summer of 1836 in visiting the Swedish capital and many of its provinces. This writer is instructive and sufficiently lively, without being either very profound or very trifling, and generally gave himself time and took the necessary trouble to acquire correctly whatever information he thought worth imparting to his readers. Accordingly his volumes display more real knowledge of Swedish affairs than many which have enjoyed much greater celebrity. He does not look at the country, with an eye jaundiced or gilded by party politics, and is generally rather inclined to praise than to blame both government and people. As a specimen of his style in landscape painting, we select a description of the celebrated and beautiful lake Mælar, that splendid body of isle-studded wavelets, ranked by Dr. Clarke with the world-renowned *Lago Como*, *Loch Lomond*, and the *Derwentwater*.

“Thus we found ourselves on the famous lake Mælar, which its 1300 islands distinguish as one of the most remarkable land-seas in the whole world. It exceeds twelve miles in breadth, and is upwards of six in length. Not less than 130 castles and seats, sixteen parishes, and 900 farm-houses surround its waters. Its islands alone, seven of the largest of which are parishes for themselves, constitute twenty extensive manor properties. From all this one may easily conclude that the environs of the Mælar lake are more inhabited than any other district in Sweden, a circumstance which adds much to the beauties of a passage along its waters.

“The northern mythology states the Mælar to have had the following origin:—Gylfe, King of Sweden, enchanted by the charming song of the goddess Gefion, and wishing to reward the pleasure her melodious voice had afforded him, gave to her so much land in any part of his kingdom as she could plough up in one day by the help of four oxen. Gefion, relying on the strength of her four sons, changed them into oxen, and they laboured so indefatigably as to separate from the main land a large extent of country, which their mother immediately took possession of, and planting it in the sea opposite Fünen, founded the present Zealand. The spot in Sweden from which this mass of earth was torn is now the Mælar lake, and the present islands therein are the places that happened to be untouched by the plough.”\*

\* Gall, Reise durch Schweden, vol. i., p. 121.

Our author next indulges in a long disquisition on the coquetry of the Swedish ladies, a fault which we believe, it must be confessed, is sufficiently common among them; and then describes the feelings of delight with which he approached the picturesquely beautiful capital. He of course visits everything remarkable there. Of the famous Devil's Codex, written on parchment prepared of 300 asses-skins, and now preserved in the royal library, he says—

"From the museum I proceeded to the library to examine the well-known 'Devil's Codex,' which is only of interest, however,\* as being the largest manuscript in the world. On beholding this giant book, in which every letter is, as it were, painted rather than written, one cannot understand how a single man, without supernatural aid, could ever bring it to a conclusion.

"In this Devil's Codex, which was brought by the Swedes from Prague, and whose title will be explained by the following legend, I saw for the first time a representation of the devil with talons and claw-feet.

"A poor monk, condemned to death, was promised pardon on condition of copying in a single night the whole manuscript. Scarcely expecting a prosperous issue, and rather in order to mock his misfortune, they brought into his well-guarded cell the original volume with ink and parchment. But as man grasps at everything that can promise him rescue in his need, as the drowning sailor seizes even the swimming straw to hold him from going down into the watery abyss, so the unfortunate monk laid hold of his pen, and in all the energy of despair began his impracticable labour. Too late, however, he perceived that his own hand could never save his life. In an agony at the prospect of his approaching fate, and probably supported by the conviction that he should nevertheless be well received in the other world, he invoked the assistance of the devil, promising him his soul if he would only deliver him from his terrible situation. Good Mr. Diabolus, who was this time not quite so bright in his ideas as usual, did not suffer himself to be called twice. Hoping to gain a soul he quickly appeared, concluded the contract, commenced his work, and showed himself so skilled in swift hand-writing, that the whole was completed early on the following morning.

"Thus was produced this immense tome, every one of whose leaves is a proof that all the works of the devil are not so very bad!"†

Among the curiosities preserved in the palace at Stockholm is the old Swedish crown, concerning which we are presented with the following anecdote:—

\* So it is commonly reported. The fact is, however, that this volume, which is of various hands and ages, contains several very curious treatises, though most of its contents are gospels, calendar-tables, &c.

† *Gall*, vol. i., p. 176.

"On the marriage of Louisa Ulrica, sister of Frederic the Great, to Adolf Frederic, King of Sweden, the Grand Marshal, among other curiosities, also exhibited to her his crown. The queen considered it with much attention, and then observed, comparing it in her thoughts with the crown of Prussia, '*Cette couronne est très belle, mais je trouve la couronne de Prusse plus brillante.*'" '*Sans doute, Madame,*' replied the Marshal with delicacy and address, '*mais celle-là a le prix de l'antiquité.*' The queen was wise enough to smile at an answer, which in her heart made a far different impression than merely the apparent one."\*

In almost every country Midsummer's-day is still celebrated with festivals and rejoicings, slowly vanishing fragments of old customs connected with the worship of the god of day. A variety of these ceremonies is yet kept up in many parts of Sweden; nay, even in the great towns and the capital they have not yet entirely disappeared, and undoubtedly are a source of glad and refreshing and innocent amusement to all classes of the people.

"The next day was a festival more honoured in Sweden than any other, during the course of the whole year, namely, Midsummer's-day. People of every rank regard it as a season of pleasure; and it is a custom observed through the whole country that not only the outsiders but also the insides of the houses, and especially the dwelling-rooms, shall be variously hung and adorned with boughs and leaves. In the chambers of the lower classes the floor is strewn yet thicker than before with fir-twigs, among which are mingled, in honour of the day, whole and sunder-plucked flowers. The majority of the educated classes do not, it is true, strew their floors in the manner now described; but in the rooms of some very considerable families I have observed, that on this day a narrow streak is drawn along the wall of fir-leaves and flowers cut very fine.

"In the towns at the places of public amusement, and also before the solitary country-house, are erected high trees stripped of their bark and twigs, and on which are fastened up to the very top a multitude of white sticks running horizontally in every direction. Round these trees and their barren arms are wrapped chequered or coloured papers. Standing on the sticks, or suspended therefrom, we behold empty eggs, little flags, wind-mills, dolls gravely treading the thin air, paper-clippings, figures whose meaning no one can discover, mills with clappers, and a thousand other things known and unknown, at all calculated to add to the general effect.

"On Midsummer's-eve it is a custom, both in the country and in the towns, to dance and make merry round these trees. But besides these larger poles there are smaller ones also of the same kind, only still more gaily decorated, to which are hung playthings and sweetmeats, &c., and which are given to the children like the Christmas-trees among us."†

\* *Gall*, v. l. i., p. 184.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 222.

Our author, after a long exposition of the organization of the Swedish army, which is, as our readers are aware, a kind of enlisted landed peasantry and landed body of officers called the *Indelta*, thus paid by the rent-free occupation of plots of the crown-lands, proceeds in his second volume to discuss a point which is amusing enough.

'The Swedish peasant is so mild and ready to oblige, and is often so exceedingly attentive to the traveller, that he could wish no better companion, if he would only govern a little better his insatiable curiosity. Scarcely, the whole journey through, had I seated myself in my cart, when the torrent of questions immediately began, opened by the usual, 'Who I was,' 'Whither I went,' and 'From whence I had just come.' If, in order to cut off any further examinations, I answered that I did not understand Swedish, the only result was often just the contrary of what I had intended. For then, either this or that word was to be explained,—a thing accomplished with wonderful dexterity and abundance,—or the questions were so crossed and repeated, this way and that, that it was impossible for me not to understand them. Whoever, therefore, will make himself speedily master of the Swedish language, cannot do better than travel for some time in the company of the good Swedish peasants. But it was not myself alone that excited their desire for every possible explanation; the same fate was shared even by my luggage also. My portmanteau, my travelling-bag, my umbrella, my stick, and my pipe, were abundantly handled, examined, and submitted to numberless questions. And if I happened to look at my watch, my driver frequently laid hold of it *sans façon*, scrutinized it on every side, and then usually asked whether it was of gold, and what it might have cost! But what particularly drew their attention was my air-cushion and my cigars, and the smoke of the latter seemed to give them especial pleasure.

"To this curiosity was united a loquacity in every respect as astonishing. The Swedish peasant *must* talk, whether one answers him or not. If I wished to put a period to the indefatigable loquacity of the *Skjutsbonde*, by assuring him that 'I did not speak Swedish,' the stream would indeed cease for a few minutes at the utmost, but the peasant would then commence anew, telling me whole stories at a stretch, and troubling himself but little whether I understood him or not. Determined to try whether this irresistible talkativeness could never be worn out, I several times decided, from the moment I mounted my car till I again descended it, to answer no question, to speak not one word, and to make as if I had not the least idea of all my companion was saying. But in spite of all this it is really a fact that, notwithstanding my apparent deaf-and-dumbness, many of the peasants continued talking incessantly the whole station through, without being in the least disturbed by or in any way taking ill my total want of sympathy in their communications.

"To all who are competently acquainted with the Swedish language, however, this familiarity

of the better peasants, who are said mostly to possess a very sound clear judgment, must be highly interesting. The traveller is in this way enabled, almost at once, to investigate and ascertain the genius of the people down to the most exact details. Unfortunately enough, I understood the common language so little,\* that what might have been a pleasure to others was to me rather a source of painful regret."†

Ferdinand von Gall sums up the total impression made upon him by the Swedish scenery with the following very pertinent remarks, although we should bear in mind as we peruse them, that he had not visited the *most northern* Swedish provinces. Generally speaking, the districts south of Stockholm and those north of the same are as different in character, as England south of the Tweed and Scotland to the north. Indeed, it must be evident that great varieties of aspect and of climate must be expected in a country stretching from fifty-five to sixty-nine degrees of north latitude—nearly one thousand long miles—and reaching from the warm and fruitful and sandy Skåne up to the eternal snows of the desolate Lapland. Still the prevailing characteristics of Sweden may be easily seized upon,—endless forests, endless rocks and islets, and roundish scattered petty hills. The following, therefore, must be understood as chiefly applying to the south of Sweden:—

"Although in preparing for my journey I had occasion to peruse many works on Sweden, I yet, even up to my visit to that country, shared with many others very false ideas on the character of the Swedish scenery. I had imagined it for the most part a very hilly land, with high picturesque mountains, covered with unbounded and impenetrable forests; I had pictured to myself wild, rugged and romantic Alpine glens, through which leaped raging streams and impetuous floods, and had not the least idea that I should meet such extensive districts of cultivated soil as I really found. One ought not, therefore, to traverse Sweden with any such expectations, which can only lead to disappointments, scenery of this kind being, with some few exceptions, entirely unknown.

"We can divide the Swedish territory, as all other extensive countries, into flat, hilly, and mountainous. We must remember, however, what is characteristic of this country, that the principal provinces resemble each other so much as to show us nearly all when we have seen but one.

"Almost entirely flat I found a great part of

\* The author seems not to have remarked another difficulty, in the shape of the various provincial dialects which meet the traveller at every turn, many of which are difficult to be understood even by the Swedes themselves.

† Gall, vol. ii., p. 8.

West-Gothland, Nerike, the south of Oerebro-Län, Westmanland, Upland, and the south of Wermland. Hills I only saw in East-Gothland, and a part of West-Gothland and Nerike. Continuous heights, which in some measure deserve the name of mountains, are only to be found in Dalame, the north of Oerebro-Län and eastern Wermland. Under this head we can scarcely reckon Kinnekulle in West-Gothland, which is quite an isolated hill. The plains are mostly characterized (at least as far as the eye can reach from the highway) by great cultivated levels, broken by innumerable enclosures, and in which we seldom see any considerable and continuous forest. The soil, which is in many places nearly covered by large stones, is of a light-grey colour. Small lakes occur less frequently among the plains than in the hill-country, and are still more numerous among the rocky mountains. . . . .

"The hills in the above-mentioned provinces have never any considerable height, though, for the reasons already mentioned, they appear more elevated than they really are. Pointed peaky tops, rough high walls, and in general any great variety of outward form, are qualities quite foreign to the Swedish landscape. The one not very widely stretched dome-like hill so much resembles the next, that the eye is scarcely struck by any differences among the mountain-districts, and this naturally enough gives a character of great uniformity to the several provinces. . . . .

"Forests are now, at least as far as my experience goes, seldom to be found stretching in unbroken masses over the country. Excepting in Dalame, Wermland, and Oerebro-Län, I did not meet with a single wood extending some miles in any direction. Smaller solitary woods, however, are common enough, but the road seldom runs past them for more than a quarter of an hour at a time, without either altogether losing sight of them or at least meeting large cultivated patches. This did not at all agree with the expectations I had formed, that one often in Sweden might travel for hours through the forests, without finding the least tokens of human cultivation. The ridges of the hills in Dalame, Wermland, and Oerebro-Län are, indeed, covered by continuous woods; but even here the valleys are so cultivated, that the road only runs through in order to gain the level again; a circumstance common enough in Germany itself. The supply of timber in Sweden is, however, extremely great, especially in proportion to the number of the inhabitants."<sup>\*</sup>

In reference to this subject, the timber and agriculture of Sweden, we may as well take this opportunity of adding further information taken from other sources.

That Sweden is, in itself, an immense timber-country is evident from the following table:—

Country.	Woodland proportion of its whole Territory.
England, . . . . .	0,048
Danish Continent, . . . . .	0,02
Scotland, . . . . .	0,05
France, . . . . .	0,09
Danish Islands, . . . . .	0,12
Prussia, . . . . .	0,24
Bohemia, . . . . .	0,28
Rhine-countries, . . . . .	0,30
Hungary, . . . . .	0,33
Sweden, . . . . .	0,91

Notwithstanding this, however, Sweden may almost be said to have but little available wood. The forests are generally neglected, and in some districts naked rocks and sandy heaths now occupy the place of noble woodlands. South of Stockholm, especially, the woods are rapidly diminishing, a circumstance usually followed by injurious effects on the agriculture of the district, the bare plains having then no shelter from the sweeping and icy blasts. Stockholm is mostly supplied with its fire-wood from Finland, and the total Swedish exportation of timber is comparatively trifling, being *under* 250,000 fathoms (twenty-five million\* solid cubic feet.)†

The common statement, that Sweden annually produces 270,000 millions of timber for home and foreign use, is immensely exaggerated.‡

One cause of the lamentable neglect of the Swedish forests in many districts is, the difficulty of communication and the consequent comparative worthlessness of the tree when felled.

Of late years, however, the public attention has been drawn to this important subject; private enterprise has commenced improving the private forests; the woods existing on the crown-lands have been examined, and enlarged by plantations containing several hundreds of thousands of young oaks and firs, &c.; and an Institute has been established called *The Forest Institution*, which has under its care the national forests, and is expected to spread useful information in every quarter.

Swedish agriculture is daily making great advances. In 1777 there were imported 640,000 barrels of grain annually; in 1810 this number was reduced to 233,000; while in 1832 the importation had ceased, and the exportation amounted to 177,589 barrels, besides a considerable quantity of flour.§

\* Adapted from Forsell's Statistik, p. 150.

† Forsell's Statistik, p. 150.]

‡ Ibid. p. 148.

§ This and the following statements are selected and adapted from Forsell's Statistik, p. 55 and pp. 138—144.

\* Gall. vol. ii., p. 137.

## TABLE OF AVERAGE PRODUCE,

During Ten Years, from 1823 to 1833, according to the Quinquennial Accounts of the Lord-Lieutenants of the Counties.\*

AVERAGE PRODUCE. (THE SEED-CORN BEING FIRST DEDUCTED.)							
Name of each Län, [District or County.]	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Meslin.	Peas.	Pota- toes.
	Fold.	Fold.	Fold.	Fold.	Fold.	Fold.	Fold.
Malmö, or Malmöhns Län	8 1-6	6 3-4	5 1-4	4	5 1-6	5 1-4	7 5-8
Christianstad	7	5	4 5-8	5	5 2-3	5 1-2	9
Halmstad, or Halland	4 1-8	3 1-4	3 7-8	3 3-4	3	3 5-8	7 3-4
Carlskrona, or Blekinge	6 3-4	5 1-2	4 1-8	5	3 7-8	3 7-8	8 3-4
Wexiö, or Kronoberg	3 1-6	3 1-8	3 1-3	3 3-8	3	4 1-4	6 1-2
Jönköping	4	4 5-8	3 1-8	3	2 5-6	4 1-8	6
Calmar Län with Öland	6 1-3	6 1-3	4	4 3-8	4 3-8	3 3-4	5 3-4
Linköping, or East-Gothland	5 2-3	5 3-8	6	4 5-8	4 5-6	4 5-8	7 2-3
Mariestad, or Skaraborg	4 5-6	4 5-6	3 7-8	2 7-8	3 3-8	4	5 2-3
Wenersborg, or Elfsborg	5	5 5-8	3 1-4	2 7-8	2 5-6	3 1-2	6 1-4
Götheborg, or Bohus	7 1-4	7 5-6	4 1-2	3 7-8	4	4	9
Wisby Län, or Gottland	4 7-8	4 1-2	3 7-8	4 3-8	4 1-2	4 5-8	5 5-8
Stockholm	6 7-8	5 1-2	5 1-2	5 1-2	5 5-6	5	6 7-8
Upsala	6 1-2	5 1-3	5 5-6	5 1-2	5 3-4	5 1-8	6 1-2
Westerås, or Westmanland	5 1-3	5 3-8	4 3-4	4 3-4	5 1-8	4 1-2	5 1-6
Nyköping, or Södermanland	9	6 2-3	5 1-2	4 7-8	5 1-2	4 7-8	7
Örebro, or Nerike	6	5 5-8	4 5-8	3 3-8	4 3-8	4	5 7-8
Carlstad, or Wernmland	5 1-6	6 1-8	5 1-3	3 1-8	3 1-4	6 1-8	6 2-3
Falu, or Stora Kopparberg	6	6	6	5	5	5	5
Gefle, or Gefleborg	4 3-4	6 1-2	5 1-3	4 1-3	4 1-2	4	6
Hernösand, or West Norrland	5 3-4	7 1-2	5 1-4	3 3-4	4 1-2	6 5-6	7 1-4
Östersund, or Jemtland	—	6	4 1-8	4 1-2	5	4 2-3	7
Umeå, or Westerbotten	5 1-3	8 1-3	3 5-6	3	4 3-8	—	6 1-2
Piteå, or Norrbotten	—	11 2-3	4 5-8	6	7 1-8	—	9
Medium of all the Läns	6 2-3	5 3-8	4 5-8	3 3-8	4	4 3-4	6 7-8
" " Towns	6 3-4	6 1-3	6 1-6	4 1-3	5	5 1-6	8 1-2
" " Kingdom	6 2-3	5 7-8	4 2-3	3 3-8	4	4 3-4	7

\* Forrell's Statistik, p. 56; Ditto, Anteckningar, p. 67.

## A TABLE

Derived from the Quinquennial Statement of the Lords-Lieutenants in 1832, when about *seven-ninths* of the Population was engaged in Agriculture.\*

	DOMESTIC ANIMALS KEPT IN THE YEAR 1832.							Ten years' Medium, from 1816 to 1826, of the Value of One Day's Labour.
	HORSES.	OXEN.	COWS.	YOUNG CATTLE.	SHEEP.	SWINE.	GOATS.	
City of Stockholm.	3,223	59	1,017	—	147	580	27	Skillings.†
Lands, or Counties, continued from the preceding Table.	40,951	22,023	33,947	25,452	60,285	46,645	160	18
	34,907	17,205	43,148	32,519	68,677	49,877	1,876	23
	13,740	9,945	38,152	22,316	47,158	15,128	339	18
	9,451	12,554	25,602	17,894	32,803	29,987	761	24
	8,624	17,266	49,534	29,794	73,072	19,798	5,520	21
	13,110	22,805	52,688	30,673	83,937	22,327	9,375	21
	20,608	23,625	55,757	28,316	89,393	30,595	968	22
	22,495	22,664	50,626	16,545	64,891	39,120	2,857	17
	27,125	28,434	49,693	41,263	80,126	36,342	694	17
	20,071	14,358	67,909	26,984	89,177	30,992	1,609	17
	16,763	2,832	42,407	19,988	54,846	18,091	380	20
	10,640	3,530	12,197	8,097	37,842	7,621	1,491	17
	22,444	7,016	39,628	11,990	69,511	24,877	326	22
	18,443	6,479	29,918	15,414	60,388	32,460	203	24
	12,284	8,930	29,412	16,883	33,445	20,005	2,639	20
	12,550	18,049	34,118	16,800	56,674	32,712	753	18
	9,704	12,980	42,095	15,327	45,060	14,590	4,021	18
	12,352	3,777	50,984	13,673	70,381	22,838	1,976	18
	14,706	1,666	51,196	16,065	76,160	9,340	45,080	25
	11,908	1,422	47,672	10,229	53,728	9,330	31,853	21
	11,955	1,526	44,746	9,404	49,106	4,565	13,173	22
	5,860	1,667	20,922	6,706	37,625	2,228	24,888	32
	6,373	1,339	25,908	6,897	40,305	3,164	2,630	24
	4,750	430	23,791	3,713	27,952	765	540	32
Total for the whole kingdom.	385,059	262,581	962,367	432,913	1,412,689	524,973	154,139	21 1-3
Total in 1832.	377,055	246,966	873,210	391,221	1,336,063	471,115	167,350	—

\* Adapted from Forsell's Statistik, pp. 134, 135.

† At an exchange of 12 rix-dollars, 24 sk. banco—2½ skillings to the penny sterling.

Since then, partial failures of the crops have of course led to occasionally heavy importations, but in average years Sweden now sends abroad considerable quantities of both grain and flour.

There were sown of grain and potatoes—

	barrels.		barrels.
In 1805	1,231,000	and reaped	4,924,000
" 1822	1,726,136	"	" 8,295,293

Between 1805 and 1828 the population has increased 18 per cent. while the grain produce has increased 42 per cent.

Commonly in Sweden  $2\frac{1}{2}$  barrels of grain are regarded as consumed by each individual, great and small, but this depends on the quantity of grain and potatoes used in distilling brandy for exportation.

The rapid increase of potatoe-growing may be observed from the fact that, in 1805, 90,000 barrels of potatoes were planted and 360,000 barrels reaped, when in 1832, 545,337 barrels were sowed, and 3,756,176 barrels gathered in.

If rye is regarded in volume as 100, then in

	SWEDEN.	ENGLAND.	FRANCE.
Rye being	100	100	100
Wheat will be	133.8	150.94	166.2-3
Barley "	73.6	75.47	83 1-3
Oats "	52.1	50.94	58 1-3

The result of long continued observations shows that, generally throughout the kingdom, of seven years, three are fruitful, three moderate, and in one the harvest fails entirely.

We have added two tables, which cannot but be highly interesting, and which are rather *under* than over the mark. They proceed from South to North, and exhibit very curious effects of climate on vegetation. The total average is about similar to that exhibited by the North of Germany and by Poland.

We now proceed to make some mention and give some specimens of the volume of Strombeck, which has also lately been published in a Swedish translation.\* This gentleman visited Sweden in the summer of 1839, and his book is not without all interest. He was so short a time in the country however, merely making one or two steam-boat trips to its principal midland towns, and examined its institutions so very superficially, that we must not expect much that is new from his pages. His views exhibit nothing uncommon, and his whole work would almost appear to have been *got up* with another object than the ostensible one. It is

\* With the *silently inserted* addition, by the Swedish editor, of the Beauties of "Charles XIV. John," or short extracts of the best-sounding phrases contained in his letters and speeches, &c.

in fact, a violent political brochure, bepraising everything old, and confounding everything new (unless such novelties should fortunately belong to the crude changes introduced by the present government), representing Sweden as an *El Dorado* (thanks to its illustrious and unequalled and immortal sovereign!) and its governors as so many Solons, and attacking the present constitutional opposition in the most unmerited terms. But the book is *light* enough and is easily enough got through, especially when we consider that the author's ignorance of the character and history and language of the people he came to explore, has not led him into any troublesomely profound speculations. But whatever his common readers may think, Charles John, at all events, has no reason to be dissatisfied with his labours.

We would mention, ere we go further, that Strombeck, as others had done before him, refutes\* the idle and mischievous fable of the *Codex Argenteus* in Upsala having been despoiled of some of its leaves by an Englishman. The whole statement is a groundless and impudent forgery.

We cannot proceed better than by translating a lively description of the *park* and *women* of the capital:—

"*Djurågården* (the park), which contains a circuit of about an hour and a half, and consists of a rocky and often thickly-wooded peninsula, lies to the east of Stockholm, and is almost entirely surrounded by *Saltsjön*, a bay of the Baltic running deep inland. One reaches *Djurgården* over a bridge from the north-east of Stockholm, or *Ladugårdslandet*; but a still readier way is from the west of the town, boats plying there from certain stairs to the park all the summer through. They are rowed by old women, and their far from elegant attitudes in a labour so severe cannot but excite the commiseration of the spectator. This rocky peninsula, whose circuit forms the park, extends in its longest part from west to east, and contains, especially on the stone-bound strand which fronts the south, a number of pretty country-houses, most of which command a charming prospect of the sea and the capital, particularly the opposite rocky suburb of *Södermalm*. But also the middle of *Djurgården*, and even its northern strand, is not without a variety of buildings; and in this respect they are fully equal to the *Prater* in Vienna. Confectionary and coffee-houses, small theatres, a circus for equestrian

\* "Professor Afzelius (the under librarian) denied what was reported in Germany some years ago, that some leaves of this codex had been stolen by certain Englishmen who had employed it for literary purposes; and Schröder, the librarian himself, with whom I conversed on this subject in Copenhagen, was of opinion that the missing leaves had been taken scores of years ('*göraume Zcit*') ago."—Strombeck, p. 81.

sports, dancing-rooms, &c., follow close upon each other; and between them run broad roads for carriages and horsemen, and even and beautiful paths for foot-passengers. Picturesque groups of rocks, 'oaks of a thousand storms,' and green-towering heights from which the eye can freely range over the sea and its shipping, often embracing the beautiful town itself,—these form a whole, perhaps unequalled in Europe as a place of public recreation; I, at least, have never seen anything comparable to it in all the countries I have visited. Let us fancy such a spot as this, echoing with lively music and exhibiting thousands of groups of cheerful visitors, and we shall willingly allow that it is well worth while to visit 'Djurgården' on a Sunday, when fine weather favours the promenade. It is while sauntering along these walks that we can best decide, whether the Swedish women deserve their character for distinguished beauty or not; and certainly we shall at least admit, that if our German fatherland, and especially its glad south, is in nothing inferior to Sweden as regards the charms of its ladies, the fair Swedes, generally speaking, possess a grace in their movements of which the German women can seldom boast. Compare the grimace supposed to represent 'quality' with which most of our ladies answer a salutation, and which cannot but prevent every one possessing a taste for the beautiful from ever saluting at all, with that movement with which the fair Swedes—even the peasant and the beggar-girl—salute or return a compliment or a gift, and we shall be forced to admit that our beauties (for why should we disguise the truth, that they would all willingly please the men) might learn much from the Swedish females. It is, indeed, extraordinary that extremes should so meet! Here in the high north we find once more the beauty of the charming daughters of Tivoli and Albano, although in Sweden more in the style of a Venus or a Ceres\* than a Juno, united to the grace of the young Parisian. When I first observed the graceful bend and the friendly mien with which, at the *table d'hôte* on board the steamer *Svithiod*, the Countess \* \* \* \* first saluted the gentlemen who were already seated when she sometimes came too late, I was convinced by this single circumstance that I no longer found myself in our prosaic Lower Saxony, where a stiff British bearing threatens to annihilate every trace of grace in the manners of the fair. The worst of all is, that the adept in human nature, or he who fancies he is so, often sees a want of ease and virtue in the stiff and prudish conduct of many a maiden, when it is frequently only the absence of that innate grace which education can only so difficultly and so imperfectly supply.†

After a long description of Upsala, in which the new and enormously expensive, although yet unfinished library-building is deservedly though too slightly censured, we

are treated with a formal and minute journal of the author's interview with King Charles John. We extract the most interesting passages:

"The king, who has a handsome and majestic exterior, looks like a fresh old man of fifty, although, as is well known, he is not less than seventy years old.\* His gaze was serious, but at the same time kindly and inspiring confidence. He was in uniform, wore the badge of the Seraphim-Order, and stood near the entrance of the chamber. After having addressed me a moment in language excessively kind, he seated himself, and pointed to me to take a place quite near him on the sofa. I have not thought it without interest to give these details, as they are characteristic. They show that the king, when he received me in such a manner, although I could only have been known to him in my capacity as a writer—something not only of no moment to most of the great, but even sometimes creating prejudicial suspicions—esteemed learning, literary reputation, and the endeavour to be useful by one's compositions. But this esteem, if not a blind feeling reposing on vain nothings, requires individual learning, or at least a knowledge of literature and its importance to popular life in general. I also soon felt convinced, that I was in the presence, not only of a celebrated monarch and victorious warrior, but also of a man of penetration and learning. My attempts connected with criminal jurisprudence, and especially my '*Entwurf eines Strafgesetzbuches*' (Sketch of a Code of Penal Law) were not unknown to him. The fact of discussions now going on both in Sweden and in Norway, relative to the introduction of an improved Criminal Code, afforded his majesty an occasion of entering upon the subject of the principles on which a system of penal punishments should repose. Of none of the theories on this head was the king ignorant; he laid them all open, the one after the other, with such admirable language and logical precision that I cannot remember any French work—the king spoke French—which states them with equal clearness. But, at the same time that the king's learning and penetration astonished me, I also felt charmed by the mildness and humanity pervading all his sentiments. To all cruel punishments he expressed the most decided objection, as also to capital punishments, with some few exceptions in which he would have them retained, namely, when the crime risks on the whole the welfare of the state and therewith of the individual, as in *high treason*. On my remarking to the king in objection to this, that a sentence given by men, and reposing, even when founded on the offender's own confession, on indicatory proofs (in the widest and most philosophical meaning of the term) might be erroneous, and that it was therefore

\* "*Flava Ceres, tibi sit nostro de rurc corona spica.*"

† Strombeck, pp. 33—37.

\* Marshal Bernadotte, now King of Sweden and Norway, was born at Pau, in Born, on the 26th of January, 1764, and is therefore upwards of seventy-seven years old. He is still (July, 1841) wonderfully vigorous.



highly desirable to free the prisoner thus acknowledged to be innocent from the evil of his punishment wherever this might be practicable, but that a corpse could not be raised from the dead—his majesty admitted the possibility of a sentence thus erroneous, and himself instanced the horrible case of Calas. He added, that this should therefore be one reason more for limiting the punishment of death to very few crimes, and for never acknowledging or *confirming* it without the very clearest evidence, as far as it could be grasped by a human eye. But altogether to do away with capital punishments his majesty found, with regard to the public benefit itself, by no means advisable. 'My maxim is,' concluded the king, 'to be compelled to punish is always an evil. Therefore we must try, wherever it is possible, to enlighten the people by education, and to open out to it sources of employment. Barbarism and poverty are the two great springs of crime, and these we must endeavour to stop up. When, however, we are compelled to punish, we must try to reform the criminal by the punishment itself; at the same time, by instructing him in some art or trade, we must give him a means of obtaining his livelihood. Our prisons here are grounded on these principles.' I was delighted to be able to inform his majesty, that I acknowledged with admiration the execution of these principles in the Female House of Correction in Stockholm—an institution I shall describe hereafter.

"On my permitting myself in the course of the conversation to communicate to his majesty my views as to the insufficiency of the law faculty in Upsala, or at least that of the lectures in jurisprudence detailed in the official catalogue, for the solid formation of a practical jurist, whether judge or lawyer, his majesty was graciously pleased to explain to me why it ought not to excite my astonishment that Sweden did not possess such numerous and complete law faculties as were commonly to be met with in Germany. 'Here,' added the king, 'neither the Roman nor the canon law has any force, not even in subsidiary legislation; suits are not here so complicated as in most other European states; on the doing away of feudal institutions the mutual relations of the citizens became far simpler; besides natural law, the law of nations, and even state law, are treated of in the lectures of the professors of the philosophic faculty.' The advantage of a solid study of the Roman law his majesty appeared to admit, and acknowledged its great importance; nay, if I do not mistake, his majesty confessed the truth of my remark, that an addition ought to be made to the courses of juridical lectures now delivered in Upsala; indeed I have since learned that my observations have not perhaps been left entirely without attention."

Our author mentions above that he would afterwards describe the Stockholm House of Correction for female offenders. To this passage we now turn, only adding that it is the best establishment of the kind in Swe-

den, and in its discipline and effects an immense contrast to the correction houses for male prisoners, which are one great source of the fast-spreading demoralization of the Swedish lower classes.

"The situation of this extensive building is very healthy, and large gardens and yards are attached. The different apartments required for its interior economy are sufficiently roomy, and are excellently arranged, while in the passages, the halls and the bed-rooms, we find a cleanliness and freshness which prevent the least ill smell, so that one might fancy the whole some kind of almshouse instead of a prison. We first entered the room of the mistress, for in this house, the object of which was the punishment and reformation of *women*, we no more met a man than in a Catholic nunnery."

"We proceeded to the chambers and halls intended for silk production, and found women of all ages engaged in every stage of an employment so extensive, and which demands such delicate attention. Last of all we were shown considerable masses of beautiful gold-coloured silk, which is afterwards manufactured in the Stockholm factories. We next entered an apartment exhibiting very comfortable women's work. Here were plaited-straw bonnets, both of the common make and also of the finest and most elegant forms. Next—although I will not be quite sure that I always state the exact order of our visits—we reached a room in which woollen carpets were woven, from those of the simplest sorts up to such whose brilliant colours and modern patterns might satisfy the gaze of the most elegant lady. From this chamber we went to several halls set apart for common work in wool. In the one room were woven all sorts of stuffs, in another was a worsted spinnery, and we also saw linen-weaving and flax-spinning. This latter however was only the employment of such individuals as were not skilful enough to be employed in more difficult work. The object of all these various occupations, which were suited to the talent and inclination of every prisoner, was to give them an opportunity of gaining an honest livelihood by their acquirements as soon as the period of their imprisonment should be ended. With these branches of labour only compare the employments with which in so many German countries female prisoners are still engaged! There we find long rows of girls and married women spinning, spinning, and spinning. Nay! can it be believed, that even strong men are there employed, at least in the winter time, in this occupation, which teaches nothing, and by which scarcely anything can now be earned. At all events, however, it is better than being obliged to pound bits of glass and brick for putty powder, an employment in which they inhale death. And then, when they are let loose on society, we are astonished that they are so soon brought back, guilty of new thefts and deceits! What, then, had they learned! They had been caged almost without any labour in hothouses for crime.

"For offences committed in this Stockholm

\* Strombeck, pp. 95-99.

prison by the prisoners themselves various punishments existed, but they consisted of solitary confinement, and not of whippings, which act so injuriously on the female constitution, and especially on their nervous system. We were shown many of these solitary cells. They were narrow closets lighted by a window at the top of the wall, and in which there was neither chair nor table, only a thick woollen blanket on the floor. The offenders were quite unemphatically employed, and it was just this which made their punishments so heavy. As soon as the door was opened and we entered each little room, its inmate approached us in the Swedish fashion with a courtesy so elegant, that no *ballet-danseuse* could have executed it better. This inborn grace of the Swedish females is, as I have before observed, something really remarkable. At the same time the prisoners had such moving countenances, that the councillor Turgenoff (who accompanied me) and I could not help begging the governor to remit their sentence; in two or three instances our intercession succeeded, and the freed prisoners once more expressed their respect by a deep salute.

"The character of the whole administration in this extensive establishment, in which some hundreds were waiting to undergo their periods of punishments, was humanity and a serious endeavour to reform. This object, as I generally heard in Stockholm, is obtained to a very great extent. The Crown Prince Oscar does not fail personally to ascertain that in this respect his royal father's benevolent wishes are properly seconded; indeed he seems persuaded that the noblest pleasure a good prince can enjoy is the advancement of everything good and the fulfilment of duty.\*"

The last extract we shall make from our good German courtier† relates to a subject interesting enough, and not altogether frivolous. It is one of those *straws* which show which way the national *trade-wind* usually blows.

"But before I leave the North I will add one or two reflections more. Of the Swedish ladies it is reported, and not altogether without reason, that together with their many noble qualities, which we can never sufficiently admire, they also suffer from a *vanity*, whose false chase after an empty shadow (as a celebrated author, Arndt, says)‡ has, even when carried to extremes, something amiable, or, at least, full of cheerfulness. This play, as he observes, shows itself most clearly in the *names* of the Swedish nobles. 'I defy all comers,' continues Arndt, 'to point out anything equal to it in the whole of Europe. Everything§ sounding, glittering and fair, noble and heroic in the metals, stars, flow-

ers and animals—everything knightly and glorious in human affairs and human exploits, has been plundered by the Swedish house of nobles. Thus, for instance, under the single word "lager" (laurel), we have laurel-twig, laurel-branch, laurel-leaf, laurel-garland, laurel-beam, laurel-mount, laurel-ray, laurel-helm, and laurel-sword.\* This is certainly sufficiently remarkable, but it probably results in a great measure from a certain *aesthetic* feeling, which would render it disagreeable to be compelled, as is so often the case in our Germany, to bear a family-name given by ill-natured malice to its first owner, and which every one who has the least feeling for melody or beauty of words tries to get rid of as fast as he can, if his birth has unfortunately thrown such a one in his path;† nay, such a name may even decidedly injure its bearer. One can easily imagine a beautiful girl with an ugly and offensive family-name. *Exempla sunt odiosa*, but we can very well understand how many a lover would be terrified by such an appellation; and even when the name refers to some malformation! Nay, away with it! Who would not rather choose some fair young *Minna Lily-Garland* than a *Minna Goose* or *Hogs-flesh*?—and even these names are not so bad as many others which point out offensive employments or even physical infirmities. With quite as good a reason therefore could we conclude, that a kind of ill-will attaches to the German character (and indeed it is not quite foreign to it,) as that the glittering and sounding names usual in Sweden point out a degree of national vanity. The subject deserves consideration; some truth there is in it. Nothing would be easier than to mention a whole string of German nick-names disgusting throughout, and in lines far longer than those of the god and hero names spoken of by Arndt. But it is not my intention altogether to deny the Swedish vanity, and, generally speaking, I think I have found vanity more common in the north than in the south. I have often been present at dinners in the country in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, where almost every one in the company was adorned, not with a modest riband in the button-hole, but with broad order-ribands and glittering stars, so that it was a rare exception to find any one who had no such decorations.‡ At a country feast, however

\* Lagergrist, Lagergron. Lagrleöf, Lagerkrans, Lagerbjelke, Lagerberg, Lagersträel, Lagerhjem, Lagerwård.

† When Gustaf IV. Adolf ennobled Major *Fliescher* (Butcher) of the dukedom of Brunswick, he gave him the name "Nordonsfels" (Northern Cliff). This was probably caused by an aesthetic feeling. And who would not rather be called *Northern Cliff* than *Butcher*?

‡ A German author lately found it necessary to announce on the title-page of his volume of poems, that he *was not* the creature implied by his (ichthyological) family-name.

§ *Honi soit qui mal y pense* is a good rule; but notwithstanding this, many of our English names are almost more than offensive.

|| In Sweden titles and orders are still eagerly sought after, notwithstanding the opposition to this rage by individual critics. We have known very large sums to be given to some public institution

\* Strombeck, pp. 130–134.

† Our readers will not be surprised to learn, that his Swedish majesty has just conferred on Herr von Strombeck an *order* decoration in brilliants. *Exemplum docet!*

‡ Schwedische Geschichten, p. 36.

§ "Even to the very stars of the firmament."

brilliant, in the neighbourhood of Paris, Mailand, Florence, or Naples, and probably also of Berlin, Weimar, Dresden or Vienna, we should undoubtedly never see anything of the kind. And indeed I saw in a shop-window in Copenhagen, besides the portraits of the celebrated Gottingen *Seven*, a tolerably inferior lithograph representation of an eating-house dinner party, none of whom had neglected hanging their several decorations in due order over their napkins. Thus even on the spot we find this *decoration rage* eagerly caricatured. To be honoured by a prince is certainly desirable, and it cannot but be agreeable to find one's merits acknowledged. But to carry this distinction as it were to market, and take every opportunity of announcing to every company '*see how meritorious I am!*' this must be regarded as perfectly ridiculous; and never more so than when *favour*, which is often unworthily bestowed, and not *merit*, however seldom the latter may be entirely neglected, has been the source of the boasted distinction."\*

It should, however, be observed, in connection with the above remarks, that the high-flown names commonly assumed by the Swedish nobles are merely enjoyed by them as the distinction of their *caste*. To the *nation* they are quite unknown. The *oldest* noble families, (for most of them are modern, and have in numbers of cases been founded by foreign adventurers,) as well as the old names celebrated in Swedish history, exhibit appellations as common and vulgar as those met with in the other countries inhabited by the different branches of the great Gothic family. Nay, even the famous Gustavus the First was the son of *Eric Wheat-sheaf* (Vase); and the richest of the ancient noble houses is that of the *Peasant* (Bonde). To this day among the commons we seldom find other genealogies than that simplest of all—that each good yeoman is his father's son!—that is to say, *Lars Larsson* is *Lars* the son of *Lars*; the next heir is, perhaps, *Erik Larsson*; and the third, *Erik Erikson*, and so on; just as our own Johnsons and Thomsons formerly arose. This principle even extends to the female peasantry. Thus, after the same example, if the first-mentioned countryman had a daughter baptized *Karin* (Catherine), her name would be *Karin Larsdotter* (Lars's daughter), or *Eriksdotter*, as it might hap-

pen. The local denomination, taken from the lands or estate, or *settlement* possessed by the family, is the other and more solid and powerful, and, at the same time, more uncommon and necessarily aristocratic source. The Swedish *pa* or *af* in this respect answers to the German *von*, the French *de*, and the English *of*. That the Germans, English, and Dutch, as well as all other nations of northern stock, often preserve disgusting or ridiculous family-names merely because they were borne by their predecessors, is a fact well known. We often wonder why such patronymics are not more generally abandoned. In Sweden a certain form is gone through, before a change of the family-name is allowed.

But it is now time for us to pass on to a notice of the work of Mr. Laing, which has excited so much opposition both at home and abroad. A complete translation has appeared in Norway, and large extracts have been made in Swedish journals, so that it has been canvassed pretty widely in the north. In Sweden it is, naturally enough, regarded as a book too much *à la Mrs. Trollope*, and in general we believe it to have the following serious faults. *First*: It was written almost entirely under the impression of a Norwegian bias. During his long residence in Norway, and in consequence of his *à priori* prejudice in favour of all outward democratic forms, Mr. Laing not only saw everything around him in that country in the *couleur de rose*, but he beheld everything over the hills in the *couleur de noir*. He had, in one word, *Norwegian spectacles* on. Who would ever have thought of going to the English commonalty under King William—the third of that name—for a character of Scotland and the Scotch; or, *vice versâ*, to bonny Scotland for a "full, true, and particular account" of the Southrons over the border? Certainly, it would not have been more absurd than it now is, to judge of Sweden and the Swedes from the accounts and feelings of the long-embittered often Swede-battling and still Swede-jealous Norwegian peasantry. An immense fund of prejudice still exists in both countries, and we believe with equal injustice. At all events, whatever grounds the Norwegians may have had for quarrelling with their *Norwegian king and government*, who have so often attempted to intrigue and persuade them out of their liberties, the *Swedish people* surely ought in no wise to be dragged into the quarrel merely from the fact of their monarch being *also* king of the independent Norway. But, *secondly*: It was highly imprudent in Mr. Laing to publish a work professing to be *elaborate*, merely after a tour

favoured by the court (such as the new military hospital or the great foundling institution), in order that the title of knight might be the *accidental* consequence. This however was in the good old times, and will scarcely be repeated, partly because Swedish stars and ribands have of late years sunk considerably in value (there being now more than 2000 *decorés*), and partly from public opinion settling in against this child's play.

\* Strombeck, pp. 240-243.

(principally on steam-boats) of only two or three months in the country. However great the talents of the traveller may be, and however short a time may be requisite to sketch a scene or paint a popular group, we shall always be of opinion that a nation can by no means be properly appreciated after the scanty intercourse of some few weeks of modern locomotion. In Sweden especially, the character of the northern districts is not that of the south, and almost every province has distinct psychological and often ethnographical as well as geographical features. So it is more or less in every country; and hence it follows that the mass of travels in modern times are so flimsy and meagre and trifling. The land traversed has never been *dived* into. Most of the locomotive journals, afterwards spawned by the press, are even written by men "*deaf and dumb*," as Mr. Laing very properly expresses it; that is, by people who can neither speak nor understand the language of the race among whom they sojourn. Mr. Laing knew something, it is true, of both the language and the literature of Sweden, and this little he employed with great zeal and goodwill; but though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak. *Lastly, and thirdly*: Mr. Laing has been guilty of a fault serious enough. Convinced as he was of the *weight* of the charges he intended to bring against Swedish morals and legislation, he ought to have been exceedingly anxious to suffer no statement to escape him calculated to weaken, by its want of correctness, the general impression on the reader's mind. Instead of this, with a carelessness and overbold self-confidence, he refused to hear the explanations given him of the incompetency of the Swedish statistical tables to decide the matter on either side, and then had the simplicity to register his imprudence:—

"I have conversed with several enlightened Swedish gentlemen upon this extraordinary comparative state of the criminal calendar of the country. They all ascribe this apparent excess of crime entirely to faulty legislative or judicial arrangement, by which mere police transgressions (such, for instance, as the peasantry of a whole parish neglecting to mend their roads, or to appear with their horses in due time at the posting stations to forward travellers) may be punished with fine, or even imprisonment on bread and water, and these cases are registered and accounted as crimes. In towns, in like manner, the neglect of sweeping chimneys, mending and cleaning streets, and so on, being punished by fines, and, if these are not paid, by imprisonment, the apparent catalogue of crimes, they say, is enlarged to what I state

it to be; but that in reality the modern delinquency in Sweden is small."<sup>\*</sup>

Notwithstanding this confession, Mr. Laing permits his tables to be enormously swelled by cases of *drunkenness and offences against decency*, neither of which are included in the English and Scotch Criminal Statistics, while he overlooks several other important features of the argument. Nay, he even allows certain lines of figures to overpower the testimony of his own senses and experience. Thus, to his sweeping denunciation of Swedish misery and barbarism, we may oppose his own descriptions of the comfort of the population on the north-east coast of Sweden—"in some respects the difference appears to me in favour of the little towns here" as compared with those of "our own Scotch country people;"<sup>†</sup>—of the elegant taste of the Swedes, "I infer, from the whole of the objects which the traveller sees in this city (Stockholm), that the taste of the Swedish people for the beauty of form in the fine arts, is far more advanced and developed than ours;"<sup>‡</sup>—of the national colonized troops, "remarkably fine-looking grenadiers, well dressed in white round jackets with yellow epaulets, and blue trowsers, and all their appointments seemed substantial, clean, and soldier-like, . . . . men well set up, evidently well drilled, and at ease under arms;"<sup>§</sup>—and of the spread of education, "It is, however, to the honour of the common people of Sweden, that they alone, of all European nations, have outstripped the schoolmaster, and are so generally masters themselves of reading, and even writing, that parents in the lowest circumstances have no more occasion for a schoolmaster to teach their children these elementary branches of education, and also the church catechism, than they have for a baker to make their bread, or a sempstress to make their clothes, &c."<sup>||</sup>

This indefensible self-assurance has, as might be expected, only redounded to his own hurt, and the injury of the arguments and deductions built up with so much labour and talent. *All* his statements have been accused of equal incorrectness, and the benefit which might have been accomplished by calm and temperate and friendly criticism, has been in a great measure neutralized by

\* *Laing's Tour in Sweden*, p. 134.

† *Ibid.*, p. 167.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 73.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 55.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 186.

the *slashing* character of his assertions and the bitterness of his tone.

Faults, such as these, would have annihilated any common tourist. But Mr. Laing is *no* common tourist. We have no hesitation in classing his work with the highest of its kind in our literature, with the good old standards of a Coxe and a Clarke. Partaking of the Tocqueville character, it is at once a book whose style and contents will always amuse, while at the same time there is much in its pages calculated to raise or gratify trains of independent thinking, and leading us to study in their proper light foreign countries and their institutions. And this, surely, *should be* the end of all superior works of this kind; for it must never be forgotten, that if contemporaneous translation is forestalled immortality, so is *philosophic travelling* the only method of getting at forestalled historic developments. Then it is that, studying other nations and their progress apart from the upas-bias of party and one-sided education, we look round, as it were, with four eyes, and afterwards revert to our home-land with simplified ideas and a vastly enlarged experience. It is thus we are compelled to *dig out* the first principles of society, and to examine the extent to which these principles are built up into our national fabric, so as afterwards, like good architects, to judge whether our own loved towers and temples are settling on their foundation, or merely stand in need of outward ornament and local repair. But Mr. Laing, to no inconsiderable extent, and notwithstanding all his sins of omission and commission, is a philosophic traveller. He is an exaggerator, Count Björnstjerna, if you please, and often a faulty theorist, *but no libeller!*\* His errors were evidently not malignant and preconceived misrepresentations, but the result of over-hasty conclusions from premises too hastily examined, and slightly warped by the prejudices of his party. Nay, the numerous ex-

\* "In conclusion, we appeal to the feelings of justice of the Scotch nation, a nation assimilating in language, extraction, and religion, with the Swedish, with mutual glorious recollections ever since the thirty years' war, when so many brave Scotchmen fought valiantly side by side with the Swedes for religious liberty, under the victorious banners of Gustavus Adolphus and his lieutenants;—we appeal to this generous nation, and ask, whether there is a single individual among them (always excepting the gentlemen of a certain Review\*) who, placed in the jury-box, in an action against Mr. Laing, for libelling the Swedish nation, would not pronounce the verdict of—GUILTY."—Count Björnstjerna's *Answer to Mr. Laing*, p. 64.

\* The *Edinburgh*, which gave a regular Whig-democrat article on Mr. Laing, and greedily adopted all his statements—for want of being able to control him, and because he was a "Scotch Radical."

tracts given by the Count to prove his *contradictions*, will, at all events, show that he knew how to praise, although it militated *against* his own system. A pre-determined libeller would not have been so negligent.

Of course we shall not dwell at any length upon such parts of Mr. Laing's narrative as disputation has rendered familiar. Our article, at all events, will, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, be much longer than we had contemplated. With reference to the famous dispute as to the morals of Sweden, a copious reply will be found in Count Björnstjerna's pamphlet, pp. 25–32, although simply a translation *without acknowledgment* from the Swedish of the great Professor Geijer, in his "Litteratur-Blad," No. 8, for August, and No. 9, for September, 1839. The Count, however, has *carefully omitted* Professor Geijer's closing paragraph:—

"To conclude, after all these subtractions from Mr. Laing's calculations, we are painfully compelled to acknowledge that the number of gross crimes among us, in proportion to our population, is, and has been uncommonly great. This fact, whose general causes\* we have endeavoured to point out in our present article, has also by no means its least source in our still perpetuated† and far too severe enactments as regards '*laga försvar*,'‡ and the promiscuous crowding together of all sorts of criminals and '*försvarslöse*§ in our houses of correction, as they are called."||

Colonel Forsell, in his last work, observes as follows:—

"A foreigner (Mr. Laing) who travelled through this country in 1838, and directed his attention more especially to the moral worth of the people, particularly in reference to their purity of manners and their obedience to the laws, has judged us very severely, and in my opinion very unjustly. Mr. Laing places us, as

\* The Professor attributes much of the advance of crime in Sweden, to the increase of a population rendered pauper by an antiquated system of commercial and trading and industrial monopoly, and to the additional number of able-bodied cotters thrown upon their parishes, sometimes by local and climatic changes, and sometimes by *selfish* agricultural improvements, (that is, when the law fails to secure to the cottager a home).

† Though a comparatively *modern* tyranny.

‡ Liability to imprisonment for an indefinite period, unless the *free* Swedish *serf* can obtain some bondsman for his taxes!

§ The wretches who are hunted by hundreds into the Swedish Correctionhouse-dens, for not being able to procure any such bondsman. "*Försvar*" properly means a guarantee or answering for, and is in this place a certificate, often *sold* by better-dressed knaves in the great towns to the worst characters. So much for the *protection* (a new-coined word instead of demoralization) given by such laws!

|| Geijer's *Litteraturblad*, p. 150.

regards the number of crimes, below even the so-much-spoken-of Irish population; but he has forgotten to take into account that our criminal lists, besides being more exact than those of most other nations, include a great number of minor offences and infractions of various economical regulations which in other lands are very properly regarded as belonging to the department of police. Mr. Laing best refutes himself, for he remarks at page 133, 'Whatever may be the want of morals in this country, there is no want of manners. You see no blackguardism, no brutality, no revolting behaviour. You may travel through the country, and come to the conclusion that the people are among the most virtuous in Europe.' At page 136, 'At one place only in my whole journey I saw a party of peasants rather tipsy, but by no means drunk when they separated.' And again, page 140, 'This remarkable safety of person and property is not the effect of any superior system of police; it must be ascribed to the morality and honesty of the people.' After this tirade, Mr. Laing adds very unjustly, 'I agree perfectly in the fact, but not in the conclusion.'

"As a further proof what weighty reasons Mr. Laing had to suspect our criminal tables, and confide more in what he had before his eyes,

and what passed during his long journey through the country, we may add his observation at page 144: 'The stranger is liable to be imposed upon by paying in Banco instead of Riksgald paper, and the seller quietly taking his payment in a money one-third more valuable than he asked. This happened to me, however, only once or twice.' This, as he observes in addition, 'considering the temptation and opportunity, says more, I think, for the honesty of the common people than if my portmanteau had come safely from Torneo to Gottenburg.'

"In the mean time it would be well if Mr. Laing's disadvantageous and exaggerated description of our country had the same effect upon us as Mrs. Trollope's upon the North Americans. At first they were very angry and very embittered at her observations; but afterwards they thought over the matter, and corrected those faults and bad habits which she had justly pointed out. May Mr. Laing's remarks produce the same results among us also!"\*

In connection with the above, it may not be uninteresting to perceive at one glance the truth and the proportion of the increase of crime in Sweden, by the following summary and simplified statements:—

The Population was in	The number of Condemned Criminals.†	Of one in every
1805 - - 2,412,772	- - - 630	- - - 3830 souls.
1815 - - 2,465,066	- - - 1307	- - - 1886 do
1825 - - 2,771,252	- - - 2251	- - - 1231 do
1835 - - 3,025,439	- - - 3352	- - - 902 do
1838 - - 3,100,693	- - - 3665	- - - 846 do
1839 - - 3,115,169	- - - 3721	- - - 837 do

At the same time, the prisoners in Stockholm were in 1835, as 1 to 35 of the population of the capital, but in 1838 they were as 1 to 15.

In order the better to avoid all mistakes and misrepresentations from any quarter, we

will add a *specification* of the criminal offences committed in Sweden, in the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, omitting all of minor importance, or that can in *any way* be regarded as cases of police:—

The cases of	In 1837.	1838.	1839.
Blasphemy - - - - - were	1	2	1
Murder (by violence) - - - - -	33	24	35
(by poison, &c.) - - - - -	4	7	4
(with arson, &c.) - - - - -	0	1	0
(child) - - - - -	13	12	12
(abortion) - - - - -	8	18	15
Arson - - - - -	3	15	5
Burglary and highway robbery‡	6	8	9
Sacrilege - - - - -	3	13	15
Bestiality - - - - -	11	6	8
Incest, &c. - - - - -	12	9	17
Perjury - - - - -	11	17	4
Forgery - - - - -	150	187	159
Rape - - - - -	0	0	1
	255	309	286¶

\* Forsell's Anteckningar, p. 3-5.

† Imprisoned malefactors. The number of persons (not debtors) under arrest in 1837 was 12,285, and in 1838, 14,712.

‡ The number of cases is usually much less than the number of criminals.

§ The better to avoid all disputation, we have altogether omitted above the separate Swedish rubric *theft*, as it is difficult to distinguish in its cyphers between *police* and *assize* cases. The total number of offences under this head was in 1836, 2,456; in 1838, 3,290; and in 1839, 2,814. We give these as well as the preceding figures, not to prove the utter demora-

lization of Sweden, but to show that the *progression* of this demoralization, about whose amount we shall not stop to quarrel, is fearfully rapid.

|| These columns are arranged and abridged from the official "Justitie-Stats-Ministrerna Berättelse om Brottmålen, &c. under Coppet af 1838." Stockholm, March, 1840, pp. 22 and 40; and ditto for 1839, p. 15 and following.

¶ This column is arranged from a similar official "Berättelse" published in August, 1841. We cannot give any *later* returns, as the "Berättelse" for 1840 will not appear till 1842.

In 1830 the number of specified suicides was	-	-	-	-	159
1835       "       "       "       "	-	-	-	-	129
1838       "       "       "       "	-	-	-	-	172
1839       "       "       "       "	-	-	-	-	188
And the annual average from 1830 to 1838	-	-	-	-	165*

Count Taube, in an article on the necessity of improving the Swedish prisons,† gives a variety of statements relative to the criminal statistics of his country, and arrives at the unfortunate and disheartening result, that its increasing demoralization has *not been lessened* by the increase of popular education, and that it is most developed in those provinces which can *least* complain of poverty and an unfruitful soil. He therefore very justly concludes, that other causes than ignorance and poverty are actively at work in forwarding the progress of Swedish crime. That *one* of these causes is that stated by Count Taube, the dreadful condition of the Swedish gaols, is undeniable. That there are other both religious, social and political reasons, which Mr. Laing asserts, can also not be denied. But that the *root* of the whole is the loose *tone* of public morals, the increasing weight of taxation, the prevalence of the cheap corn-brandy drinking, and the serfage of the lowest classes, is indisputable. Among other sources for this prevalent debased national feeling, Mr. Laing mentions the "corporal chastisement"‡ to which the whole of the labouring population is exposed.

"Accordingly," says a Swedish writer,§ "we free Swedes are the only people in Europe among civilized nations where such a power can be exercised; for not even in the despotic Russia is any master or mistress *legally* permitted to strike a servant or a maid. It is true that there is an exception from this rule, so far as regards the powers of the landholders over their serfs. But if a serf, by permission of his master, enters into the service of any other person, the latter has no other rights over him than over all others not belonging to the servile class. Thus, in a social point of view, Sweden is beyond comparison, and in so far more despotic in its enactments than even Russia itself. In France, a servant would rather receive the stab of a knife than his master's blows. In such countries the masters have the great corrective—of being at any moment able to dismiss a miserable servant."

But we may as well add a word or two here relative to Swedish *taxation*, also one of the causes stated by Mr. Laing to be increasing its poverty and immorality. According to Colonel Forsell,|| the taxes in Sweden amount to

	Of the National Capital.					Of the Annual Production.	
	1-19					5-21	
						(nearly one-fourth.)	
In France	-	-	1-27	-	-	-	1-6
England	-	-	1-56	-	-	-	1-10

Count Björnstjerna, however, though without pretending to refute the above calculations as far as regards his own country, asserts that Sweden is among the *lowest taxed* of all the European states. This we cannot help considering a most wonderful asseveration. As long as no one can deny the severity of the Swedish climate, and the consequent necessity of every effort and of great economy in order to obtain food for man and beast, especially during the long winters, so long must it remain undeniable that no nation compelled to furnish *one-fourth* of its annual production to *state and municipal rate-and-tax consumers*, can be among the *lowest taxed* of the many rich and flourishing and fertile

European nations. Certain it is, that the mass of the Swedish peasantry complain bitterly of their burdens,¶ and can seldom lay by *one single* dollar at the end of the year, after discharging all the demands of the landlord, the priest, and the tax-gatherer. That this is a *miserable* policy, in more senses than one, all must admit. To plunder the people of their last shilling on pretence of supporting establishments for their defence, is merely to render them careless of their country's fate, because it at last contains nothing worth *their* fighting for. How shall the serf feel the holy enthusiasm of the "*dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*," when the gold and the gladness, the land and

\* See the above-named "Berättelse" for 1838, Table No. 5, p. 3.

† Inserted in "Aftonbladet" for January 27, 1841, and a following number.

‡ Laing's Swedish Tour, p. 277.

§ We translate from "Aftonbladet" for Sept. 10, 1839.

|| Statistik öfver Sverige, p. 276. For certain reasons we would beg to observe, that this statement has been repeated from the first into the second and third editions.

¶ At the opening of the late diet the House of Peasants answered the boasting and flattering speech from the throne by an address to the king, breathing

the laws for which he must shed his blood and offer his last rye-sheaf, are monopolized by an omnipotent and unfeeling middle-caste? The whole system of European finance must undergo a severe revision, or it will end in general European demoralization.

The nearest approach we have seen, to a correct statement of the wealth and poverty of the Swedish people, is\* as follows:—

## HOUSEHOLDS IN 1825.

	In good circumstances.	In decent ditto.	In want.	Total.
In Stockholm - - - -	1,314	8,777	4,345	14,436
In all other towns - - -	2,635	27,482	10,077	40,194
In the country - - - -	33,978	327,781	105,666	467,425
In the whole kingdom - -	37,927	364,040	120,088	522,055

Thus about three-thirteenths, or nearly one-fourth of the whole population, are paupers, or approaching thereto. The proportion, however, becomes annually more unfavourable. Singularly enough, the two extremes of society, the nobility† and the

labourer, become continually poorer, and property is more and more centralized in the hands of an increasingly powerful middle and manufacturing class. Some years back,‡ the landed and other real property of the

Nobility was officially valued at 75 millions of dollars banco, or about £6,250,000 sterling.

Clergy - - - -	1	do	do	do	£83,333
Burgesses - - -	35	do	do	do	£2,916,500
Yeomanry - - -	172	do	do	do	£14,333,333

We find however that the nobility—as a class principally consumers—on an average of the last seventeen years, from 1822 to 1839,§ diminish their real property by sales to the amount of about 696,110 rix-dollars banco (or 58,000*l.* sterling) *per annum*, of which sum about 31,000*l.* is annually added to the property of the wealthier untitled classes, and about 27,000*l.* to that of the yeomanry. We must not therefore be surprised that this last class, "*Sveriges Allmoge*," the commons of Sweden, whose labour produces all and pays all, whose numbers are as sixteen to one of all other classes put together,|| and which owns and with its own hands cultivates

about three-fifths of all the land in their country, should become more and more indignant at the continuance of constitutional enactments which give them only a one-fourth part in the representation and legislation of the state.

It is remarkable enough, that with the above-mentioned steady *progression of poverty*¶ and *crime*, there is in Sweden, as in so many other countries, a corresponding increase of *production and commerce*. This can only be explained by remembering that modern legislation confounds *production* with *prosperity*, and *manufactures* with *morals*, and sacrifices the dreadfully burdened yeoman and unrepresented mechanic to untaxed machinery and middle-class monopoly.

For our present Number we must, from an immense press of matter from nearly all quarters of the world, here conclude our no-

the most determined contrast, asserting that though the "finances" might flourish, the people were becoming every day more impoverished, and demanding practical measures of reform, reduction, and simplification of legislation. This address was with difficulty even received, much less did his Majesty pay any attention to its sentiments.

\* See the Quinquennial Tabular Commission's Report for 1825. Other preceding statements are not to be relied upon, and are much more unfavourable.

† The entailed estates of the Swedish nobility may now (since 1809), at any time be broken up and may be purchased by commoners, so that the old aristocratic possessions are continually diminishing.

‡ *Forsell's Statistik*, p. 320.

§ See the reports of "Justitie-Stat-Ministers-Embetet om förhållandet med intecknad och saald fast Egendom."

|| *Forsell's Statistik*, p. 324

¶ See *Forsell's Statistik*, p. 385. Swedish pauperism is increasing so rapidly, and is assuming so threatening an appearance, that the government lately appointed a commission to inquire into its causes, and to draw up the heads of a new poor law. Their report has already been presented, and some decisive change will doubtless be made at the next diet on this important question. The late diet has empowered the king to take measures for that purpose, on principles which they have drawn out. One of these, for the first time in modern European legislation, makes the manufacturer to a certain extent and in certain cases liable for the support of his poor work-people. This precious and golden enactment, "the beginning of the end," was the motion of Professor Geijer.



tice, reserving for the next further details and statistical tables of the commerce and manufactures, navy, representation, criminal jurisprudence, and mortality, together with the present claims of Sweden to the attention of, God-be-praised, a Conservative ministry at home, and of the world at large.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire des Langues Romanes et de leur Littérature, depuis leur Origine jusqu'au XIV. Siècle.* Par M. A. Bruce Whyte. (History of the Romance Languages, and of their Literature, from their Origin to the 14th Century. By M. A. Bruce Whyte.) 3 Vols. Treuttel and Wurtz. Paris, 1841.

THE work before us, which must have cost the author many years of hard labour, though it appears in the French language, was composed by an Englishman in his own tongue, and then translated into French. The celebrated author of *Vathek*, we believe, proceeded on the reverse principle, and his French is even considered to equal his mother tongue. The reasons which induced Mr. Bruce Whyte to adopt this singular plan were the following: first, his own residence in France, where it is nearly impossible to get English printed correctly (and certainly where the French have tried their hands, unhappily, on Mr. Whyte's own poetry, they have made sad work of it); next, the constant superintendence required for such a work; and, lastly, that the French feel more interest in the history and analysis of Romance than the English. On this last point we avow our incredulity; the taste infused by our great romancer into England, and which, like the spell of the wizard, works its way even after his entombment, is, we think, scarcely appreciable by those Englishmen who have not been domiciled here, and thus enabled to trace the mutations of their native isle.

Mr. Whyte has given up to the tracing of the origin of the Romance\* tongues so much of time and leisure, and has so diligently examined the foreign libraries to illustrate his subject, that we forgive him this ungentle treatment of his own land, consi-

\* We are greatly at a loss in English for expressions of this character. The *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* gives "*Romane*, adj. *langue Romane ou Romance*, composée de Celtique et de Latin, qui fut en usage en France sous les deux premières races;" obviously not the full extent of the term, giving only the species for the genus.

dering that few English bestow their time on the Continent so well, or seize with the same avidity on its advantages. The view taken of the origin of the Romance tongues gives them a far higher antiquity than is commonly assigned them; still there is great difficulty in referring them to anything like the era of classicism, and Professor Jäkel and some other German writers seem rather disposed to place classicism at a far more modern period. We refer our readers to No. XX. of this Review, in which "The German Origin of the Latin Language and of the Roman Peoples" is curiously considered, and the derivation tried the reverse way; and deeply should we injure Professor Jäkel did we not fully admit that he has thrown considerable light on many points. It is an extremely difficult question to determine how tongues so discrepant as the eastern, the classical, and the romantic, could ever be fused into one compound, and become tongues in existing parlance; but it is assuredly the case, and the further investigation proceeds, the clearer does the truth of the Scripture, with respect to one great common language, become predominant. With this question, however, we shall not, on the present occasion, interfere—though we admit that into this, the ground that we are at present breaking must lead—but look simply to a part of this great question, the origin of Romance. The researches of our author are not eminently encouraging as to its era, since at the commencement of his work he informs us:

"Jusqu'ici le but principal des auteurs semble avoir été de simplifier la question et d'assigner à l'origine de Romance une date positive et un lieu special, où il prit tout à coup naissance, et d'où il se ramifia sur divers points jusqu'à ce que, par son énergie propre, il se repandit dans toute l'Europe Latine, en étouffant complètement les dialectes indigènes de chaque peuple. Nous avouerons franchement que quant à nous, après les recherches les plus assidues, nous n'avons pas réussi à déterminer, ni même à conjecturer, la date ou le berceau de cette langue; et ici nous devons faire observer que, si nous parlons de son origine dans le titre de notre ouvrage, nous ne prétendons pas remonter au-delà des preuves, qui ressortent, soit de l'idiome même, soit de la tradition ou de l'histoire, soit de sa comparaison avec les langues mortes ou vivantes."

With this opinion thus expressed, and further that the discovery of the origin of languages is as untraceable as that of the nations who used them,—but with the full conviction also that no national dialect can ever be uprooted,—our author proceeds to inform us of the views and motives on which his book has been constructed; 1st, to repair the injustice with which Latin Europe has

been treated in all the middle age details ; 2d, to indicate what circumstances moral and political, have favoured the development and progress of the common tongue ; 3d, to combat the idea so commonly entertained that the Arabs have powerfully influenced the revival of science in Europe ; 4th, to prove that all the branches of the family have created their literature by a spontaneous effort in the mutual interchange of words, idioms, phrases, rules, and forms of their respective poetry.

Some idea of the extent of the work conducted on the above principles may be formed from the subjoined statement. It commences with the popular hypotheses to explain the origin of the Romance tongues ; reviews the system of M. Raynouard, to which the author opposes his own. The ancient inscriptions of Italy are next considered ; then the origin of the Basque language, which is followed by a chapter on the permanence of indigenous dialects. The unity of the language in France follows, next an analysis of the Wallachian, then a comparison of the primitive verbs ; the Romaunch or language of the Tyrol ; the gradual corruption of the Latin language, with the fusion of this with Romance. A view of the middle ages follows, and the first dramatic attempts. Our author here raises his standard against the Arabs, and then proceeds to the origin of chivalry, with which he closes his first volume. The second contains an account of the Nibelungen, the Arabic tale of Yordhan, with the introduction of Arab tales in general. The development of Romanticism follows. A view of the inferior character of the old Italian is followed by one of Provence, the Troubadours, with the declension of the Provençal tongue in France, together with its advance in Catalonia. The progress of the Spanish language is next considered, the origin of the Langue d'Oïl, and the elements of the French, with which the second part closes. The third embraces the poem of Charlemagne, the lays and songs of the Trouveres, with the Fabliaux and chronicles of France. The rise of Italian literature is next considered, the French influence on Italy, with a review of Dante and Petrarch ; and though we think scarcely within the limits of the proposed subject, many new details connected with these writers are brought forward with boldness and considerable ingenuity. Such is the outline of our author's labours. To attempt to do more than slightly touch upon these numerous points would far exceed our limits ; but this we promise, though more than outline we cannot

hope to give. To the attentive observer of languages it will be perfectly apparent that in the European, more especially in the French, Italian, and Spanish, there exists a kind of general analogy between them which would appear to indicate a common base. Various writers in these countries have indited learned works on their individual tongues ; but anything like an attempt to deduce principles from the general analogy has not been made with any degree of success. We think the time is probably past when we shall begin to trace everything in language back to the classical tongues, and when we shall begin to see that there must have been nations, and those of high civilisation, independent of them. A history, for example, of Etruria, of which the Roman historians have furnished no details, and to which every day contributes something additional to our previous information, might have led us to a very different position in the view of the present subject to what we are at present enabled to command. In the consideration of these questions we are further embarrassed in the use of terms. The terms Roman and Romance are never used by the writers of the middle ages to designate *Latin*, but to express the popular dialects derived from various countries which were in use under the Roman rule. The French in their vanity would confine them to Provence, which is absurd. Scholarship has exhausted itself in efforts to show that French, Italian and Spanish, are of Latin origin, to but little demonstrative efficacy. There are four principal theories on this subject ; 1st. That which derives Romance from a gradual corruption of grammatical or classical Latin : 2dly. From the *Sermo Rusticus*, or patois : 3dly. That which deduces it from the mixture of Latin and Gothic : 4thly. From the Romance or Provençal. Now no man will assuredly, when freed from the fetters of classicism, admit the first. The Latin is a language in all respects *sui generis* ; the forms of its verbs, the inflexion of its cases, are alike unique and wholly varying from any modern language, saving its passive, which is formed the same as the Welch. Modern languages are certainly insusceptible of case or declension. It is impossible to consider that any derivative tongue from Latin only could so completely lose all traces of its original. At the same time the image that Mr. Bruce Whyte has employed to convey his notion of this discrepancy is most unfortunate, inasmuch as we do not see that it is impossible that the Greeks could derive their architecture from Egypt. On the contrary, we believe they

did, and we trace in the Egyptian temple the basis of the Greek, and conceive the Corinthian very clearly traceable out of the Egyptian orders. Still, though the illustration fail, the principle receives our cordial support.

The second hypothesis fails from similar reasons. Patois never varies so essentially from the original language as to throw off all affinities. Supposing Italian to have been thus generated, French and Spanish remain yet to be explained. We are not quite clear, however, that Italian does not maintain many resemblances. It assuredly does, as we have shown in Art. I. in this Number, in freedom from Aspirates, which appears to have prevailed at a very early period, even in the second century; but this alone, and many other points of similarity, are not adequate even to the demonstration of Italian forming this patois, and we are on the search for a principle that shall extend to many tongues. The third hypothesis has Emanuel Thesaurus for its author. This writer says, in his life of Theodoric, "Allora di due popoli si fece un popolo, e di due lingue uno linguaggio; in cui latinizzando la barbarie e barbarizzando la Latinità nacque la bella lingua Italiana." Muratori and Tiraboschi incline to this opinion. Great names, doubtless, but on a diligent comparison of all extant of Gothic, the version of Ulfilas, the notion of the possibility of such an origin as this becomes still more complicated than even the rise of the Latin itself. Our last point alone remains to be treated. Numerous French authors of the present as well as the past century, struck with the resemblance of the Roman dialects, and satisfied of the weakness of the previously adduced arguments, thought that they had arrived at the solution of the mystery by asserting that the type was formerly extant in their own land. According to them a language arose, formed out of the barbarous jargons into a beautiful system, from the darkness of the middle ages—a language which, preceding the period of the Troubadours, gave rise to Italian, Spanish, and all the other Romance idioms. Numerous distinguished writers have espoused this notion; but M. Raynouard united their conjectures and guesses into a system, and gave a grammar of the Romance tongue; a work not free from the charge of plagiarism, and whose leading hypothesis of a declension of the Latin into barbaric terms is attempted to be supported by quotations of certain periods in which this is exemplified. Thus, for example, that murderer of Priscian, Gregory I., is introduced stating his sentiments in the following words: "Non metacismi collisionem

fugio, non barbarismi confusionem devito, hiatusque motusque etiam et præpositionum casus servare contemno; quia indignum vehementer existimo ut verba cælestis oraculi restringam sub regulis Donati; neque enim hæc ab ullis interpretibus in scripturæ sanctæ auctoritati servati sunt."

Yet we quite agree with our author in rejecting the notion that the period of barbarism, when the formal structure of the Latin language became depraved, was capable of the production of a perfect language, which is only a mighty absurdity. Grammatical instinct exists not. The Provençal unquestionably did not start into its perfection at its birth. The genius of the Provençal is evidently totally distinct from both Italian and Spanish. Certainly the peculiarity of these languages in their definite article, while it demonstrates them underived from the Latin, equally clearly shows that the Provençal is not the base. In the Provençal, and also in Dacic-Roman, we find the article following the noun, as it occurs in a Boustrophedon inscription. Muratori, in his *Thesaurus Veter. Inscript.*, tom. iv., cl. 25, has this note on the words of an inscription, "*Ita della dicta Echiesia.*" "Such inscriptions were not composed in remote periods, but simply when the common Italian emerged from the Latin. Here you see blended together Italian and Latin words, and you gain the information that from *Ecclesia* arose *echiesia*, then *chiesia*, lastly *chiesa*." These examples, certainly, however numerously collated, do not establish the fact that M. Raynouard has sought to educe from them, that the article was invented and introduced into the sister tongues by the Provençal. M. Raynouard attempts to trace the origin of all to the *Romane* of France, by following out a list of terminations of nouns, and he depends principally on those in *a*, such as *batalha*, from which he traces *I. battaglia*, *S. battalla*, and Portuguese *batalha*, &c. This proves not only community of origin, he adds, but also the existence of a common intermediary type, which has modified either the Latin or other tongues, by the operations of which we trace still the characteristic impression and perfect unity. Community of origin may be conceded, but we cannot assign this infiltration of all into one germ to the virtues of the Provençal. We shall not proceed to annotate further on the system of M. Raynouard, which our author examines carefully, and disproves by careful inspection through all the parts of speech and the terminology of the nations of the Provençal type. This grammar has the high merit of an accurate statement of what Provençal is, of clearing

up many usages of the Provençal writers, and indicating that they are not arbitrary; it has rendered Provençal intelligible, but it has not made it the solvent of all other language into one common base. The language of the Troubadours is of great and leading importance on all these inquiries, and M. Raynouard has shown the component parts of it in such a manner as to induce us to refer all readers of that literature to his work, which illustrates the period admirably. We next proceed to the hypothesis of our author. He divides it into five propositions:—1st. At an epoch of a very remote period, and far anterior to the historical era, different dialects of an unknown mother tongue must have prevailed in the west and south of Europe, where they had produced the Gaelic or Celtic, and the ancient languages of Italy, Spain, and Great Britain. 2d. We are led to think that under the Roman rule the illiterate classes of Italy and of the provinces never entirely abandoned their national dialects, but that some words, Latin and others, having been introduced by the Roman proprietors into the conquered countries, in the end prevailed in use in those countries, with modifications, however, among each nation, according to the genius of the mother tongue, and according to the different circumstances which exert an influence on the pronunciation. 3dly. We are authorized to conclude, from the historic testimonies and others, that, counting from the reign of Trajan, the Romance dialects must have existed in substance in all parts of Latin Europe. 4thly. After the dismemberment of the empire, these dialects, homogeneous in their character and general construction, but different in forms and details, received a great number of additions and modifications derived from the idioms of the nations who established themselves in Italy and in the provinces; but they were called Roman or Romance because substantially transmitted by the Romans, comprising under that appellation all those who obtained the right of citizenship. 5. Lastly, it is sufficiently proved that from the commencement of the middle age the Romance language had sufficient stability to influence the Latin of that period, which, acting in its turn on the Romance, has gradually ripened and transformed it into the languages of Italy, Spain, and France.

Of his first proposition our author candidly admits that he cannot claim any credence to it from adducing examples of it, nor any historical trace of its diffusion, nor even tradition. Still he argues, and we think rightly, that this is not a gratuitous and baseless supposition; and assuredly historical and tradi-

tional notices of the earlier nations of the world are so extremely scant that his inefficiency to establish what no one has any means of doing does not amount to much against his proposition. A few nations, the Egyptian, yet that not much, the Greek and Latin have usurped the records of time; and though this journal has bestowed no small pains on bringing to notice the Sclavonian and other great stocks, with a view to dive into the past history of the species, and into the origin of tongues, yet have our materials, like the Germans in Greek, to use Porson's doggerel, been "sadly to seek" (whether this might not be reversed, we shall not stop to inquire): and we have had to draw largely on hypothesis, where materials were neither afforded to construct upon the solid basis of analogy nor remains. Our author has then to show all that is left open to him, the traces of the invisible past language in other tongues, that common type from which the rest have been derived, and he proceeds to the ancient inscriptions of Italy, to remains of the ancient Breton, the Armorican, and the Basque, for the detection of the lost mother tongue. Our author has here not founded his observations on the coincidence of isolated expressions, which may arise from a multitude of causes. It is on general affinities of structure, analogy, and government, that he attempts to establish his point. The ancient question of the first inhabitants of Italy, equally insoluble and unprofitable as a question of debate, he abandons.

The striking relation of Oscan and Etruscan to the ancient monuments, which diminishes as the Greek gains the ascendancy, he indicates. The Breton he views as closely analogous to them. Latin also is identical with it. The formation of the passive in this language he ascribes to a root even at the present day preserved in Welch. The generality of our readers are fully aware that the passive in Latin is formed by the simple letter *r*, thus *amo*, *amor*, &c.; and they are equally aware that there existed in use down to Virgil's time certainly, nay to Juvenal also, infinitives passive, such as *amarier*, *legier*, *mittier*. Now it is certainly singular that in Welch the passive sense is given by this suffix. Thus *caru*, *amare*; *carer*, *amari* or *amarier*; *wilaw*, *plorare*; *wilawer*, *plorari*, &c. The active *torri* or *tori*, "to break," becomes passive by adding *er*. The root is *tor*, "breaking." Thus "Tor-er pen y den," "Let this man's head be severed." We cannot fix the epoch of the Latin passive flexions, but we do know that they preceded the conquest of Magna Græcia, since Ennius has them. We think this a tolerably fair

opening on the part of our author, of the antiquity of some lost early type, which the dialect has preserved. We shall now proceed to notice the ancient inscriptions of Italy. The first on which an attempt is made, to interpret "a parte post," is the "Arval Hymn."

ENOS LASES JUVATE  
 Nos lares juvate  
 NEVE LUERVE MARMAR SINS  
 neve luerem marmers sines  
 INCURRERE IN PLEORES SATUR  
 incurrere in flores ador  
 FUFERE MARS LUMEN SALE STA  
 fieri Mars lumen maris siste  
 BERBER SEMUNES ALTERNEI  
 berber semones altermi  
 ADVOCAPIT CONCTOS ENOS  
 advocate cunctos nos  
 MAMOR JUVATO  
 mamuri juvate  
 TRIUMPE TRIUMPE  
 triumphe triumphe.

The above is the hymn with Lanzi's interpretation, with the single exception of *sale* for *sali*. Here our author corrects Lanzi in several places by the help of the dialects in question. For MARMAR, marmers, he reads from ancient Breton, Armorican, and Romance (to which by the way *marmor* might as easily have led him, which is in the Latin) *mars*, which certainly aids the interpretation of the passage. In the same manner he views *Luerve* as an error of the graver (probably transferring the *ve* from the previous *neve*). *Luer*, then, he views as equivalent to *llugr*, or, as pronounced in ancient Breton, *loogr* (*lues*). If this reasoning be correct, the immutability of *case*, or rather the defectiveness of *case* in modern tongues, was a property of the Latin also in its original form. *Pleores* he does not translate *flowers*, as Lanzi, but according to Ducange, who gives *pleuras*, *fields*. And it is evident from Ducange's citation, Consuet. Bituric., c. 66, "Et chacune *pleure* donet au seigneur l'an une quart de froment," and other authorities, that this is the fact. The Bas Breton gives *pleu*, *champ*, *champagne*.

These emendations place the line wonderfully clear—

maris  
 "Neve luem marmoris sines incurrere in prata."

The words "*satur fufere Mars*," are rendered "*satorem fove Mars*," assuming *satur* invariable in *case*, and taking *fufere* for *fovere*, and assigning to this an imperative sense, after the Greek usage of the infinitive. In Armorican, *sat* implies *sowing*. In the same manner he proceeds to assign a sense to *berber*, of *baron*, *lord*. In ancient Breton,

and in Romance, this word is of frequent occurrence. "Fust, prince, un *ber* un eschençon," (Guil. Givast. A.D. 1214; Ducange, v. "Barones.") "*Berbone* lo stemo che barone" (La Crusca). These words are not traceable in primitive Latin, yet they appear in its dialects—old French and Italian, ancient Breton and Armorican. A series of similar illustrations are appended, and from them we select the word *pareceidad*. On this word, in the law attributed to Numa, interpreters have had much controversy as to whether it was confined to our sense of the word *parricide*, or used in a wider extent. The Welch gives it as the *slayer* of his *equal*, *par* (*æqualis*), and *cwyddad* (*slayer*). The attempts to explain the Etruscan inscriptions by Welch and Breton are equally successful; and while under this head, we have to return our acknowledgments to Mr. Stratton, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, resident in Toronto, for his transmission of two valuable papers, one containing a most useful table of affinities between the Gaelic or Celtic of Scotland and Latin, and a similar paper pointing out the analogy of it with the Greek. Right glad are we to hear from this gentleman that the article on the Magyars, in No. IV. F. Q. R., and that on Professor Jäkel, No. XX., gave the first impetus to his exertions, which will not, we trust, end with these branches, but will be carried on through others yet unexplored by him, and which, in common with the labours of Mr. Bruce Whyte and others, must succeed in throwing light on the difficult point all seek equally to elucidate. The Etruscan inscriptions certainly give way before the applications of this gentleman, and in inscriptions which Lanzi had evidently given up in despair. Neither does the presence of *cases* in Etruscan remain prove anything against our author's hypothesis; for, as he justly remarks, the Etruscan had probably then culminated; and though in its early state, in common with the ancient Breton, the Armorican, the Welch, the Bas Breton, and the Basque, it was originally monoptot in the form of its nouns, yet this was a later innovation on the language.

The Oscan inscription found at Avella near Naples confirms this view, and the facility of interpretation of this by Passeri proves how analogous the Etruscan monuments must be to it. These points, then, conduct us to the question of a mother tongue of simple form without *cases*, and probably with *verbs*, as in the Welch, of one uniform conjugation. We now pass to the Basque language, a people that have lately attracted

considerable attention by their support of their "fueros," and who have lived detached and isolated from both Moors and Spaniards, and retained their usages and habits probably unaltered for many centuries. Now Strabo (iv. 199) tells us that all Spain was occupied by Celts. Pliny says "Celticos a Celtiberis ex Lusitania advenisse manifestum est sacris, lingua, oppidorum nominibus." (B. iii. 1.) Lucan says,

"Profugique a gente vetusta  
Gallorum, Celtæ miscentes, nomen Iberis."

Strabo further informs us that in Spain the dialects are extremely varied, and of these dialects we can scarce imagine any, from its isolation of ages, so likely to exhibit traces of the primitive language of Spain as the Basque. What we should be led thus naturally to suspect would be the case, is proved by the elements of the language. The Basque forms the language of all the country between the Bidassoa and the Ebro. It contains 19 radicals, some correspondent to the classic tongues, others not. Each of its vowels is long, short and medial. In this respect it maintains an analogy with Hebrew; and prosodiacal distinction we are quite prepared to find a later innovation, and arising from written and not from oral languages. Like the Russian it wants generic, abstract and technical terms. It has a definite article, *haren*, and uses a pronoun, *batec*, for the indefinite article. To remedy this deficiency, the Basque authors have had recourse to Latin or modern Spanish. It is unquestionably a poor language in words. Don Astorleo has asserted that it contains 4,426,554,929 words, independent of trisyllables, which is of course an immense lie. It is however highly picturesque, maintaining a strong Celtic affinity in that particular. Thus *Yaincoa*, the name of God, literally signifies *He who is on high*; *Iguzguia* (the sun), *he who gives day*; *Ilharguia* (the moon), *that which shines in the dark*. The numeration is extremely curious and perfectly primitive. From *hamar*, ten, to *hogoi*, twenty, they add the units to *hamar*; thirty is rendered by *hogoi eta hamar*; but the multiples of twenty add simply the number of units before it; thus, *hirur hogoi* (sixty) or *three twenty*.

The first point of affinity requisite to support the general analogy with the Welch and Breton is in monoptots or indeclinable nouns; making no more alterations in this respect than we see effected in Hebrew, the case appears plain. But as to the verbs, Larramendi made out that they had twenty-three conjugations, including neuter, passive and irregu-

lar. But this was nothing to that redoubtable child of La Mancha, Don Astorleo, whose details on the copiousness of the tongue, as they began in a lie, were carried out in the same. In 1803, in an "Apology" for the Basque language, he assigns 206 different conjugations, eleven moods, and gives himself the trouble seriously to name all this illegitimate issue. As to the flexions, these he modestly admitted did not exceed 39,152. —*Apology*, p. 151. These men in buckram were reduced by M. Lecluse to *four*, and even these may be reduced to *one*. Thus does a plain tale put down exaggeration. Such words as the following, given by the Abbé d'Iharce, as a proof of the copiousness of the language, are a perfect absurdity, since they surpass any mortal intonation.

"Aitarenarenaronganicaco-arenarenarenarequin."

Basque, if attentively studied, is extremely simple in base, having neither active, passive, nor neuter verbs, forming distinct and complete conjugations. The verbs often combine with them, as in Italian, French, and Spanish, the object of the discourse. The auxiliary verbs, in all languages singularly analogous, are remarkably so in the Basque and Welch. Modern Welch, however, having adopted the Latin letters, has rendered written Welch very different from oral Welch. In the ancient Breton, no word begins with *r*, and it is still unknown to the people, yet in books we find it repeatedly. In similar manner we find in Wales *rhwy* (*rex*), which a Welshman sounds *errhwy*, and which coincides wonderfully with the Basque *errigüea*. In this respect, as has been justly remarked in the article on Brittany, in No. LIII., the Welch has become corrupted by being written, but the Irish, to whom writing was known at a very early period, is least corrupted when well written. The analogy of the Welch and Basque prepositions is remarkable, but the two languages differ singularly in gender. The Basque has but one, the Welch three. This is easily to be reconciled, from the fact that one had a literature and its expressive wants from a very remote period, and the other never enjoyed this. In the singular mode of numeration above alluded to, the Welch is identical with the Basque. Thus, W. *trigain*, and B. *hirur-hogoi*, *sixty*. The names of the months, in both languages, indicate their respective temperature. Tense exhibits equal conformity, for Taliessin, Merzin, Owain, and the bards, are not a fair illustration of the language in its primitive form. Dr. Rhyss allows that the tenses in that lan-

guage were generally confused. After some subtle divisions of his own, he adds, "Sed hæc omnia, tam apud autores quam apud vulgum, sæpe numero confunduntur."—*L. Cymr. Inst.*, p. 86, 592.

When we consider all the analogies thus enumerated, one language almost oral, and the other in high literary cultivation, any apparent want of proximity is not wonderful. Basque, then, we view as a descendant from the common mother tongue which we are seeking; and we trust, since demonstration cannot, from the nature of the case, be possible, that we have shown strong grounds for believing that the isolated Cantabrian possessed, with his primitive habits, also large portions of the primitive language. We now proceed to the investigation of our second and third propositions.

Our author long hesitated whether he should not except the Spaniards from the second proposition. Six different dialects prevailed among them. Pliny numbers twenty-five complete Roman colonies in Spain, which alone would be quite sufficient to lead us to expect a great intermixture of Latin with all the national dialects. Larra-mendi has traced out a parallel to the Basque and the Castilian, and clearly identified the most polished, with possibly the most barbarous portion of the country. Ancient Spanish, Breton, and Armorican, may be fairly shown to be of the same character. Welch, Irish and Basque roots occur nearly similar in sense and form. Neither do we think, as has been too often imagined to have been the case, that there was much disposition to diffuse the Latin, to the extinction of the common dialects, on the part of the conquering Romans. A passage given by our author, from Ulpian, seems to infer the contrary:—"Fidei commissa quocunque sermone relinqui possunt; non solum Latina vel Græca, sed etiam Danica vel Gallicana, vel alterius cujuscunque gentis."—l. 32., c. 11.

Proofs are next tendered of the unity of the language of the Franks, but of course of no very high antiquity, not higher than the ninth century; still there is no question that the existence of these dialects was recognized at a much higher period, as we have shown, and we next proceed to the Wallachian, or Dacic-Roman. In this language the coincidence with old Italian is very remarkable in the position of the article. This, obviously, in such words as *fratello, cavallo, sorella*, was not in the front of the word as at present, but at the end; the roots of the above being *frate, caval, suora*, &c. The correspondence in the roots with the Italian is perfectly astonishing, though we cannot find

space, we regret to say, to illustrate their analogies; and similar violence we must do our feelings in not transcribing a simple chanson which Mr. Bruce Whyte has translated from this language: we refer the curious to vol. i., p. 229. The primitive verbs are also well investigated in the five forms—Wallachian, Italian, Castilian, Provençal, and Romaunch, or Tyrol or Rhetian. While under this head an important observation must not be passed over on the pronoun *si*, or *se*. This, in Romance, discharges very important functions, answering to the French *on*, as is well known; and it also indicates that the verbs neuter are employed transitively, and actives and neuters also are employed passively. Raynouard even does not give this, which is surprising. In the following line from Petrarch the sense is quite clear.

"Ma spesso nella fronte il cor si legge."

*Legge* here receives a passive sense. In similar manner in Dante.

"Ma visione apparve che ritenne  
A se mi tanto stretto per vedersi,  
Che di mia confession nou mi sovvenne."

*Par. c. 3.*

Here also it gives the verb a passive sense. This particle, borrowed from the Gothic, discharges these functions in it as well as in Anglo-Saxon and Swedish. Thus in Gothic: "*lah is silbo vedovo.*" (*Et illa ipsa vidua erat.*)—*Ulph. Luc.*, vii., 12.

We next proceed to the Romaunch, or Rhetian or Tyrol. The term Romaunch was probably the name given to the language shortly after the edict of Caracalla, by which the Rhetians became Roman citizens. The French and German even probably issued from the Gothic, and had no inconsiderable intermixture with the Romaunch. This was a portion of country which Theodorick was anxious to secure, and took under his especial charge. The influence of the Ostrogoths was not extensive however in this country. Charlemagne deputed to Tchudi, whom he named to the command of this province, all his rights. The inhabitants of these countries seem to have been amongst the first to favour the reformed doctrines. The celebrated Swiss historian, Müller, informs us that the sale of indulgences by a Cordelier of Milan, named Samson, who offered plenary absolution to all for money, and proportioned his charges to the offence, led to their abandoning the faith of Rome. The celebrated monks of St. Gall, in the tenth century, had already manifested strong symptoms of independence of the see of Rome.

They took upon themselves the task of pronouncing on the vexata quæstio of the line of apocryphal and canonical Scriptures. The Franciscans also boldly denounced the iniquities of Rome. Had the reformers not arisen, there were materials in the breasts of the Romish adherents quite sufficient ere long to have produced important changes. No one can avoid being struck with the style in which Dante, Machiavelli, Petrarch, Boccaccio, treat the Romish Church. Such men were in themselves a nucleus for reformation. In 1516 the celebrated Zuingle commenced his career, and the monks of Einsiedlin were amongst his firmest supporters. They also appointed him curate of the village. Campel, the historian of Rhetia, was amongst his fervent admirers. He far exceeds Tchudi in local knowledge, though inferior to Müller in imagination, and to Tchudi in philosophic disquisition. In 1560 the New Testament was translated into Romaunch, and the whole country turned to Protestantism. A copy of the Old Testament in the dialect called Ladin, now in the British Museum, bears the date of 1745. During the sixteenth century, after the translation of the New Testament spoken of above, the Romaunch became closer in all its affinities to the Italian. Before this period it possessed no distinct flexions for the past, perfect, and future, in its verbs, and had no conditional. In 1647 the emperor recognized the independence of the Cantons, and ceded all rights of sovereignty over the Grisons for 75,000 florins. The dialects of Romaunch are various, but still mutually intelligible. It bears the same character as the other branches of Romance. Celtic appears the base in the oldest roots. It contains a vast number of French and German words, and also a bastard Latin. Its pronouns and verbs partake strongly of German and Italian. We subjoin one specimen of the Romaunch in the Engadine dialect, that our readers may not accuse us of quitting the Tyrol without exhibiting some of its ancient minstrelsy. The translation is by Mr Bruce Whyte, faithful though not very flowing or elegant. It is entitled "The Lover of Weinsberg."

1.

Eau volg bain alla mia bella,  
Ed ell sir vuol bain a mi,  
Na nel muond nonais co ella  
Che plaschar m'poassa pli.

2.

Nus vivains in allegria,  
In plaischarlu uniuin,  
Non sentin otra fadia,  
Co nel temp ch'èau l'abbandun.

3.

Ma noass cours taunt a'assumaglien,  
Ella vuol quistque ch' eau vo;  
E pissers\* ma non s'travaglien,  
Quelo laschairs nus a sien lo.†

4.

D'el sutur eis l'amatura,  
Ed eir eau unguota main;  
El trampelg ‡ va tuot suot sura §  
Cura chia nus duos sulain.

5.

Escha sun con otr'intraischia  
Ils olqs m'ho ladiu || adoss  
Ma ella no'ls ditumar laischia  
Ne d'oters vuol ne tuchiar l'oss.

6.

Escha vein la generala ¶  
Cuerr in prest a la pigliar  
D'accompang na be mar schiala\*\*  
Ma in stuva poass entrar.

7.

Edu allr ch'ungiens non sainten  
Chiosas dischairs da taunt dalet  
Che noass cuors quasi s'alguainten††  
Per amur e per affet.

8.

Sch'un colomb eis ella prisa ‡‡  
Inuozainta sch un agné  
Eis miviglia, eis bendisa§§  
Eis per amur, eis pura fè.

9.

Taunt ardeinte eis sia ogliæda  
E taunt tener eis sien cour  
Scha Weinsberg fass assediæda  
Ella gniss a m'portar our.

1.

I love a maid beyond compare,  
And well I ween she doats on me;  
There is not in the world a fair  
Can give me such delight as she.

2.

Our days glide on in pleasantness,  
In union of the soul and heart;  
We know no hour of wretchedness  
Save when reluctantly we part.

3.

Our hearts are so completely pair'd,  
That all I wish she wishes too;  
Strife never yet our bliss impaired,  
Him we abandon to his crew.

4.

She loves to thread the dance's maze,  
Nor less than her the dance I love;  
The rest in mute amazement gaze  
When we on airy tiptoe move.

\* W. Pwys, sadness. † Lo. B. Lien.  
‡ G. Trampelg. § I. Sottosopra.  
|| G. Ladin ¶ Generala, "La danse finale d'un bal."  
\*\* I. Scala. †† To change into water. B. ag. eau.  
‡‡ W. Ha tening. Prisa. §§ W. Bendigaid, holy.



## 5.

If with another pair'd I dance,  
On me her eyes are fixt—he sure  
From me they never turn askance,  
Nor other sight nor touch endure.

## 6.

Soon as the signal ends the sport,  
Eager I fly her hand to press;  
Nor merely down the steps escort,  
But to her bower obtain access.

## 7.

Oh, then exchange we thought for thought,  
Converse so sweet none ever heard;  
Our hearts as if to fusion wrought,  
Melt with delight at every word.

## 8.

She's tender as the female dove,  
And as the lambkin innocent;  
Playful, yet holy, pure her love,  
Pure as the faith with which 'tis blent.

## 9.

Such courage flashes in her eye,  
Such tenderness her bosom warms,  
If Weinsberg were in jeopardy,  
She'd come and save me in her arms.

The following metre probably approaches  
close to the modern Tyrol:

"Lein l'aura schar p'ls larischs dar  
E lein la glieut schar battarlar.  
La regla sei il nus plischer  
La Harmonia nies voler."

"Free let the wind through larches wind,  
And joy enfold the rustic hind;  
Pleasure the law to which we bow,  
And harmony our only vow."

We have to apologize to Mr. Bruce Whyte  
for not inserting his translation here, which  
does not give the rhythm of the original.

A very ingenious chapter on the gradual  
corruption of the Latin, in which the muta-  
tions of the letters by the nations which re-  
ceived it, according as the genius of their  
own language led the way, follows, and the  
result may be easily foreseen; the language  
began to fail among them, and when this was  
succeeded by the incorporation of their own  
terms with Latin, a barbarous jargon was soon  
the result. The following instructions to  
gold-beaters prove that Latin was soon sub-  
ject to a state of metamorphose. It is from a  
MS. of the eighth century, entitled "*Com-  
positiones ad tingenda musiva, pelles, et alia,  
ad deaurendum ferrum, &c.*" Our readers  
will find it in Muratori. (*De petalo auri.*)

"Batte lacmina . . . et si una longa fuerit  
vel curta, per martellum adequatur tam de la-

tum quam *de longum*. De illi—duas octo pe-  
træ fieri debent. Scaldate illo in foco; batte et  
tere illud cum tenalia ferrea, sed tornatur *de in-  
tro in foras*."

In similar manner in Spain inscriptions  
show that a mingled style was beginning to  
be in vogue, and the laws of Lombardy fur-  
nish us with complete proofs that Romance  
had affected the Latinity of that epocha.  
Peter the Hermit, and the other Crusaders,  
must have addressed their followers in some  
general language intelligible to the mass.  
The monks doubtless kept up the classic La-  
tin during the middle ages. Thirty MSS. of  
Terence, with notes, illustrations, figures,  
fully evincing their sense of each laughable  
scene, attest that they were then in full clas-  
sical vigour. They also did their best to insure  
the preservation of the MSS. Muratori gives  
a catalogue of those pertaining to Bibbio,  
which embraced Cicero, Horace and Te-  
rence, Juvenal, Martial, Lucan, Pliny, and  
several historians and geographers. The his-  
torian Luitprand also and others somewhat  
redeem this period from barbarism.

We pass on to the first dramatic essays of  
this period; Gallicanus, a religious drama of  
the tenth century, by the Nun Roswitha, and  
Babio, a comedy with a tragic denouement  
of the fourteenth. The MS. of the first was  
discovered in the fifteenth century by a Ger-  
man monk and published by him. It con-  
tains just such an action as the confined views  
of a nun were likely to exhibit. A Roman  
warrior, Gallicanus, is in love with Constan-  
tia, the daughter of the Emperor Constan-  
tine, and proposes to the emperor for her  
hand. The emperor and his daughter mu-  
tually deceive him. The daughter had vow-  
ed the oath of an eternal chastity, and Con-  
stantine wishes to ensure the successful lead-  
ing of his troops by his favourite general.

On the faith of an accepted lover Gallica-  
nus proceeds with the army, and is on the  
point of being discomfited when two monks  
assure him that if he becomes a Christian the  
victory is certain. He does so. A giant  
warrior, whose arm nothing can resist, with  
an unknown host appears in the fight for the  
Romans, and the victory is theirs. On his  
return to Rome he announces his determina-  
tion to give himself up to the service of  
Christ, and to renounce the hand of the em-  
peror's daughter. The applause with which  
this motion is received by the emperor and  
his daughter may be imagined when a nun  
details it—this terminates the first act. In  
the second the Apostate Julian figures, and  
Gallicanus becomes a Christian martyr at  
Alexandria. The work has no originality,

and of course little save monastic feeling, combined as usual with much duplicity and Jesuitism. But Babio, of which a copy exists in the Bodleian, is really no bad successor to the lost "Iepores" of Plautus and Terence; and though the slave Fodius lacks the wit of Davus, and possesses more than his proportion of malicious daring, yet the miser Babio is well sketched. Babio has a young ward, Viola, somewhat of a jilt, who has a lover young and wealthy, Croceus. The old man does his utmost to prevent their union, which is advocated by the authority of the Prince, whom the miser fears to displease; he is of course unsuccessful, and falls a victim to the artifices of his housekeeper, Pecula, and the slave Fodius, and with his death the piece closes. It has one singular peculiarity, the personification of *Fama*, or Rumour, who informs Babio of the evil doings of his household, and it had been better for him had he never listened to her fatal story. The whole comedy is in elegiac poetry, we presume in deference to its tragic close. We select a few lines indicating the miser's passion for his ward.

"Qua ratione queam Viola caruisse sodali  
Cujus in ore favum mellificatis apes.  
Sidera sunt oculi, quales fers, Phœbe, capilli;  
Phillis inest digitis, in pede pes Tetidis.  
Fert Helenæ faciem gracilem . . . Corinnam  
Meridiem risu, dente coæquat ebur.  
\* \* \*

"Toto nitet Viola, niteat si pectore fido  
Si mecum maneat, si procul ire neget.  
Cum Croceo Viola sunt convenientia nulla,  
Ut color est impar, sic fore corda precor."

He proceeds to address Viola, contrasting himself with his rival.

"Esto mihi domina—salvo tibi subter honore.  
Vult fore rex Croceus, Babio servus erit."

She replies,

"Quid mihi cum Croceo? Sibi quam vult eligit ille.

Vi, prece, vel pretio, non ero pignus ei.  
Auro si pascas, Iirio si me tegat ostro,  
Orbem si mihi det, non mihi carus erit.  
Occidet ante polus, pelagus siccabitur ante,  
Quam, Babio, Viola desinet esse tua.

(Aside.)

Vita foret sine te, mors est mihi vivere tecum.  
Nunc utinam rapiar, est mora poena mihi."

The concluding words of Babio, after ward, slave and wife, have failed him, are very terse.

"Ecce! Fodi, Peculam tibi do, non utere votis,  
Experto crede, nostraque fata time!"

Croceus et Viola valeant et vos valeatis.

Felices ævo, germine, divitiis.

Babio testis adest—hæc ultima verba tenete,  
Sunt incredibiles uxor, alumna, cliens."

We regret we have no space to afford for the whole of that beautiful specimen of this period, the *Expansio Rosarum Virgilii*, as yet unpublished and little known. Six lines will show that the elegance of Tibullus was not extinct. The whole poem is beautiful and touching in its strain; the last six lines are all that we can give. The caducity of the flower is thus described:—

"Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eous,  
Hanc rediens sero vespere vidit anum.  
Sed bene quod, paucis licet interitura diebus  
Succedens ævum protegat ipsa suum.  
Collige virgo rosas, dum flos novus et nova  
pubes,

Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum!"

The lines bring powerfully to the recollection Ariosto's beautiful passage, "*La verginella e simile alla rosa*;" which, however, heightened in beauty and modern delicacy, is copied nearly verbatim from the "*Ut flos in septis*" of Catullus, and his *Carmen Nuptiale*.

We now pass to the influence of the Arabs on literature; a question on which Gibbon, Ginguené, Sismondi, are all opposed to our views. Gibbon, however, with all his well-known partiality for the Mahometans, appears not to feel perfectly assured of their high advancement in science. His anecdotes, by which he seeks to establish this point,—as, for example, that of the private doctor, who refused the invitation of the Sultan of Bockara because the carriage of his library would have required 400 camels, and of the Omniades of Spain having formed a library of 600,000 volumes, 44 of which were employed as the catalogue, are to be taken "*cum grano salis*." In similar manner we must treat the stories of Andalusia, which was said to contain 70 libraries, and to each of its mosques thousands of children are described as coming to receive instruction. Abulpharagius, on whom most of these stories rest, was unquestionably, as Bayle admits, a very inaccurate writer on European points, and could scarcely at his era be checked in his Asiatic statements. We fear a just appreciation of Arab civilisation at that period, is scarcely now attainable, since the fatal fire in the Escorial, where so many of their MSS. perished. A high degree of refinement certainly appears to have prevailed in Spain, and many of the Moorish ballads are beautiful, but still not

comparable to those of the Campeador. Siamondi on these subjects is no authority; he understood neither Arabic, Spanish, nor Provençal. That gorgeous description of Arab pomp, in Gibbon, taken from Abulfeda, is the narrative of one proud of his country; and we know an Arab's pride of country is not confined to the description of what is, but reaches the very limits of hyperbole. Thus Almamon is related to have distributed 2,400,000 gold dinars before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At his nuptials, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride. The reception of the Greek ambassador is described as follows:—

"The caliph's whole army," says Abulfeda, "both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of 160,000 men. His state officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were 7,000 eunuchs, 4,000 of them white, the remainder black. The porters or doorkeepers were 700.

... In the palace were hung up 38,000 pieces of tapestry, 12,500 of which were silk, embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were 22,000. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver, spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony."

Through this scene of magnificence the ambassador was led to the foot of the caliph's throne.

Now all this appears highly incredible in detail; and supposing it true, would rather indicate want of civilisation than the plenitude. If we further try the Arabs by the test of what they have done, where stands their fame, their high accomplishment? They were at least burners of books as well as collectors, to begin with; and looking at them from various points, we cannot trace this wonderful knowledge. Is Edrisi fit to be named as a geographer? His book describes many places, but indicates no means of exact measurement. As to the boasted deed of Almamon, asserted by Gibbon on the authority of Abulfeda, that his mathematicians measured a degree of a great circle, and thereby determined the circumference of the globe at 24,000 miles, we do not know whether this was done by Arabian or Greek mathematicians; but we do know that in medicine the Christians held the lead even then, and were retained around the person of the caliph. This achievement of

Almamon, too, had been effected by the Greeks. "Evidentissimis et indubitabilibus dimensionibus constabit universæ terræ ambitum, quæ quibuscunque vel incolitur, vel inhabitabilis jacet, habere stadiorum millia ducenta quinquaginta duo. Cum ergo tantum ambitus teneat sine dubio octoginta millia stadiorum vel non multo amplius diametros habet."—*Macrob. in Somn. Scip.*, l. i., p. 83.

We admit the progress of the mathematicians of Alexandria, but we cannot trace that of the Arabians. They confess algebra was the production of the Greek Diophantus and they did not add to his labours. As for their acquirements in natural history, they were beneath criticism; and their idolatry of Aristotle only proves their own poverty of production. Though Dante complimented their Averroes by inserting him in his *Inferno*, the fame of Averroes did not pass his era. He abridged Ptolemy, but did no more to him, and wrote a treatise on astrology. Their merits as chemists are generally acknowledged, and they have impressed on chemistry terms that will probably always remain in the science; but were they beyond the Egyptian? Nothing remains of their works that indicates an advancement equal to his. We will not twit them with the superstitions of alchymy, for all highly eminent men in the early progress of chemistry were similarly weak. But in poetry who does not trace the night-mare of imagination influencing all they did? Are Antar's extravagances to be placed on a level with either the *Ilias* or the *Aeneis*? The *Thousand and One Nights*, we except that work, will preserve their memory for ever; and for our own parts we are foolish enough to confess that we read it ever with renewed delight. But from what cause? From its total difference from all that is; and, secondly, probably, from its faithful portraiture of Eastern habits.

In the marvellous story, passing the bounds of all probability, even epic probability, the Arab is unrivalled; but here his excellence endeth, and we doubt extremely that such works were ever the product of a highly scientific period; for we think it nearly impossible, for science breathes into the imagination, and gives even to that a hue from herself, imparting to the heroes of Greece a lustre and sublimity she denies to the warriors of Islam. But it is asserted by some writers that chivalry even descended from an Arab source. Persons who make this assertion are grossly ignorant of the nature of the case. All the Fabliaux, though we admit this to

be one-sided authority, describe the origin of knighthood as distinct from the Paynim wholly. The very character of the errant damosel is offensive to all Eastern notions of delicacy, and our readers will recollect the tale in the *Fabliaux*, that describes the initiation of Saladin into knighthood as a thing as foreign to his country as it was to his faith; and the fact that Hugh never gives him the "acolade," or stroke, that dubs him knight, from different reasons probably to those alleged to Saladin. How could the infidel originate a custom so wholly opposed to his habits, as the following beautiful lines indicate?

"Sire, par cheste chainturete  
Est entendu que vo car nete,  
Vos rains, vos cors entirement  
Devez tenir en virginité,  
Vos cors tenir en netée  
Luxure despire et blasmer.  
Dame ne doit ne demoisele  
Por nule rien fourconsillier;  
Mais s'eles ont de lui mestier  
Aidier leur doit a son pooir  
Se il veut los et pris avoir  
Car femes doit l'en honorer  
E por lor droit grans fez porter."  
*Ordene de Chevalerie*, v. 181 et suiv.

Nothing can be more opposed to the love passion of the knight, the love of Lancelot for Guenever, or of Tristan for Iseult, though both unhappy passions, than the wanton oriental; and these deep instances of constancy to one object, where the love was guilty, are deeply censured, and Lancelot especially suffers as a knight from his unhappy attachment to Arthur's queen, the quest of the Sangreal being denied him. The whole principle of knighthood goes on the question of personal chastity, and the knight of *La Mancha*, the last of his order, is "semper fidelis."

Our author gives us under this head of the origin of knighthood the Legend of Pwyll, from the *Mabinogion*, and then passes on to the *Nibelungen*; but we shall not follow him through that well-known, knightly, and terrible composition. The philosophic tale of *Yokdhan*, a futile attempt on the part of Ebn Tophail, the preceptor of Maimonides and Averroes, to inculcate a religion of nature, with a dash of Voltaire's *Huron*, not without merit, we shall also pass with as brief a notice. A very ingenious mode of trying a friend is also given in the Arab stories of this period, for which we refer our

readers to vol. ii., p. 118. Amid other bold strokes of this century at the corrupted hierarchy, as hard as any of the blows of Petrarch, are the following lines on the Church of Rome.

"Ipsa caput mundi venalis curia Papæ  
Prostat et infermat cætera membra caput.  
Sacrum cerne nefas, utrumque pudentius ævo  
Venditur in turpi conditione foro,  
Crisma sacrum, sacer ordo, alvaria sacra, sacrata  
Dona; quid hæc ultra? Venditur ispe Deus."  
*Henr. Septimallensis Poem. Elig.*  
*de Diversitate Fortunæ, Leyserus, l. m.*

The Italian of this period felt less of the crusading influences and became less affected by the romantic than any other tongues of the same source. Mr. Bruce Whyte has been enabled, by alighting on a MS. of the twelfth century in the British Museum, considered unimportant, to develop the Romance-Italian of this epoch. We extract one passage in illustration:—"Taurus est signum domo Veneris, id est signum stabile, et bonum ad fare core di durare multu tēpu come matrimoniu, e fare possessioni et plātare vingna oy arbore et a serrare vignami et affare âc op' a di laburare cū azza et affare hedeфици. I nati in kistu signu serrâ guadente et bouna venturato. Le core ke tu desedera sempre avero c' plimentu. Hic taurus ave potestate e segnuria ad la gula ed allu collu. Q'd la luna e i taura, guarda no medichinare lu collu ne â cora la gula, ne cavare sangue." This singular MS., to which we trust more attention will be drawn by this notice, is the work of Giordano Russo of Galicia, mareschal of the emperor Frederick. We now proceed to the influence of the Provençal over the south of Europe. The *Gai Saber*, or *gaie science*, is too well known to need much illustration from us, though Mr. Bruce Whyte has devoted to it a large portion of his work. The curious in points connected with the Troubadour history and the gallantry of the court of love, where Eleanor of Guienne, the Countess of Champagne and Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne, only gilded profligacy by feminine attraction, will find details quite as ample as the subject requires in the 12th and 23d Numbers of this Journal. In the latter the entire subject is taken up from the work of Professor Diez on the "Poetry of the Troubadours." We recommend a work, now nearly out of print we believe, *The Fabliaux of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, by W. L. Way, to such readers as are ignorant

of the sweet Provençal, and they will attain as much intuition into these tales as is consistent with modern delicacy, which Mr. Way was most careful not to offend. To the Troubadours we are at least, whatever sameness marks their lays, indebted for Petrarch, and Dante could even eulogize one of their members with the words,

"Versi d' amore, e prose di romanzi  
Soverchiò tutti."

And he did not disdain to insert the soft reply of Arnaut in his Purgatorio, who addresses him in his own sweet Provençal.—Purg., c. 26. Amid the larger poems, nearly of this era, none equal in exquisite delicacy of sentiment, true knightly character and stirring incident, the romance of Jaufre and Bruneseant. It is too long to allow of insertion, but it is a lay we think even sweeter than Sir Lancelot, which was always our favourite among the Fabliaux. Of all the craft of the Gaie Science, of all the beautiful and sparkling minstrelsy of the Gai Seber, it is surpassingly the best. We can do no more than simply indicate the course of our author, who next pursues his way and shows the Provençal influence in Catalonia. He then proceeds to illustrate the connection of Castilian or Spanish, from its internal affinities, with the argument before him; and he even discovers traces of Castilian in Welch. The poetry of that singular and unfortunate cavalier, Ayala, and his exquisite Hymn to the Virgin, composed in the darkness of a prison, and of additional interest as containing the captive's vow to her on his liberation, is next considered; and from this he passes to the origin of the *Langue d'Oïl*, or of the dialects spoken to the north of the Loire. Two hypotheses have prevailed as to its origin—the first assigning it to a corruption of Latin, the second to the Provençal. Our author pursues his usual plan in extracting, from the language itself, its history. The materials used by him for this purpose are, the Laws of William the Conqueror, which possess the advantage of dating themselves; the *Bestiaire* and *Livre des Creatures* of Philippe de Than, supposed to have been composed at the end of the eleventh century, and the Norman minstrels,—Geoffrey Guymar and Benoit, of the same period. The forms of the article in this language are precisely the same as in the Dacie-Roman—*il, lu, li, lo, o*, in the nomi-

native singular; but in the oblique cases there is a singular variation: these are formed by a detached preposition placed before the roots, as *de lu, de li*, in the genitive; *a lu, a li*, in the dative; *en lu, en li*, in the ablative. In the same manner, in the plural, *de les, a les, en les*. Sometimes the preposition is omitted, as "Si alquens . . . mesfait as homes de sa baillie et de co atint de la justice lu roi."

—Law 11th of William Selden. These forms had, however, assumed a more synthetical character before the twelfth century. In the singular, *de lu*, or *de li*, was contracted into *del*; *a lu* or *a li*, into *al*; *en lu* or *en li*, into *el*, in the ablative, thus:—"Del atre qui ported l'anel 17 sols del petit."—Law 13th of William. "Si home occit altre . . . durrad de sa maubote al Seignur."—Law 8th of William.

These forms of the article are not peculiar to the *Langue d'Oïl*; they are common to all the northern dialects, and they characterize the Franks. Provençal cannot be assigned as their origin in the eleventh century. Here then are symptoms of the transitive state of Roman French, from patois to other laws which, by degrees, produced modern French. For the Provençal terminations in *a, an, en, oc, o*, the *Langue d'Oïl* has assumed its own peculiarities in finals; as *e* mute, *el, f, eur, our*. The finals, *el, es* and *eys*, and *olp*, pass into *eau, ois, oup*. The vowel *i* is constantly introduced into the midst of words, the mouillé letters and syllables, and many other peculiarities never seen in Provençal, and which distinguish the French language at present from all the other tongues of Europe. The rejection of the final *a*, and its being replaced by the *e* mute, which ruined the energy of the French language, is another peculiarity. It is however found in the Laws of William, and is consequently of high antiquity in usage. It was not only as a final that the *a* disappeared; it was replaced by *e* in all the words terminating in *at* or *ad*; as, *auctoritat, bellat, veritat*, which were first changed into *auctoritei, belleit, veriteit*, and at last into *auctorité, bellé, verité*, in the *Langue d'Oïl*. It was the twelfth century, when the Trouveres arose in the country of the *Langue d'Oïl*, that these changes and many others arose. From this time forms of contraction constantly increased. Nouns in *a, oc, o*, common in Provençal, disappeared altogether. M. Raynouard, and many of the French philologists, appear to consider the finals in *f*, in the *Langue d'Oïl*, as

anomalous, or at any rate as peculiar to this dialect, and that their type is in the Provençal forms in *u*. M. Raynouard especially notes *clau*, *esclau*, *nau*, *trau*, &c. The reverse is however the fact. The most ancient forms of these words, transmitted by the Gauls, Celts, and Romans, terminate in *f* or *v*. *Clavis* is *chiav* in Wallachian; *scloff*, in B. Breton (*salve*), *griff*, in Welch (*sadness*), *neve*, in Wallachian (*neige*); a confirmation of the opinion of Scaliger, who considers *nivis* the root, and *niz* the syncopated form.

The absence of finals in *rn*, in the laws of William and contemporary works, is remarkable. It was preserved in all the other dialects of Romance without exception. It is the characteristic element of *caru-is*, *hibern-us*, *corn-u*, *furn-us*, *diurn-us*, roots of *carn*, *ivern*, *corn*, &c., in the Provençal. The Franks, probably, possessing no such termination, rejected it when they adopted the common idiom, so that it fell into desuetude in the *Langue d'Oïl*, which uses *char*, *iveir*, *yver*, *cor*, *forin*, *ifers*, *escherz*. The forms in *rn* reappear from time to time, as in a version of the Psalms of the twelfth century; but no example can be found, we believe, in the authors of the thirteenth and following centuries. The pronouns exhibit a remarkable affinity to the Wallachian, and Mr. Bruce Whyte admits that they have been transmitted from dialects in use during the continuance of the Roman empire. *Eaus*, (*eux*) *nostre*, *vostr*, *me*, *mo*, *no*, *nous*, *so*, *to*, *vo*, *ceaus*, *aquel*, *celui*, were evidently the *avant courriers* of the modern French forms. The verbs furnish remarkable coincidences, especially the auxiliaries. From all that has been pointed out, we consider the case established of a language obviously struggling to attain, in combination with another, its own current laws, and eventually exhibiting an aggregate of terms, the result of the singular circumstances of the fusion to which it has been submitted.

In the work to which we have alluded previously, by Hugh of Tabaria, the *Order of Chivalry*, a work of the twelfth century, we trace the change of *eit* into *é*, affecting a numerous class of nouns, and characterizing modern French: and in the Romance of Tristan also the same are apparent. In the second period of the *Langue d'Oïl*, for it had two periods or phases of change, numerous monosyllables in *es*, *e*, *a*, *ai*, *ei*, became transformed into *oi*, as *bues*, *drez*, *dre*, *fez*, *fê*, &c. In similar manner words in *es*, *e*, *ai*, *ei*, are

changed into *ois*, of which numerous examples occur in the poets of the twelfth century. Throughout the whole of the Trouveres we find them always intent on getting a full and rounded harmony, reading *our* for *or*, *eur* for *ur*, *oin* for *in*, &c. In this second period *jour* occurs for *jor*, *court* for *cort*, *jongleur* for *jonglor*, *saur* for *sor*, *avoir* for *aveir*, *recevoir* for *ricever*, *savoir* for *saver*. There is another singular point that can be shown from the Poem of Charlemagne, and many of the Fabliaux; and it is this, that the French were then in the habit of rejecting the final consonants and penultimates in pronunciation. In the *Langue d'Oïl*, the same use of *si*, to which we have already alluded, prevails. It is often a nominative, as in this passage: "Quant Joffroy li mereschaus de Champaigne passa Mont-Cenis si encontra le conte Gautier de Brene."—*Ville Hardouin*, s. 18.

A passive sense to the verb active is given by it in this passage: "Repaire del mal et si fai lo bien."—*Trad. de St. Greg.*

With these instances, enough reasons, we trust, have been adduced, to indicate the antiquity of early French peculiarities, and also many of the alterations effected in that language.

We pass now to the author's third volume, which opens with the poem of Charlemagne, recently edited by M. F. Michel, from the manuscript in the British Museum. Mr. Bruce Whyte has versified it; but the details of this poem can no more be laid before our readers, than that nocturnal achievement of Hercules, which Oliver is represented as more than rivalling. We pass on to the lays of the Trouveres. These are distinct from the Troubadours, and in Sir Lanval and others exhibit a superior style of poetry. The Lay of Lanval, as transmitted to us by Marie of France, who translated King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon version of *Æsop*, is full of exquisite beauty. Its length precludes our transcribing it; but though more faithful, Mr. Bruce Whyte does not approach Lewis Way in conveying the sprightly charms of this class of poetry, to which we consider the Bridal of Triermain as one of the best approaches in our language. Sir Walter Scott was the only living writer of England that combined in himself all the excellences of the Trouveres, the Troubadours, the Bards, the Minnesingers, and the Minstrels. The lay must rest unsung until another can strike that wizard harp. From the lays of the Trouveres we pass to the Fabliaux, which

are tales somewhat similar, but principally French in action and incident. Aucassin and Nicolette, Blanche fleur and Eglantine, Griselda, and the Chateleine de Vergy, all translated by Mr. Way, will give an excellent illustration of the style. The Hermit and the Angel, known to the British public in Parnell's Hermit, is of this period. Parnell has followed the Fablier literally, and not even confessed his plagiarisms. He did the same by Beza. A fabliau may be defined to be "a jeu d'esprit," says Mr. Bruce Whyte, "founded on some proverb, anecdote, or familiar adventure, often satirical, dramatic in form, moral in denouement, and ridiculing vice and folly." Le Grand has exhibited the largest collection of them. A considerable portion of the vis comica appears in many, as in the lay of Aristotle. The battle between Carnival and Lent, though full of humour, had obviously even a higher aim in view, the denunciation of the austerities of the Church of Rome. Similar glimpses of higher ends of composition are often manifest. The Jongleur is also of considerable comic excellence. These poems enable us to determine the progress of the language from the twelfth to the thirteenth century. It is deeply to be regretted that the license of the period was so unrestrained, that many of these stories, even of high merit, can never be given to the English public, since they even exceed the Decameron in wanton and luxurious imagery. Boccaccio doubtless drew largely from them.

We now proceed to the rise of Italian literature, which will be the last branch of the Roman tongue that will be treated by us. The closer affinity to the Latin, which this language exhibits, is of course the result of its territorial position. We have no vestiges of the early writers of Italy, though Dante assures us that prior to his own era numerous native bards existed, many of whom he enumerates in his *Divina Commedia*. It is somewhat curious, that Cicero also mentions a similar loss. "*Utinam extarent illa carmina quæ multis sæculis ante suam ætatem in epulis esse cantitata a singulis convivis in originibus scripta reliquit Cato.*" The first productions of the Gai Saber are of the eleventh century; nothing from Italy passes the thirteenth. Neither the *Langue d'Oïl* nor the Provençal appears to have affected Italian literature. To enter into the history of the writers anterior, we are neither enabled by materials, nor can we on the present occasion do more than investigate

what Dante himself says of his "*lingua cardinalis, aulica, et curialis.*" This, he says, was not the peculiarity of one province, but a selection out of the dialects of Italy, made by men of genius and science. The unhappy Pier delle Vigne evidently composed in a style that differs excessively from Dante.

"Peroch' amore no se po vedere  
E no si trata corporalmente  
Quante son de sì fole sapere  
Che credono ch' amor sia niente.  
Ma poch' amore si faze sentire  
Dentro dal cor signorezar la zente,  
Molto mazore presio de avere  
Che sel vedesse visibilmente  
Per la virtute de la calamità  
Come lo perro atra non se vide,  
Ma se lo tira segnorevolmente.  
E questa cosa a credere m' invita  
Ch' amore sia e da me grande fede,  
Che tutt' or fia creduto fra la zente."  
*Recueil d'Allacci.*

This hardly differs, for which his residence at Palermo might probably account, from the patois of Ciullo, who is reported to have written in 1190; and certainly exhibits no higher tone than the Italian literature of this period had assumed; nor is it probable that Sicily should thus precede Italy in a school of bards, as that nation claims. The Palermo dialect of Italy had evidently been abandoned for a combination of all the dialects into a literary tongue, which appears in Odo delle Colonne, Arrigo Testa, and others, independent of Petrarch. One Sicilian, Monna Nina, has a double claim on our interest; first, because she alone of her sex commenced Italian poetry, and also for the spirit of her writings. Contemporary with Pier delle Vigne, cited above, we have Guido Guinicelli of Bologna, and a single sonnet of his, which we extract, all which has reached us of this writer, conveys a high idea of his style, to which even Dante rendered fitting homage,—

"Il padre mio e degli altri miei miglior."

It is as follows:

"Al cor gentil ripara sempre amore,  
Sì come augello in selva a la verdura;  
Non fe amore anzi che gentil core,  
Ne gentil core anzi ch' amor natura.  
Ch' adesso com' fu 'l sole,  
Sì tosto lo splendore fue lucente,  
Ne fue davanti al' sole;  
E prende amore in gentillezza luoco  
Cosi propriamente  
Com' il calore in clarita del fuoco."  
*(Rime antiche de' Giunti, p. 207.)*

Our Italian readers will instantly recognize in these lines that touching passage in the *Inferno*,—

"Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s'apprende."  
"Love, that in gentle breast is quickly learnt."

We cannot agree in the heavy censures launched against this writer by Mr. Bruce Whyte. These writers establish the point that there was a language in Italy, totally distinct from Latin, that had early obtained this high character of style. This fact is apparent also from the sacred hymns of the thirteenth century, of some monastic orders, which are in this language and not in Latin. The "*Cantico del Sole*" of St. François d'Assise may be adduced, a document alone amply sufficient to negative the assertion that Italian is of the twelfth century, or of Sicilian origin. Crowds of words entered the Tuscan at the close of the thirteenth from the Provençal and the Langue d'Oïl, of which the *Giunti* furnish examples. Fra Guittone, of this period, was clearly a writer of great power, and obviously copied both by Dante and Petrarch in numerous passages. From him we shall pass to Brunetto Latini, the preceptor of Dante. The pupil, it is commonly thought, did his tutor deep injustice in the fifteenth canto of the *Inferno*; at least the accusation there made against him was denied by Brunetto in the confession annexed to the *Tesoretto*. Brunetto had been a man of pleasure he owns, but not of infamy; yet the accusation seems inconsistent with the admission of Brunetto's noble and high-minded instruction, which Dante recognizes. We confess we are considerably perplexed as to this question, on which Dante's own language appears scarcely consistent with the implication, and rather seems Ser Brunetto's vindication than the contrary. The *Tesoro* of Brunetto was composed in the Langue d'Oïl. Brunetto and other writers of this period, who, from the parties at Florence, were driven to study the Langue d'Oïl at its source, certainly infused its spirit to a remarkable extent into the Italian. Brunetto was the first translator of the classic tongues; his translation of Sallust is among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. He poured into his native Tuscan a vast mass of Provençal terms, and inflected various words in that fashion. The present complicated form of Italian sentences, which has really now attained an absurd nicety in collocation, was introduced into the language by Brunetto from the classical inversions. Pass-

ing Maestro Armannino, who wrote a chronicle at this period entitled "*Fiorita d'Italia*," extant in the Laurentian library of Florence only, a writer of no ordinary merit, remarkably clear and perspicuous, we proceed to Dante himself, having brought down the literature to the fourteenth century. His style, to which the expression "*Danteggian*" has been affixed, is certainly eminently original. His resources for words are astonishing; he seizes on Greek, Latin, Oriental tongues, German, Provençal, the Langue d'Oïl, and even Anglo-Saxon (a colony which this language had settled, Muratori assures us, in Calabria in the eleventh century.) Dante's knowledge of Homer is evident from a vast mass of imitative passages, and surely his admiration of Aristotle must have led him to inspect that author in the original tongue. There certainly existed in his day no translation of the *Iliad* from which he could derive his information. He unquestionably enriched Italian with the force of that wonderful tongue. His spirit is eminently Greek; but he did not neglect the advantages that Romance offered to him. The "*Divina Commedia*," that immense repository from all quarters of the world, abounds also in terms of Romance. Thus—

"Col pugno gli percosse l' epa *croja*."  
— *Inf.* 30.

"Cercati al collo e troverai la *soga*,†  
Che 'l tien legato o anima confusa,  
E vedi lui che 'l gran petto ti *doga*,‡  
Por disse a me, egli stesso s'accusa;  
Questo e Nembrotto per lo cui mal *coto*,§  
Pure un linguaggio nel mondo non s' usa."  
— *Inf.* 31.

"Che non è impressa da pigliare a *gabbo*."||—  
— *Inf.* 32.

"Non avria pur dall' orlo falto *crich*."¶

The above instances marked in italics, which have the subjoined roots in the note, sufficiently evidence the extensive vocabulary of Dante. So confident is Mr. Bruce Whyte of the power of these languages in the interpretation of the *Divina Commedia*, that he asserts that every obscurity in this poem can be cleared up by the Welch and the Bas Breton. There certainly appears no evidence of Dante being acquainted with either of these dialects, nor can we imagine that they had

\* W. *Croen*, pellis.

† W. *Soeg*, laqueus.

‡ W. *Dogn*, dolium.

§ W. *Cwtt* [pronounced *cott*], domus.

|| *Gab*, Scotch.

¶ W. *Crych*, stridor.



passed at that period into Italy; we can only explain their presence in his writings by the supposition that they are part of that mother tongue which produced the ancient Breton, the Armorican, and the other Romance dialects.

His wandering habits probably threw him into more extensive acquaintance with all these ramifications than any other Italian writer; and we know he was deeply occupied through life in comparing the different dialects of the common tongue, and in obtaining from them those expressive archaisms which have made his style the wonder of the earth. No one ever gave to language such fearful power, or ever made its words shriek forth their fearful meaning. Whether in accents of horror and dread, or tenderest minstrelsy of love and passion, Dante Alighieri, with all the revolting character of the scholiast, with all the mysterious darkness of his style, with all the personages that it presents to us, whose interest is greatly gone, and would be wholly were they not married to his immortal verse,—Dante stands second to none of any age or time, though the greatest of modern romancers, who unconsciously often approached him closely, denies to him the highest niche in the temple of fame. We scarcely dare venture to glance at the fearful episode of Ugolino, unmatched in expressive terms, unequalled in description, or at that gush of tenderness from his soul in the Francesca da Rimini. Nothing equals that in any work, ancient or modern. The whirling forms of the eternally-united pair—their lone devotedness—their love in hell and pain—their wish to pray, yet conscious of its fruitless issue—the tale of their love—the unpremeditated result—the closing of Galeotto—the modest veiling of their fearful sin's fruition—

"Quel giorni piu non si leggemmo avante"—

the gushing sorrow of the other spirit, as the tale of their guilt and sin is told—the overpowering crush upon the feelings of the iron-souled Florentine,

"Che cade como corpo morto cade,"

as the last "parole di dolere" fell from Francesca. Never again will such a tale, and that in how brief a space, meet mortal ear. It is as though the fearful spirits of the lovers had, in their pained semblance, stood before the living and not the intellectual eye of Dante. Again, how wonderfully does all the region of pain present itself!

"Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,  
Voce alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle  
Facevano un tumulto, il quale s'aggira  
Sempre 'n quella aria senza tempo tinta."

How opposed does it stand to the peace and calm, and quietude, and holy brightness of the Paradiso! The eyes of Francesca rain tears of guilt and sorrow; but Beatrice, the abstract of the beautiful, the love of Dante, her eyes lose not their glory, but gather more intensity as she moves from sphere to sphere, ennobling her lover's thought, until o'er all her frame such glory dwelleth,

"Che sola il suo fattor tutta la goda."

Amid all this her angel smile, which called forth the smiles of Paradise, yet was her familiar smile, one familiar to the mortal and remembered afterwards on earth.

"Lo rimembrar del dolce riso

La mente mia da se medesima scema."

But we should be wildered as the Florentine were we to trust ourselves to continue this subject. And we pass from the Divina Commedia to the lyrics of Dante. These contain exquisite lines, especially one where he reproaches the thoughtless foreigners who came to Florence unwitting of its loss, and knew not that the light of Dante's life was quenched in Beatrice's grave. We refer to the sonnet

"Deh pellegrini che pensosi andate."

He could not look on even their thoughts of home, or any thoughts directed to any object, save the soul-engrossing one with him, her loss, with common endurance. It was as though an earthquake had displayed its fearful power in his city, had deprived it of all that gave it glory in Dante's sight; and he wondered at those that gazed on common things amid that fearful clutching from before him of all he loved, of all for which he lived. Passing his friend Cino de Pistoia, equally unhappy with Dante in the loss of his lady love, and who poured forth in the bosom of that sympathizing friend his sorrow, we come to Petrarch. Here poetry and Laura are so closely interwoven that the first subject that suggests itself is the character of their intimacy. Mr. Bruce Whyte conceives that abundant passages clearly evidence that this affection was not purely Platonic, and that Petrarch strove to give it this character out of delicacy to the lady. We cannot but own that all our impressions from the Sonnets

and Canzoni give a *virgin image* of Laura to the mind. She appears constantly checking her lover's ardour, glorying in his devotedness, but not prepared to sully her maiden fame for the broad earth. Such passages, though in the lips of Laura, as "Fur quasi eguali in noi fiamme amoroze," (*Trionfo della morte*, c. 2,) are no evidence.

The following language has the aspect of desperate, but not successful, love :

"Amor io fallo, e reggio il mio fallire  
Solea frenare il mio caldo desire,  
Per non turbar il bel viso sereno,  
Non posso piu ! di man m' hai tolto il freno  
E l' alma disperando ha preso ardire."

Sonn. 200.

Deep as were the artifices of Petrarch, to move her from her maiden or matron pride, by threats of suicide, absence, and many other wiles, she appears to have commanded his esteem as well as passion.

"Ite caldi sospiri al freddo core ;  
Rompete il ghiaccio che pietà contende  
E, se prego mortale al ciel s' intende  
Morte o mercè sia fine al mio dolore."

Sonn. 120.

In spite of the Abbé de Sade, we must again repeat our doubts that Laura was married. The celebrated passage which is supposed to indicate that she had borne children, is quite open to a different interpretation : — "*Corpus illud egregium morbis ac crebris ptibus exhaustum multum pristini vigoris amisit.*" *Ptibus* is commonly read *partubus*, which, if so, would at least prove that Laura had borne children : but many editions read "*perturbationibus*," which appears to suit the context better. With all his delicacy, Petrarch should have remembered that the very effusions of his ardent spirit would by most have been deemed as leading to the inference of a far-gone conclusion. A delicate lady's name is not one to fling forth upon the world's eye as the avowed object of love. Petrarch has done otherwise ; and though exquisite delicacy marks his sentiments of her, they approach not to the feelings of Dante for his Beatrice. Neither is Petrarch original in anything. He says things elegantly, touchingly, feelingly, but without high originality. Learning owes to him eternal obligations, for, as a reviver of lost literature, as one highly imbued with classic lore, and eager to obtain and to transmit it, he stands unrivalled.

The period of the Sonnet has possibly

passed, and the Canzone also, for their composition is too artificial to admit of the powerful expressiveness at which modern language aims. Our author, in his eagerness to enter into the merits of Dante and Petrarch, seems rather to have overlooked the proof of his concluding propositions, but at least he may be said incidentally, if not directly, to have established them. The proof of the basis of Dante being from the lost mother tongue, and the usage by Petrarch and all other following writers of a large portion of the Dantescan expressions, is clearly made out ; and on the whole our author may be considered as having advanced in a somewhat desultory manner to most important conclusions. He has demonstrated a hidden current, flowing through all the Romance languages, from some distant and remote region, and, like the Nile, burying its head in the darkness of ages. But still here is the stream, here is its course, here are the rich and glorious developments on its way. The dignified and powerful Castilian, the rougher yet expressive Basque, the singular but tuneful Romanunch, the melody breathing sounds of Italy, the sweet and gentle Provençal, the guttural Welch, the drawling Scotch, the clipping French, with the Celtic and all the other modifications of the language, attest it to have been by the simple evidence that they are. To calculate the effect of Greek, and Latin, and Arabic intermixture, must of course be difficult, for we have shown with respect to the Latin, that it not only imparted from itself, but received into itself numerous supplies from this source. For though we cannot undertake to say that it is our conviction that the Latin was originated by the Celtic, yet it is unquestionably indebted to that language (a position that would not have been listened to from prejudice a few years since) for many of its terms, for much of its idiom, for a variety of its flexions. We here close our labours, thanking our author for a very pleasant, though somewhat extensive discursus, entreating him to continue investigations which are rapidly leading to fresh light, and not to be averted from the prosecution of these labours by the difficulty or the trouble which attends them.

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

ART. IX.—*La Convention de Juillet 13*, par M. Duvergier de Hauranne. *Revue des deux Mondes*. Paris. 1841.

FRANCE has at length thrown off what M. Thiers called the mantle of dignified isolation, and resumed her place in the councils of Europe. This change which was indeed inevitable has not been effected without much clamour on the part of the admirers of the policy of M. Thiers, who pretend that it was in the power of the government to put conditions upon the abandonment of the system of isolation which they have not attempted to obtain. One of the most furious opponents of the policy of the French Government is M. Duvergier de Hauranne, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, not deficient in talent, but who has the vanity of supposing that he can make converts to the policy of M. Thiers at a moment when everything that is passing around him proves that policy to have been false. In the publication before us M. Duvergier de Hauranne pretends that the primary object of the treaty of July 15 was to lower France; the secondary object the pacification of the East. The first he says has been obtained; the other has failed.

We will not abuse the patience of our readers by quoting the arguments which M. Duvergier adduces to show that by the convention of July 13, 1841, the French government has subscribed to the debasement which he says was intended by the treaty of 1840. These arguments have been brought forward so repeatedly by the opposition journals, in France, and been commented upon so extensively by the English press, that they are well known. Nor is there anything new in M. Duvergier's defence of M. Thiers. The only point of interest in this question is that involving the disarming of France, which, according to M. Duvergier, arises necessarily out of the convention of July 13, and would, if he is to be credited, be as fatal to her interests as casting off "the dignified mantle of isolation" is, he declares, destructive of her dignity. It is to this question of disarmament that we shall in the present article chiefly direct our attention.

It has been generally asserted by the French opposition journals, that the great powers, in consenting to the conditions on which France has departed from the system of isolation laid down by M. Thiers, exacted a promise that France shall almost immediately

commence the reduction of her forces by sea and land. This reproach however is unmerited; not only has France entered into no such engagement, but no formal demand of the kind has been made by the other powers. There has been an understanding that France shall disarm to the extent of the augmentation of her forces by the ministry of M. Thiers, and in order that neither her dignity nor her safety may be compromised by such a course, it is equally understood that any augmentation of forces by the other powers of Europe, when contemplating the possibility of an open rupture with France, shall also be annulled.

But although no formal note calling upon France to disarm has been delivered to the French cabinet, remonstrances against the formidable position in which she has attempted to place herself have been frequently made. The Prussian ambassador and Mr. Bulwer took the lead in these remonstrances, and the latter did not fail to inform M. Guizot that all the powers who were parties to the treaty of the 15th of July, although they abstained from demanding from the French government any specific assurances as to how, when, and to what extent France would disarm, observing however at the same time, that though the augmentation of M. Thiers might have been unnecessary, it was felt by the four powers that care and prudence were essential in the reduction, lest the self-love of the French should be wounded, and the party in the Chamber of Deputies opposed to M. Guizot should gain ground; and also they at the same time laid it down as a principle, that the French government shall, as soon as circumstances will permit, place their effective forces upon a footing in harmony with the equilibrium of Europe and its determination to remain at peace. That both M. Guizot and Marshal Soult are really desirous of reducing the army is, we think, indisputable, although the extent of reduction they contemplate may be considerably less than the other powers appear to expect. The truth is, that the only guarantee at present for the stability of the reigning dynasty is the existence of a large army. As Louis Philip no longer even pretends to be the citizen-king, and as whatever remaining attachment there may be for him in the bourgeoisie is only in connection with public order and the security of property, he has no alternative therefore but to throw himself upon the protection of the

army, and gradually to enfeeble the influence of the national guard. Two or three years ago the citizens composing this force still considered the anarchists too numerous and powerful for them to abandon in the slightest degree the cause of Louis Philip, who was in fact in their opinion the personification of public order. This impression has been gradually wearing out, and giving way to a belief that it would be quite possible for the reins of government to be taken from the present king and placed in the hands of some other individual, without the serious interruptions of trade, or the danger of foreign intervention on behalf of the present sovereign.

Louis Philip has for some time been deliberating as to whether he should seek protection from the people or from the army—whether in fact he should be a military or a citizen sovereign. Many reasons existed against the former which are gradually disappearing. The inactivity of the troops, which is always fatal for the influence of a pacific ruler, inasmuch as there is no fusion of interests, has been in a great measure prevented by the war in Algiers, for although that war has brought neither dignity nor wealth to the French crown, and as regards the nation is perhaps an incubus, which, self-love apart, it would be delightful to shake off, yet it has answered the purpose of Louis Philip by enabling him to distribute rewards, decorations, and promotions, and to train up a new soldiery with no more Bonapartism about them than would answer his own ends.

If Louis Philip has not, like Napoleon, had opportunities of winning the hearts of these troops by alternately sharing with them glories and privations, and distributing amongst them the spoils of other states, he has had one opportunity of forming with them a bond of union which Napoleon never possessed—all his sons except one have been educated for the army. They have been placed continually in positions to win the affections of the troops, and to prepare the way for that influence over France by means of the army upon which Louis Philip appears resolved. It is a fact highly significant of the views and intentions of the French sovereign, that never, even at the height of the military insolence of the empire, were such rigid regulations enforced as to the separation between soldiers and civilians. The attempt to effect this separation in France is one of

great difficulty and requiring considerable skill. The French army is not composed, like that of England, of men who enrol themselves because they have no longer the means of earning a subsistence as agricultural or manufacturing labourers, and who as soon as they enter the army, cease to have any relations with the rest of society, regarding themselves as bound to obey, not only without murmur but also without reflection, the commands of their chiefs. In France the conscription embraces all classes, and annually provides the force to replace that portion of the soldiers who have served their time. Even in peace such is the difficulty of obtaining substitutes, that from 1500 to 3000 francs must be paid for each. Now when we reflect that in the rural districts of France a sum of 3000 francs is more than equal, considering the habits of the people, to 300% in England, it will easily be conceived that an immense proportion of the conscripts must be composed of young men, who although unable to pay so large a sum for a substitute, are in that position of life which implies the existence of interests and feelings opposed to any attempt to make the army ride roughshod over the citizens at large; but although an army composed of such materials must necessarily have many of those feelings of citizenship which are unknown to the armies of most other states, it does not follow that these feelings may not be acted upon successfully by a skilful sovereign, and that the classes which supply soldiers may not be conciliated by the consideration manifested for the army. If soldiers in garrison are kept from mixing with civilians, and attempts are made to sink the sense of citizenship recognized by the laws and habits of the French, this is only done in towns where a democratic spirit is evident, and secret societies for fraternization with the military are known to be in existence. Whilst the watchfulness of the French government prevents the identity of feelings between the troops and the populace which might become dangerous, it does not necessarily make the army unpopular, for as every soldier has relations among the people who take an interest in his welfare, everything that is done by the government to give him importance in the state must give satisfaction to several individuals. The tradesman or small farmer whose son or nephew is in the army cannot but be pleased to see that the army is regarded by the king as worthy of his

regard, and the circumstance of promotion being open to every man who has received the first elements of education, is a powerful inducement for the conscript to become reconciled to the service, and to his friends and relations to think well of the sovereign who displays a fondness for the army. The officer in the French army is not indeed an important personage in society like the English, the Russian, or the Prussian officer. On the contrary, it is only with the middle classes, and those too of the lower degrees, that he really feels himself to be something superior; but even in this circumstance there is security for the sovereign who exhibits a predilection for the army and throws himself on its protection. In other countries the army is less the instrument of the sovereign than of the aristocracy. The common soldier has nothing in common with the citizen, and the officer generally speaking is identified only with the upper classes. It would be very difficult in England for a sovereign to have an army obedient to the throne merely as a throne, and without its aristocratical attributes. In France nothing is more easy. Although the distinction of the epaulette is one to which all soldiers aspire, and which gives a high degree of consequence to the possessor in the ranks of the middle classes, it is of no use as an introduction to the society of either the old or the monied aristocracy, and the necessary consequence is, that the affection for the sovereign who rewards and distinguishes the soldier is an undivided one. What, it will be asked, is the reason that the officers of the French army are not admitted into the society of the upper classes? The question is a natural one, for we might expect that in a country where equality is in every man's mouth, the military officer would be considered fit company for the noble or the wealthy merchant or manufacturer. In France however equality is more preached than practised. Very few of the old aristocracy or of the mercantile class of the higher degree enter the army; they can afford to pay for substitutes and they do not choose to serve as common soldiers. The only qualification for an officer in the French army is courage and a knowledge of reading and writing, with the exception, however, of the pupils of the Polytechnic School and the Military School of St. Cyr, who receive an excellent education and are admitted at once into the army as officers without serving in the ranks as privates. The generality

of French officers therefore are not men of polished education or ornaments for the drawing-room. When in garrison, instead of finding every door open to them, as is the case in countries where the officers of the army are what is called gentlemen, they are excluded from the society of the upper classes, and form a knot of their own in the theatre or the coffee-houses. Here and there indeed we may see two or three officers in the parties of the wealthy and influential inhabitants of a town wherein a regiment is garrisoned, but when this is the case it is owing to some private introduction and totally unconnected with the position of the person. This exclusion from the society of the old and monied aristocracy, whether unjust or not, and we are inclined to think that it is unjust as well as impolitic,—for if the French officer, generally speaking, has not the polished manners of the gentleman, neither has he any of the prominent or offensive vices of the aristocracy,—must be deeply felt by the officers of the French army, and cannot but offend even the common soldiers, who knowing that they may in turn become officers must resent the slight put upon their superiors, and both officers and men are therefore the more grateful for the attentions of the monarch; the officers, because he makes his own sons their comrades, and the soldiers, because they feel that they are honoured and respected in their officers.

If the officers of the French army mixed freely with the aristocracy, Louis Philip might still be loved by soldiers, but then he could only make the army his instrument with the consent of the aristocracy, of whom he desires to be independent, for it is of heterogenous composition, and with the army at his disposal he can control and defy all parties. We see, therefore, how important the army is to Louis Philip, in his present position; and we may safely assert, that he will not readily submit to any proposal for the reduction of the effective force, for his control over faction must be in proportion with the number of the troops, now that he has discovered the means of attaching them to his interest. In a recent conversation with the Prussian ambassador, Marshal Soult, who seconds this policy of the sovereign, attempted to show, that with an army of less than five hundred thousand men, the government could not be answerable for the maintenance of tranquillity in France, and therefore that the

other states of Europe were as much interested in the keeping up of such an establishment, as the King of the French himself, "For," said the Marshal, "if the anarchists were to get a head here, you would all be compelled to increase your forces, in order to prevent propagandism." This mode of reasoning is correct enough, if the army is to continue to do the police of the country; but even in that case it is to be observed, that, deducting the force in Algeria and the other French colonies, the standing army in France gives about one soldier for every fourteen men of the whole population. Add to this the number of the municipal guard and police agents, and we shall find one armed functionary for every eight or nine unarmed Frenchmen. Judging from what we see in England, one would imagine this to be more than a sufficient force; but experience has shown that the armed force in France, now that the apathy or worse feeling of the national guard has become such, that no reliance is to be placed upon it, is really not equal in all cases, to the maintenance of tranquillity, so turbulent are Frenchmen, and so general and extensive is the co-operation in riot of women and children. Females, and boys of twelve to fifteen years of age, are indeed the most dangerous rioters; this was shown in the revolution of 1830, when the women threw bricks and stones from their garret windows, and the boys, with loaded pistols, climbed up the backs of the horses of the cavalry, and putting their pistols at the heads of the unsuspecting riders, blew out their brains, amid the cheering of the populace. If from the 500,000 troops, which Marshal Soult seems to consider as not too large a force for France in time of peace, we deduct 80,000 for Algeria and the other French colonies, and 120,000 for the different fortified towns, there will be a force of 300,000, and this certainly is not sufficient for France, if troops are to be constantly called in to do the work of the police;—but why should this be the case? Why cannot the government reduce the army at least one-fifth, as a pledge of the sincerity of its pacific professions, and organize an efficient police for the prevention of riot and the maintenance of order, in place of what may now, without untruth, be regarded, as far as the protection of the honest citizen is concerned, the worst police force in Europe. The answer to this question will be found in what we have said as to the position of

Louis Philip—this is not, indeed, an answer which he can make to the remonstrances of the other great powers of Europe, for he would be unwilling to admit that he is endeavouring to become so popular with the regular army, as to dispense with the equivocal protection of the civic militia. As it can be of very little importance to the rest of Europe, whether the possessor of the French throne be Louis Philip or the Duke de Bourdeaux, or any other pretender to it, so that the French do not attempt to transgress their limits and spoliates other countries, they will not object probably to the existence of something like the present standing army, if they feel that Louis Philip has no other motive for refusing to reduce it than the conviction that it is essential for his own security. But is there not something ominous in this forced appeal of Louis Philip to the army. When he shall have given to it, in its own opinion, an importance as great as that which it possessed at the time of the empire—when he shall have shown that to the army, and the army alone, he owes his safety—when, in short, he shall have made use of the army against the National Guards on the one hand, and the aristocracy on the other, and have become both a despotic and a military sovereign—will he be able to keep up the enthusiasm of the troops with such a war as that of Algiers, with his sham-fights of Compeigne, and with such empty foolery as parading through France a regiment which has no other title to the distinctions bestowed upon it, than the fact of its being commanded by one of his sons, who was the co-heir of Sophy Dawes to the property of the unfortunate Prince de Condé?

Louis Philip has, in all his correspondence with the sovereigns of other states, laboured to convince them that he is necessary to the peace of Europe, and to a certain extent this is true,—but so at one time was Napoleon, for he it was who put down anarchy in France; but the French troops were just as much spoliators abroad, after he had taken the reins of power into his hands, as imperialists, as they were as *sans-culottes*, and the ambition of imperial France was as fatal as her republican agitation. The question of disarming therefore in France, as to the land forces, is not one to be easily solved. The arguments for and against it are equally worthy of consideration. Perhaps the first object to be attained, for the repose of Europe, is the conquest over fac-

tions in France by an established government, and it must be confessed that Louis Philip is going securely about the task. The triumph of faction there must compel Europe either to invade France, which we think would neither be very safe nor very desirable, or to expend enormous sums at home in order to guard against invasion. Now Louis Philip will, if not compelled to reduce his army, contrive to keep the French quiet for a time, and, as sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, perhaps it would not be wise at this moment to insist upon reduction. We would merely venture to recommend that whilst he is being allowed to consolidate his power at home, a sharp eye should be kept upon him to prevent the usual display of Bourbon gratitude.

The opposition press in France does not, like the government, pretend that a reduction of the army is incompatible with the internal condition of the country. On the contrary they say, openly and boldly, that Europe is, as regards France, just what it was in 1815, and that for her security she must always be prepared for war, and maintain the same footing as if the league, which the partisans of M. Thiers declare will one day be formed against her, had already been formed. The *Courier Français*, one of the most influential of the nine or ten Paris journals in the interest of M. Thiers, says :

"The treaty of the 15th July had this advantage for us :—it operated a complete revolution in the opinion that was entertained in France of our foreign relations. It proved that Europe remained, as regards France, just what it was in 1815, and that governments, apparently the most opposed to each other in interests and institutions, would, on any given day, coalesce against us. It also became evident that the *status quo* in Europe, created by the treaties of Vienna, to the detriment of France, was no longer respected, except by ourselves. The work of conquest, commenced in war, has been continued under the mask of peace. Every power has aggrandised itself except France, and every nation has sought to organize and develop itself. Prussia has founded in Germany an association rather political than commercial ; Austria has extended her dominion in Italy ; Russia has placed one foot in Poland and the other in Turkey ; and England, whilst watching and curbing the progress of continental Europe, has not neglected to extend in the two hemispheres the limits of that empire in which, as in that of Philip II., the sun rises and sets. She has taken possession of the military positions of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea ; she has destroyed our influence in Egypt, passed the barrier of the Indus, and planted her standard in Afghanistan, and she is at this moment preparing an expedition against Peking. In government

and manufactures, conquest has not been less rapid or important. Prussia has resolved the problem of cheap government ; Austria has perfected her military organization, and brought back commerce to the banks of the Adriatic ; England has multiplied the prodigies of her mechanical power and has developed the resources of her internal wealth to such a point that everything is possible to her credit, commerce, and manufactures. This progress of rival nations was an accomplished event in 1830, after fifteen years of peace, which the restoration has rendered sterile for us. After the revolution, everything was still to be done—roads, canals, railways, commerce, manufactures, public instruction, army, arsenals. It is not astonishing, therefore, that France has not fully succeeded. The French government, whether from blind confidence or apathy, had for six years neglected the army, and made it the focus of economy. The late events have demonstrated even to the most incredulous that France can no more cease to fortify herself than renounce the endeavour to enrich herself. We do not know, or rather we will not inquire, whether France may not, in the course of a few years, have to measure her strength and resources with some power in Europe : but we do know that her interest, her greatness, her existence, require her to be prepared for a struggle. The period between 1815 and 1830, was a lost one as to the foreign influence of France, and the time between 1830 and 1840 was ill-employed as to this object ; the period between 1840 and 1850 is an hour of grace, a last delay given to the country to regain the rank which belongs to it. If we do not profit by these short years to restore order to our finances, complete our means of communication, form a military reserve, a formidable army, and an effective navy, to colonise Algiers, and found a system of alliances, France, at the decisive moment, will be conquered, and for ever fallen. We can only repair the disasters occasioned by bad government by the vigorous direction of our affairs. There is not a moment to be lost, for the ministry, after having sacrificed national honour to the demands of foreign powers, contemplates the abandonment of the measures which were inspired by a sense of peril, and which must be followed up as a precaution against future danger. M. Guizot has promised to disarm ; shall we have the grief of witnessing the accomplishment of his promise ? This is the only really important question for the next session of the Chambers. A people who have the misfortune to have a government without energy, must force it to do what is useful, and prevent it from inflicting mischief. In olden times, faith raised mountains. In the present day, this important lever is public opinion. Let us then endeavour to inspire the government with the firmness demanded by circumstances."

This is the language of all the opposition press in France. The writers assume, first, that there is a general feeling of hostility in other powers against France ; and secondly, that the men at the head of the French gov-

ernment are but the executive of foreign powers against the dignity and interests of France. The *Courier Français* says that the *status quo* created by the treaties of Vienna has been respected only by France, which has reaped no advantage from it, whilst all other powers have been aggrandising themselves, and adding to their conquests. The *Courier* forgets the conquest of Algiers. If that has turned out unfortunately for France, it does not the less prove that she was bent upon aggrandisement and spoliation, and that she resorted to hypocrisy and deceit in this attempt to extend her possessions at the expense of the empire of Turkey, and provide an excuse for keeping up her large military force. It would be difficult to show that any other power in Europe has violated the *status quo*. The treaties of Vienna had reference only to the balance of power of Europe, and to that part of Turkey on the south side of the Mediterranean. Now what state of Europe, except France, has placed the equilibrium in danger? If France invaded Algiers only for the purpose, as she pretended at the time, of putting an end to the piracy of the Dey, and protecting all Christian states from the exactions of an uncivilized chief, why has she retained possession of the territory when the object was accomplished, and by the slightest precautions the Dey of Algiers might have been for ever prevented from repeating the exactions which led to French intervention? If anything was meant by the conquest of Algiers, it was the establishment of a colony in Africa, which should gradually bring not only Algeria, but Tunis, Tripoli, and even the empire of Morocco or Egypt, or both, under French sway. Would the possession of these territories have been compatible with the safety and integrity of the Turkish empire, which it was the object of the *status quo* to respect? We think not. And it is no palliation of the conduct of France that she has, from want of skill, energy, or prudence, hitherto failed in her attempt to disturb the equilibrium of power in Europe.

The lamentation of the *Courier* over the apathy of the French people for remaining idle in commerce and manufactures whilst the other powers of Europe were rapidly increasing both, is certainly no just ground of reproach to those states in which the prudence of the rulers and the activity of the people have led to such results. There has been no coalition, no combination, to exclude France from the markets of Europe. There has been no deep-laid scheme to make the

French run wild in useless theories, and neglect useful and practical industry. Nor is it the fault of Prussia, which the *Courier* says has resolved the problem of cheap government, that French finances have been brought to so low an ebb. If the French are childish enough to seek amusement in expensive toys and to devote to useless stone walls the money which might have been employed in useful improvements and the propagation of commerce and industry, it is their own fault.

The French pretend that they ought not to be called upon to reduce their army, because, say they, the convention of the 13th July does not offer any sufficient guarantee that the balance of power in Europe shall not one day be disturbed by one or more of the other contracting powers and prevent the necessity for France keeping up such a military force as would enable her to protect her own interests in such an event. The supposition of the occupation of Constantinople by Russia is still the favourite theme of the opposition journals in the French capital. The idea of Russia taking, far less keeping, Constantinople, is in our opinion an absurdity; for although she has a greater surface of territory than all the other powers together, yet she is weak from the necessary physical scattering of her people; and Prussia, although the least populous of the five great powers, is and will be for a century, at least, stronger than Russia, and able, if necessary, even alone, without the Germanic confederation, to prevent the realisation of Russian ambition in Turkey. Prussia could march 200,000 men, if need were, to St. Petersburg in the course of two or three weeks, and on the way thither she would be joined by as many Poles, discontented nobles and disaffected Russian subjects, whilst the Russian army invading Turkey would also assuredly have to contend against the English, Turkish and French troops and fleets in the Bosphorus; and Austria could with 2 or 300,000 men check any attempt that she would make to reach Adrianople. Nor are we to overlook the important fact, that Turkey, with her new institutions, the spread of education, and the protection thrown over her by the treaty of the 13th of July, must necessarily become powerful in herself against Russian ambition. But are we not overrating the ambition as well as the power of Russia? Is there any probability that aggression is to be apprehended from the



north to the south? It is a general opinion that we must necessarily from time to time have eruptions from the north of Europe to the southern latitudes; but this has by no means always been the case. Tacitus mentions that, when the inhabitants of the left wing of the Rhine became too numerous from the pressure of population and want of subsistence, they divided their numbers into three divisions, and expelled one third across the river, to seek food in the best way they could. We have numerous instances of southern nations forcing their way into northern climates. The history of Greece is full of such migrations both from Asia Minor, the Peloponnesus, and the islands. The Moors found their way into Spain, and many of the followers of Mahomet have located themselves in the south of France. The Carthaginians settled themselves in Sicily and Piedmont, and the Romans in Gaul, Germany, and even in England. May it not even be possible in the course of a century, that the middle of Europe, in an over-crowded state, may seek to locate themselves in the untenanted parts of Russia. When we consider that the population of England doubles itself every forty-six years, and that of Prussia in about the same period, might not the Emperor of Russia, who has enormous tracts of territory almost unpeopled, be quite as reasonable in dreading an eruption from the Prussians, Austrians, and the English, as the French are in anticipating an eruption of Slaves in the south?

But if we establish our position, that there is no intention to destroy the integrity of the Turkish empire, the French will probably turn round and say to the other powers of Europe, As you do not contemplate foreign conquest, set us the example of reduction of your own military force. One of the Paris journals, the *Commerce*, pretends that M. Guizot has offered to reduce the French army to the extent of 40,000 as soon as the Emperor of Austria shall have commenced a reduction on his side. It is certainly only fair in calling on France to reduce her army to what it was before the treaty of July, that any augmentation of force by other powers since that time should also be reduced. But it cannot be for a moment admitted, if the principle of reduction be allowed, that the French are to fix the number of men to be reduced. The basis of such an arrangement must either be a recurrence to the position of each power

before the Treaty of July, or an amicable understanding between the five powers as to the number of troops actually necessary for the internal security of each. If the latter and more reasonable course be adopted, with what face will the French government call upon Austria and Prussia to reduce the numbers of their army, asserting at the same time that a very large army is necessary in France for the maintenance of internal tranquillity; remembering, as it must, the declaration of M. Thiers that Austria and Prussia were ripe for revolt? That M. Thiers in this instance, as in every other connected with the question under consideration, has spoken falsely, we do not hesitate to say; but the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia would be perfectly justified in retorting his declarations as an excuse for keeping up large standing armies, if they were not anxious to show that there is none of that disposition to revolt amongst their subjects which has been attributed to them by M. Thiers.

There is one argument in favour of keeping up standing armies in Austria and Prussia which the French cannot controvert. France, supposing the Austrian and Prussian sovereigns to be sincere in their professions of peace, has nothing to fear, because she knows well that those sovereigns are able to speak for their people as well as for themselves; but is the sovereign of France able to supply the same guarantee? Can he or his ministers pledge themselves for the pacific disposition of the French nation? Can they, for at least many years to come, convince the powers of Europe that the French as a nation will respect any pledge which they may make in their name? Well would it be for the peace of Europe if that could be done.

It is asserted by persons who pretend to be well informed, that the French government would not be sorry to have an opportunity for reducing to a certain extent the present standing army in France, as the state of its finances is such as to require a reduction of the expenditure, and it is only in the army that reduction could be effected. As regards the security of the country, there really can be no serious objection to reduction, for a hundred thousand men more or less may be raised in France in a few days, and three months are sufficient for the discipline of the French soldier. Such at least is the opinion of Marshal Soult. In one of his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies, he

said, "The French are, as it were, born soldiers. Give me a man from the plough, and in three months he shall be fit for the field." But this is not the case as to the navy. The objections to reduction in this branch of the service are, first, that France has not a larger naval force than she ought to have, considering her position in Europe; and secondly, that if the present force were to be diminished, the seamen who would be discharged would find no employment in the merchant service, and consequently, in a sudden emergency, France would have ships but not men. We affirm that the naval force of France is greater than it ought to be, as compared with the naval force of the other countries of Europe. According to the official returns of the number of ships of war in commission, the French have, as to comparative extent of coast, the protection of colonies, and of mercantile shipping, more than as four is to three compared with England. We apprehend that when the governments of Europe come to the consideration of the force which each may keep up without danger to the general equilibrium, or placing things in such a position that any one government would be compelled to maintain a larger force than its own real wants might require, merely as a counterpoise to the preponderance of any other state,—when, in short, the peace-footing is to be established, and confidence is to be placed in the pacific assurances of all the contracting powers, the number of ships to be employed must be chiefly regulated by the number and extent of colonies, and of mercantile shipping. The protection of the coast, even in time of peace, is not indeed to be neglected, for human nature is unfortunately not such that entire reliance is to be placed on the pacific assurances of any government. But certainly in no peace arrangement can any augmentation of force be permitted merely on the ground of the possibility of events against which it is the very object of that arrangement to provide. If the number of ships in commission in the French navy be not excessive, as compared with that of other governments, then it would be unfair to call for reduction, because it really is true that France, having once reduced her number of ships and discharged crews which are become habituated to the service, would not in event of war be able to form new and efficient crews with the same facility as other governments, which, from having a much more extensive mercantile

navy, are able in a very short period to man their ships of war with experienced seamen.

It would appear from the correspondence between the English and French cabinets, that the chief objection to the augmentation of the navy in France has been as to the ships of the line. Lord Palmerston has stated that he considers the present number of French ships of the line in commission as much greater than it ought to be, compared with the same description of force possessed by the English government. We have already said that the general naval force is greater in the proportion of four to three, and perhaps it exceeds that proportion as regards ships of the line, without reference to the war in China, which requires a very large naval force of the first class. The idea of the French placing themselves for a moment upon even the proportionate level with England, whilst she has a naval war upon hand, is perfectly absurd; for her to do so with reason, she must be in similar circumstances, which she is not now, nor is she threatened with anything of the same kind. M. Thiers, when remonstrated with by Lord Palmerston as to the intended augmentation of French ships of the line, acknowledged that the force was greater than relative circumstances warranted, and offered to reduce the number, provided there would be no objection offered to the placing them in frigates and other vessels of comparatively small force, to prevent the necessity of discharging the crews. The present government is quite willing to follow up the offer made by M. Thiers, and the only obstacle in the way is popular clamour. The French are not satisfied with being merely a military power; they would become also a naval power; and they are eternally complaining that the English are attempting to impose conditions on them to which they ought not to submit. It is perfectly true that England only does watch with jealousy the frequent attempts of the French to augment their naval force;—it is quite true that England is resolved on maintaining a preponderance, without which her dignity, her colonies, and her commerce, would be at stake. Her first and leading motive for this preponderance is certainly her interest and self-preservation; but may we not also take credit for the noble feeling of a desire never again to trust the repose of the civilized world to the mercy of a nation

whose ambition is only equalled by its caprice, and whose caprice is such that it can offer no security in the constitution of its government to the rest of the world. Is England, after centuries of struggles to obtain that naval preponderance to which she is entitled by the magnitude and extent of the interests which she has to protect, and which is really essential for the advancement of humanity, to permit France to have a similar preponderance, without the same motive of self-preservation, and without presenting to Europe as an arbitress the same guarantees? English statesmen are but too well aware of the immense sacrifices of men, money, and national happiness, which their forefathers had to endure during the naval ascendancy of Spain and Holland, to suffer any other power, even at the remotest period, to place her in a position to incur the same sacrifices again.

"Tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet."

Any English ministry, Whig or Tory, who should for a moment relax in that zealous watchfulness of France which has been hitherto displayed, and which, opposed as we are in politics to the late ministry, we must be just enough to say Lord Palmerston observed to the fullest extent, would be guilty of treason to the interests of England and her crown. Let us just for a moment imagine the naval force of France placed upon a footing far exceeding our own, as to comparative wants, with the restless ambition of the French people—in what a position would England be placed? The first rupture with any other naval power, nay, the prolongation of the struggle with China, would expose us to maritime aggression on the part of France, and the first check experienced by England would give to France such a preponderance as to enable her to paralyze in a great degree the action of our fleets. Even at the present moment the numerical strength of the French navy is greater than it ought to be, and it is only owing to the physical superiority and nautical capacity of our seamen that this comparative numerical preponderance has not been turned to account. We must not permit France to arrive at such a development of naval power as to place her crews upon a footing with those of England, or permit the possibility of a junction of any two or more powers dangerous to our own interests. We remember that when Napoleon was

contemplating the possibility of a descent in Great Britain, a pamphlet was published under his auspices with the motto, "*Delenda est Carthago*." This is still the feeling of the masses of the French people; and although the conviction of the impossibility of the working out their views may eventually change that feeling into one more consistent with our security and the peace of Europe, the slightest encouragement given to it by apathy or blind confidence on our part would soon fan it into a flame, to extinguish which might cause an enormous sacrifice of treasure and blood.

The French say that we are unwilling to allow them to possess a naval force in proportion to their dignity as a nation and their interests. To believe them, England aims at nothing less than sweeping every French ship from the seas, and possessing that element as its own exclusive territory. Is this accusation founded in fact? If Great Britain really did object to the existence of a French navy at all, would she not rather take advantage of her present force, and carry into effect such a scheme? Nothing could be more easy for her, indeed, if such were her policy. England could command of common ships of war, steam-ships and other ships, 1500 vessels for aggression; and, according to our best statisticians, our seamen at home and abroad are nearly half a million of men, so that there would be no difficulty of finding able crews immediately for this large force; and it is to be remarked also, that our arsenals are at this moment well provided with *materiel* of every sort. We are very far from recommending the adoption of such a policy as this; for however short the struggle might be, it would be necessarily attended with the dilapidation of our finances, and would for a time throw all our commercial relations out of joint; but it would be the proper policy, if what the French say of us as regards our motive for naval preponderance were true. The true motive for our naval preponderance is self-preservation, and the retention in our own hands, for good purposes, of that superiority which, in other hands, might be turned to a different account. It is not our interest to sweep the fleet of any nation of Europe from the seas. A day may come when a junction with the French may be prescribed by one common interest, and when we should have a cause to repent the adoption of a policy which should have reduced her fleet be-

low its proper degree of strength. Although it would be dangerous to permit any power to obtain a naval preponderance over England, or to permit the existence of such a force by either, as, when united, would place us in jeopardy, yet we should rather encourage than discourage the existence of a respectable force for each nation, which, in the event of necessity, might be joined with our own for the more rapid suppression of any ambitious project on the part of one or more states. Considering the enormous naval power of England, can it be said she has abused her strength? Has her naval preponderance been exercised for mere conquest and spoliation? and has she not on the contrary always limited that exercise to a consideration of what was due to her own position and legitimate wants? The naval superiority which we enjoy must be maintained, although to do so we may mortify French vanity. From the moment we should cease to exercise a proper degree of vigilance in this respect, the days of British grandeur would be at an end.

It is not probable that the question of the reduction of either the French army or navy will be one likely to lead to much unpleasant discussion in the present state of things. The English cabinet may think that the moment when the internal state of France requires the display of a large military force, would not be well chosen for a peremptory demand for reduction of the army, although it is certainly no fair excuse for keeping up a large standing army in France to say that it is necessary for the maintenance of order, which is strictly the duty of a well-organized and efficient police. As to the navy, it is evident that nothing in the state or position of France can justify her in seeking to augment it, or in fact in refusing to reduce the present effective force; but what the English cabinet, and indeed all the cabinets of Europe might refuse to concede to the cabinet of the Tuileries, speaking in the name of the French nation, may be conceded to the peculiar position of the French ministry, and that too not merely as an act of courtesy, but from considerations of self-interest. M. Guizot has enough to do to keep down the ebullition of that mass of turbulence and riot in France which was lately brought to the boiling point by M. Thiers. Although he does not aim at popularity, knowing how vain and ephemeral the power built upon the breath of the popu-

lace must be, it would not be prudent to do unpopular things. The navy is just now the favourite toy of the French nation. To dislocate it would exasperate the French as a child is driven into a paroxysm by the breaking of its doll. The powers of Europe owe something to Louis Philip and M. Guizot, for without them they would have been involved in a contest which must, it is true, have ended in the discomfiture of France, but which it is equally true would have caused to all a great expenditure of treasure and blood. Nor is it certain that French propagandism would have failed entirely in rousing the discontented of more than one country of Europe to action. The experiment has not been made, and grateful ought Europe to be to those statesmen by whom it has been prevented. The least that can be done therefore for them, is to strengthen their hands against the factions of their own country, and to abstain from any immediate dictation which might excite rebellion and take the power out of their hands. A *status quo* as to the army and navy in France may be tolerated for a time, without being recognized as a right.

There is, however, another point of equal importance with the development of the means of warlike aggression possessed by France, which England will do well to watch. The present ministry in France, in taking upon itself the unpopularity of a policy directly opposed to that of M. Thiers, may have resolved on an effort to obtain by diplomacy what it neither would nor could attempt to accomplish by force. The French are as envious of the wealth of England as of her power; they are quite as anxious to drive her out of the markets of the globe, as they are to deprive her of some of her political influence. M. Guizot, as a friend to humanity, is opposed to war, and as a prudent statesman he is above all opposed to a war in which there would be nothing to be gained by France; but M. Guizot is a good Frenchman, and he is not without the ambition which, if successful, would enable him to show to the French that by his policy they had really gained something, whereas if they had adopted that of M. Thiers ruin only would have been the result. If we do not allow the French to be active with the sword, they will attempt to be active in some other way—they are fond of what they choose to call honour, and are great seekers of the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth; but they are not wanting in energy when they

see a chance of competing successfully with their neighbours in the race of trade. There is no man in Europe who understands matters of real business better than Louis Philip, and although he is very fond of talking of his military doings at Jemappes, and with haranguing the troops as his "chers camerades," because he knows that without the army his throne would not be worth the purchase of a day, he is a keen and clever calculator, and knows that if France would increase her trade she would increase her wealth, and eventually her political strength; for in these times the most powerful nation must be that which has the greatest pecuniary resources at its command. The convention of July 13, by taking from France all dread of hostile attacks, and enabling her to devote all her energies to the arts of peace, opens to her a chance of becoming a formidable rival to England in the trade of the world. Against the principle of legitimate competition by France or any other power nothing is to be said; but our ministry must be constantly on the watch to see that for honourable rivalry she does not substitute intrigue. It must not be overlooked that the very first act of the French government, after the final settlement of the Eastern question, was to propose to Belgium a commercial treaty on conditions evidently directed against British trade. The circumstances under which this proposition was made are peculiarly striking. It will be remembered by our readers that more than two years ago negotiations were opened between the cabinets of London and Paris for a revision of the tariffs of the two countries. After a preliminary understanding between the ministers of foreign affairs as to the bases of the negotiations, commissioners were named by each government. The president of the board of trade in England selected Dr. Bowring and Mr. Macgregor; the French government chose some of its own employés. Dr. Bowring and Mr. Macgregor began by asking large concessions, on the principle probably of the tenant who, wanting to obtain from his landlord wood enough to make a gate, began by asking for timber to build a house; offering, on the one hand, to admit French wines and brandies, silks, &c. &c., at a large reduction of duty, and on their side they demanded that the prohibition against the admission of certain English manufactures should be taken off, and that iron, cutlery, hardware, &c., should be admitted at a low rate of duty.

The taking off prohibition was conceded, but the duties required were very much heavier than those which the English commissioners thought fair. Upon the whole, however, it was thought better to take what was offered, some of the extensive manufacturers in England having been previously consulted as to whether the duties proposed would be prohibitory or not, and having replied that by doing business on a very large scale and at very low profits, it would be possible to find a market in France, the propositions were entertained. No sooner, however, was it found that the English government was ready to subscribe to any propositions on the part of France, which, although not liberal, would still open the way to further modifications, than the most paltry delays and excuses were set up by the French government, and Mr. Poulett Thompson, justly taking offence, recalled his commissioners, and informed the French minister of commerce that he would never consent to a resumption of the negotiations, except on bases previously laid down in detail as well as principle from which the French negotiators could not depart. Whilst Mr. Poulett Thompson remained in office every attempt to wheedle him into fresh negotiations failed; but no sooner had Mr. Labouchere succeeded him than with, unpardonable promptitude, he suffered himself to be made a dupe, and appointed a new commission, composed of Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Porter, to treat with the clever tricksters whom the French minister of commerce had named. There never was a commission, even of the late government, which certainly did not shine in its selections, less calculated to lead to any useful result than this. Mr. Bulwer, who is really an able man as a diplomatist, and who as *chargé d'affaires* in the absence and illness of Lord Granville, won golden opinions from all with whom he had to do in France, was unexceptionable as regarded mere diplomacy, but his mercantile information was necessarily limited.

To compensate for this deficiency Mr. Labouchere sent over Mr. Porter, one of the clerks of the board of trade. This gentleman, whatever may be his capacity at home, was lamentably deficient here. He knew nothing of the routine of French business; nothing of the trickery of French official men, and was weak enough to fancy that he had gained a triumph, when in fact the French commissioners were laughing at him in their sleeves.

Mr. Bulwer soon saw through the *bonhomie* of his colleague, and in vain attempted to counteract its effects. Mr. Porter became dissatisfied with Mr. Bulwer, and each of these horses of the state pulled his own way. Had they indeed pulled together with all their might, they never could have dragged fair conditions out of the French, for there never was an intention on the part of the French government to treat on bases of fair reciprocity; but with a commission so composed the English government had not even the merit of keeping up its dignity, and Mr. Labouchere was weak enough to suffer Mr. Porter to remain many weeks in Paris at the suggestion of M. Thiers, who assured him that if anything should occur to enable him consistently to consent to fresh negotiations (they had then been broken off by M. Thiers in consequence of the treaty of July 15), he would let him know. M. Thiers did not condescend to resume the negotiations, and Mr. Porter at length quitted Paris. M. Guizot succeeded M. Thiers, but nothing could be done, of course, in the treaty of commerce until the mantle of dignified isolation, which the little historian of the Revolution had placed over France, had been cast off. The convention of July 13 arrives, but what do we hear of the commercial treaty? Does the new French cabinet hasten to say to Lord Palmerston "We are sorry for the trickery and delay of the late cabinet, but we are now disposed to treat honestly on a system of fair reciprocity, and therefore beg that you will allow the negotiations to be resumed?" Oh no! nothing of this kind takes place; but the ink of the signatures to the convention of July 13 is scarcely dry, when a commercial treaty with Belgium, hostile to British interests, is proposed, and as if nothing was to be wanting to mark the contempt of the French cabinet for the Whig government, which had been so much insulted and mocked, it was announced that the negotiations for the treaty with Belgium would be direct between the Belgian commissioners and the French ministers, whereas in the negotiations with England, the French government was represented by commissioners who were merely third or fourth class employés.

It is said, and we believe truly, that it was proposed in the first instance that the basis of the treaty between France and Belgium should be a customs' union, but that the Prussian ambassador at once

declared that such an arrangement would be regarded as a breach of neutrality by Belgium. Indeed, a customs' union would have been a first and important step to a political union between Belgium and France, and this Prussia would not permit. The idea was therefore abandoned, and a commercial treaty, such as any independent state may form, was to be discussed. Let us see whether the bases of this treaty, however, are such as can be laid down by France when treating with a state which is only independent in its neutrality? France demands that her wines, brandies, silks, &c., shall be admitted into Belgium at rates of duty infinitely lower than those to be charged upon similar produce from any other state, and in return for this protection France will consent to receive from Belgium, iron, coals, linens, &c. &c., at a much lower rate of duty than from any other country. Will Austria, which became a party to the guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium, permit such an exclusion of the oils, silks, and other produce of her Italian territories? Will England permit Belgium to make concessions to France, in exchange for which, Belgium, and Belgium only, is to supply France with coals, iron, linen, and any of the manufactures in which that country carries on a competition with Great Britain? In our opinion a treaty of this kind would be a *casus belli* on the part of England against both Belgium and France,—against Belgium as an infringement of a neutrality which was not to be merely political, for Belgium may, commercially, throw power into the hands of France, as well as by a political union; and against France for seeking thus hastily and rudely to establish those relations with Belgium as to trade which she refuses to England, after more than two years of fraudulent negotiation with the English government. We do not blame M. Guizot for seeking to enlarge the political and commercial influence of France at the expense of Belgian neutrality; we do not blame the Belgians for endeavouring to monopolize the supply of iron, coals, cutlery, hardware, woollen goods, &c., in France. If the governments of these countries can do this with impunity, they are quite right in their course; but will the English government consent to the exclusive arrangement which is proposed? We do not hesitate at saying, that it will not. Either the intentions of the French and Belgian governments must be abandoned, or France must consent to ad-

mit British manufactures, a fair reciprocity being, of course, consented to by England, on conditions quite as favourable as those which it is proposed to grant to Belgium. There is no reason to fear that the interests of British manufactures will be overlooked by the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel.

Belgium could not fail to reap vast advantages from an exclusive commercial treaty with France, and they would be precisely on those branches in which she carries on a spirited competition with Great Britain. The Belgians are an industrious people, they are inferior only to the English in the application of mechanical power, and they have made such progress in some of their manufactures, that only a slight protecting duty in their favour in France would secure for them an important market. At present, many of the manufactures of Belgium are, like those of England, prohibited in France. It is quite time that the mistaken policy of prohibition should cease; but it must not cease for Belgium alone. The French have already made concessions to Belgium as to the coal trade, to the injury of our coal owners, who are thus unable to supply English coals at the same rate as the Belgians, except in certain localities; but this injury has not been extensive. The case would be very different however as to the supply of iron. The demand for English iron in France is even now, notwithstanding the enormous duty imposed upon it, very great; what then will it be when the capital required for the numerous railways projected in France shall have been raised, if, according to the intentions manifested by the French government, the supply of the iron-work for these great undertakings should be exclusively from Belgium, with the exceptions, of course, of that of the iron-masters in France itself. The *Journal des Debats* pretends, indeed, that this would be a nominal concession for Belgium; first, because that country would be unable to furnish the required supply; and secondly, because the French iron-masters are equal in their means of production to all demands. There is no truth in the latter of these statements. We find that in 1837, when Belgium had only 77 high furnaces and 60 common furnaces, she was able to supply all the iron required for the numerous railways then executing in her own territory, and would, if twice as much iron had been wanted, with the productive powers then in existence, have

been fully equal to the increased demand. Between 1837 and 1841 the number of high furnaces has increased to 117, and the ordinary furnaces from 60 to 72. With only 40 of the high furnaces in constant work, there would be an annual production of 292,000 tons; consequently, if all the productive power of Belgium were in full activity, she would be able alone, if necessary, to send into France more than the quantity of iron which could be required for railways over the whole surface of the country, in addition to that which the French iron-masters could raise. The idea of the whole of the iron necessary for these railways being produced in France is perfectly absurd. The French iron-masters are not able to supply, within any reasonable limit of time, enough iron for railways of less than 100 leagues in extent. To protect the importation of Belgian iron, therefore, by excluding the English from all chance of competition, would be a manifest injury to the English iron trade, against which, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the English government has a right to protest.

But it is not merely in the supply of iron for railways that Belgium would have a manifest advantage over England from the conclusion of a commercial treaty between that country and France, upon conditions such as are at this moment laid down as the basis of negotiation; she would also monopolize the supply of locomotives, for there are so many factories of that country well-organised as to tools, and possessing all that is necessary for an extensive fabrication, that if the duties in France on locomotives were to be lower for those imported from Belgium than on English locomotives, where one is now imported from England, Belgium would be able to introduce ten. The same observation may be made as to steam-engines and machinery of every kind. The English manufacturers of these articles have very little to fear from the competition with those in France, for notwithstanding the protecting duty levied upon English machinery, so much are the French manufacturers behind the English in the mode of turning out their work, that the English engines and machinery of every kind find a ready market in France. It is not only better, but even cheaper as to first cost, than French machinery; for although the protecting duty is high, and labour is to be obtained in France at a lower rate than in England, the manufacturers are, with few excep-

tions, so badly set up with tools that the difference in their favour is more than counterbalanced by this inferiority. This, however, is not the case with Belgium; all that she requires for her prosperity is, an exclusive market for her goods. It is also worthy of remark, that the best English workmen find their way to Belgium, where there is none of that jealousy which, in France, prevents their meeting with encouragement, and a high rate of pay.

Some of the French papers have stated that the Earl of Aberdeen has already signified to M. Guizot his willingness to sign the projected commercial treaty with England, on the conditions agreed upon by the commissioners of the two countries. This we know to be untrue. In the first place, there were many essential conditions upon which the commissioners were not definitively agreed; and secondly, we do not think that Lord Palmerston would have sanctioned some others respecting which they had come to an agreement by no means in favour of England. There is no ground for supposing that the Earl of Aberdeen will, as regards the interests of British merchants and manufacturers, be less difficult than Lord Palmerston would have been if he had remained in office. The concession demanded by France as to the duties on her wines and brandies is one of such vast importance for her that the English government has a right to expect something equal in exchange. In many parts of France the vine constitutes the wealth of the country, and when there is a falling off in the market for wine and brandy, the whole of the population depending upon this branch of agriculture must suffer materially. The exports of wine and brandy from France to all countries having fallen off materially, and the consumption at home in large cities not having kept pace with the increase of the population, the cultivators and others connected with the wine trade in the different provinces have for some years been almost in a state of bankruptcy. Session after session they have petitioned for relief, and session after session the iron-masters and manufacturers in the chamber of deputies, who are or else imagine they are interested in keeping out English iron and manufactures, which they could not do if the wine-growers were to prevail, as the English government would not consent to lower the duties on wines and brandies except for a concession in favour of British products, have been resisting the de-

mands of the agriculturists, and hitherto they have done so successfully. In every concession made by the French commissioners they had in view to lower the clamour of the wine growers,—who, in their petition to the chambers declare, that the cultivation of the vine in two-thirds of the territory covered by it does not yield 2 per cent. for the capital employed, and that in many cases the produce does not cover the expense of cultivation,—and, at the same time, alarm as little as possible the iron-masters and manufacturers opposed to a commercial treaty with England. A great deal of what these gentlemen have succeeded in doing must be undone, or Lord Aberdeen will not sign the treaty.

There is another leading point in connection with the treaty in question which must be discussed, and respecting which there has been, and is still likely to be, great opposition on the part of the French government; we mean the postage regulations between the two countries. When the late cabinet in England gave way to the wild and sweeping theories of Mr. Rowland Hill, and adopted the crude notions of that gentleman to their fullest extent, although a reduction of one-half the postage-duty would have satisfied the people of England, the enormity of the postage between Great Britain and France became strikingly apparent. The English commissioners endeavoured to make a large reduction of this postage one of the bases of the negotiation, but the answer was, that the English government had done an unwise act which could not be allowed to operate as an example for the French government, and that the concession demanded by the commissioners would, if granted, open the door in France to concessions as to the postage system generally, which would be injurious to the public revenue. We will endeavour to show that the English commissioners were right in principle, although the French government was perfectly correct in refusing to adopt the wild theory of Mr. Rowland Hill and his supporters; but we must just be permitted, although it may be considered a digression, to make a few observations on the postage regulations in the two countries generally.

Previously to the extraordinary alterations made in England by the late cabinet, whether from ignorance or with a mistaken view to popularity we will not attempt to determine, there were certainly many things in which reform was called for.



The postage of letters was decidedly too high; the mode of paying by inclosures and not by weight was an unfair one, and was attended by trouble in the machinery as well as hardship upon the public, and some facilities were due to tradesmen, particularly to beginners with small capital, for the extension of their means of publicity. The two classes of persons which the new postage bill was, according to its projectors, to serve principally, were small tradesmen and the poor, who from the existing high rate of postage were unable to communicate by letter. Was it necessary as regarded the former to reduce the charge to about one-seventh, taking the average of what was then paid; if two-thirds or even only one-half had been reduced, would it not have been sufficient in the first instance as a mere experiment? In England the trading classes are so numerous, and they are so justly entitled to consideration, that if the relief they desired could have been granted in no other way than by the adoption of a penny postage, this extreme concession would have been a judicious one; but how did the case really stand? The tradesman complained that he could not afford to pay the existing high rate of postage for sending out his circulars, and that he was consequently unable to give to his trade the degree of publicity necessary for his own interest, and for that of the public, which is always promoted by competition; and was there no other way of serving the poorer class of tradesmen and giving a stimulus to competition, than enabling the wealthy to gain 600 per cent.? If instead of a penny postage a threepenny postage had been established, the enormous defect of the revenue would have been avoided, nay, the revenue would have been increased, and yet the trading classes might have had a still greater boon than that which they have received from Mr. Rowland Hill's plan, which had not even the charm of novelty, inasmuch as it existed and was a failure in France more than two centuries ago, and when the present post-office system was not known.

The trading classes in England demanded the facility of sending out their circulars at a lower cost than the rate of postage charged by the government. We would have gone beyond Mr. Rowland Hill in their favour, without abstracting a farthing from the amount of the post-office revenue. We would have given to them the facility which is enjoyed in France, where a printed circular is

conveyed by the post to any part of the kingdom for a charge of little more than one-fourth of the penny postage in England. In France, if a circular bearing a stamp of two centimes be folded up in such a way that the stamp may be seen, it is received at a post-office on payment of only one centime postage, and conveyed free to any distance. Does Mr. Rowland Hill's plan give the same advantage? Even a penny postage is too high for tradesmen's circulars, as few tradesmen wish to send out less than five or six thousand, and that would be an expense of more than twenty pounds, whereas the same thing would be done in France for little more than five pounds. The boon therefore to the trading classes is not so extensive as it ought to be, and yet it is attended with injury to the revenue. If the Conservative government should attempt to modify Mr. Rowland Hill's plan, and levy an uniform threepenny rate, it is probable that in less than two years the amount of the revenue from the post-office would be greater than it was previously to the change made by the late cabinet, for, as compared with all things else in England, threepence would be a small tax even for the poorer classes. But the system of stamped circulars must also be adopted, for that would be an extra and very extensive branch of profit. Let every tradesman or other person sending circulars through the post-office be allowed to do so free of postage, provided the circular do not exceed a quarter of an ounce of weight, and be stamped with a halfpenny stamp. Even in France, where the competition of trades is comparatively small, these stamped circulars yield a large sum to the revenue. To return, however, to the question of international postage in connection with the projected commercial treaty between France and England.

The present rate of postage between the two capitals, or any points of equal distance, is two francs for what is called a single letter, viz., a letter weighing  $7\frac{1}{2}$  grammes French or a little more than a quarter of an ounce English, with or without enclosures; beyond that weight and under 10 grammes the charge is two francs and a half, and it goes on increasing according to the increase of weight. If the letter should weigh half an ounce the charge would be 3 francs from Paris to London, or from London to Paris, (the arrangement is a reciprocal one, and cannot be altered without the consent of both governments,) whereas the same letter

sent from the remotest part of England to the remotest part of Ireland or Scotland would be charged only one penny. Upon what principle this imposition is kept up we know not, for the charge is out of all proportion with the inland charges of both countries. A letter of the weight in question sent to Calais would be charged 24 sous; if to Boulogne, which is the nearest point to England and ought to be the mail packet station, the charge would be only 1 franc; the postage from Dover to London would be one penny, making together less than thirteen pence English, and a charge of twopence from Calais to Dover would be enormous, for any private packet master would convey it for the government for one halfpenny; thus, a letter which is now charged two shillings and sixpence English, ought not, according to the inland tariffs of the two countries, allowing at the same time an ex-

travagant rate of postage for the 20 miles water carriage, to be charged more than half that amount, or if even the inland charge in England were increased to threepence, to be more than one shilling and fivepence, on what is called the letter simple, viz. weighing less than  $7\frac{1}{2}$  grammes, the charge, which is now one shilling and eightpence, ought not to exceed, according to the inland tariffs, eightpence.

If the British government be really disposed to renew the negotiations for the commercial treaty, this is a point which must be attended to, for it would be absurd to lay down rules for the extension of commerce if the means of communication and intercourse are to be thus fettered. We very much doubt, however, whether sufficient progress will be made in the more important points of the treaty, for this of the postage to be brought under discussion.

## MUSIC AT HOME AND ABROAD.

### GERMANY.

VIENNA.—The chief novelty in the theatrical horizon of this imperial city has been the successful production, at the royal theatre, of a new and original four-act comedy, entitled 'Maria von Medicis,' which turns on an intrigue between King Henry, the Marquis of Roquelaure and the beautiful Marchioness Sevigné, in the suite of the queen, with whom they are in love. Maria is informed of their proceedings, and after a variety of 'moving accidents,' she humbles the king, unites the marchioness to the man of her heart, and makes the marquis accept the hand of a lady of the court, to whom his *billet doux* had been sent in mistake.

At the Josephstadt theatre, a drama, entitled 'Leben und leben lassen,' Live and let live, has been the most recent favourite. Haley's 'Guido and Ginevra,' has been performed, but obtained an indifferent reception.

The musicians of the Austrian capital have experienced a great loss, by the death of Chevalier Ignaz Von Seyfried,

who expired on 27th August, in his 65th year. This celebrated and fertile musician was originally educated for the law, but his passion for music was irresistible, and he became the author of nine successful operas, five oratorios, nearly two hundred other works, and numerous theoretical essays. He enjoyed the friendship of Beethoven, and most of the distinguished musicians of the time. In the evening of the 26th, he sent for two of his friends, M. Littermayer, director of the Imperial Singing School, and M. Harleyn, the musical publisher, and gave to them a parcel, with a request that it might not be opened until after his decease. This parcel contained the manuscript of a funeral mass, and a note, stating that this work, composed in 1835, was to be performed at the funeral of the author. His wishes have been responded to, and his funeral was attended by all the principal musicians in Vienna.

Spontini has been elected honorary member of the Austrian Musical Society of Vienna.

Great preparations are making for the annual festival of the Musical Society of the Austrian States, to be held on 7th, 9th, and 11th of November, at Vienna. Eleven hundred performers will attend; the greater portion gratuitously.

FRANKFURT.—Miss Adelaide Kemble has been delighting the Rhine Tourists by her beautiful singing and acting in Bellini's 'Norma.' She has created a *furor*, and has been re-engaged for twelve nights.

BERLIN.—The good people of this city have been delighted with the singing and performances of Madame Pasta, at the King's Theatre. Her first performance of 'Anna Bolena,' in Donizetti's favourite opera of that name, elicited applause, particularly in the *aria Amor che il seno m'agita*. Giovanna Semour was personated by Mademoiselle Ferlotti, and King Henry was well filled by M. Paltrinieri. She subsequently appeared in Bellini's 'Tancredi' and 'Norma.' Sever was personated by M. Vitali most effectively.

The promise made by his Majesty to revive the old classic drama is now about to be fulfilled. Several Greek tragedies, translated into German, will soon be forthcoming. Mendelssohn has received orders to set the choruses of the 'Œdipus Coloneus' to music. F. Schneider is commissioned to fulfil the same duties to the 'Electra,' and Spohr has the 'Antigone' now in hand. 'Die Huguenotten' is to be produced with great splendour on Meyerbeer's return to this city.

In the new palace at Potsdam are shown several compositions for the flute, both concertos and smaller pieces, from the hand of Frederick the Great; he also wrote the dramas of several operas for Graun, which were translated into Italian from the French, in which they were originally composed, by the court poet of the day, Tagliazuchi. The following is the order in which they were written:—'Iphigenia in Aulis,' 1748; 'Coriolanus,' 1749; 'Phæton,' 1750; 'Mithridates,' 1751; 'Sulla,' 1753; 'Montezuma,' 1755; 'Merope,' 1756; 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' with which the Berlin Opera House was consecrated, (a secular solemnity,) on the 7th December, 1742; and 'Semiramis,' written in May, 1754, were also from his pen. Of all the lyrical dramas of Frederick, to the best of our knowledge, only one is now extant; it is still in the original manuscript and in private hands, and is that to which Graun composed his opera of 'Sulla'; this work was brought out on the birth-day of the queen mother, 27th of

March, 1755. Many smaller lyrical poems by this monarch have been set to music, but of these only two odes, composed by Reichardt, which appeared at Berlin in 1800, have been given to the public.

The German musical Annual 'Orpheus' for 1842 is nearly ready for publication; it is embellished with a portrait of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and contains some admired compositions by Seyfried, Lyser, Schindler, Dr. Schumann, Schilling, Reissiger, &c.

PRAGUE.—The Hofburg theatre was most fully attended for some time past, owing to the attraction of Madame Pêche, who is unquestionably one of the finest tragic actresses in Germany. Her Gabrielle, in 'Leichtsinn und seine Folgen'—Frivolity and its consequences, her 'Mariane,' in Goethe's 'Geschwistern,' and her Louise, in Schiller's beautiful tragedy of 'Kabale und Liebe,' were masterly performances, and elicited loud and frequent applause. The clear and impressive tones of her sweet voice, her commanding attitudes, and her graceful figure, distinguish her as the Siddons or Rachel of Germany. For her benefit a new five-act drama, by Otto Prechtler, entitled 'Perdita,' was performed for the first time. The two first acts were very warmly received; but the third and fourth were so inferior, that the drama met with very equivocal success. Mademoiselle Enghans took the second character of Fulvia, Madame Pêche sustained Perdita, and M. Loewe, Geraldo. Madame Allram is an established melodramatic performer, and has acquired great reputation by her performance in Wolf's 'Kammerdiener,'—The Valet.

MANNHEIM.—The musical society of Heidelberg, Mannheim, and Speier, who recently offered a prize for the best trio on the Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, have declared the successful competitor to be J. Wolff, of Vienna: the judges were Spohr, Kalliwoda, and Strauss.

LEIPZIG.—Several attractive concerts have been given in the city; among others, one under the direction of G. Schmidt, of Weimar, was fully attended. On this occasion a new national song, and an aria and chorus from Weber's 'Euryanthe,' were effectively given. The organist of St. Nicholas' Church, M. Becker, gave a brilliant concert, in aid of the sufferers from the fire at Zschopau. The programme contained a fine selection from the works of Bach, Handel, and

Krabo. Donizetti's 'La Favourite,' is in rehearsal.

### ITALY.

ROME.—Great preparations are making at the Teatro Apollo for the production of various novelties. A powerful company, including Mesdames Strefoni, Colleonicosti, Brembilla, and Gualdi; Messieurs Salvi and Gasparini, tenors; Marini, Alba, and Santoni, bassists. The most successful opera during the last season, it will be remembered, was Rossini's 'Mosé,' for which Donizetti's 'Marino Faliero' was withdrawn. The good people of Rome are beginning to see the error of supporting Donizetti's trash, to the exclusion of Rossini, Bellini, Mercadante, and other composers of really good music. The new Opera Buffa, of 'Il Barbero Benefico,' recently produced at the Valle Theatre, has proved most unsuccessful; the composer, T. Carcano, will not be permitted to make another attempt.

VENICE.—The chief novelty has been the triumphant début of Mademoiselle E. Gogge, a native of Prato in Tuscany, who appeared in Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, Bellini's *Norma*, and Speranza's *Due Figaro*; the Apollo has been in consequence very fully attended. A new opera by Buzolla, entitled *Il Mastino*, has been successful at the Teatro San Benedetto.

FLORENCE.—The folly of calling the author or composer forward several times to receive the applause of the audience we may now presume has reached its height in this city. Marliani, the composer of the opera of *Ildegonda*, which has been the great attraction at the Teatro Pergola, was called on to present himself twenty-four times in one evening to receive the congratulations of the audience. Maray, the prima donna, was also called on nineteen several times. Rossini's *Nuovo Mosé* has also been successfully reproduced at the same theatre. Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was performed upwards of thirty nights. At the Leopold Theatre, a new opera by Gordigiani, entitled *Gli Aragonesi in Napoli*, has been received with the most flattering success; the composer was also called upon to present himself upwards of twenty-four times; how long this insane custom will continue we know not. At the theatre in the town of Reggio a new opera *Il Solitario* was produced, and the composer, Peri, called forth nearly twenty times, and yet the opera proved a failure.

The degenerate state of Italian music at the present day, and the wretched compositions produced almost weekly in Italy, the Grand Opera, and the Opera Buffa, alike destitute of originality and taste, have been the subject of much comment of late, but the sharpest satire ever levelled at the *modern opera* is that by Marcello, in a pamphlet entitled "*Teatro alla moda*;" or, "An Easy and Certain Method of Composing and Performing Italian Operas after the Modern Manner."

He says as to the Poet—

"The modern poet should completely abstain from reading the ancient writers, for this reason, that the ancient writers never read the moderns. Before entering upon his task he will take an exact note of the quantity and quality of the scenes which the manager is desirous of introducing into his drama. He will compose his poem verse by verse, without giving himself any trouble as to the action, in order that it may be impossible for the spectator to comprehend the plot, and that curiosity may thus be kept alive to the end of the piece. By the way he will not forget to close the piece with a brilliant and magnificent scene, terminating in a grand chorus in honour of the sun, the moon, or the manager. He will have recourse as frequently as possible to the dagger, to poison, to earthquakes, to spectres, and to incantations. All these expedients are admirable; they cost but little, and produce a prodigious effect on the public."

And now the composer; not forgetting also the singer—

"The modern composer has no occasion for a knowledge of the rules of composition; practice, and a few general principles will be quite sufficient. Nor has he any occasion for an acquaintance with poetry; he need not even be able to distinguish a long syllable from a short one. He will do well *not* to read the poem before setting it to music, for fear of over-loading his imagination and oppressing his genius. He will compose the music verse by verse, and will not fail to adjust to the words such airs as he has composed in the course of the year, even though the metre and the expression should be at perfect variance with his ideas. He will produce no airs but such as are accompanied by the whole orchestra; for, in order to compose in the modern taste, it is indispensable, above all things, to make plenty of noise. As

to the singers, they should take care never to practise solfaing, for fear of falling into the old-fashioned custom of singing in tune and time; both of which things are at absolute variance with the taste of the day. And not only will they change the time of the airs, but also the airs themselves, though their variations are in direct opposition to the bass and the whole of the instruments."

#### HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

There are two musical societies in Amsterdam. The musical institute "Felix Meritis" consists of seventy-four members, under the direction of M. Van Bree, a talented violinist; and the "Blaas en Stryklust," under the direction of M. Sundorf.

BRUSSELS.—The Grand Ópera has been enlivened by the appearance of Rubini, Persiani, and Signor Negri: Rossini's *Otello* was rapturously received, and Rubini had to repeat the aria from Pacini's *Niobe* three times.

At the Theatre de la Monnaie Donizetti's *Favourite* has been successfully produced: the principal performers were Mdlle. Julian, M. Laborde, and M. Canaple, who possesses a fine baritone.

The Festival of the Société Philharmonique was to take place on the 26th September, to contend for the prizes. Foreigners were invited to attend and contest the point of superior musical qualifications with the Belgians.

#### RUSSIA.

Respecting the music of Russia, we are comparatively ignorant. Of the four distinct categories, sacred, operatic, military, and chamber music, sacred music occupies the highest rank, although the Greek ritual admits of no kind of instrument in the churches. The choristers of the emperor's chapel sing no music but that of the office, and practice has given them an inconceivable skill in intoning with truth and precision without accompaniment. But the peculiar feature of their performance consists in the employment of double-bass voices, whose compass is from the lowest A. of the piano to C. above the lines, and which produce an incredible effect by doubling the ordinary bass parts.

Now Russia is the only country that offers a certain provision for a double-bass singer: the possession of such notes combined with a knowledge of music, insures a pension for life from the auto-

crat of the Russias. These living *contrabasse* never quit the chapel; isolated they would be found intolerably heavy, but their effect *en masse* is admirable.

The execution of the choir being unrivalled in the world, it were to be desired that the music should be of equal excellence, but this is not the case. Nearly all the pieces are of the last century, and are written by a certain Bertienksy, a clever composer, but gifted with little invention.

Theatrical music at St. Petersburg is the least flourishing of any, and it is difficult to understand why the operatic orchestra and vocalists should be so feeble, when we find such magnificent chapel singers, and such excellent military bands. There are three theatres,—the Grand Theatre, where the ballet and Russian or German operas are performed; the Theatre Michel, dedicated to slighter German operas, and to French drama and vaudeville; finally, the Alexandrine Theatre, where Russian pieces only are played—this latter does not fall within our province; all are supported by the government at immense expense, but the Alexandrine only commands adequate receipts. The Grand Theatre is one of the finest edifices in Europe; the interior is larger than our opera, and combines beauty with simplicity; in lieu of our pit benches there are commodious arm-chairs, the first rows of which are always filled by the *élite* of the Russian aristocracy; a large central box is assigned to the court, but it is usually occupied by the maids of honour, the emperor and empress taking a small side box with private entrance. The *corps de ballet* is numerous, and is supplied by the pupils of a school attached to the theatre under the direction of Messrs. Taglioni and Titus. It has produced some good female dancers,—the best are Mesdames Smirnova and Andrianova, who are indeed worthy of our academy. Unfortunately the ladies are not remarkable for personal charms. The operatic *répertoire* is composed of translations of French and Italian operas, and of half-a-dozen German, two of which are by Weber, and four by Mozart. *Robert le Diable* and *La Muette* have the power of attracting crowds.

The Russian opera has little more influence on the public than the German; the *répertoire* is the same with different language and performers. The first tenor, Leonof, is Russian only by birth, having been educated in France. He is a na-

tural son of Field the pianist; with much musical knowledge, but very limited powers, he is called upon to fill the posts of Rubini in the *Puritani*, and of Nourrit in *Robert*. The *prima donna* is Mdlle. Ver-teuil, who on returning to her native country took the name of Solovieva. She has a pretty voice and great execution, but being an indifferent musician sings very unequally, and the public has not sufficient discrimination to applaud in the right place. Another *prima donna*, Mdlle. Stephanova, is not without merit; the bass is Petrorf, and his wife Petrova the contralto.

It is surprising the progress which music has made within the last few years in the Russian capital. Amongst the native artists of first-rate abilities, we rank, as a violinist, M. Ghys, styled the Russian Paganini, on the piano, the admirable Dreyshok, who is said to approach very closely Thalberg, and to rival Hengelt and Gerke! Amongst the first-rate composers are M. Glinka, author of the first Russian opera that has ever appeared. It is entitled *My Life for the Czar*. The plot is simple; the action taking place during one of the old Russo-Polish wars; a peasant devotes himself to save the Czar, who has taken refuge from pursuit in the mountains; he simulates treachery, and offers himself to the Poles as a guide to the retreat of their enemy, and having conducted them into an inextricable labyrinth of defiles, avows the act, and dies under the Polish swords, crying "*Vive le Czar*."

After him ranks M. Sironisky, who has composed a pretty opera, entitled, *Paracha la Saberieane*. Next comes Count Fobstog, the author of numerous songs and melodies. And lastly, Colonel Alexis Lvof, Director of the Imperial Chapel, a perfect wonder on the violin, and who has recently been elected an honorary member of the Academy of Berlin, and received other marks of distinction throughout Germany. Amongst other musicians of eminence are Count Wilhorsky, M. Dinitress, and the young Monskof. The best native vocalists include Madame Petrof and Madame Ozerof, and Messrs. Samoylof, Balabine, and Wolkof. The excellent German actress and cantatrice, Mademoiselle Sabine Heinfetter, has been singing here for some time. The purity and sonorousness of her mezzo soprano, and the ability and expression with which she regulates it, together with her pleasing and intelligent

countenance, combine to make her a most accomplished artiste, and cause much regret at her departure.

## FRANCE.

PARIS.—Great preparations are making for the opening of the Italian Opera with Mercadante's *Vestale*. Signor Ronzi, a youthful tenor, who has been successful at Naples and Milan, and is the composer of several cantatas, is engaged to replace Rubini. Mirate, Morelli, Tamburini, Albertazzi and Lablache have arrived in Paris, and Grisi and Mario are hourly expected. The alterations of the Theatre Renaissance for the Italian company have cost £8000.

The past two months may be considered the most unmusical period of the year at Paris, but great preparations are making by the Italian Opera company, and we are promised a brilliant campaign; the novelties have not yet been announced, but we fear we shall have little less than Donizetti's and Mercadante's interminable trash. Why do not the Parisians adopt the opinion of their great model, Napoleon I?—He was exceedingly fond of Italian music, whose calmness, sweetness, and tender expression inspire gentle reveries, as he one day said to Cherubini. Often even had he complained to that learned composer of the noise which filled his orchestra to the detriment of melody. Cherubini had occasionally disputed the point with the emperor, without being able to bring him over to his opinion, however piquant the observations were with which he maintained it. Thus at Vienna, where he had been entrusted with the superintendence of the court concerts, Napoleon, in the middle of a brilliant and animated *morceau*, suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, M. Cherubini, your orchestra plays *too high*!" "Sir," answered the conductor of the orchestra, with a sardonic smile, "I can assure your Majesty that my orchestra is in perfect tune." "This is not fair, M. Cherubini," replied the emperor with mildness; "I mean to say that your musicians play *too strong*!—That may be suited to what you call French taste, but I have accustomed the French to the roar of cannon, and by winning battles they have lost their ears."

A new three act opera composed by Balfe is to be produced with great splendour, and the principal parts to be filled by Grisi, Mario and Tamburini.

At the Opera Française, Rossini's *Guil-*

*Jaume Tell* and Auber's *La Muette* are to be produced immediately. In the former M. Poultier will make his *début* as Arnold.

**OPERA COMIQUE.**—Three most successful operettas, or musical farces, have been produced for the first time at this theatre, and are each likely to become standard favourites. *Les Deux Voleurs*, *Frère et Mari* and *L'Âtiule*, are pleasant trifles; the former is the composition of M. Girard, the leader of the orchestra at this theatre.

The amusement in the plot arises from a double attempt made—first by the Marquis de Solange,—a name celebrated in the gallant annals of the court of Louis XV.—to cheat a worthy bourgeois, Gibelin by name, out of his pretty wife on the wedding night; and, next, by the well-known robber of those days, Jean de Beauvais, to steal a valuable set of diamonds, which the wealthy citizen has presented to his bride. By an ingenious *ruse*, the Marquis gets Gibelin from his home, and both the chief and the gallant obtain admittance to the house. The presence of mind and ready wit of the young wife—who though pretty, and married to an elderly gentleman, the author represents as virtuous—contrive means to defeat the designs of both marauders, until the return of her husband, when, after a series of mistakes of persons and scenes of equivocal which are highly amusing in representation, though too slight to bear detail, both parties receive their *congé*, and the fortunate husband is left in quiet possession.

*Frère et Mari* is the composition of M. Clapissou. The plot turns upon a neglected wife being mistaken for a sister, and a consequent demand of the lady's hand, with a thousand jealousies and perplexities arising therefrom.

*L'Âtiule* is the composition of A. Boildieu, and contains some sprightly music. The plot of this little piece consists in a young man, a sailor, disguising himself as his sister, in order to thwart an old captain who is enamoured with her. The matchmaker is a grand-mamma, who being blind is unable to detect the imposture, but causes much amusement by requiring the young man to sing, and display various other female accomplishments to captivate the elderly admirer. The old gentleman ultimately relinquishes his claim, and the real young lady is united to her lover, who proves to be the captain's nephew. M. Roger personated the young lady, and displayed

wonderful flexibility in his voice. Some of these trifles would be worthy Mr. Webster's attention.

M. Schlesinger, the talented and indefatigable editor of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, has been presented with a gold medal by command of Her Majesty Victoria, in reward for the constant efforts made by him for the progress of music as evinced by the publication of that Journal, and by the beautiful collection of classical *chefs d'œuvre* of ancient and modern masters, with which he has presented the musical public. He has also been honoured with a similar distinction from Her Majesty the Empress of Russia.

## LONDON.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Another season less brilliant than the preceding has terminated without the fulfilment of those promises on the part of the manager which rendered the opening night so auspicious. Only two novelties and two revivals were produced during the whole season. The former were most ill-selected; Donizetti's 'Fausta' proved a decided failure, and his 'Roberto Devereux' experienced a very indifferent reception. The revivals, on the contrary, were well chosen, Cimarosa's 'Gli Orazj ed i Curiazj' is a beautiful opera, but the music was less familiar to the ear than the old stock operas, and as it did not receive "uproarious applause," it was withdrawn without a fair trial; the same may be said of Rossini's 'Il Turco in Italia.' Many a good opera has failed to become popular and justly appreciated from being withdrawn or too soon consigned to oblivion. The old favourites reproduced amounting to twenty were:—Cimarosa's 'Matrimonio Segreto'; Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni'; Rossini's 'Tancredi,' 'Otello,' 'Semiramide,' 'Cenerentola,' 'Barbière,' 'Mosè (one act only),' and 'Gazza Ladra'; Bellini's 'Beatrice di Tenda,' 'Norma,' 'Puritani,' 'Sonnambula,' and 'Straniera'; and Donizetti's 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' 'Anna Bolena,' 'Elisir d'Amore,' and 'Marino Faliero.'

The grand operas announced at the commencement of the season in bold and attractive type were not produced, either from penurious motives on the part of the management, or because they were never intended otherwise than as a puff à la Bunn. It is evident it did not arise from

paucity of talent; the company was perfect and fully equal to perform with ability and success any of these operas. The list contained 'Il Bravo,' 'Le Due Illustre Rivali,' 'Gemma di Vergy,' 'I Briganti,' 'I Capuletti e Montecchi,' 'La Vestale,' 'Chi la Dura la Vince,' and 'La Clemenza di Tito.' The season commenced with Viardot Garcia and Mario, to these followed the unrivalled Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, and Lablache, aided by Tamburini, Signor Bassani, and Mdle. Lowe. The latter made her *début* about the middle of the season, and was eminently successful as La Straniera, Elvira, and Elena; her acting is of the highest order, but her upper notes have not sufficient power to fill the Italian Opera House. To speak of the other talented artistes engaged would be superfluous, their merits are known to the world.

The ballet department has been most efficiently managed. Mdle. Cerito more than compensated for the absence of Fanny Elssler. When she appeared in London she was unknown to fame; she has risen by her own merits to the highest state of public favour; her charming buoyancy, her smiling happy expression of countenance aroused the admiring audiences to loud bursts of applause. Late in the season the delightful Taglioni reappeared, nor must we pass over Mdle. Guy Stephan, who has succeeded in establishing herself as an especial favourite at Her Majesty's Theatre.

COVENT GARDEN. — Three important events have occurred during the past month, to cheer the drooping spirits of the public. A delightful change in the weather gladdens the heart of the agriculturist. The dismissal of an imbecile administration has given general satisfaction; and the re-opening of this charming theatre, graced with the smiling faces of Mrs. Charles Matthews and Mrs. Nisbett, are sufficient to restore the most morose to good humour. The company is the same as last year, with the exception of the tragic performers, Miss E. Tree, Moore, Anderson, and Mrs. Warner; Keeley is the only irreparable loss. The first novelty of the season was the revival of Cibber's 'She would and She would not,' which has been received with very warm and hearty applause. Farren, as the fond old father, Don Manuel, invested the character with a truth and fulness, that brought down frequent plaudits; his reception of the impostor, and his alternate joy and parent-

al anxiety at the marriage of his child, whom he can hardly bear to part with, were performed as Farren alone can perform it. Harley's Trappanti was perfect; and Mrs. Nisbett, as Hypolyta, was most effective. Mr. and Mrs. W. Lacy, and Mrs. Orger, acquitted themselves creditably; and the scenic appointments and Spanish costumes, contributed not a little to the success of this charming comedy.

Mr. Mark Lemon's new five-act comedy of 'What will the World say?' has been received with the most flattering marks of success owing to the inimitable acting of Mr. Farren and the beauty of the scenery and costumes, for the plot is ill-constructed, and the characters with the exception of Captain Tarradiddle (Farren), are mere shadows; a want of vigorous detail, as well as exciting incident is apparent throughout, but judiciously compressed into three acts there is little doubt but this *farce* would become a favourite. The chief incidents are these:—Warner (Mr. Bartley), a merchant and money-lender, learns that his daughter, Lucy de Vere (Miss Cooper), who was left at Paris in the care of her aunt, has been married clandestinely to the Hon. Chas. Norwold (J. Vining), the eldest son of a nobleman, and had engaged herself as governess in his father's family, until the impudence of a vulgar footman led to the discovery of her marriage, when she and her husband (the son) are discarded from Lord Norwold's dwelling. Warner has a ward, Miss Marian Mayley, (Mrs. W. Lacy,) who is excessively vain, and intends marrying any one who will make her, her ladyship, but she has seen Mr. Pye Hilary (Mr. Charles Matthews), a young barrister, at the opera, and subsequently meets him in the park, and permits him to call on her at her house with a favourite canary, which her maid reported had flown away. Mr. Pye Hilary has met with a half-pay captain, Tarradiddle (Farren), whose company he is bound to endure, and who becomes his confidant. Warner enters the room while Mr. Hilary and his friend the captain are returning the truant canary, and bows them out of his house in consequence of his taking Tarradiddle to be a swindler. Hilary subsequently meets the merchant, who is in search of his daughter and her husband, and explains who he is, and by assisting Warner in his search he is admitted into favour. Mr. Hilary finds the son and daughter in the abode of Captain Tarradiddle, who has thrown off his military coat and smokes his Ger-



man pipe, while his wife (Mrs. Humby), is engaged in her domestic duties (ironing). The merchant, Warner, has now to curb the proud Lord Norwold and his extravagant lady (Mrs. Glover), the latter is secured by threatening exposure of the money he has lent on her jewels, and the proud lord is informed that Warner is his elder brother, supposed dead, which is confirmed by the possession of a family bracelet. The son and daughter are then recognised, and the barrister is permitted to wed the merchant's fair ward. There is a considerable share of farcical fun, and several 'cute remarks which call forth loud applause. Mr. Bartley, Mr. Charles Matthews and Mrs. Glover contributed greatly towards the success of the piece; Mrs. W. Lacy did not please us, Mrs. Nisbett would have been more successful in the character.

A new ballet of action, entitled 'Hans of Iceland,' has been well received; the scenery is (as it ever is at this theatre) very beautiful. A new comic opera, by Rooke, is in the hands of the fair lessee, and will be speedily produced.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The public are much indebted to Mr. Webster for the revival of those beautiful tragedies, which opened the eyes of the world to the matchless talent of the great tragedian, Macready. 'Virginus' and 'William Tell' have been produced, and afford a strong instance of the perfection to which the dramatic art may be brought. To enumerate all the beauties of the great actor's performance in these two plays, would be a task of great difficulty, abounding, as it does, with the most perfect touches of nature. Miss Helen Faucit's Virginia was a faultless piece of acting, and James Wallack's Icilius is deserving of much praise, although the part is not suited to his peculiar talent. 'King Lear,' 'King John,' 'Henry the Eighth,' and several other Shakspearian plays, are in preparation. The best hit this season, with the exception of 'Foreign Affairs,' in which Mademoiselle Celeste performs the Count Louis, is the new farce, by Mr. Bernard, of 'The Boarding School,' conveying a keen satire on the mode of education and internal arrangement of many of these establishments. The young ladies' school is first seen in formal procession; next the play-ground is shown, where romping and mischief are the order of the day; and next we are introduced to the school-room, where knowledge is administered in homœopathic doses, and each face

wears the mask of study. Mrs. Stirling, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Charles, are the leaders of the sport, and are delighted with three young officers, who are quartered in the neighbourhood, and who, hearing that one young lady has fifty thousand pounds, and having little to do, write love-letters to them. The officers, B. Webster, F. Vining, and J. Webster, introduce themselves in the disguise of masters, and proceed to instruct their pupils, not in writing, dancing, or geography, but in making love, during the absence of the school-mistress, who is sent out of the way by a fictitious letter from the Earl of Aldgate; on her return an outcry is raised, but the officers escape by a window, and return shortly afterwards in their uniform, to inquire if the depredators have been secured. They are then ordered off to Cornwall by their Major, and the farce ends somewhat confusedly. Mrs. W. Clifford, as Mrs. Grosdenap, is the very model of a demure stately school-mistress. Miss Charles, as the sentimental young lady, contrasted well with the lively Mrs. Stirling and Miss Horton. Massinger's play of the 'City Madam,' reduced to three acts, has been produced under the title of 'Riches;' but the extravagant incidents in the plot were sufficient to mar all the fine acting which Macready, as Luke, displayed. The contrast in the character is too great to appear natural, and 'Bichee' has been judiciously laid aside. A new tragedy, by J. S. Troughton, entitled 'Nina Sforza,' will be produced as soon as Miss Helen Faucit shall have recovered from her present indisposition.

DRURY-LANE.—The concerts D'Eté are now drawing to a close, after a very successful career. The musical novelties have been the overture to Auber's 'Diamans de la Couronne,' Jullien's Irish Quadrilles, and Strauss's 'Bouquet des Dames.' The introduction of Living Statues, now called 'Tableaux vivans,' however creditable they are to the taste of Mr. F. Gye, jun., should not, in our opinion, be mixed up with the musical entertainment; they should form part of the amusements of the evening, between the first and second parts of the programme. 'La Quadrille de Vénus,' introducing five *tableaux vivantes*, by living artists, represented, first, the Birth of Venus; then, Venus attired by the Graces; thirdly, Mars and Venus; fourthly, Vulcan forging the Arrows of Cupid; and concluding with the Judgment of Paris. These *tableaux*, which are

grouped after the models of the antique statuary, are not merely classically conceived, but well executed, the illusion apparently producing a pleasing and satisfactory effect upon the audience. The subjects have been now changed to Hercules and Cacus, Belisarius, Murder of the Innocents, the Gladiator, and the Bath of Apollo.

Mr. Macready has already secured a powerful company for Drury-Lane, both in tragedy and in opera. For the former, Anderson, Moore, Vandenhoff, Phelps, F. Vining, Wallack, Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Warner, &c. &c.; and for the opera, Miss Romer, Miss P. Horton, Miss Poole, H. Phillips, Giubilei, Wilson, Allen, Templeton, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are also engaged. The chorus will be well selected, and under the able direction of Mr. Land. Mr. and Mrs Wood are also talked of.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The Syncretics, or rather, the Dramatic Authors' Society, induced Mr. Stephens to engage a tragic company at his own expense, for the purpose of testing, on the stage, the actable qualities of his 'Martinuzzi,' taken from his dramatic poem of the 'Hungarian Daughter,' convinced that Mr. Webster and Madame Vestris had acted unjustly in declining this piece. The tragedy has been effectively performed by Phelps, Mrs. Warner, Elton, and Miss Maywood; and the result has been, a verdict in favour of the able and discriminating managers of Covent Garden and the Haymarket.

'Martinuzzi' is founded on an important passage in the history of Hungary, diversified by certain incidents of an imaginative character, but still sufficiently close to actual fact as to create no discrepancy in the story, and no falsification of what is required by rigid veracity.

It has been justly remarked that the conduct of the piece is all through strikingly faulty; the most attentive observer would be unable to collect anything like a clear idea of the plot until the fourth act. Up to this time the characters walk about in strong agonies of remorse, hatred, love, and jealousy, without deigning to afford the audience any clue to the causes or objects of their soul-tearing passions; or if they do betimes attempt to tell us 'what it is all about,' they make their communications in such turgid and entangled similes, that their explanations only tend to make the mystery still more profound. Do Mr. Stephens and his Syn-

cretic friends imagine that the sublime and beautiful in language consists in wrapping up a mean thought, like a dry mummy, in endless swathes of metaphor? Do they believe that the feelings and emotions of the heart are best expressed by verbose figures and inflated bombast? If they do, they deceive themselves egregiously. The language of nature is deep, but clear; its loftiness is the elevation of mind, and not of sound. The author seems also to be strangely deficient in the technicalities of the stage, and we think his *forte* is poetry rather than the drama. The tragedy has been considerably curtailed, and has been performed to scanty audiences. The after pieces which have been produced are a disgrace to the committee of the Dramatic Authors' Society. So much for the vaunted test!

The English Opera House opens under the able management of M. Laurent, with a Promenade Concert, on 30th September, and will be conducted by the celebrated Musard. The picturesque conducteur has laid aside the baton; at this house we shall only see, in the conductor, the musician.

STRAND THEATRE.—This pretty little theatre has been the most attractive, and most deservedly successful minor theatre in London. The excellence of the pieces, the well-selected talent of the performers, and the able management of Mr. H. Hall, have secured a rarity at this period of the year, viz. crowded houses. 'The Devil and Dr. Faustus,' the 'Frolics of the Fairies,' and 'Aldgate Pump,' have proved to be of endless attraction; but the accession of Mr. Keeley to the company effected the reproduction of Selby's 'Lady and Gentleman in a peculiar predicament,' and a new farce, in two acts, by the author of 'Aldgate Pump,' entitled, 'The Bump of Benevolence,' which forms a powerful satire on the science of phrenology. Mrs. Keeley, as Barbara, kept the house in continual laughter. Mr. Keeley, as Grey, a country lad, had little to do. Mrs. Keeley has been very successful in *Punch*. Her imitations are excellent.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE has been redecorated, and the entrance has been much improved. A new drama, entitled *The Red Mantle*, has been successful, owing to the good scenery. Mr. Stirling's *Rubber of Life* has been produced; but the most attractive performance has been *Barnaby Rudge*. Several novelties are said to be in preparation.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. Yates is pre-

paring for the ensuing campaign. The theatre opens on the 4th instant (October), with new pieces, and several additions to the company from the provincial theatres have been made.

The Operatic Society, under the management of a committee, consisting of Mr. R. Hughes, J. H. Tully, F. N. Crouch, T. H. Severn, G. Purdy, and several other distinguished amateurs, intend performing once a week during the winter, at one of the minor theatres. We trust this laudable undertaking, to establish a national opera, may succeed.

Sir George Smart, who is ever ready in the cause of humanity, has been the means of obtaining £430 for the family of the late Mr. William.

The Norwich Musical Festival next year will be unusually brilliant, Spohr having engaged to compose a new oratorio, the *Fall of Babylon*, which is to be produced for the first time at that Festival: the words will be selected by Professor Taylor, of whose superior judgment there can be but one opinion.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Brough, a bassist, have arrived in this country, and are engaged to appear at Liverpool on 5th October.

The Gloucester Festival must be considered as a decided failure, the receipts amounting only to £532, for the four days' performance at the Cathedral.

The rapid decline of the Drama has been commented on by numerous writers; more particularly in the "Monthly Review," and by the Syncretic Society: but it is seldom we meet with any remarks so true, so forcible, and yet so lucid, as the following:

"If we look round among our dramatists we shall find men of poetry, men of feeling, men of wit, men of taste, men of the highest education, but we do not find a drama really striking the root into the soil of the present century, and bringing forth fruit in consequence, as in the early ages of the drama of every country. In general, the writers of our age rather shun the modern complexion; the most feeling and poetical of them all chooses to speak in the language of Elizabeth; one, who is not appreciated as he deserves to be, aims at the time of the second Charles and Anne. Had the play of George Stephens, produced at the Lyceum, been constructed with more tact, had it been pruned of some of its disfiguring metaphors, and had it in consequence been perfectly and deservedly successful, he would doubtless have imagined a point had been gained. No such thing: the drama would have been, after all, but a clever imitation of earlier writers, but an addition to scores in the same strain already on our book-

shelves, because similar in expression, while it would have brought no increase to our thoughts. It might have looked as good as Massinger, because his forms were imitated, but it would have been inferior to a very humble work, Greene's *Friar Bungay*, because the freshness would not be there; the very act of imitating early dramatists shows that we are not akin to them, for while they spoke from their own sources, we are inquiring how other people would express our thoughts. The more we imitate an age, the more unlike it we are in mind, though we have attained a formal resemblance. We want a drama that shall spring from present thoughts, from present views, that shall reflect ourselves in some manner, though the scene be not laid in present times:—that in a word shall strike home. In the present state of our drama we may admire, we may sympathize, but is there really a deep chord struck? Have we characters that shall absorb ourselves as the heroes of Calderon with their Castilian honour would have absorbed a courtier of Philip IV.? or, to go to a modern continental work, have we a work that shall go to the core as the 'Corregio' of Oehlenschlaeger would to the heart of an artist. The drama may remain poetical, ingenious, a demonstration of a cultivated mind, but till it really springs from the present as from an independent basis, it will be no symbol of advance in the history of humanity."

The Musical Antiquarian Society have published two more highly interesting works, "The First Set of Madrigals Composed by John Wilbye in the Sixteenth Century," and *Dido and Æneas*, an opera composed by Henry Purcell in 1675, when only nineteen years of age, who as a boy in the Chapel Royal, and afterwards as the organist of Westminster Abbey, derived his early impressions and his maturer knowledge of his art from the Church. To the employment of music on the stage he must have been almost a stranger; for although his celebrated contemporary Lock had been employed as a dramatic composer, yet the construction of such a work as *Dido and Æneas* must have been to Purcell a novel and an experimental labour. At the time of its appearance in 1675, the opera of Italy was in its infancy; and, judging from the specimens of it which have reached us antecedent to the appearance of *Dido and Æneas*, its author could have derived little assistance from these, even if he had been able to examine them. The opera, which previously existed only in manuscript, is edited by Mr. Macfarren, who has supplied the divisions into acts and scenes, as well as descriptions of the scenes, and other stage directions.

Wilbye's Madrigals have been carefully

edited by Mr. Turle, who states that the present edition has been scored from the original set, substituting such clefs as are now used for those which have become obsolete, and adopting the G clef throughout for the treble voices. This plan is to be followed in all the subsequent publications of the Society.

The first, and till now the sole edition of Wilbye's first set of Madrigals, was published in 1598; and, according to the universal practice, in six separate books. The process of reducing these to score is a tedious and laborious one. Bars were unknown, and our ancestors delighted in an accumulation of clefs; three being used for the treble voice, and, as far as appears, merely according to the whim of the composer; two for the bass; the usual C clefs for the altos and tenor; and sometimes, in the five and six-part Madrigals, others for the quintus and sextus parts. In every way the notation is as bewildering to modern eyes as possible. The few copies that remain of the old sets are, to the multitude, like books written in short-hand, which skill and practice only can render legible. Even the most practised eyes would despair of being able to use them for singing. Then the keys in which they are printed are often not the keys in which they were intended to be sung. Sometimes a whole set will be printed in the same key. These, by examining and comparing the several parts of each, have to be transposed into keys suited to the compass of their respective voices. The madrigal then assumes its perfect state and form, and out of the apparent chaos arises a composition symmetrical in all its parts and fair in all its proportions.

"A Treatise on the Art of Singing in the Italian and English Styles, with Examples, &c.," by F. W. Horncastle.—R. Mills. This work is one of the most excellent on the art of singing extant, and the author justly remarks:—

"There is as much philosophy in singing well, as in cultivating successfully any of the arts: because the exercise of judgment, acuteness, perseverance, and watchful observation, is quite as necessary to a vocalist who aims at excellence, as to the natural philosopher or the man of science.

"The human voice has many peculiarities greatly dependent upon the temperament of the individual; therefore much

of the pupil's ultimate proficiency will depend upon the communication of the first principles by an experienced master; for most amateurs are destroyed in the outset, by not pursuing a regular plan of study, and eradicating the natural defects of their voices."

The Motett Society has been established for the purpose of reprinting selections of STANDARD CHURCH MUSIC; the difficulty of obtaining sacred music has long been felt by the public, who will now have an opportunity of obtaining these reprints at a cheap rate, by a subscription of one guinea to the Society.

One of the handsomest presents for this period of the year is the new musical annual, nearly ready for publication, by Jeffreys and Nelson. "The Queen's Boudoir" for 1842, will contain some beautiful illustrations in the Arabesque style, and a large collection of original music and poetry. If the work is equal to the one published last year, it is deserving of a very extensive sale.

In 'Twelfth Night,' in the scene where the Clown, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Sir Toby Belch, act 2, scene the 3d, are singing catches, or rather fragments of catches, there is one "To whom drinke thou, Sir Knave?" The whole of this will be found in a curious old musical work entitled, "Pammelia Musicks Miscellanie, or mixed varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches, of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 parts. London, 1609, page 7." Malone supposes Shakspeare wrote Twelfth Night in the year 1614, if so, this old work may be considered as containing the original catch; it begins, "Now God be with old Simeon."

'A hint to Singers.'—In one of the Harleian MSS. is related an anecdote of Mr. Joseph Dring, a young gentleman of Hart Hall, who sang a song articulately, 'ore patulo,' (wide-mouthed), 'and all in octaves,' so very strongly, and yet without much straining, that he equalled, if not excelled, the loudest organ. He performed this in the lower part of his throat, and it came on him at first upon 'overstraining his voice.' Many musical people can remember Richard Randall, a chorus singer at the old Ancient Concerts, who boasted that he broke a pane of glass in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the concussion of his harsh-stentorian voice!

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### GERMANY.

The German Customs Union or commercial league has been a subject of much controversy.

Dr. List has published a very interesting work on the subject 'Das Natürliche System der Politischen Ökonomie.' Free trade is clearly shown to be incompatible with the interests of nations where manufactures are in their infancy, and exorbitant duties are equally injurious to nations where manufactures are more fully developed.

### SWEDEN.

The progress of literature in Sweden is highly satisfactory.

Herr Nordström, a Finnish lawyer, has lately published a very valuable work on "The Laws and Progressive Social Development of Sweden, from the earliest Times."

"Sermons" by Bishop Franzén, and Geijer's "Collected and Minor Poems and Essays, &c." are novelties soon to be expected.

Two new volumes have lately appeared of "De la Gardie Archive." They contain highly interesting private documents relative to the secret history of the courts and times of Gustavus the IIIrd. and IVth., and of Charles XIII. and the Revolution of 1809.

The charming Poet Runeberg has lately published a new poem, called "Nadeschda." The subject is Russian, and is treated with admirable tact and feeling.

Crusenstolpe has just given us the third volume of his "Morianen." His three years' political imprisonment is now over, and he has returned to Stockholm.

Bishop Tegnér is not yet recovered from the lamentable mental malady under which he has been labouring so many months. The second volume of his Collected Minor Poems has not yet appeared.

Mellin has just published a highly interesting historical novel sketch, under the title "The Guardian Angel of Sweden watches yet, or Scenes from the Campaigns of the Prince of Ponte Corvo (now Charles XIV. John) against Sweden."

A reprint, in a cheap form, of the most popular Danish classics is coming out at Gefle, and promises well.

The Diet having granted 10,000 rix-dollars banco to assist in publishing national works, several publications of historical and antiquarian interest may now be expected to issue from the press.

### SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

In addition to the well-proved agricultural and pastoral capabilities of South Australia, it has long been known to scientific observers that the mountain ranges contained mineral productions of great value. Mr. Menge's geological collection at present exhibits numerous specimens of gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron ores, found in the more northerly districts, and no doubt exists that the hills immediately behind Adelaide are rich in mineral wealth. A few weeks ago, indeed, this fact was placed beyond doubt, by the accidental discovery of a splendid mineral in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, combining, in proportions not yet exactly ascertained, lead, silver, and antimony. The ore is in the greatest profusion, and of unequalled richness. In the true South Australian spirit of enterprise, a company has been formed to work the mine, and arrangements have been already made to ship a considerable quantity of the ore in the *Cygnat*, Capt. Dalton, now loading for London. Our friends in England have already seen our oil and wool, and wheat and maize; we now send them silver and lead, and while we acknowledge that we do not expect to find either gold or diamonds, still, if their patience and faith last another year, we promise them grapes and wine, and the fruits of the fig, pomegranate, olive, and orange. Poor miserable, barren South Australia! We have a sample of coal, discovered a few days since. It appears to be of the best description. All we could further learn at the moment was, that it was found within twenty miles of Adelaide, near navigable waters, and that thousands of tons can be raised at comparatively small expense.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### NEWSPAPERS OF ENGLAND.

In 1696 there were but 9 newspapers published in London, all of them at weekly intervals. In 1709 the number had increased to 18, of which one was published daily. In 1724 there were 3 daily, 6 weekly, 7 three times a

week, 3 halfpenny posts, and the London Gazette, twice a week. In 1792, 13 daily, and 20 semi-weekly and weekly papers. In 1836, when the stamp duty was 4d., the total number of stamps issued for the United Kingdom was 35,576,056; in 1839, 58,516,862. The consumption of stamps has therefore increased 64 per cent. since the reduction of the duty. The oldest existing London papers are, the *English Chronicle*, or *Whitehall Evening Post*, which was started in 1747; the *St. James's Chronicle*, 1761; and the *Morning Chronicle*, 1769. The oldest existing provincial papers are, the *Lincoln Mercury*, published at Stamford, 1695; the *Ipswich Journal*, 1737; *Bath Journal*, 1742; *Birmingham Gazette*, 1741; *Chester Courant*, 1733; *Derby Mercury*, 1742. The oldest paper in Ireland is the *Belfast News Letter*, which was commenced in 1787. In Scotland, the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* is the oldest paper, having been first published in 1705. Newspapers are printed in every county in England, with one exception—Rutland. In Wales, there are six counties in which papers are not published, viz. *Anglesea*, *Cardigan*, *Denbigh*, *Montgomery*, *Pembroke*, and *Radnor*; in Scotland, there are 16 out of the 32 counties; and in Ireland, only 7 out of the 33 counties. In England there are no daily papers published out of London. There are 4 papers published in Guernsey, 9 in Jersey, and 5 in the Isle of Man—all unstamped.

#### NEWSPAPERS OF FRANCE.

So far back as 1605, under Henry IV., a Journal called the *Mercure de France* appeared regularly in Paris, and was published by Richen, Brothers, booksellers, till 1635, when Dr. Renaudot took it up, and carried it on till 1644. It was continued by Messrs. Freselien and La Briere till 1672, when it was called the *Mercure Galant*, which name it retained until 1710, when it assumed the name of the *Garde Meuble du Parnasse*. In 1714 it resumed its old name of *Mercure de France*; and in 1716 took that of *Nouveau Mercure*; but in 1721 resumed once more its original appellation, and retained it till the Revolution. It forms a collection of nearly 1000 volumes. The total number of journals and periodicals in Paris in 1779 was 35. The number published immediately before the Revolution was 169, of which 17 were political, and 152 of a literary, scientific, or religious character. The number of provincial journals at that date was between 70 and 80. Paris has now upwards of 27 daily papers, the average sale of which exceeds 90,000 copies per diem, while London has only 9 daily papers, with a sale of about 45,000 per diem. The total number of periodical journals published in France in 1837, was 776, of which 326 belonged to Paris.

#### NEWSPAPERS IN OTHER PARTS OF EUROPE.

In Germany, newspapers originated in the "Relations," as they were termed, which sprung up at Augsburg and Vienna in 1524, and which appeared in the form of printed letters, but without date, place, or number. The first German newspaper in numbered sheets was print-

ed in 1612. The journals published in Austria in 1838, literary and political, amounted to 76, of which 22 appeared at Vienna, 25 at Milan, 10 in Lombardy, 7 at Venice, 5 at Verona, and 7 in Galicia and Hungary. In the kingdom of Hanover there were, in 1840, only 4 political journals. In the Netherlands, in 1826, there were in the Dutch language 80 daily and weekly papers, and several in French. In Belgium, in 1840, 75 journals were published; of these 55 were in French, and 18 in Flemish. In Prussia, 168 were published in 1834. In Switzerland 24 weekly in 1825; of which 9 were conducted by Catholic editors, and 15 by Protestants. In 1817 there were in all Switzerland no more than 54 printing offices, and 16 periodical journals; and in 1834 there were 93 of the former, and 54 of the latter.

The total number of journals published in Russia in 1839 was 154. The *Gazette of St. Petersburg* circulates 6,000 daily. The first journal printed in Denmark was in 1644. At present there are about 54 daily and weekly publications, more than half of which are published in Copenhagen, and there are about 30 monthly and other periodical works, the greater part of which are published in the capital. The supply of newspapers in Norway is abundant, as the press in that country is perfectly free, and no tax of any kind is levied on it. Christiana alone has 8 journals. In 1832 there were about 50 newspapers published in the whole of Sweden, one literary journal, and several magazines. In Sweden the press is under a very strict censorship. In 1839 there were 13 publications in Finland: 9 in Swedish, and 4 in the Finnish language.

The earliest Spanish newspaper was published about the commencement of the 18th century. In 1800 only 2 political newspapers were published; and but a few years ago, only 12 newspapers for a population of 12,000,000. There are about 20 newspapers and daily journals in Portugal, and 1 at the Azores. The whole number of journals in Italy exceeds 200. Few of the existing papers date back farther than the commencement of the present century. The Greeks publish 9: 4 at Athens, 1 at Napoli, 2 at Hydra, and 2 at Missolonghi. The government *Gazette of Corfu* is the only journal published in the Ionian Islands. There are about a dozen periodicals at Malta, most of them weekly. At Gibraltar, a government paper, of a very diminutive size, is published daily. The journals published at Constantinople, in January, 1841, were the *Tagrim Vekai*, a government paper, and the *Djerdéi Havadis*, in vulgar Turkish, containing general information.

#### NEWSPAPERS OF AMERICA, &c.

The first journal published in the United States was the *Boston News Letter*, which appeared in 1704. No sufficient data exist for computing, with any degree of accuracy, the number of copies of newspapers at present annually circulated in the United States; but it probably does not fall far short of 100,000,000. [The total number of papers issued in Great

Britain and Ireland, in the year 1837, was only 47,248,000.] The weekly issues of the British press of Lower Canada, are 29,000; those of the French press, 8,000. In Upper Canada there are 28 newspapers published weekly; in Newfoundland 9, Bermuda 2, and the same number in the Bahamas. Printing was introduced into Nova Scotia twenty-four years before it was commenced in Canada: the first paper was printed in 1751, on half a sheet of foolscap paper, under the title of the Halifax Gazette. The number now issued at Halifax is 12, and there are 3 in the country parts of the province. There are 4 newspapers published in British Guiana; 2 in French Guiana, 1 or 2 at Bahia, 8 at Rio Janeiro, 8 at Buenos Ayres, one of which, a weekly paper, is in English. There are 9 in Jamaica. At Barbadoes, 4 semi-weekly, 1 tri-weekly, and 1 weekly newspaper. Two of these have been established by the coloured population, as their special organs, and are supported and conducted entirely by this class.

In the whole extent of Africa there are 14 journals. One has appeared at Algiers regularly since its possession by the French in 1830: 2 are published on the western coast, at the American colony of Liberia. There are 11 political newspapers at the Cape of Good Hope, half of

which are printed in English, and half in Dutch. An official Gazette was established in Persia in 1838. It is lithographed. In Calcutta there are 6 English daily papers, 3 tri-weekly, 8 weekly, and 9 Hindustanee weekly. At Bombay there are 10 English periodicals issued semi-weekly, and 4 Hindustanee publications. Two weekly English papers were published at Canton, but are now removed to Macao. At Sydney there are 8 newspapers. At Melbourne, 3 papers published twice a week, and 1 weekly at Geelong; in South Australia, 4; 1 semi-weekly at Adelaide, and the others weekly. Swan River has 2 weekly. Van Diemen's Land, 13 weekly papers. Materials for printing a newspaper were sent out to New Zealand with the first settlers; the first number of the New Zealand Gazette having been printed in London before their departure. The second number appeared at Port Nicholson in 1840; and a rival paper was forthwith established under the title of the New Zealand Advertiser, at Kororakilla, Bay of Islands. The Sandwich Islands have now their regular newspaper, the Polynesian, formerly called the Sandwich Island Gazette, having been published at Honolulu for upwards of three years.

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**ART. I.—1. *Lettres écrites de l’Égypte en 1838 et 1839, &c. : avec des Remarques de M. Letronne.* Par Nestor L’Hôte. 8vo. Paris, 1840.**

**2. *Grammaire Égyptienne ; ou Principes généraux de l’Écriture sacrée Égyptienne.* Par Champollion le Jeune. Fol. Paris, 1836-8-41. 3 Livraisons.**

**3. *Essai sur le Texte Grecque de l’Inscription de Rosette.* Par Ch. Lenormant. 4to. Paris, 1840.**

**4. *Inscription Grecque de Rosette.* Par M. Letronne. 8vo. Paris, 1840.**

THE numerous works issuing from the continental press upon the subject of Egyptian antiquities are sufficient to prove the deep interest and attention which this new and difficult branch of inquiry has excited throughout Europe ; and which, until recently, was supported by the individual exertions simply of Champollion. Thus it would appear that the career of the human race is, as far as mortal eye can discern, hastening to its culmination ; the middle ages, as soon as the dawn of literature again broke upon the world, studied with care and attention the language and works of art of ancient Rome ; the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries brought along with them deep and searching inquiry into the language and philosophy of Hellenism, and intense devotion to the works of art, whose enchantment steals upon the senses, and extorts the admiration of all. The nineteenth century, ascending in every respect in the scale of civilisation, unseals the land of

bondage of nations, and the skeleton remains of Central Asia ; the history of the conquerors of India, Bactria, and Mesopotamia, is slowly rising from its sleep of centuries. The inquiry has now become stirring ; and bound up as our existence is with the early history of Judæa, the eye must be dim and the heart cold, to whom the vast problem of the Egyptian hieroglyphics brings no more interest than a nurse’s tale.

The *Grammaire Égyptienne* of Champollion is a learned and immortal work ; whether we give entire credence to it or the contrary, the manner in which the results are arrived at, the lucid and essentially practical way in which everything is explained, is perfectly wonderful. Page after page teems with discovery and light ; and although there is much that requires correction, more that can be extended, still the deeper, and we speak from experience, the reader is acquainted with the monuments and texts, the more readily will he perceive the mode by which the result has been arrived at. Champollion, with the enthusiasm of a great mind, treading for the first time on a new continent of philology and history, bewildered with the luxuriance and riches of its broad savannahs, its sparkling streams, pressing onward in his career, stops for no minor details, but collecting the accumulated treasures of the past, pours them into the lap of the astonished inquirer. Guided simply by an instinctive sense of right, he has easily attained results that other men, and those of high talent, arrived at singly and slowly. Four years have elapsed since





the first part of the Grammaire appeared; it is now nearly complete, and we have before us the mechanism of the language of ancient Egypt.



In the preface is a very excellent historical account of the analysis; and in the first and second chapters we have the different varieties of forms, and the difference of writing them, in hieratic and demotic. The mode by which this has been arrived at is by examining different MSS. of the great funereal ritual, and deeds written sometimes in one and occasionally in the other character. In the second chapter the author lays down the genera of the characters, which he divides into tropic or metaphoric, enigmatic, symbolic and phonetic; a much simpler division is phonetic, or hieroglyphics having the value of sounds, and ideographs, characters having the value of ideas; directly, as a *horse* to indicate a *horse*; indirectly, as a *feather* to represent *truth*. Besides these two classes may be added a third, of which Champollion must have been aware, although he never stated it; characters having neither the value of ideas nor sounds, but introduced into the inscriptions as auxiliaries determining the sound of other characters. The phonetic alphabet of Champollion amounts to 260 symbols, to be divided among fifteen articulations, classing all vocalic inflections together, which Champollion has thrown into one class, merely indicating those used at the period of what he calls the lower Egyptian empire, viz., from the Ptolemies to their disappearance; and another writing called Secret, which he conjectured to have been employed about the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties. The phonetic groups of the lower period are such as during the best period of Egyptian art were employed to represent ideas, but which were subsequently, either fantastically or for deception, turned to a phonetic employment. For example, the symbol ordinarily used as the determinative of the word *ḥat* panegyry or festival, during the time of the Roman domination, is employed as *ḥ* in *ḥat*, or agathodæmon, usually written with a kind of curved stick or tooth instead. The star *ankh* habitually used in the texts either as an ideographic or determinative of sound, sometimes is employed for the letter *s*, as in the name Sebastos. These however are exceptions to the general alphabet, and amount to 32 symbols. The remaining characters of the alphabet have however undergone another classification from Dr.

Lepsius, in which we cannot but concur; — characters generally phonetic, and characters having the value of sounds at the commencement only of certain groups. Of the general phonetic alphabet there are thirty-four symbols, and of the second class, initial restricted phonetics, there are fifty-four according to his classification, but some of his details require modification. To understand this it will be necessary to consider that the owl is a symbol of the general phonetic alphabet, used for *ḥ* (M). Thus, it is employed in *ḥat* "to come," *ḥat* "an archer," initially. In the middle of a word, as *ḥat* "red jasper;" as the final in *ḥat* "antimony." But the character *ḥat* is only used as *ḥ* before the undulating line *ḥat*; as, whether simply or in combination, it is the *ḥ* of the syllable *ḥat* and of no other; consequently, although the two characters equally express *ḥ*, their employment is very different. Some of Lepsius' restrictions however appear premature, as the snake in the word *ḥat* "to speak," *ḥat* which is used as a medial in the word *ḥat* in the place of the hand, and as a final in the word *ḥat* "to carve." The only class of characters now remaining is "the determinatives of sound." Thus *ḥat* used as the syllable *ḥat* to indicate that it should be pronounced as *ḥat* (a vase), which has in Coptic the signification of *construction*; two packets of incense used after the phonetic group *ḥat* or *ḥat* "to command," the adjuncts indicating not any idea connected with vases, but the phonetic and syllabic value of the preceding group. Sometimes the phonetic groups were omitted, and they then became abridged forms of syllables, which they should otherwise recall. Having disposed of the general classes of the characters, the next is the copia verborum of the phonetic symbols, excessively rich, but occasionally used in monuments, less carefully executed, in contraction. Thus the full group *ḥat* "wax," was occasionally written with its initial symbol *ḥ* only; *ḥat* "to see," with the *ḥ* only; *ḥat* "to glorify," with the *ḥ* only. This is a principle so common to the monuments of all nations as scarcely to require any comment. Leaving the phonetic character, and bearing in mind that two-thirds of every text is composed of them, the next class is the ideographic: and if on the one hand the hiero-



glyphics follow the immutable and simple laws of the languages of sounds, subject to certain modifications, taking root in employing direct representations of physical objects; on the other it assimilates to the Chinese, and presents a like phenomenon, a language arrested in its transition from the primeval pictorial to a sonal type, the difference being, that the Chinese must have been fixed at an earlier period of its formation, the ideographic groups and symbol in the latter language having been reduced to a more compendious form, while in Egyptian they always retained their original shape. The ideographic characters are mixed up in the Egyptian texts without any distinction, and sometimes form composite groups along with others: thus the phonetic group **XNE** to bend along with the leg, express the "bend of the leg" or "knee;" the **𓂏** "face," with the phonetic group "to see," expresses "see face," or "mirror." A still more extraordinary phenomenon has been clearly laid down by Champollion. It is natural enough to suppose that in a language employing direct physical representation, many objects should be directly mentioned; and at a very early period of the analysis Dr. Young had pointed out, that in the various instances where kings presented different objects to deities, they were found repeated in the texts, but the Egyptian used both the phonetic symbols and the ideographic form to express every idea not abstract:—for example, after the phonetic groups *riri*, "a hog," *shaw*, "a cat," *htor*, "a horse," they actually depicted a hog, cat, horse. Now this is a phenomenon totally incompatible with a mere phonetic language, and shows that the sounds must have been added in the first instance to explain the less obvious symbols used for ideas; and then finally applied generally to the whole body of the language. The most beautiful part of the grammar is undoubtedly that in which we have the explanation of the generic determinatives, which, like those before alluded to, were placed after phonetic groups to indicate the specific idea intended to be represented to the eye and mind. The use of these may be thus accounted for: the written language, like many other of the Semitic branches, used the radical consonants to express different ideas, sometimes analogous, but distinguished in the spoken dialect by the presence of different vocalic inflections: thus **XT** might be the root of **XOET** "an olive tree," "oil," or **XOT** "to speak." Now a text generally writ-

ten without vowels would be liable to much misapprehension, and since the language was pictorial, the easy remedy was to put after it the representation of that which would generally point out the meaning in a pure language of sounds. An additional word would be required to determine whether, taken by itself, "*olive*" meant "*olive tree*" or "*olive oil*." Now in the hieroglyphics, a snake and hemisphere represent the sound **XT** the radical elements of **XOET** "olive tree" and "olive oil;" to distinguish these two ideas they accordingly

wrote  "olive tree,"  "oil vase." Reverse the case, and suppose the language primevally pictorial-ideographic, the word tree and vase get inserted by the constructors into the language, how can they express a particular kind of tree, the sycamore, the doum palm, the olive? had they attempted each kind of direct portraiture, the complexity must have soon become so infinite as to be abandoned in despair. The natural recourse must have been to adjuncts allied with it to give a combined ideographic meaning, or else to symbols representing the sound of the idea intended to be conveyed, since in all languages sound must have preceded writing. The discovery of the employment of the hieroglyphics leaves no doubt as to the means employed; because when thus considered, the various groups placed before an object representing the skin of a beast resolve themselves into the names of animals; before a bird of the goose species, into birds; before a snake, the reptile par excellence, all reptiles; a tree, trees; a flower, all flowers. Circular ingots, after all metallic and semi-mineral bodies; piece of flesh, after all flesh; star, after stars; disk of the sun after phonetic groups expressive of divisions of time; angle of rocks, after rocks, &c.; undulating lines after water; vases of flame, after flames; blocks of stone, after varieties of this mineral; abodes, after symbols of abodes; a little bird, after all crimes; the bird, apparently being a kind of finch, after all ideas connected with crimes; a penknife, after all groups relative to writing; man after all groups connected with the affiliations or offices of mankind. In texts executed with the greatest care, and where the hieroglyphics assumed the actual type of picture, the details of the human being sculptured or painted, the inscriptions suppress the generic determinations, and employ the specific; a far more pictorial, finished, and, it may be added, elegant way of conveying the idea. For example, the phonetic group expressing

cat is  in the most finished inscriptions, accompanied with the image of a seated animal, the specific determinative; in secondary texts, represented by the  abridged form of a skin its generic; and in some by an inexplicable pleonasm, both determinatives united into the same group. It is on the same principle that the figures of deities, representing them under all their attributes, are placed in certain texts after their names; while in the inscriptions employed in scenes where the deities or objects themselves are represented, the determinatives were generally suppressed, since the clear exposition of the text did not require it. Next to the determinative are the ideographic symbols, a numerous and varied class, which however fortunately are determined either by their own representation, or by the contexts of the inscriptions; these symbols should amount, with the specific determinatives, to about four hundred. Besides these are two other kinds of determinatives, viz., those which inclose royal names, as cartouches; and the oval, in which are found the names of conquered cities, and plans of edifices inclosing the names of different religious and national constructions. The Grammaire Egyptienne does not in its notices throw any additional light upon the succession of the monarchy or names of the kings, but it furnishes some powerful illustrations upon the external knowledge the Egyptians had of other nations, as Persia, Ludim, Kush or Ethiopia, the Caroi, and the people of Javan or the Greek races, to which we could add several others; and among native towns and edifices the author had discovered the hieroglyphical names of the Memnonium, a palace of Thothmes III., in Thebes; of Amenoph III., at Gournah; and of Rhamses Maiamoun, at Derri in Nubia. To these may be added the abode of Cheops or Cephren, at Memphis, and a palace of Thothmes V. in the centre of Abydos. Among the names of prisoners who swell the conquests of Egyptian monarchs occur those of various tribes of Central Asia and Ethiopia, Mesopotamia, Persia; and in the conquests of Sesonchis or Shishac, Juda Malek or Judæa, and the cities of Bethoron, Mahanaim, and Mageddo, — a valuable confirmation to scripture history. To these may be added others of whose existence Champollion does not seem to have been aware: the Polosto or the Philistines, the fastness of Canana or Canaan, and many of the nations of Caramania, Bactria, and Sogdiana.

Having, however, mastered the general

principles of construction, the Grammaire analyzes in detail the construction of nouns, pronouns, verbs, numerals, and the whole body of the language, according to the ordinary mode of grammars, and, although this department is exceedingly well done, it exhibits at present nothing like criticism in any of the texts, and in comparing the sacred or ancient language with the texts, the reader has not been made acquainted sufficiently with the great differences of construction visible between the hieroglyphic and the Coptic; in many instances, indeed, the Coptic equivalent sentences beneath the hieroglyphical are neither equivalents of the Coptic nor equivalents of the hieroglyphic mode of expression, a point of no value to those versed in the differences and convinced of the general truths, but open to attacks of the half-informed of the hieroglyphical discovery. But the great and important differences between the two languages ought to have been made a part of the analysis. To consider these in their true and honest light, it is necessary to premise that the Coptic, like the Hebrew and other Semitic tongues, is a language of prefixes and suffixes, the changes of the original root of the word being extremely few; thus *pwawel* is "man," *orpwawel* "a man," *npwawel* "the man," *anpwawel* "of the man." The plural termination is generally *or* added as an integral part of the word, and the demonstrative article *ne* "the," is infixed to nouns: the article *se* is also of copious use in the Coptic. Now thus far the ancient language coincides with its successor, with this exception that the article *se* is not to be found in any text; the  *ne* represented by the hieroglyphics  is exceedingly rare, and the article *or* has also vanished. This is such a natural result of an idiographic language that it is only necessary to allude to the Chinese, where the written character, and especially the old concise style, barely expresses its meaning without pronouns, prefixes and suffixes, while in the spoken language the necessity of precision to convey the idea meant introduces a copious infusion of plural prefixes and suffixes, and pronominal forms, no greater difference existing between the hieroglyphic and Coptic than between Confucius and the paraphraser in colloquial language of the Shing yu, or holy edict of the emperor Kanghe. But there is another peculiarity no less striking in the old language, which Champollion has treated rather too cavalierly, the suffixing of the fe-

minine article **ⲧ** "the." In Coptic **ⲧⲉⲙⲓ** is "the woman," but in hieroglyphics **ⲧⲉⲙⲓ** **ⲧⲉⲙⲓ** **ⲧⲉⲙⲓ** is its equivalent. **ⲙⲉⲙⲧ** is "the mother" of the old language, **ⲧⲙⲙⲧ** of the Coptic, while the testimony of Plutarch informs us **μηθ** is the Egyptian word for mother. Nor is this peculiarity restricted to the feminine article; the possessive pronouns and the suffixes of the cases of verbs, prefixed in Coptic, are suffixed throughout in hieroglyphics: **ⲙⲧⲧ** "a father," is in the hieroglyphics **ⲙⲧⲧⲧ** "his father," **ⲙⲧⲧⲧ** "her father;" in the Coptic **ⲡⲉⲓⲙⲧⲧ** **ⲡⲉⲓⲙⲧⲧ**. **ⲉⲓ** **ⲡⲉⲓ** "I have come," in the hieroglyphics is the **ⲡⲉⲓ** **ⲉⲓ** of the Coptic. A change so organic as this is perfectly startling, but it is no less true. Another peculiarity of the Coptic, the suffixing the nominative to the verb with the demonstrative **ⲓⲛⲉ** as **ⲉⲧⲁⲓⲛⲉ** **ⲧⲉⲙⲙⲉ** **ⲡⲓⲛⲧⲣⲟ** **ⲙⲣⲱⲛⲉ** "and when he heard, *that* is the king Herod," has also disappeared from the hieroglyphic. The suffixes, however, remain in both languages, the employment of them being to a far greater extent in the one than in the other. The abundant use of **ⲉⲃⲟⲗ** with its compounds has also never been seen in the hieroglyphic, it being an expletive requisite for the spoken but not for the written language, and having been inserted into the spoken dialect with the progress it made in development between the epoch of the pyramids and the Romans. The same transmutation having been effected that has taken place with regard to the Chinese employed by the Japanese, the precision of the prefixes and suffixes of a language of sounds being added to eke out the laconic ambiguity which will ever envelope pictorial writing. The principle, however, just laid down with regard to the rule of the affixes in the sacred dialect assumes another shape at the time, and in the expressions of certain papyri, written in the historical style, and not following so precisely the stereotyped tone of the religious scenes; the prefixed possessives are there the same as in Coptic, a fact which renders it probable that the tone of these documents followed a colloquy, and were intended to be understood as read; a point doubtful with regard to the rituals, sepulchral monuments and prayers, transcripts of very archaic writings known by heart, perhaps, to the priests, but unintelligible to the mass, and this must have been the reason why the natives themselves commenced with the enchorial. The per-

sonal pronouns may be divided into two classes, the detached pronouns which preceded the verb, and generally used in declarative expressions, as "I am the great mother," &c.; and the prefixes and suffixes which were placed after the verb. Most of these were composed of purely phonetical symbols: but there are some peculiarities relative to the personal pronoun of the first person singular suffixed — it was almost always represented ideographically. Phonetically resolved from its combination, **ⲡⲉⲓ**, it was the Indogermanic monosyllable *i*, the root of *ego*, *ich*, *I*, &c. In the hieroglyphics a man speaking uses the figure of a seated man, a woman of a woman, a god of a god, a king of a king, a queen of a queen, a goddess of a goddess, &c. It was, I the man, I the woman, I the god, I the goddess, I the king, I the queen. This is only peculiar to the first person; the second person and the third never use it, and even the first person plural is a pure phonetic. There is one peculiarity, however, that the deities always in the texts use the plural "*we*," when addressing the kings: thus Amounra constantly, whether in his collective capacity of the Theban triad, or adored singly, always responds by the pronoun "*we*," while in applying the possessive he uses the ideographic "*I*," as the beloved son of my race; when present, however, with his wife Maut or Juno, and his son Chons or Hercules, it may either indicate that the three respond simultaneously, or that the collective response of the triad was uttered by each of the deities in succession. In longer processions of deities each also responds by the pronoun "*we*." This point is of considerable importance with regard to the analogy it offers to the pronoun **ⲙⲉ**, employed in conjunction with **ⲙⲉⲙⲧ** in the Book of Genesis, since in the Egyptian text the presence of this pronoun implies, although pronounced by one deity, the joint co-operation and power either of his triad or contemplar gods. In the hieroglyphic every verb is immutable, the only change being the suffixes and prefixes employed to express cases, but in the Coptic some variety in the innate constitution of the verb itself is traceable. The verbs in Coptic, like the nouns, are formed by phonetic and determinative symbols, and frequently have an additional determinative — an arm holding a club used to employed agency; a still larger class are formed out of nouns by the prefix **ⲉ** or **ⲧ**, employed like its Coptic letter as a preformant of transitive verbs; thus **ⲭⲁⲗ** "a bier," **ⲉⲭⲁⲗ** "to lay out on a bier," **ⲙⲟⲓⲛⲉ** "a

fabricator," *CAHON* "to fabricate. Besides the verb and its affixes, the Egyptian grammar contains the whole detail of the construction of moods and tenses, and the various modes in which the cases of the nouns and pronouns in regimen to the same are governed — interjections, conjunctions, and the employment of prepositions, all of which follow the same form as the Coptic.

Although the concluding part of the Grammar is not so rich in striking examples of hieroglyphical construction, it is not the less ably executed. It comprises the adverbs, prepositions, interjections, and the other subordinate parts of speech. These are of course difficult to give precisely, and Champollion appears to have been guided to their meaning more by the context than their actual similarity with the Coptic. It has already been mentioned that several words of the affixes and prefixes differ in the two, and in the same way a hieroglyphic group *XL* replaces *ICXE* whilst, after, &c. : and another reading *WCTE* is supposed to mean *during* ; *WXTW* is employed instead of *W&ENE*, for ever. The significance of these groups is a point for further criticism. Among the examples quoted is one from the statue of a shrine-bearing priest in the Vatican, inscribed with the names of Cambyses and Darius—"And the majesty of the King Darius ever living commanded me to go into Egypt whilst his majesty was in Assyria," which may be cited as illustrating the historical interest to be gathered from many Egyptian monuments. The discovery and development of these groups is well performed ; and the work closes with an additional note or two, inserted by M. Champollion Figeac, from the posthumous papers of Champollion : among others, one containing a collection of slang words (*mots de l'argot*) of the twentieth dynasty. These fall into the class previously mentioned, and are nothing more than usual phonetic ways of writing ordinary names ; for although a certain immutability pervaded the sacred character, from its earliest appearance with which we are acquainted to its suppression by the triumph of Christianity in Egypt, certain changes of what are called homophones, that is, of symbols the equivalents of each other in sound, were engrafted at the age of the twentieth and subsequent dynasties. In illustration of our assertion, a mouth, a lion or a flower equally represent the letter R, but in writing *Ra*, the Sun, a mouth was universally adopted for the R, and in writing *hir*, *be-neath*, the mouth was generally employed.

But the period under discussion adopted by caprice the lion for the R in *Ra*, and the flower in *hir*. It was a violation of the old uniformity of the language, but whether adopted from caprice or policy is not apparent. It is, however, an important part of the system for the student, who is accustomed to look upon the grouping as unerring ; for, from the Pyramids to the Ptolemies, the name of the god Phtah is written precisely the same, and the variations are so few, that every group presents a pictorial etymology which at once shows its meaning. The *Grammaire Egyptienne* of Champollion contains only the exposition of the hieroglyphical language, the hieratic being treated throughout in a subordinate manner. But there are many points about the hieratic, considered even grammatically, which render it worth treating separately. There is frequently in the hieratic a copiousness of particles, a filling up of forms, and a greater infusion of affixes and prefixes ; and many groups in hieratic are complete, and illustrate the hieroglyphic. The materials in hieratic are not so abundant, but it was extensively used, and the script of a good period, such as the seventeenth and eighteenth dynasties, contains no serious difficulty. It gradually loses its caligraphy, and finally blends with the almost illegible demotic. Unfortunately, the Grammar only hints at the demotic, but in such a manner as to leave no doubt that had its life been spared, it would have formed one of the most brilliant portions of his labours. But this portion of the subject not being so dazzling, has been rather neglected by the cultivators of the science : it is evidently not, as Seyffarth and Spon pronounced it, a pure phonetic language, but a tachygraphy of the hieratic. It appeared about the time of Apries.

With the Egyptian Grammar a work is announced, entitled "The Hieroglyphical Dictionary of Champollion," which will no doubt be published in such a form as to be easy of consultation, which it may be doubted if a mere phonetic dictionary would. This work has been recovered, with the stolen MS. of Champollion, which mysteriously disappeared after his death, and were subsequently recovered for the *Bibliothèque du Roi* by the discovery of M. Lenormant. The two together will form the stepping-stone of future inquirers. But much still remains to be done ; all the grammatical forms are not yet identified ; no syntax laid down ; many groups inexplicable, and numerous passages perfectly unintelligible. But although his premature death has without doubt retarded for half a century the

advancement of the study, the numerous adherents, both here and on the continent, will, it is to be hoped, rapidly carry out the remaining principles of interpretation.

The last part to consider is the language and style of the inscriptions, and these may be classed into the sepulchral, the religious, the historical and the popular style. The sepulchral is chiefly found on the monuments deposited with the dead, and consists of a dedication to certain deities for earthly benefits in the next state, and it is, in fact, a mere abstract from the great ritual, taken from the second part of this stock portion of Egyptian literature. As a specimen of its style, a good index to the religious tone, we give the prayer uttered by the deceased in the third part called—"The Book of going to the Hall of the two Truths, the writing of the name (?) of every person in ruling or judging his crimes, may it be granted to the deceased to see the faces of the gods." The prayer or rubric.

"Oh thou avengers, lords of truth! oh thou avenger, great god, lord of truth! I have come to thee, my lord, make me to see thy benefits; I have spoken, declare to me thy name; tell me also the names of the forty-two gods who are with thee in the hypostyle of truth living and guarding the wicked, feeding off their blood on the day of clothing the word before the revealer of good (Osiris), who is the regulator, lord of truth, name thou me, and place me before the other lords of truth. I have come, I have pierced for you my faults; I have done no fraud to mankind; I have not slaughtered cattle (of the gods)—I have not lied in the tribunal of truth—I have not spoken at random—I have not constantly made the chief race to serve—I have not cast my name to the bark—I have not sent my name to the navigators of the — I have not depraved—I have not allied myself with evil—I have not done what is abominable to the gods—I have not defiled the purity of my superior—I have not starved—I have not made to weep—I have not murdered—I have not gone and smitten privily—I have done no fraud in the face of all mankind—I have not changed the traditions of Egypt—I have not afflicted the other spirits of the gods—I have not preserved the contaminated and impure garments of the spirits (illuminated gods)—I have not committed adultery—I have not defiled the pure waters of the god of my country—I have not deprived—I have not falsified signets," &c.

Two things will be visible from this translation, which presents few lacunæ, the extent to which the power of translation of texts may be carried, and the peculiar style, approaching in some respects the biblical, in which the religious documents are drawn up. In them of course are many things alluded to rather than directly mentioned; and the forty-two cardinal positive vices or negative virtues of the Egyptian decalogue contain

their share of local crimes and misdemeanours. The original of the above text, a stock part of every Egyptian religious papyrus, will be found in the papyrus facsimiled by M. Cadet, and published by M. Humboldt, and subsequently in the *Description de l'Egypte*. M. Salvolini pointed out the religious style; the historical style differs in tenour from the simple and declarative form of the prayers. The religious style is constantly repeated, mummy cases, tablets, hypogees, temples, teem with acts of adoration, "glorifications" to the sun that he may shoot his arrowy rays from his solar hills (where he rises and sets) to the deceased—invocations to the various deities of the Pantheon, and short declarations of the Gods themselves to the deceased. The historical style, like the religious, is didactical, and abounds in a much greater use of similes and metaphors, presenting the usual analogy of Oriental languages with each other. In the commencement of official documents, dated in the regular years of monarchs, the titles of the kings are recapitulated at considerable length and inflated with the verbosity, of which an excellent specimen is afforded by Hermapion's translation of the obelisk mentioned in Ammianus Marcellinus, for these monuments were executed to record the religious praises and titles of the monarchs, whose edifices they adorned, and whose memory they were destined to preserve. Thus on a document at Aboosimbel, or Ipsamboul, the inscription states, "The thirty-third year, the 13th of Epiphi, under the sanctity of the Horus the sun, the mighty loving truth, the lord of panegyrica like his father Pthah Totonen, the lord of upper and lower Egypt, regulator of Kemi (Egypt), the chastiser of lands born of the Sun, the victorious lord, manifesting the world, the resplendent hawk, guardian of years, chief of victories, the king lord of the world, the Sun, the guardian of truth, approved of the Sun, the light manifested in the world, born of Pthah Totonen, son of the great mother, Ramses Meiamoun, the giver of life."

In those scenes which represent the march of the army, the language is still more enriched with powerful similes—"His cavalry," says the inscription at Karnak, "are like bulls terrifying rams, his archers are like hawks (seizing wild geese)." Again, it states at Ipsamboul, where the monarch Rameses III. receives a scimitar from the god Amoun-Ra, "the speech of Amoun-Ra, lord of the thrones of the worlds—I give thee a sword, smite thou with it; we give thee power over the south, victory over the north, to smite the great and chief barbari-

ans of all lands; extend thou the frontiers of Egypt to the arms which support the heaven." Again, in other texts we have "his hand is firm on his chariot like Month-Ra, the lord of Egypt, his bow is in his hand like Month; he scatters his enemies like chaff before the wind; powerful like the sun, giver of life like the sun for ever, the sun of Æthiopia."\* It is under this cloud of pompous epithets and similes that the scattered rays of information contained in what must be called, rather in contradistinction to the religious formulas, the historical texts are couched. These chiefly relate to the spoils taken from the shepherds of the Eastern country, and the various tribes of central Asia, ranging from Egypt to the Persian Gulf, and to Cilicia, the Oxus, and the Caspian—and the tribute offered or extorted from the tribes of Æthiopia or Cush. Connected as all their conquests were with religion, the spoils of their enemies raised the gigantic edifices of Thebes and Ipsamboul, and the inscriptions, one of whose protocols was cited just before, unhesitatingly assert that the conquered were employed in decorating and excavating these edifices—a point which throws thus much light over the condition of the children of Israel, that they were involved in the natural calamity of undergoing those sufferings as captives inflicted by (under the dispensation of the deity) the native monarchs, expelling the nomadic occupiers of Lower Egypt from Thebes, and placing unjustly the Israelites under the rigorous discipline held over the population of the Phœnician or Philistine invaders of the seventeenth dynasty. Whether or not the brickmakers of Thebes are the actual Jews, no doubt can be entertained that they represent a race in the same category, and the Egyptians might well, smarting under the ravages and destruction of the Shos or shepherds in general, and Moone-en-eiebt, *ḥḥwꜣt ꜥꜣt ꜥꜣꜥꜣ* "shepherds of the East," hold every shepherd little less than an abomination.

The historical texts form at present the task to which M. Rosellini has peculiarly turned his attention; with great zeal and industry it must be allowed, but not with the patient industry or penetrating spirit of the great hierologist. The learned professor of Pisa, a good Coptic, a respectable Hebrew scholar, is after all an indifferent hieroglyphical one. He bolts too rapidly to conclusions, weighs too little the mass of evidence upon one point, and interprets too fluently from the text immediately before him. Truth in all things yields only to genius at once, talent must submit to work

out by degrees the metal from its dross. The extensive fields over which he has trod must however prove his excuse for many of his faults, and he possesses the great merit of having entered upon his task with a heartfelt conviction of the truth of the hieroglyphical discovery. His latter labours which keep issuing from the press are dedicated to a consideration and elucidation of the text representing the different documents of historical nature gathered from the temples, obelisks and steles, showing the various nations with whom the Egyptians urged unceasing war—the Ludim of Asia, the Pholosto or Philistines, the Canana or Canaanites, the Rebu or mountaineers of the Riphæan mountains, Kuahites, the Toraes or Troses, Taraou or Droau of Æthiopia and the south. His labours nearly close this portion of the subject—but he has still a most important portion to illustrate, viz., the chamber of Karnak, where the conquered towns of Judæa swell the triumphs of Sheshouk I. Let him give a little pains to it and do it well. In the mean time his labours come down to the close of the eighteenth dynasty, the founders and embellishers of Diospolis "decorating it" in their own language "with obelisks like sun rays." This portion of the subject brings us on the arena of the most ancient monuments of Asia, the originals from which Manetho and the priests deduced their successions.

In the mean time M. Nestor L'Hôte has been traversing the Delta and Lower Egypt, and also part of upper Egypt, as Thebes, &c., in chase of inedited Egyptian inscriptions, paying a visit to the sun-worshippers of Alabastron. His friend and reviewer, M. Letronne, in the *Journal des Savans*, Jan. 1841, passes a high eulogy on the honesty of his narrative and designs. In the most favourable view, M. Nestor L'Hôte's Egyptian knowledge is at best that of a demi-quatre-heure; his mistakes are the more grave since they occasion a man who can draw respectably hieroglyphics to direct the application of his time to the wrong end. In proof of our assertion we shall cite examples of the inaccuracy of M. L'Hôte. In the first place he gives us what he asserts to be the veritable likeness of Pharaoh Appapus, the shepherd-king. It is the portrait of a man preceded by the cartouche reading, *Pipi* or *Apap* and the word *onkh*, the whole forming the name of an individual, *Apaponkh*; persons, especially functionaries during the seventeenth and earlier dynasties, taking the name of the monarch and some adjunct in order to give it their children. Thus, instead of *Appapus*, we have at best a functionary living

probably under his successor. There is no uræus either upon the forehead, the well-known requisite of sovereignty.

Mistaking the same will-of-the-wisp for his guiding-star in a person named Osortasen-Onkh, he recognizes the king Osortasen himself, and in his relations the father, mother, brothers, &c., of the king himself; a position which a very slight reflection would have told him was perfectly untenable, since *King Osortasen* looks exactly like a private individual. The same spirit has led him to coincide with the error of Dr. Leemans, who reads directly a cartouche *Iten bashn*, and queries it *Apachnan*, which should in reality be rendered *oubaen en itn* Oubasheniten, "the light or splendour of the disk," in its full form; *Remereu* for *Merenre*, and a host of similar philological errors. His most valuable drawings are of the kings at Alabastron, on whom the rays of the sun descend, terminating in human hands. One most interesting drawing represents the priests of the disk, prostrating themselves to the earth, while a single ray from the essence of light descends, terminating in a human hand, upon their shorn scalps. That these monarchs were not contemporaneous with the sixteenth and seventeenth dynasty, there is abundant evidence to show from the names and titles of a certain Amosis or Aahmos given by M. L'Hôte himself. This functionary was bearer of the feather standard at the royal right hand, superintendent of the abode of *the splendour of the disk* (Oubasheniten) in its duration. His ostrich feather sceptre is slung behind exactly like Haremhbai on his tomb at the Museum, and this latter personage must have lived subsequent to Horus of the eighteenth dynasty. The title of standard-bearer is also totally unknown under the monarchs of the seventeenth line, and it was introduced by the progression of conquest. The "splendour of the disk," as he is called, is consequently later than the seventeenth, and the name of the functionary Oohmos or Amosis, although not positive proof, is still a collateral evidence that the functionary must have lived about or subsequent to the rule of Amosis of the seventeenth dynasty. "The splendour of the disk," or *soi-disant* Apachnan of Leemans, may therefore be quietly left at least in the eighteenth or subsequent dynasties, while Rosellini has located him above the seventeenth, and if he must move he should descend in the chronology. Considering this race in their solar relation, their sun worship, and the composition of their names, some peculiar points

about their physiognomy and their dress, it is not improbable that they might be Persians. The whole style of these sculptures, as given in the excellent drawing of Bonomi, in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's late work, so strongly resembles that of the twenty-sixth or Bubastite dynasty, that they may, in spite of their appearance at Karnak, be referred, agreeably to the opinion expressed by Colonel Vyse, to the Persian era; and judging from the embonpoint visible in the figures as given in the drawings, we should say that it *might* be that dynasty immediately preceding the Macedonian conquest of Egypt. Those, however, who are conversant with the style of execution of Egyptian monuments assign them to an early period. Equally unhappy has been the philological explanation of the third prince of Ramses III. by M. L'Hôte—SEMENEPHTAH, as he calls him. Now the Semeneptah is the ordinary title of that period, Sotem em Phtah, "high-priest of the god Phtah" of Champollion, or "auditor of Phtah" of Rosellini; the true name of the prince being the subsequent characters Shaaemkemi, the pronunciation of the last group being uncertain, although it is well known what it represents, viz. Egypt. As it is on this error that M. L'Hôte builds part of his theory that he subsequently became the Pharaoh Menephtah II., it is the more important to set it right. There is also observable in the work a considerable share of carelessness with regard to two similar characters which differ on the monuments very distinctly, the one representing, *aa*, the other employed as *T*, and always well defined as a cord with a loop at both ends. We may concede, however, something to the intractability of the woodcutter, but M. L'Hôte draws very well, and should therefore be more careful; and as we observe a certain degree of honest enthusiasm in him, our observations are directed to produce more cautious inductions and more accurate drawings; for let him remember, that a cool judgment is requisite in a science which can only progress by means of extended familiarity with monuments, and careful collation with the Coptic. He has, we learn, lately returned from Egypt, and has published, in the *Journal des Savans* for January, a new succession from the tombs in the neighbourhood of the pyramids, but as no such successions are worth a rush to lean on without the texts in which they are found, the *provisional* fifth dynasty may await the publication of the Hypogée in which they have been discovered. He has



also busily taken impressions in paper, wet paper it is to be inferred, a very reckless proceeding with the more delicate calcareous monuments of Egypt. But the hand of man is rapidly annihilating what the course of time has spared; and, after all, the best mode of preserving the remains of this nation is by publishing accurate copies, and not sawing away, as Champollion did, the choicest portions of inscriptions and hypogæes to enrich the walls of the Louvre at the cost of Egypt's destruction. It is vain to preach to the Arabs to-day, and mutilate the tombs to-morrow!

A great portion of the remainder of M. L'Hôte's work consists in the verification of what has been previously done, and the account of different hypogæes which he has visited, with the various drawings which are destined for publication in their local order in the *Monumens de l'Égypte et de la Nubie*, now in the course of appearance. Besides the work of L'Hôte the second livraison of the *Monumens Égyptiens du Musée des Pays Bas* has appeared, whose first number was previously mentioned. It is not of the importance of the first, and consists of the fac-simile of a religious papyrus or ritual drawn up at a late period, apparently about the Roman era, comprising the commencing chapters of the first portion illustrating the ceremonies consequent on the embalment and the conducting the mummy of the deceased to its sepulchre. A *Catalogue Raisonné* of the Leyden collection, very respectably executed, has appeared from the same author, but the precision of a catalogue affords little scope for the advancement of much that is new, even should the author be prepared with it. Even the *Catalogue Raisonné* of Passalacqua, one of the best of the kind, is rather dull and dry for the general reader. No further criticism need be passed on it than that it is at present the fullest catalogue of any Egyptian collection extant, since that of the *Musée du Louvre*, formerly Charles X., by Champollion, is out of print, and has not been reprinted; that of Berlin is the old sale catalogue of Passalacqua; the magnificent collection of Turin waits till the directors of the Museum are acquainted with the subject; and that of the British Museum, though large compared with the bulk of the *Synopsis*, requires considerable expansion to make it rival the Leyden catalogue.

The knowledge and taste for hieroglyphical literature and Egyptian customs appear to have been transplanted from France to Britain. M. L'Hôte, under the auspices of the ministers of public instruction, has

been sent twice to Egypt, (in this country, we regret to say, the government is supposed to direct its attention to higher matters, and consequently suffers literature to take care of itself,) and a Prussian expedition, under the auspices of the King of Prussia and M. Humboldt, starts in the autumn, provided with draughtsmen for three years. Great Britain trusts to the feeble voluntary system of a few amateurs or Indian passengers to effect what they can in this quarter. But the popular taste which has set in inclines strongly towards Egyptian antiquities and literature, of which we have a test in the work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson upon the manners and customs of the Egyptians, of which a second part has recently met with a highly favourable reception. It is a learned work, especially with respect to the information afforded us by the Greeks upon Egypt, and embodies a vast mass of information on a variety of branches; and although there are some details upon which we should differ considerably with the accomplished traveller, yet as a whole it is well and carefully prepared, and presents a great deal of novel matter; for example, the Bird, Ben or Bennou, in the Tamarisk of Howara, with an inscription stating it to be "the soul of Osiris," with the chest or closet of the god lying before it, is a very important addition to our knowledge of their mythology, while the elaborately drawn up chapters on the husbandry and agriculture of the Egyptians offer a very striking picture of the ancient cultivation of the soil. There is one reading with regard to an amulet of the Gnostic period, where we entertain rather a different view of the explanation to that of the learned author. It represents on one side a winged disk snake, a hawk-headed winged deity, and a frog-headed female deity seated upon a throne, facing the hawk-headed deity; on the reverse are an hexameter and pentameter verse, reading—




Εἰς Βαῖτ, εἰς Ἀθωρ, μίᾱ τῶν Βία, εἰς δι' Ἀκωρ—  
Χαῖρε πατέρα ἀνθρώπων—χαῖρε τριμῶρφη θεός.

In this inscription we regard εἰς as declined poetice from the verb εἶμι in the sense of "thou art:" "Thou art Bait, thou art Athor, one of the Bia, and thou art Hakori—Hail father of the world—Hail trimorphous god!" In that case the symbols gnostically represented the three forms of the divinity considered as a triad, the frog-headed female deity being considered as Hathor, and the hawk-headed god as Hakori. Hathor is a female deity, and as the inscription is otherwise in good Greek,

*ma* is in good apposition, and could not be found allied with *ελ*. Hakori, analogous to the name Acoris of an early Egyptian monarch, may possibly have been derived from a deity of a late epoch, Hak-Hor, a form of Horus.

It would require considerable space to offer an analysis of the opinions relative to the Pantheon set forth by Sir Gardner with his usual ability and judgment, yet there are some points on which we could desire a more strict adherence to the monumental information considered as distinct from the Greeks; the later writers of Paganism, platonizing over Pantheism, endeavouring to veil the expiring agonies of the national religion with an air of philosophy and system, which, applicable no doubt in an amphibolic sense to the religion, never embodied its original ideas, or its doctrine as explained by the priests themselves. Our information is, of course, traditionally deficient, but from what does remain, we are disposed to consider the early religion of the Egyptians a system of local worship. How, for example, can we otherwise explain the fact that Phtah, the eponymous protector of Memphis, is rarely, if ever, found at Abydos or Thebes—or Amounra at Memphis and Abydos, where Osiris is the main divinity, and that the worship of the "disk of the sun" at Alabastron and Psinula is rare at Thebes, and never found at Memphis—that no individual is found qualified Osirian after death until the nineteenth dynasty, and that no one divinity, except this last god, attained to anything like universal worship? Chnouphis, for example, was the local god of Elephantina, and even when his names and titles are found at spots far and wide from his seat of worship, he is always qualified "lord of Elephantina." The labours of Champollion, in his "Lettres écrites de l'Égypte," clearly proved that the deities in their local worship were as unaltered as the language, the old temples erected to them by the early Pharaohs having been repaired under the Romans, no other worship being substituted for the old local one.

Again, there is one supposition put forth, which, although excessively ingenious, is not justified by the inscriptions; it is this—that the deity Chnouphis indicates the *νεφ*, or breath, spirit moving upon the face of the waters. That Chnouph indicates primordial water, we are aware, because it is over the "waters," "the pure waters," that he always presides; and that he is a creative power, we equally perceive from those inscriptions in which he is stated "to fabricate upon his wheel the divine limbs of Osiris," and to be "the builder of all man-

kind;" but Noub or Noutm, for his name is written indifferently, does not in the hieroglyphics bear any analogy with breath,—the one being written  and the other  (the symbol marked 3 representing the spread sail catching the air, and there beautifully employed as its determinative) while  is constant-

ly in the inscriptions accompanied by the three streams of water forming the phonetic equivalent *nef* analogous to the Coptic word *νοτιν* "the abyss" of the primordial waters out of whose elements the world was formed, and the same deity is repeatedly textually called *ΔΥ* "substance, matter." These are not put forth as blemishes of Sir Gardner's work, who is perfectly justified by the later Greek authorities, but as philological proofs that the Greeks are frail authorities, especially the later sophists, on any or every question of Egyptian mythology. There is another deity in the Pantheon who has excited a good deal of attention, but who has never as yet received any satisfactory explanation either as to his attributes or name. His form replaces in the cartouche of Osirei Menephtah II. that of the god Osiris, and has been in the majority of instances most carefully chiselled out, and that evidently of old; the name has been supposed to be Seth, which is one of Typhon's appellations; another of his names is identical with that of the town of Ombos; a third, which is to be found in the Excerpta Hieroglyphica of Burton, gives his appellation as identical with that of the negroes in the tomb of Menephtah I. at Thebes. Nahsi at this place appears to be the name of the black race of Cush or Æthiopia, as distinguished from the copper-coloured races to the south of Egypt. The bird which is represented in the commencement of the word is coloured completely *black*, and is the restricted initial phonetic *N* of this group only, to which it otherwise serves as a determinative, and its head forms that of the deity in question. On a papyrus in the British Museum (Salt, No. 825) this very deity Nahsi is represented bound with his hands behind his back to an Asiatic prisoner, just as the actual negro is drawn in other monuments.

From this it must be inferred that this god represents one of the forms of Typhon, considered as the personification of the impious race of Cush or Æthiopia, whose name and attribute and inflictions he bears. There are also some other considerations up-

on the names and attributes of deities which throw light upon the notions entertained by the Egyptians. For example, attached to a representation of Netpe pouring a libation, and emerging from a sycamore tree, a subject repeated at the great funereal ritual, in the chapter entitled "The drinking the living waters in Noutehir," occurs in Sir J. Gardner's plate the following text: "Netpe, the great resplendence, with her name in the sycamore, we consecrate to thee these libations; refresh thy heart with it, with these waters manifested" \* \* \* the rest being deficient. The soul of the deceased eagerly catches one of the streams of living water. Thus the god called Khem by Wilkinson, and Harsaphes by Champollion, is frequently in the texts called Har-nasht, "the victorious Horus," which accounts for the constant presence of this deity in the triumphal processions of the kings. It is in this capacity that the statue of this deity is borne along in the procession of Rameses Meiamoun, representing, according to Sir J. Gardner, the ceremonies performed at the coronation of a king, from the sculptures of Rameses III. at Medenet Haboo; for the deity there, although he appears to be worshipped in the capacity of Lord of the soil, is notwithstanding in his attributes, the lord of victory; and in the speech addressed by the god (part E.) the deity states, "We give you all power and all victory." The white bull in this sculpture is probably the living emblem of Har-nasht, mystically termed the husband of his mother—considered as Amoun, the father of the very triad of which, as Har-nasht, he was the son; and since the whole of the inscriptions run in his praise, we are disposed to consider that it is intended to show what is termed on the earlier monuments "The panegyry of the manifestation of Harsaphes." Among other points connected with this interesting plate are the declarations uttered before the deity and the bearing of the usual offerings and standards by the "Negroes of Pount" or "Libya," (Part G. H.), connecting the ceremony with the worship of Ammon in his oracle at the oasis in the desert and at Meroe; for it is to be observed that the Libyans here appear not as captives, but equally participating in the rights along with the sons and brethren of the king.

In bringing his labours to a conclusion, the author of necessity touches on the funereal ceremonies, and among other beautiful illustrations of this portion is a magnificent plate, printed in colours, representing the funereal ceremonies performed upon the decease of Nofreophth, a scribe of Ammon.

It conveys a beautiful picture of the decorations of the tombs, and a powerfully graphic illustration of the expenses contingent upon the funeral of persons of rank under the eighteenth dynasty.

We now have to touch upon another work connected with the study of Egyptian antiquities, the *Inscription Grecque de Rosette*, by M. Letronne, who has put forth a new edition of the Greek text of the Rosetta stone, based on criticisms of the labours of Porson, Heyne, Druman, Amalhon, and others; M. Lenormant's work on the same subject of last year being also comprised in this, and the translation and collation made with the hieroglyphical and enchorial texts by M. Champollion being used throughout to confirm the restorations proposed by M. Letronne. M. Champollion's labours, to whose memory the work is dedicated, thus receive the additional sanction of Letronne, and it may be mentioned, en passant, that M. Dujardin, who attacked very fiercely Champollion's discovery, died in the conviction of the grand truths laid down by the French hierologist. The commencement of the text is not much mutilated, but in the 27th line Letronne proposes *ἐνοχλήσαντας* in the place of the *ἐπιφθέσαντας* of Amalhon, the *ἐπιφθεσαντας* of Heyne, the *ἐκπύσαντας* and *ἐπιμύσαντας* of Lenormant, and the *ἐρημώσαντας* of Porson. Although his text is not fortified here by the hieroglyphical part, his reading certainly contests the palm with that of Porson. In another restoration, line 30, where he reads *ἀποστειγμένης* against the *ἀλειμμένης* of Heyne or Porson, he supports himself on the translation of the demotic portion. It runs, as he says, according to Champollion, "The king has *ordained* concerning the droits of an artaba per acre from lands belonging to the gods, &c, which have been remitted." —p. 25, l. xxx. Here then the demotic confirms the reading of Letronne. But the Rosetta stone has been so often made the subject of criticism, that it is quite unnecessary to repeat here the vexatæ questionones of its text; and M. Letronne, coming last into the arena, is of course enabled by the assistance of the Greek papyri, a newly opened branch of Greek literature, and aided by the dim light of demotic revelation, to overthrow his predecessors and antagonists.

M. Letronne, not being a hieroglyphical scholar, avowedly, is not open to the same criticism that has been shown to M. L'Hôte, his protégé; but we shall suggest respectfully for his consideration the following light thrown on some of his critical animadversions on the Pierre de Rosette. In speaking of the *ψῆνρ*, a peculiar kind of crown

composed of two separate portions,—the “red crown” and the “white crown,”—M. Letronne imagines that it answers to the *κνρή*, out of which Psammetichus poured his libation (Herod. ii., s. 142); but the Egyptian helmet is the crown called *tosh*, and is always on the head of the king when helmed in the military scenes, while its peculiar-shape bears much greater analogy to the term *κνρή*, as used by Herodotus; for example, the *κνρή Κορινθιάκη*, which, thrown upon the back of the head, with its visor up, exactly resembles the *tosh*; the *κνρή*, too, of Psammetichus, was of brass, and we may doubt if the pschent can be shown to have been of this material. Another illustration may be given relative to the *γενεθλια* of the king mentioned in the Greek: he observes, that the day of celebration being the actual birthday, no conclusion can be arrived at relative to any astronomical circumstances connected either with this festival, or that of the coronation on the 17th of Mecheir. Champollion has proved that the hieroglyphical text here substitutes the month of Paophi for that of Mecheir in the Greek, four months sooner, evidently erroneously, since the compliment would have breathed rather cold, and the demotic reads with the Greek Mecheir. The point of the *γενεθλια* being a fixed or a moveable feast cannot yet be considered as determined; every day in the Egyptian calendar was either a fast or a festival, and two 30ths of months, those of Epiphi and Mecheir, were, from the evidence of Plutarch on the one hand, “the celebration of the birthday of the eyes of Horus (symbolic eyes),” and from the ritual on the other, “the day of clothing the symbolic eye in Poni (eye of Horus), on the 30th of Mecheir, that I may behold the filling of the eye in Poni, in the presence of the god of that country.” We quote from the part of the ritual entitled, “The Book of going to the Hall of the Two Truths.”

Of the two festivals, however, the coronation should be rather expected to be found fixed; the *γενεθλια*, the actual birthday, variable since the Egyptians paid particular attention to nativities; and a Græco-Egyptian one has been found cast in Greek. Letronne also considers that the restoration of Porson, to whom he generally inclines, is here undoubted; in fact, that the demotic, according to Champollion, states “each in its month” to be dated from the first of Thoth, and the *νεομήνια*, which Letronne has restored to its right sense, the first of Thoth, was apparently the commencement of the Egyptian year, upon which, following the authority of the earlier monuments, a festival of Thoth was held, as during the “pane-

gyry of Thoth at the commencement of the year,” and otherwise in the completion of the year, in Thoth the commencement of the year.

As from time immemorial the public documents were dated by regnal years, the year was probably calculated from the coronation, whether from accident or design; the celebration of the festival was made to tally with the course of the year, and recall the identity of the king and the sun. However, that the royal birthday was a movable feast, and calculated from the actual event, is certain, from the historical stele published by Rosellini and Leemans, by which the regnal years are calculated for the life of an individual in such a manner as would not coincide with the present date.

Before taking our leave entirely of the question, we have a new reading to propose with regard to the hieroglyphical version of the inscription: the three writings being distinctly mentioned as “the writing of the divine words (hieroglyphics),” “the writing of the books (or epistolographic of Clemens),” “the enchorial,” and “the writing of the Ionians,” the Greek. With this last part of the inscription, the enchorial text bears a much greater analogy than the hieroglyphic with the Greek version. A point upon which M. Letronne constantly insists is the priority of the Greek version. The testimony of Letronne to the truth of the discovery of the manner of reading the sacred character may be placed on the same shelf with the declaration of Niebuhr, and the slow but sure progress of truth is insensibly winning its way with an irresistible power, which nothing can daunt or destroy. In this country the current of popular opinion is rapidly verging toward the ocean of Egyptian lore, and among those works which are more particularly calculated to afford a lucid explanation of Egyptian philology directed to all capacities, we may notice “The Antiquities of Egypt” put forth by a religious society, to elucidate more especially the connection of the Jews and their bondmasters, since the connection alluded to, rather than distinctly mentioned, in the Old Testament, must, previous to the desolation of the arms of Shishak, have always been politically strong;—the one in their flank marches upon central Asia, or Syria, encountering the Philistines or Phœnicians, and assisting indirectly in maintaining the independence of Judah; while the other, from similar institutions, many of them equally influencing the habits and tastes of the two races, looking with a favourable eye to their old masters, now new allies, and reposing in the shadow of the riches and in-

fluence of Egypt. It is pleasing to reflect that, in this country, where a fungous and unhealthy state of archæological research into the obscure too frequently finds favour, there is light as well as darkness, and that the morbid sense is on the decrease, which discovers a Hebrew in every tomb, and Pharaoh's signet in every ring. When the labours of Rosellini are completed, the circle of the monumental history of Egypt is finished; the eyes of Europe must then be cast on those barbarian efforts which convert the records of art and antiquity into quarries, and destroy what they cannot equal. Day after day plunder and mutilation are rooting up all that remains. Another century, and what Egypt was, will be a tale. Woe to Egypt! "The impure foreigner," whom she bound to her chariots, trod under her sandals, and forced to excavate the temples of her gods, recklessly mocks and defaces the palaces of her kings and the tombs of her dead.

ART. II.—*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, par Barante. 13 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1824—1826.

THE ancient state of Burgundy has many claims upon our attention. It comprises the fairest part of France—it was the earliest civilized—it was the first division of Gaul which was erected into a kingdom—and of all the tribes of barbarians who inundated the south of Europe, and conquered wherever they came, the Burgundians are amid the few who have left their name to the territory which they first possessed, while the memory of other and more powerful tribes has passed away as though they had never been.

The original place from which the Burgundians came, and their race, have been matters of great dispute with historians and geographers. "Germanorum genera quinque: Vindili, quorum pars Burgundiones, Varini, Carini, Guttones."—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. iv. § 28. "Par lesquels mots," says Paradin, in the first page of his *Annales de Bourgogne*, "l'on peut assez conjecturer la noblesse et antiquité de cette nation, laquelle est mise au premier rang des cinq premiers races de l'antique et noble Germanie; chose que monstre assez ce que n'est un nom nouvellement forgé et intro-

duit en Gaule.\* Agathias writes that they were a people of Asia. "Hunni quondam circa lacum Mæotidem loca incoluere in arcturum potius versi, ut barbarorum cæteræ nationes, quæ quod infra Imaum montem Asiam insident, hi omnes et Scythæ et Hunni vocitabantur: seorsum tamen et per generationes. Nam partim Cotriguri appellantur, partim Ultizuri, partim Burgundi, partim alias utcumque patrium illis est gentibus, et consuetum nominari." After mentioning the temporary possession which some of these nations had of the territories they seized upon, their subsequent final overthrow, and even the entire perishing of their names, he adds, "sed Ultizuri, Burgundique ad Leonis usque tempora Romanorum imperatoris celebres extitere." It is probable that a body of Burgundians, tempted by the expectation of plunder, or influenced by the renown of his name, might have served under Attila, and thus have caused the error of Agathias. Valesius imagines that the Burgundi and Burgundiones were different people. This, however, is totally improbable. Jerome and Orosius call the same nation Burgundiones to which Marcellinus gives the appellation of Burgundi.† Malte Brun assigns to them a Gothic origin, and says all that remains of the Burgundian language indicates that they spoke a Gothic dialect. It is to be wished that Malte Brun had told us where these traces of their language are to be found. It is singular that the Vandal race, once so fearfully celebrated in the annals of mankind, has so utterly perished from the face of the earth, that we are not aware that any vestiges of their language can be traced, so as to throw any light on the disputed question of their origin.‡

All these surmises, however, are in direct opposition to the plain and decisive authority of Pliny, as quoted above. His opinion deserves great weight. He composed the history of Drusus, who, in conjunction with Tiberius, conquered these very Burgundians: besides, he himself served in Germany about sixty years after the death of Drusus. Mascou, whose *History of the Ancient Germans* is a work of very great research, confirms the declaration of Pliny. He says, "the accounts we meet with of their manners, which entirely agree with those of the ancient German nations,

\* Tacitus, *Germ.* c. 2, after mentioning the Marsi and Vandalii, says, "ca vera et antiqua nomina;" in contradistinction to the word *Germania*, which was "vocabulum recens et nuper additum."

† Mascou, vol. i., p. 328, n. 1, Lediard's translation.

‡ Gibbon.

sufficiently prove this; as well as the propriety of their laws, and the traces of their language which are transmitted to us, as well as the names of those princes as here and there in their laws." Lasius, a doctor of medicine and professor of belles lettres at Vienne, tells us, "la langue des Bourguignons étoit dans son origine le haut Allemand, et les noms des premiers rois qu'a eu ce peuple, designoient plutôt leur caractère que leur origine: Gondioc, vouloit dire *champ fertile*, ou *champ d'or*; Gondebaud, *messenger d'or*; Chilperic, *bon seigneur*; Gondemar, *seigneur favorable*, ou *puissant*."\*

That the Vandals and Goths might originally have been one great nation is far from improbable. They were neighbours, and the dominions of both were no doubt vaguely defined. The former, situated more to the west, were spread about the banks of the Oder, and the sea coast of Pomerania and Mecklenburgh; whereas the latter had established themselves in a more eastern part towards the mouths of the Vistula, and where the cities of Thorn, Elbing, Königsberg, and Dantzic were afterwards founded. The distinctions among the Vandals were strongly marked by the independent names of Heruli, Burgundians, &c. The Goths were subdivided into Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and Gepidæ. Gibbon's remark on the names given to ancient tribes is well worth remembrance.

"The Vandals and the Goths equally belonged to the great division of the Suevi, but the two tribes were very different. Those who have treated on this part of history appear to me to have neglected to remark that the ancients almost always gave the name of the dominant and conquering people to all the weaker and conquered races. So Pliny calls Vindili, Vandals, all the people of the north-east of Europe, because at that epoch the Vandals were doubtless the conquering tribe. Cæsar, on the contrary, ranges under the name of Suevi many of the tribes whom Pliny reckons as Vandals, because the Suevi, properly so called, were then the most powerful tribe in Germany. When the Goths, become in their turn conquerors, had subjugated the nations whom they had encountered on their way, these nations lost their name with their liberty, and became of Gothic origin. The Vandals themselves were then considered as Goths; the Heruli, Gepidæ, &c., suffered the same fate. A common origin was thus attributed to tribes who had only been united by the conquests of some dominant nation, and this confusion has given rise to a number of historical errors."

The first notice which we have of the

Burgundians is in the time of Augustus, when Drusus and Tiberius repulsed them in their endeavours to advance, and disposed of those whom they had conquered and taken prisoners in different and distant stations along the banks of the Danube. From the towers of defence which they erected they derived their name, "atque ita etiam nomen ex opera præsumpsisse, quia crebra per limitem habitacula constituta *Burgos* vulgo vocant."†

About A.D. 248, Festida, king of the Gepidæ, attacked and defeated a part of the nation which had opposed his progress. Elated at having conquered a people who bore so high a reputation for valour, he turned his arms against some descendants of the Goths, by whom he was in turn defeated.

The Burgundians, continuing to increase in numbers, and excited by the desire of booty, ventured about A.D. 277 to attack and lay waste part of the Roman province. They were quickly routed by Probus, and by the restitution of their plunder purchased peace and permission to retire unmolested to their former settlements. In their retreat they disregarded the conditions which they had made, and began again the work of plunder. Enraged at this, Probus again attacked them, slew great numbers, and took many prisoners, whom he sent into Britain:‡ the rest betook themselves without further delay to their forests.

In the time of Maximian they allied themselves with the Alemanni and invaded Gaul. Their great numbers proved fatal to themselves. With little or no preparation, they set forth like a band of plunderers, expecting to receive support from the country they purposed to conquer. Famine soon attacked them; infectious diseases followed; thousands perished miserably; the Roman sword was not needed, and those who survived sickness and starvation retreated as fast as circumstances would allow. For nearly a century we know little of them except their continual quarrels with the Alemanni. The great subject of dispute was some salt-pits, or, as Gibbon supposes, the possession of the river Sala, which produced salt.§ After many battles, fought with various success, though generally, from superiority of numbers, in favour of the Burgundians, a division of territory was agreed

\* Orosius, lib. vii., c. 32.

† Camden thinks that Vandelsburg, near Cambridge, may have taken its name from his colony.—Tom. i., p. 137.

‡ 'Salinarum finiumque causa Alemanni sæpe jurgabant.'—Tac. Ann., 28, 5. At Salins, in Jura, are several caverns remarkable for their salt-pits.

\* Essai sur l'Histoire des premiers Rois de Bourgogne. Preface, p. x. Dijon, 1770.

upon between them. Ammianus Marcellinus tells us that the emperor Julian pitched his camp at the place where the boundary stones of the Burgundians and Alemanni were situated. About the year 371 the emperor Valentinian was busied in building forts upon the Rhine, as a barrier against the Alemanni, who were becoming formidable to the empire. The Burgundians also began to excite alarm from their increasing numbers and military fame. The wily emperor thought, by exciting the one against the other, he might materially weaken if not destroy both. He therefore sent messengers to the Burgundians, with letters inviting them to join him in an expedition against their common enemy, the Alemanni. In these letters, which were publicly read in the assembly of the chiefs of the nation, great promises of plunder were held forth. The Alemanni were to be attacked both by the emperor and by the Burgundians, and thus their destruction was to be certain. They were flattered by being spoken of as originally descended from the Romans\*—a tradition derived from the circumstance that a part of their nation had been incorporated with some Roman soldiers who were left to garrison the fortresses of Drusus on the Danube. The Burgundians were persuaded, and readily promised their aid. An army of eighty thousand soon made their appearance on the banks of the Rhine. The Alemanni becoming alarmed, quickly dispersed. The Romans, too, fearing the alliance would prove injurious to themselves, and not liking the number of their allies, amused them with excuses and delays till they were compelled to retire. Enraged at the apparent want of faith on the part of the Romans, or probably tempted by the appearance of a richer and more abundant country, and pleased at the newness and flavour of the fruits which they had met with in their route, they began to be dissatisfied with their present settlements. They were driven onward too by the Goths in their rear, who had defeated them and dispossessed them of a part of the territory which they had been accustomed to consider as their own. All these things led them to contemplate a migration of the whole tribe. Circumstances favoured them. The Roman empire had become greatly enfeebled, either through want of energy in those who held the sceptre, or through their unbounded and degrading licentiousness. The removal of the seat of power to the east had weakened the west. The Roman troops, com-

posed of different nations, had neither the discipline nor the high patriotic feeling which had kindled and kept alive the glory of their ancestors. Everything, too, was venal. The governors of the provinces were more intent upon their own peculiar aggrandizement, than they were to increase, or even uphold, the power of the emperor. Their main object was to render themselves independent, and therefore they laboured to supplant their masters. The huge vessel seemed ready to fall to pieces, and each one was anxious to seize a portion of the wreck.

Not only did the Burgundians contemplate a movement, but the Suevi and other branches of the Gothic nation followed their example, so that the period from the latter end of the fourth century to the beginning of the fifth is not unfrequently called in history "the universal transmigration of a swarm of nations." The whole of Germany was changed, and names which had for their time been famous were mentioned no more.

An event of so much importance as a change in the settlement of the whole race, demanded that their plans should be well formed, and their preparations carefully made, before beginning the march. The youth looked forward with delight to the possession of a country which had been represented to them as superior in every respect to that which they then inhabited. A warmer sky, a richer soil, more delicious fruits, the juice of the grape, which they had hitherto known only by report, joined with the love of novelty, which alone possesses innumerable charms for the young, made them eager that the expedition should commence. The chiefs and counsellors of the nation, taught by past experience that the rule of many would be fatal to the welfare of the whole, and desirous also that the separate ambition of each should be controlled, and that all should be under the guidance of one, proposed that a leader should be elected to have the entire conduct of the march. Hitherto the Burgundians like all rude nations, had scarcely anything that deserved the name of a settled government. The sovereign authority seems to have been vested in the chief of the priests, who had the title of Sinistus. Superstition caused a cheerful obedience to be paid to one who was believed to hold intercourse with the gods, and to be the interpreter of their will to men. The different divisions of the nation elected, as governors of the separate districts, men whose valour and general conduct claimed the respect of all; they were called Hendini, and from these the

\* "Jam inde temporibus priscis sobolem se esse Romanam Burgundici ciunt."—Orosius, lib. vii. c. 32.

leader of the expedition was chosen. The name of the chief is not known, though it is generally supposed that the choice fell on Gundicarius, from whom one of the early kings was descended. All necessary preparations having been made, they marched by the side of the Rhine, seeking for a favourable passage. Different portions of the nation appear to have crossed the river at different places; but the main body, under the leader, continued their journey till they reached that bend of the river near which the present cities of Basle and Huningen are situated. No opposition was made either to their passage or their settlement.

The policy of Stilicho appears to have led him to suppose that his own power would be strengthened in proportion as the Roman power in the provinces was diminished. This place of crossing seems the most probable, because we know that the first settlement of the Burgundians was in the south of Alsatia, and Switzerland as far as Geneva. The intercourse they had with the people with whom they peaceably united themselves, or whom they conquered, advanced them in the arts of civilized life. Their dress, which had hitherto been formed of the skins of animals, gave place to one made of a coarse cloth. Their defensive weapons, composed of osiers and leather, were replaced by others formed of metal, roughly worked indeed, but still far superior to those which they had formerly used. In the course of time a more settled form of government seems to have been gradually adopted. The rival Hendini, after the passage of the Rhine, no longer acknowledged the authority of him who had been chosen to conduct the expedition, but were individually striving to acquire the best lands and the largest extent of territory. These contending rivals not only weakened the general body by their several factions, but also rendered them more exposed to the dangerous attacks of those whom they had dispossessed, but had not entirely conquered. In order therefore to remedy this threatened evil, they allowed their mutual interests to outweigh their jealousies, and determined upon electing a king. Of the first three who obtained this honour, Gibica, Godomar, and Gialar, we know nothing but their names, which are incidentally mentioned in one of the laws of Gondebald; "*Si quos apud regie memorie auctores nostros, Gibicam, Godomarum, Gialarum, Gundaharium patrem quoque nostrum et patruos.*"—Leg. 3, *De Libertate Servorum*. The first who may be said to have established anything resembling a kingdom was Gondioc, or, as he is otherwise called, Gundecar and Gundeca-

rius. The greater part of his reign was spent in war. Peace would have been fatal to his authority, and in order to satisfy the ambition and the cupidity of the powerful Hendini, he constantly endeavoured to extend the limits of his territory. His life was almost wholly passed in the camp. The province inhabited by the Sequani was the first that he attacked. Success attended his arms. He then pushed his conquests to the neighbourhood of Lyons, watched every favourable opportunity to make further advances, and levied heavy contributions wherever he appeared. Enraged at these conquests, the Roman general Aetius brought an army to oppose him. After a long, bloody, and obstinate conflict, Gondioc was defeated. Aetius did not risk another battle, but made a treaty with him, by which Savoy\* was conceded to him, and he was left in possession of all his conquests on the condition of not attempting to enlarge his territories. The Roman general was called to the capitol. Gondiac disregarded the terms of the treaty, conquered part of what was afterwards Dauphiné, and Vienne became the chief city of the then kingdom of Burgundy. A great reverse was in store for him. The Huns, under Attila, repeatedly defeated him; indeed to such a state of weakness was he reduced that Prosper, in his Chronicle, ix. 11, n. l., goes so far as to say, "*Illum Hunni, cum populo suo ac stirpe, deleverunt.*" These defeats, according to Socrates, were the occasion of the conversion of the Burgundians to Christianity. After repeated losses they were brought to great extremity, and, finding human aid of no avail, they determined to put themselves under the protection of some god. After a long deliberation they arrived at the conclusion that the God of the Romans gave the surest help to those who relied upon him. With one consent therefore they resolved to embrace the faith of Christ. An embassy instantly went to a Gallic state, and requested Christian baptism from the bishop. He having commanded them to fast seven days, and having himself in the mean time taught them the elements of the Christian religion, dismissed them on the eighth day baptized.† With full confidence they then made ready for battle against the Huns, attacked the forces which were under the command of Uptarus, and taking advantage of his death, which had happened the night before from suffocation in consequence of over-eating, defeated them with but little loss to themselves. Gondioc reigned for fifty years,

\* "*Sabaudia Burgundionum reliquiis datur cum indigenis dividenda.*"—Mascou, vol. ii, p. 357.

† Socr., lib. vii, c. 30. Digitized by Google



forty of which were passed in wars and difficulties. He left two sons, Gundeuchus and Chilperic. The former is known also by the names of Gundiacus and Gundiucus. Of Chilperic we have little information that can be depended upon; historians have confounded him with his nephew, the son of Gundeuchus, so that their actions are inextricably commingled. Gregory of Tours informs us that Gundeuchus was allied to the family of Athnaric, the famous king of the Visigoths, so esteemed by Constantine the Great that he caused a statue of him to be erected. As this relationship has been doubted, we think the following statement will clear up the difficulty. Gundeuchus married the sister of Ricimer the Patrician, who was grandson on the mother's side to Wallia, king of the Visigoths. If therefore Wallia was related to Athnaric, we have at once an illustration of Gregory's words. During his reign the kingdom of Burgundy was yet further extended, and though Majorian gained some slight victories, he was glad to purchase the neutrality of Gundeuchus by allowing him to retain the territory which he had conquered.

Sidonius Apollinaris, who, says Nodin, "est pour nos Gaulois le César et le Tacite du moyen âge," in his poetical panegyric on Majorian enumerates the following list of people whom he subdued.

"Pannonius, Neurus, Chumus, Geta, Alanus, Bellonothus, Rugus, Burgundio, Vestus; Alites, Bisalta Ostrogothus, Procrustes, Sarmata; Moechus,  
Post aquilas venere tuas."

We can gather something too of the state of civilisation among the Burgundians from some verses of the same author, who was bishop of Clermont, making some allowance for the feelings of one who had been accustomed to the luxuries of Rome. His friend Catulinus had requested an epithalamium from him; he proffers the excuse,

"Quid me, etsi valeam, parare carmen  
Fescenninicolæ jubes Diones,  
Inter crinigeras situm catervas  
Et Germanica verba sustinentem,  
Laudantem tetrico subinde vultu,  
Quod Burgundio cantat esculentus  
Infundens acido comam butyro."

As a reason for his hendecasyllabics he pleads the size of the Burgundians.

"Spernit senipedem stylum Thalia,  
Ex quo septipedes videt patrona."

The happiness of Catulinus, in being

beyond the reach of their gross feeding, is thus alluded to:

"Felicemque libet vocare nasum  
Cui non allia, sordidaque cepe  
Ructant mane novo decem apparatus."

Gundeuchus had sufficient influence at Rome to procure for himself the title and office of *Magister Militum*. "Quantum filii nostri, viri illustria, Magistri Militum, Gundiuci sermone indicatum est."\* The kingdom of Burgundy appears at this time to have reached its greatest extent. It comprehended La Provence, Le Dauphiné, Le Lyonnais, La Haute et Basse Bourgogne, a part of Champagne, la province des Sequanois, La Tarentaise, Switzerland as far as Mont St. Bernard, Le Mont Jura, the country along the Rhine, and part of Alsatia. Its seven chief cities were Arles, Vienne, Lyons, Besançon, Montier en Tarentaise, Ambrun, and Aix in Provence.

Gundeuchus died A. D. 470, leaving four children, Gondebald, Godesil, Chilperic, and Godemar. Among these the kingdom was divided, but whether by the father's will, or by mutual agreement, is uncertain. Probably the former, as we find each dissatisfied with his portion. Chilperic had Geneva and its dependencies, Savoy, and part of Provence; Godemar, Vienne, Dauphiny, Provence, and the country on the banks of the Rhone. Gondebald had La Province des Sequanois; Godesil, the country near the Rhine.† The dissatisfaction of the brothers was carefully concealed, while each was waiting for a favourable opportunity to seize upon the other's portion. Chilperic and Godemar united to attack Gondebald; they took in addition to their own forces a band of the Alemanni. Unable to stand against this combination, Gondebald gave way. He retreated slowly, fought whenever necessity compelled him, but generally with want of success. At last near Autun he was constrained to give battle; his army was routed, and he himself obliged to seek refuge in a neighbouring state.

Chilperic and Godemar returned in triumph to Vienne. Gondebald, though routed and driven from his kingdom, was not disheartened. Many of his friends were powerful, and attached to him on account of his known talents and valour. The

\* Hilarius, apud Baronium.

† Plancher doubts of this division of the kingdom, and supposes Chilperic alone to have been king, and his brothers governors of the provinces under him. This however cannot have been the case, as Sidonius Apollinaris expressly calls Chilperic a tetrarch. "Indagavimus tandem apud tetrarcham nostrum."—*Histoire Générale et Particulière de Bourgogne*, vol. i., p. 37.

two usurpers fancied themselves secure from any attempts to remove them from their acquired possessions, and therefore became careless. This state of affairs was not overlooked by Gondebald and his friends. They appointed a general rendezvous for themselves and their forces. So prompt were they in their measures, and so perfectly unexpected was the movement, that they arrived in the neighbourhood of Vienne before any preparations could be made to oppose them with effect. The city was taken by storm, and Chilperic was slain by his brother, after he had surrendered himself prisoner. The revenge of Gondebald did not stop with his death. His wife was drowned in the Rhone, his sons were beheaded, and his eldest daughter shut up in a convent. Touched by the youth and beauty of the youngest daughter, Clotilda, and little anticipating the consequences of his mercy, he sent her to Geneva, to be brought up under his own eye. Gondemar, during the plundering of the city, took refuge in a tower, which, by the order of Gondebald, was surrounded with combustibles, and Gondemar and it were consumed together. A division of the kingdom was again made between Gondebald and his remaining brother, Godesil, though the latter appears to have been tributary to his brother and dependent upon him for his power. Godesil was far from being satisfied with the station which he filled, and desirous of becoming master of all Burgundy, entered into an alliance with Clovis, king of the Franks, promising to pay tribute if put in possession of his brother's kingdom. Others suppose that the first overtures were on the part of Clovis. Whichever was the case, a private treaty was made between them. Clovis, with an army, entered the territory of Gondebald, who immediately called upon his brother to assist with his forces against one whom he supposed was their common enemy. Godesil joined him indeed, but on the eve of an engagement, which took place near Dijon, went over to the Franks. Gondebald, after a long and obstinate battle, was defeated, and, unable to rally, retreated slowly till he reached Avignon, where he made preparations for resistance. Clovis laid waste the country, but was unwilling to consume time and to weary his army by laying a regular siege to the city. In the mean time, Aridius, the able counsellor of Gondebald, obtained an interview with Clovis, and in the name of his master promised to pay tribute. A treaty was made, and Clovis retired with his army to Paris. Godesil, as if assured of the throne of Burgundy

after the defeat of his brother near Dijon, entered Vienne in triumph, and assumed all the ensigns and pomp of royalty. Gondebald was thus a second time reduced to extremity, but his energies seemed to increase with difficulties, and he no sooner saw Clovis and his army leave the Burgundian territory than he determined to avenge himself upon his brother and recover his kingdom. Collecting all the forces which could be induced to join his standard he appeared before Vienne. The Burgundians favoured him, and an architect showed him a way into the city by the ruins of an aqueduct. The advantage was at once seized. An attack was made; victory followed. Godesil was taken from an Arian church, into which he had fled for safety, and was killed, all the chiefs who had espoused his cause sharing the same fate.

Gondebald was now master of all Burgundy, and continued so till his death in 516. The emperor Olybrius, as we learn from the *Historica Miscellanea*, lib. xv., raised him to the rank of Patricius. "Mortuo Ricimero, Olybrius imperator Gundebatum, ejus nepotem, Patricium effecit." At the death of Olybrius, when Glycerius aimed at the imperial throne, Gondebald for a time espoused his cause, but soon abandoned it.\*

He made an attack upon Italy, ravaged Piedmont, and after taking Turin by storm, pushed his conquests as far as Pavia. This expedition was apparently undertaken to benefit Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, whose daughter was married to Sigismond, Gondebald's eldest son, as the territory was given to Theodoric, while he retained the booty only for himself. It was during Gondebald's absence in Italy that Clovis first directed his views towards a marriage with Clotilda. His father Chilperic had been driven from his kingdom on account of gross debaucheries, and Clovis himself was the adulterine bastard of the wife of the person at whose house Chilperic had found a home. He was anxious therefore to ally himself to one of royal race as a means of increasing his influence and extending his power. Clotilda was not only the daughter of a king, and thus desirable for him as a wife, but he had also hopes through her of obtaining possession of the kingdom of Burgundy, which from its ex-

\* "Glycerius, an obscure soldier, was invested with the purple by his patron Gondebald, but the Burgundian prince was unable or unwilling to support his nomination by a civil war: his client was permitted to exchange the Roman sceptre for the bishopric of Salona."—*Gibbon*, vol. iii., p. 491.

tent, wealth, and civilisation, was a great object of his ambition, but which at that time he was not powerful enough to attack openly. The beauty of Clotilda was much dwelt upon, and the care with which she was guarded by those whom Gondebald placed about her tended to confirm and strengthen the reports. Means were taken to make her acquainted with the wishes of Clovis. The monks of St. Denys, in their Chronicle,\* tell us that Aurelian, a confidant of Clovis, repaired to Geneva, disguised as a poor man; and as Clotilda was accustomed on every Sunday to give alms as she went to church to all who made known their wants, he, under pretext of telling his tale of misfortune, informed her of the purport of his visit. Clotilda, who was little better than a prisoner under the care of him who had been the murderer of her parents and her brothers, and against whom she cherished a secret, but undying desire of vengeance, listened willingly to the overtures of Clovis, and consented to become his bride.†

An embassy came from Clovis to make proposals of marriage. Gondebald, whose sagacity foresaw all the consequences of the alliance, made every excuse to prevent it. He alleged, as a strong ground for refusal, the difference of religion; Clovis being at that time a worshipper of the gods of the Germans. The ambassadors met this by stating that their master intended to embrace Christianity. After many delays Gondebald was obliged to consent, and Clotilda became the wife of Clovis.

The advancement of his kingdom and its internal good government, were now the care of Gondebald and to which all his energies were directed. Arles and Marseilles became the emporiums for all the productions of the east. Laws suited to the circumstances of his people were substituted instead of those of the Romans, which pressed hard upon his subjects, while due care was taken that the former should be well protected. These laws of Gondebald, known by the name of *La Loi Gombette*, are the most ancient whose text has been preserved.‡ Some of them are curi-

ous as showing the state of civilisation. "If a Burgundian refuse shelter to a stranger who comes to him, he shall pay a fine of three sous, and six if the stranger is an officer or friend of the king. If instead of showing hospitality he points out the house of a Roman, he is to pay three sous to the Roman, and three sous as a fine. If he is one of the king's labourers, he is to be whipped." "A Burgundian and a Roman are to be judged by the Burgundian law, two Romans by the Roman law." "If a slave commit a theft, he is to be punished with death, and his master is to pay the value of the thing stolen." "If any one steal the bell which is fastened to the neck of a horse or an ox, he is to pay the price of the animal." "If a slave strike a free man, he is to receive a hundred strokes with a whip." "He who seizes a man by the hair with one hand is to pay two sous, but if he seizes with two hands he is to pay double." "An injury done to the face is to be punished threefold to one which is concealed by the clothes." Some resemblance to the trial by jury may be found in the enactment which required that the defendant, who wished to repel an accusation or deny a debt, should be obliged to produce twelve, or sometimes more, of his relations, friends, or neighbours, to swear also to the truth of his statement. The judicial combat, the origin of the abominable and barbarous duel, is also first mentioned in these laws. "La partie adverse pût arrêter celui qui vouloit jurer avant qu'il eût prêté le serment, avant même qu'il fût entré dans l'église, pour en appeler au jugement de Dieu. Dans ce cas le juge ne pût point refuser aux deux parties le combat judiciaire."

Under Gondebald the kingdom of Burgundy appears to have reached its highest eminence. Possessed of great personal valour, undismayed by misfortunes, enterprising, little scrupulous about the means employed on any object, provided those means would accomplish the end, he succeeded in attaching his people to him so firmly that he was enabled ultimately to resist every endeavour of his enemies to destroy or weaken his power. Sigismund, who came to the throne at his father's death, was twice married. By his first wife, a daughter of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, he had a son, Sigeric, and a daughter. His second wife, whose beauty was very great, had been an attendant upon his first, and her elevation to an unexpected rank made her vain and imperious. Sigeric was treated by her with contempt,

\* Chroniques de St. Denys, tom. iii., lib. i., c. 16.

† "Clotilde avait de l'esprit, de la jeunesse, des grâces, et de la beauté; mais sous un air très réservé, sous une simplicité modeste, elle cachoit une âme fière et vindicative jusqu'à la cruauté."—*Essai sur les premiers Rois de Bourgogne*.

‡ "Les lois de Gondebald, qu'on appelle Les Gombettes, sont le plus ancien des codes barbares dont on ait conservé le texte. Elles continuèrent à régir le royaume de Bourgogne jusqu'au tems de Louis le Débonnaire, qui les abrogea."—*Sirmond, Histoire des Français*.

while he on his part was not slow in reproaching his mother-in-law for her comparatively low birth, and for her vanity, particularly as shown in wearing his mother's jewels, which he said did not become her. Ill will and mutual hatred were soon engendered. She lost no opportunity of spreading false reports of Sigeric, and at last so prevailed upon Sigismund that he caused his son to be strangled while sleeping after dinner. Remorse immediately followed the deed. Sigismund made open confession of repentance for his crimes. He retired to the monastery of St. Maurice, in Vallais, and founded an establishment for singing hymns day and night in the choir. With his son he sacrificed the peace of his life. He lost the affections of his subjects, and all the affairs of his kingdom were thrown into confusion. Clotilda, now the widow of Clovis, thought this a favourable opportunity for executing her vengeance on the race of Gondebald. "Faites, mes chers enfans," said she, "que je n'aie point à me repentir de la tendresse avec laquelle je vous ai élevés; rassentez avec indignation l'injure que j'ai reçue, et vengez avec constance la mort de mon père et de ma mère." War was declared. Sigismund was soon compelled to flee to St. Maurice, where he was betrayed into the hands of Chlodimir. The mode of his death shows too well the barbarous cruelty of the age. Himself, his wife, and two princes, were let down into a deep well and left to perish. Godemar, the brother of Sigismund, succeeded to the throne of Burgundy, and for a time resisted the attacks of the sons of Clotilda. At the very commencement of the first battle near Vienne, Chlodimir lost his life. His head was cut off and carried about on a spear's point to encourage the Burgundians, who gained the victory.\* But the good fortune of Godemar did not last long. The two remaining sons of Clovis, Clothaire and Childebart, continued the war with increased vigour, thirsting for revenge as well as for power. Godemar was taken prisoner A. D. 534 at Autun, "et aucun historien ne nous apprend quel fut son sort."—Sismondi, vol. i., p. 264. Their armies defeated and the royal race at an end, the Burgundians became tributaries to the Franks. The

conquest was most important. The most fertile provinces of Gaul, the most populous cities, the most civilized and industrious citizens, and a large body of veteran soldiers, increased the power and wealth of the descendants of Clovis. From 534 to 561 Burgundy was under the dominion of Clothaire. For the better government of this large province he divided it into Cis-Jurane and Trans-Jurane. He also created Dukes, whose title and power were at first merely official and at the will of the king: afterwards the office was for life, and finally it became hereditary.\* At the death of Clothaire his kingdom was divided between his four sons. The rich and civilized Burgundy fell to the second Gontran, king of Orleans, who soon relinquished that title, fixed his court at Chalons sur Saone, and caused himself to be called king of Burgundy. A plague made its appearance in his reign, which was fatal to great numbers; its symptoms and effects were similar to that which ravaged Italy in the fourteenth century. Gontran dying childless was succeeded by Childebart II., who added the dominions of Burgundy to his own kingdom of Austrasia. In 613 Burgundy again ceased to be independent, and the whole empire of the Franks was united under Clothaire II. During his reign there appears to have been a considerable increase to what may be termed the aristocracy of France. The descendants of those leaders who had followed in the train of some victorious chief, and who at first had been all equal in rank and power, now began to assume superiority, according to the extent of territory which each acquired, and the number of slaves he possessed. Gregory of Tours, who makes no mention of any distinction of rank during the reigns of Clovis and his sons, speaks occasionally in the reign of Clothaire of "Optimates," and Fredegarius designates the same class among the Burgundians by the title of "Farones," a word, according to Du Cange, of the same signification as Barones. Peculiar privileges, exemptions, &c., began

\* He was known by his long hair. Agathias thus describes the kings of the Franks. From very childhood their hair is never cut, and the whole hangs in a comely manner down the shoulders; the front hair, divided in the middle, hangs down on each side. Not however like the Turks and barbarians, whose hair is dirty and uncombed, but theirs is kept with great care and adorned, the hair being a distinctive mark of noble birth.—*Agathias*, lib. i., p. 14, Par. 1660.

\* The office and title were analogous to the Roman Patricius, as we find from a formula of Marculfus: "Ergo dum et fidem et utilitatem tuam habemus compartam, ideo tibi actionem comitatus, ducatus, patritiatu in pago illo quem antecessor tuus ille usque nunc visus est egisse, tibi ad agendum regendumque commisimus. Ita ut semper erga regimen nostrum fidem inlimitam custodias et omnes populi ibidem commanentes, tam Franci, Romani, Burgundiones, vel relique nationes sub tuo regimine degant et moderentur, et eos recto tramite secundum legem et consuetudinem eorum regas, viduis et pupillis maximus defensor appareas: latronum et malefactorum scelera a te severissime reprimantur."—*Marculfi Monachi aliorumque Auctorum Formula Vetus*. Par. 1665.

not only to be claimed, but to be exercised, and all the evils which attend the worst state of feudalism prevailed, such as oppression of their tenants, wars against their neighbours, contempt for the authority of the sovereign, and a general licentiousness of conduct. Clothaire, finding Burgundy impoverished, civilisation at a stand, trade injured, and the public safety compromised, took strong measures to repress the power which many of the nobles had assumed, and even put to death some of the most refractory; not excepting Aletheus, to whom he had been indebted for his victory over the vindictive and ambitious Brunehaut.

A little before this period a power began to be known, that of the Mayor of the Palace, which kept on gradually but firmly increasing, till after a few years, in the person of Pepin, it put an end to the Merovingian race of kings, and changed the royal dynasty of France.\* The Maire du Palais is called by the chroniclers and ecclesiastical historians of the times, Major Domus Regiæ—Gubernator Palatii—Rector Palatii et Major Domus—Palatii Præfectus—Regalis Curie Princeps—Comes Domus Regiæ—Comes Palatinus—Dux Palatii. At first he was merely an officer of the household, like him among the Persians spoken of by Sozomen as *μαίωρ της βασιλικης οικιας*, "through whom petitions or representations were laid before the king. The weakness of the sovereign rendered the office important, and still greater weakness suffered it to become elective: men of energetic talents and ambition united it with military command."†

Sismondi derives the title Major Domus from the Teutonic words *Mord dom*. "*Mord-dom* signifioit mot-à-mot, juge du meurtre, ou juge à mort, et à l'oreille des Romains *mord-dom* ressembloit beaucoup à *major domus*"‡—a derivation which savours more of ingenuity than of sound philology. He afterwards describes the same officer as, "le représentant, non des grands, mais des hommes libres; qu'il étoit pris en général dans la seconde classe de la société, et qu'il étoit chargé de réprimer les usurpations de l'aristocratie bien autant que celle des rois."§ It is not likely, however, that the nobles of France would submit to the authority of one taken from a lower rank than themselves, when that of

the king himself was hardly sufficient to keep them in subjection. When the mayor of the palace held no higher office than that of chamberlain, he might have been selected from the second class of society, but such could not have been the case when he possessed the proud titles of *Duc des François*, *Prince de France*, *Duc des Ducs et le Premier du Royaume après le Roi*.\* In opposition to Sismondi we find, in the *Gesta Francorum*, c. 45, "*Franci autem Leudesium filium Eranaldi nobilem in Majorem Domus Palatii eligunt*." "*Qui honor non aliis a populo dari consueverat quam his, qui et claritati generis, et opum amplitudine cæteris eminebant*."—*Eginhardus in Vit. Car. Mag.*, c. 48.

Whatever might have been the origin of the office, the extent of power in the hands of its possessor soon arrived at an enormous height. "*Per Præfectos Palatii domus regia ordinabatur; neque aliud regi relinquebatur, quam ut regio solum nomine contentus in solio resideret, ac speciem dominantis effingeret, legatos undecunque venientes audiret, eisque abeuntibus responsaque erat edoctus, vel potius jussus, ex sua velut potestate redderet, ac regni administrationem, et omnia, quæ vel domi, vel foris erant agenda ac disponenda, Præfectus aulæ procurabat*."† A power so formidable and so dangerous could only exist in an age of weakness, and accordingly, as soon as the royal authority was sufficiently firmly established, we find it cease. "*Tandem regnante feliciter tertia regum nostrorum stirpe, inter leges latas quibus regni tranquillitati provisum est, ea potissimum obtinuit locum, ne in posterum essent Majores Domus*."‡

Dagobert succeeded his father Clothaire in all his possessions, but shortly afterwards gave to his son Clovis the independent kingdom of Burgundy, which continued entire till the year 843. About this time, at the death of Louis le Debonnaire, his sons made a voluntary division of their father's kingdom. Burgundy was shared between the eldest son, the Emperor Lothaire, and the youngest, Charles the Bold, the offspring of the second wife of Louis. Lothaire had all the upper part of the ancient kingdom, as being nearest his own territory of Italy, which was called from him Lotharingia or Lorraine. Charles had that part which bordered upon his kingdom of France. This was the first dismemberment, and since this partition at Verdun, the two por-

\* It is true that Childeric was deposed by the consent and in the name of the French nation, and the matter was referred to Pope Zacharias, but it was the power and influence of Pepin that effected the whole.

† Hallam.

‡ Histoire des François, vol. i., p. 340, note.

§ Ib., vol. ii., p. 5.

\* Du Chesne, Histoire de Royaume de Bourgogne.

† Hariulfus, lib. ii., Chr., c. 1.

‡ Petrus Gregorius de Republica, lib. vii., c. 6, § 14.

tions of the kingdom of Burgundy have never been again united. That which became the property of Charles has ever since been incorporated with France; but the portion which fell to Lothaire was, at his death, divided between his two youngersons, Lothaire king of Austrasia, and Charles king of Provence. The former made a further division of his share between his brother Louis, emperor and king of Italy, and Charles; since which time, 870, these portions have never been reunited. Other kingdoms were thus made from the ancient one of Burgundy, and its name alone remained to the duchy and the county. The latter, better known as Franche Comté, became a separate jurisdiction in the reign of Charles the Simple. The history of this, as well as of the duchy, become so intermingled with the general history of France, that we shall content ourselves with very briefly touching upon a few events of the latter till the death of Charles the Bold, with whom the dukedom ended. From the sixth to the ninth centuries the dukes were revocable; in the tenth century the dukedom was considered hereditary, though still held at the pleasure of the king. In the beginning of the eleventh century Hugh Capet, on becoming king of France, bestowed the dukedom of Burgundy upon his brother Henry, who has the surname, "Great," given to him, not on account of his exploits, but because he was the first hereditary duke not revocable. About 1078, Constance, a daughter of Robert le Vieux, widow of the Comte de Challons, married Alphonso, king of Castile and Leon. On her marriage many of the Burgundian nobles attended her to her kingdom, who afterwards joined the banner of the Cid, and were present at the taking of Toledo in 1085. Henry, a brother of Eudes, the fifth duke of the first line, married a natural daughter of Alphonso VI., was made Count of Portugal, and became the founder of the royal house.

During the eleventh and till the latter part of the twelfth century the history of Burgundy presents nothing of interest. In 1185 Hugo the Third rendered the Burgundian name illustrious by his valour in the Holy Land, and on his return to his dukedom endeavoured to render himself independent of the king of France. After many struggles he was obliged to relinquish his attempt and to acknowledge himself the vassal of Philip. Under his son Hugo the Fourth the territories of the dukedom were much extended by purchase; great possessions were thus acquired in the county, and the count himself did homage to the duke

as his feudal lord. The strong desire of the dukes of Burgundy to render the province an independent kingdom made them particular in exacting homage from the chief nobles, while the continual extending of their territories seemed to promise an early fulfilment of their hopes. This desire appears to have lain dormant during the dukedom of Robert the Second, who became titular king of Thessalonica, and was honoured with great proofs of confidence by the king of France. He was appointed Grand Chamberlain of the kingdom, Lieutenant in the Lyonnais, and Guardian of the County of Burgundy. These various offices he filled with zeal and fidelity, but at the same time was cautious in not permitting the slightest encroachment upon the rights of the dukedom. One privilege which it possessed was that no tax could be imposed without the consent of the duke, and when Philip in 1295 levied money from the Burgundians, a letter was given to the duke stating that it was with his consent, and that it was done without any prejudice to his rights. Plancher describes him as "*Dans le gouvernement du duché il fut doux, un peu trop ardent pour des intérêts, pas assez attentif à ceux des autres; prompt à faire des traités, lent à les exécuter; toujours prêt à recevoir, jamais expressé de donner, il laissa plus de preuves de sa puissance et de sa grandeur, que de sa religion et de sa piété.*"\* On the extinction of the male line of the old dukes in 1361, John, king of France, conveyed to his favourite son, Philip the Hardy and his posterity, the duchy of Burgundy, who, to render himself more acceptable to the Burgundians, married the widow of the late duke. During his dukedom the gabelle on salt was first introduced into Burgundy. In 1370 granaries were established at Dijon, Autun, and several other large cities, and the tax on all the salt which was sold was given to the duke for two years. The possessions of the dukes of Burgundy continued to increase during his lifetime, and that of his son John the Fearless. On the accession of Philip the Good, they consisted, in addition to the duchy, of Flanders, Artois, Franche Comté, with Nevers, Rethuel, Mechlin and Antwerp; he himself acquired by purchase

\* Vol. 2, p. 132.

† This most odious and oppressive tax was first levied in 1286 by Philip the Fair. Philip of Valois was the first who built granaries, and prohibited any other persons from selling salt. The tax was remitted and renewed at different intervals, but at last was firmly established. Latterly it was computed to amount to one-fourth of the revenue. It was abolished at the Revolution.

Namur and Luxemburg, by inheritance Brabant and Limburg, and he extorted from Jacqueline of Hainault, Hainault, Holland, Zealand and West Friesland.

It was Philip who in the year 1429, on the occasion of his marriage with Isabel of Portugal, instituted and founded the order of the Golden Fleece, to consist of thirty knights besides the chief. He chose for its motto "Aultre n'auray," I will have no other; and by one of its laws no one belonging to it, except a king or reigning prince, or one of royal race, could become a knight of another order. When Charles the Bold succeeded to its dignities he changed the motto to "Je l'ay emprins." At his death Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, became sovereign of the order by right of his marriage with Mary, daughter of Charles. From him it descended to the kings of Spain, though the emperors of Germany claimed the sovereignty, and exercised the right of conferring the knighthood. It now continues to be esteemed the third, if not the second, of European orders.

Charles the Bold, the last of the dukes, added to the extensive dominions just mentioned, Guelderland and Zutphen. The desire of regal dignity was stronger in him than in any of his predecessors. He had privately caballed with the electors of Germany in the hope of being chosen king of the Romans. Failing in that he applied to Frederic the Third to raise the duchy of Burgundy into a kingdom, promising the hand of his daughter Mary to the archduke Maximilian. Influenced by the prospect of this splendid alliance, Frederic readily expressed his willingness to gratify the duke. Thinking that his wishes were near their accomplishment, Charles prepared all the ensigns of royalty, and even ordered the throne for his inauguration to be erected in the cathedral. Louis XI., the most crafty monarch that ever swayed the sceptre of France, was not an idle spectator of what was going on, and so worked upon the suspicions of Frederic that he declined any further proceedings in the business. After a reign of wars and fightings Charles the Bold fell before Nancy, January 5th, 1477, and with him expired the Dukes of Burgundy. Louis XI. seized upon the province, which has ever since that period been incorporated with France.

ART. III.—*Geschichte Polens, von Dr. Richard Roepell. Erster Theil. Hamburg, 1840.* (History of Poland, by Dr. Richard Roepell.) Part I. Hamburg, 1840.

SHOULD all the works on Poland that have appeared during the last ten years both here and on the continent, in the shape of regular compositions, pamphlets, and articles in the periodical press, be collected, they would form a by no means inconsiderable library. At first sight it may seem strange that a nation politically dead should still provoke so much discussion, and some may be inclined to consider this phenomenon as nothing more than ordinary posthumous talk and lamentation.

But such is not the case with Poland. Though for fifty years she has ceased to be numbered amongst the independent nations of Europe, her record in their memory lies in the permanent, unrelenting, and unmerited oppression which has been exercised against her, and which is not the mere ebullition of rage in a frantic tyrant, but the effect of an organised system for the extermination of her people; it lies in the destruction of all her national institutions of church and state; in the pillage of her libraries and museums; in the periodical exportation of her population without regard to age or sex; in the unprovoked extirpation of whole families in time of peace; in the proscription of right, of civic virtue, and of a national language; in the vandal-like profanation of temples and tombs, in the sweeping away of public monuments, even to the very forests associated with national recollections; whilst, in conformity with such barbarous reform, the Polish names of provinces, cities, and villages have been exchanged for Asiatic appellations, in order that, to use the expression of a Polish prelate and poet, "the remnants of the people may not know themselves." We need not here adduce special instances to confirm the truth of these facts, since our readers must be already well acquainted with them through the public press.

The great interests of civilisation and the peace of the world, are intimately connected with the Polish cause; and the general conviction of this is so strong as to have become a popular prejudice, and the fact is admitted almost universally without proofs being required of it. At all events, it is not now our task to produce them; let it suffice that the late Prince Talleyrand considered the Polish question, at the Congress of Vienna, 1815, as "*la question la plus Européenne*;" and that the English plenipo-

teniary, Lord Castlereagh, insisted upon the restoration of Poland under a national dynasty. In order to perceive at once in what consists the vitality of this question for Europe, only a slight knowledge of geography is requisite. Through the acquisition of the greater part of Poland, Russia presses with her whole colossal weight on the European states "Poland," as it has been said, "has become the conductor of her power in the east, south, and west directions, and is for Russia what the heart is for the circulation of the blood; she is the pulse of a new north." The aggressive advances of Russia cannot be checked except by depriving her of the means by which it is promoted; in other words, by restoring Poland to her rights. This measure would remove the danger which threatens the independence of Turkey, as well as the cause of continual uneasiness respecting our Indian possessions; whilst at the same time the interruption of the immediate connection between Russia and central Europe would lead to tranquillity. France would be set at rest as to coalitions planned against her by the powers of the north. General tranquillity would thus be secured, and the great armaments in time of peace, which are more ruinous to governments than an actual war, would cease. England, France, and Austria were fully aware at the Congress of Vienna of the importance of Poland in the system of the substantial powers of Europe; and if the then existing difficulties opposed her restoration to complete independence, they yet obtained for her the rights of nationality, and of a free constitutional government. The Whig ministry, however, allowed Russia to trample upon those rights. It is earnestly to be desired that the Conservatives, who at a former period vindicated them, will embrace the earliest opportunity for demanding their restitution.

For our own part we have ever been foremost in the defence of the imprescriptible rights of Poland, and on many occasions have brought the subject before our readers in various political and literary articles. With the same view we now introduce to them the work of Dr. Roepell, which, on account of its able exposition of the early destinies of Poland, hitherto wanting abroad, will no doubt be welcome to them. Dr. Roepell is one of an association of distinguished literary men in Germany, each of whom has undertaken to write a special history of one of the European states; and these different productions, when completed, are designed to constitute a single work, to be published under the auspices of the well-known historians, A. H.

L. Heeren and F. A. Ukert. On Dr. Roepell has devolved the task of writing the history of Poland during the middle ages, and we shall examine how far he has realised the expectations of the public, and satisfied the postulates of historical criticism. He has endeavoured, as far as lay in his power, to qualify himself for the subject, by visiting the country about which he had to write, and has studied the Polish language, in order that he might avail himself of all the national historical resources—a step never before taken by any German writer, except Niebuhr, who first set the example. Another characteristic in our author is his earnest love of historic truth, unbiassed by natural prejudices, or by any subserviency to the present masters of Poland, which is of rare occurrence with the German writers on Poland of the present day, who but too frequently prostitute their talents to the perversion of truth, for the sake of the Prussian title of state councillor (*Staatsrath*) or of a Russian decoration. So much for the qualifications of our author, and now our business is only with his work. It opens with a beautiful geographical sketch of the country, so accurate in its details, that one might suppose it to have been made by a native.

"Poland extends over a large portion of the vast plain which stretches from the Elbe to the Volga, and from the shores of the Icy Sea to those of the Euxine, thus embracing the whole of the north and east of Europe. In striking contrast with the south and west, this plain appears nowhere interrupted by the sea, and no mountain within it rises above a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, so that it has nowhere limits marked out by nature. Great rivers traverse the country in one normal direction either from south to north, or reversely, and their respective systems of water so frequently flow into one another, that even these nowhere form separate limits. Only towards the north and south the plain is enclosed by slight elevations of the ground, many miles in width. Nevertheless this vast region presents within its own precincts a variety of aspects."

Let us accompany our author in his excursion to the south of Poland.

"On descending from the high Tatra into the rocky vale of the northward-flowing Dunajee, we arrive where the river forsakes the high lands, at a valley about fifteen miles wide, in which the Vistula, yet an inconsiderable stream, flows in an eastern direction, a little inclined towards the north. Eastwards this valley subsides, in the angle formed by the Vistula and the Sau, into a tract of low land (*niederung*), which, almost entirely uncultivated, and covered with marsh and forest, extends fifty miles in length and thirty in breadth. Westwards the mountain



feet of the Karpats stretch nearer to the river, and the valley which forms its opposite bank rises likewise to pointed rocks and steep heights. From one of these, Wawel, the theatre of many primitive traditions, the once-magnificent royal castle of the Jagellons, now in ruins, looks down upon the ancient capital of the Polish empire, where the kings used to be crowned. Adorned with numerous steeples, magnificent churches, and ancient edifices, Cracow lies stretched at the foot of the mountains in the valley of the Vistula. Beyond it, on a high mountain, stands the monastery of Tyniec, one of the richest and most ancient abbeys of the Benedictines in Poland. On one side is seen the picturesque mount of Kosciuszko, and southwards the distant heights of the Karpats rise distinctly in the horizon. Their anterior elevations (*Vorberge*) occupy nearly the whole of the district south of the Vistula, which is inhabited by a strong and handsome race of Goraly (highlanders), and with its deep river valleys, its abrupt rocks and heights, its forests and meadows, it offers a romantic spectacle. A multitude of strongholds, some of them castles belonging to noble and celebrated families, others built by princes for the defence of the country, stand in ruins on the rocks, or appear in the midst of forests. Westwards, towards the Silesian frontier, lie Robrek, which in the eighteenth century was the camp of the Confederates of Bar; Zator, the capital of the ancient duchy, bearing the same name; Zywiec, amongst the mountains close to the frontiers of Hungary; Landskron, on a high precipitous rock, and Wisnice, the castle of the family of Kmity; Matozyn, belonging to the house of Tarnowski; and finally, in the vicinity of the two last, the famous and extensive salt-mines of Wieliczka and Bochnia, yielding both in ancient and modern times inexhaustible riches.

"Less mountainous, but still by no means level, is the land north of Cracow, and towards the upper Vistula. It forms a plateau, of which the average elevation above the sea is from 800 to 900 feet, to which however deep clefts in the hills, bordered by perpendicular precipices, give a mountainous character. This plateau attains its highest elevation between Pilica and Skala. There lie the silver mines of Olkusz, which afforded rich produce in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but were subsequently neglected. The Warta, the Pilica, and other smaller rivers, tributaries of the Vistula and Oder, flow here in all directions. But it is the eastern frontier of the plateau which has the most mountainous character. Above the Jura limestone, of which it consists, and in which are here especially deep valleys, as those of Sklary and Piaskowa Skala, rise isolated and picturesque rocks many hundred feet high, which, running in a direction slightly inclined to the west, from Cracow by Skala, and gradually diminishing in height, disappear in the vicinity of Wielun. These rocks, everywhere surrounded by wood, also bear numerous ruins of princely and noble castles. Out of the beautiful valley in which the Prondnik, then a mere mountain spring, has its source, rises a steep rock surrounded by thickly wooded hills, and crowned with Oycow, the ancient castle of Casimir the Great. Between Oycow and Piaskowa

Skala, Solomea, the pious sister of King Boleslaus Wstydlivy (pudic) erected a convent of nuns at Grodsisko, and not far distant lay Zenczyn, the castle belonging to the celebrated family which still bears the name of Ossolinski. At the sources of the Pilica and Warta, in the midst of a forest, is seen Ogródzieniec, the castle of the mighty Firley; and near it Pilica, once the property of the princes Zbarawski. A little more eastward are Konicepol and Potok, the family seats of Potocki and Koniecpolski; towards the north, the ancient castle Olsztyn, and the rich monastery of Alstow; finally on the last heights Czenstochowa, famous for its miraculous image of the Virgin, and for the immense riches it was once considered to possess."—(pp. 4, 5, and 6.)

The province of Podolia is of a different character, and it would seem from our author's description that its rivers flow with milk and honey.

"Pleasant hills often crowned by the most beautiful groves fill the whole province, which extends from the Dniester to the Boh, and is bounded on the north by the plains of Volhynia, and on the south-east by the steppes of the Ukraine. Those hills acquire a mountainous character between the rivers Zbrucz, and Smotrycz in the environs of Midryrzec, and strikingly alternate with fertile valleys and rich pastures. Fine herds of cattle, sheep, horses, &c., find here abundant nourishment. The soil yields unusually rich crops almost without cultivation, and in the middle of the fifteenth century, Greece and the islands of the Archipelago were supplied with Podolian wheat, transported thither by Venetian and other merchants. The climate of Podolia differs no less than its soil from that of the adjacent provinces. When these are still covered with snow, the banks of the Dniester already begin to grow green; trees blossom here earlier than elsewhere, and melons, mulberries and other fruits of the south ripen here without any care of them being necessary, and as the summer is free from the squalour that prevails in the steppes of the Ukraine, so is the winter also exempt from their icy cold."—p. 11.

We finish our extracts from this part of the work with the concluding remarks of the author.

"From the shores of the East Sea to the Karpats and the coasts of the Euxine by the mouths of the Dniester and Boh, extended the once powerful empire of the Poles. Those vast plains are limited on the north only by the sea, and on the south by the Karpats; without a natural barrier on the West, they stretch in that direction to the mountain chain, which, extending in a north-west line from the sources of the Vistula as far as the Weser, separates the level from the mountainous part of Europe. Eastward they reach to the Volga, and here are in almost immediate connection with the plains of Asia north of the Caspian Sea. Being entirely open towards the east, and separated from

the south by the Karpats, not coming in contact with the ocean, and having no strongly marked demarcation either externally or internally, the whole tract bears the decided character of a wide continent, the geographical situation of which and its peculiar nature have in no slight degree influenced the development of the races by which it is inhabited. Often enough shall we have occasion to remark these conditions in the course of their history."—pp. 16, 17.

Next follows a historical sketch of the early destinies of the Slavonian race in general, but this is far from being satisfactory. Our author it must be acknowledged has fully availed himself of the labours of the Polish historians, Dlugosz, the father of Polish history, Naruszewicz, Czachi, Oszolinski, Lelewel and Brandtkie, whose names are probably already familiar to our readers; but to our astonishment, he has in no one instance referred to the classic work on Slavonian antiquities by M. Safarik, a Bohemian. Owing to this circumstance, all that Dr. Roepell brings forward as regards the early history of the Slavonians is extremely imperfect and fragmentary; a defect much to be regretted, and which the author might have avoided by consulting the work alluded to, and which forms an epoch in Slavonian literature. As M. Safarik's book has been already noticed in this journal, we refer our readers to that article, and shall here repeat only so much of the substance of it as is necessary to render our present subject intelligible. The migration of the Slavonians into Europe must be referred, as Lelewel has justly remarked, to the period of the universal deluge, long before the historic era. At the beginning of the said era they were found by Herodotus inhabiting the vast plains already alluded to, with the exception of the country between the Elbe and the Oder and the south of the Karpats, as far as the shores of the Adriatic, which were not occupied by them until a later period. The constitution of this race, both moral and physical, and above all, their language, shows them to have been members of the great Indo-European family of nations. They were known to the Greeks under the name of Enetoi, Enetes; to the Romans as Venetæ, Veneti, Vinidæ; to the Germans as Winden or Wenden, which last name is still applied to a portion of them, &c.; whilst their national appellation was that of Sirbi or Serbi, which name is still preserved in the Serbia or Servia of the present day. Later we meet in the Byzantine historians, Jornandes, Procopius, &c., the names of Sclavi, Slavi, Sclavini

and Antes mentioned together with Vinidæ. Setting aside the last-mentioned foreign appellation, that of Sclavi was given to the Slavonians of the east. The word signifies *gigas*, giant, monster, an appellation not uncommon amongst nations in the early stage of their existence. The fall of the Roman empire in the west makes an important epoch in the history of the Slavonians, as they, then emerging from the obscurity in which comparatively they had hitherto remained, began to spread over central Europe and to establish separate independent kingdoms amongst themselves.

Dr. Roepell says little or nothing of the social condition of the Slavonians during the period just alluded to, although, without such a foundation being first laid, no firm edifice can be subsequently raised. The Slavonians never having been subjugated by the Roman world-enslavers, the information to be obtained on this subject is necessarily imperfect, although still enough might be found both in ancient historians and in the traditions of the Slavonians themselves to reward a diligent inquirer. The ante-historic period of their race must be comprised under what is usually called the origin of nations, and about this there is commonly but little known, for this simple reason, that there is very little to be known. The origin of nations is like that of an individual, namely, a bare existence which must be abstracted from all institutions of church and state. The Slavonians then constituted one substantial and united whole, as yet not split into the numerous small democratic communities which were seen amongst them in the time of Herodotus, and which, though much less perfect than those of Greece, nevertheless bore a close resemblance to them. Those democracies subsequently acquired an aristocratic character, owing to some families appropriating to themselves the high offices of state; and this stage of their existence bears again some resemblance to the ancient Roman republic. It is besides a fact deserving the especial notice of historians, that at the fall of the Roman empire in the west, the popular form of government amongst the Slavonians rapidly declined. As to religion, their notions on this point were more elevated than those of the Greeks and Romans, for they worshipped one supreme God, the Creator of heaven and earth, although they still admitted the existence of secondary deities as mediators between man and his maker. In letters and arts they were much inferior to either of these nations, for they knew only the Runic characters in which their priests used to

record on wooden planks the laws and the memorable events that occurred. Music and dancing they carried to a high degree of perfection, whence, in the middle ages, originated the saying, *Slavus saltans*. Polygamy was an exception, not a law, amongst them, and the sex was held in high esteem. Their kindness towards strangers was proverbial, and their law respecting prisoners of war would have done honour to a higher state of civilisation. They were never the aggressive party, but fought valiantly for the defence of their country; and they alone of all their contemporaries cultivated the arts of peace. All classes were free, servitude being only subsequently introduced amongst them; in the west by the Germans, and in the east by the Romans. Most of these characteristics remained peculiar to their race up to the present day, and the foregoing remarks on the Slavonians in general, are applicable to the Poles, to whose origin we are going further to advert.

We agree with our author in considering the present grand duchy of Posen as the primitive seat of the Poles, and the people of that country as the nucleus of their subsequently great empire. Dr. Roepell's information on this head, however, goes no farther back than the middle of the sixth century, whilst there can be no doubt that the Boloni, or Poloni, or Bolonnense, mentioned by Pliny in his ethnographical description of Europe, preserved in the Vatican, meant no other than these, and they are designated in the third century as occupying the same territory in which we find them at a later period. To them also apply the words of Tacitus about the Vinidæ, that they were divided from the Germans by mountains (those of Silesia) and mutual fear,—*Montibus et mutuo terrore dividuntur*, the country between the Oder and the Vistula being perpetually the theatre of their warfare. The Germans became invaders in proportion as they were pressed by the Romans, and this was over the case subsequently under analogous circumstances, and is so even at the present day, the Germans still endeavouring to gain upon the Slavonians what they have lost on the side of France. At the fall of Rome the Poles emerged from the insignificance and obscurity in which they had till then remained; we meet with the name of their chief Lech, as the founder of Gnesen, the first capital of Poland, as early as 540. After that epoch the information of Dr. Roepell is correct and may be relied upon. The dynasty of Lech ruled Poland until 850, when it was extinguished in the per-

son of Popiel; but it seems to have done very little towards extending the limits of the rising state. After his death, Piast was elected as his successor in a general assembly of the nation held at Kraszwica, the second capital of Poland. The two contradictory traditions respecting the origin of Piast are well known. The story, manifestly a fabrication of the monks, which refers his election to the miraculous intervention of two angels, and states him to have been a wheelwright by trade, dwelling in the vicinity of Kraszwica (a fable no doubt suggested by his name, which signifies the nave of a wheel) however unsatisfactory, nevertheless found credit not only at home, but up to the present day has been received by other nations. M. Safarik is the first who has ventured to attack this respectable prejudice, and according to him, and to trustworthy historical evidence, Piast was a rich landed proprietor, an influential individual, famed far around for his hospitality, whose son Ziemowit early distinguished himself in war. His name besides is not spelt by the earliest Polish chroniclers, Gallus and Bojuchwal, Piast, but Piesth or Pasth, and he is said to have been the son of Choscendzko or Chosischonis, which in modern Polish orthography would be spelt Kosciuszko. We would not however be understood as meaning by this analogy to identify his family with that of the hero of modern days.

The dynasty of Piast ruled Poland for five centuries, and its memory was so much cherished by the Poles, that when their crown became elective, they used to call every Pole who was raised to the throne a Piast. Dr. Roepell's disquisition on this subject is not conclusive, being restricted to etymological conjectures. The two immediate successors of Piast, his son Ziemowit and his grandson Ziemomysl, considerably extended the limits of their empire in the south-east direction by the acquisition of Little Poland, on this side the Vistula, though Cracow still remained in the hands of the Bohemians. It was after the accession of Mieczyslaus I., in 963, that Poland first took her station amongst the independent states of Europe, by becoming a member of the western Christian community. The memorable event of the baptism of this prince, followed in the course of the same year by that of all his subjects, took place in 966. The Polish and German historians are still at issue concerning the individual who was instrumental in establishing Christianity in Poland. According to the former, it was received solely from the Bohemians, at the marriage of Mieczyslaus

with Dombrowka, a Bohemian princess, in 965, who refused to marry him unless he should receive baptism, which rite was performed by a Bohemian priest. The circumstance that the Bohemians were only a branch of the Poles, and that they had been long before converted by two Slavonian apostles, Cyrill and Methodius, together with the fact that Cracow, before the time of Mieczyslaus, was in their possession, are reasons for assuming, as a historical fact, that the conversion of the Poles was gradual in the first instance, and in the next, that it was accomplished with the assistance of Bohemia. This opinion acquires the more force when we call to mind that no portion of the Slavonian race was ever converted by the Germans, the Slavonians of the Elbe preferring to die on the field of battle rather than to receive Christianity from them. The Polish historians even go so far as to maintain that the two supposed angels who announced to Piast his elevation to the throne, were no others than the same Slavonian apostles, Cyrill and Methodius, who converted a considerable number of Poles. The German authors do not exactly deny that the Poles were converted by the Bohemians, but they assert that the Duke of Bohemia was father-in-law to Mieczyslaus, and a vassal of the Emperor of Germany; and that Mieczyslaus himself, having, in consequence of a defeat, become *miles* or vassal to the emperor, the latter was thus the primary agent of the conversion, in accordance with his self-assumed dominion over all the world. This argument is too far-fetched to be quite correct; but still there lurks some truth in it, which we may best detect by ascertaining, first, the degree of vassalage to Germany which the Polish duke acknowledged. This, again, is a point of controversy which has been debated by both parties for centuries, and never before settled to mutual satisfaction. So far back as the year 1694, John Schulz wrote a large volume, to which he gave the title *Tractatus Historico-Politicus de Polonia nunquam Tributaria*, and was rewarded for his labours by the Polish Government with a title of nobility. In later times, when some German princes took part in the spoliation of Poland, this subject acquired still more importance. One of the best Polish historians, alluding to the pretended foundation of the bishopric of Posen by the German emperor, thus settles the question of his supremacy over Poland:

"Where the emperor possessed nothing, he could grant nothing, except the usual privileges on parchment; the right of conversion, the acquisition of donations, and such things as his

pretended and fancied dominion over the whole world permitted him to confer; precisely as James I. of England distributed at pleasure, by his pretended right of discovery, the American territories from sea to sea, which he never knew anything about: *Omne simile claudicat*."

This author, however, admits that Mieczyslaus was a vassal of the German emperor for a part of Poland situated between the Oder and the Warta. Dr. Roepell refutes this assertion, and proves, by a series of historical facts, that the vassalage of the kings of Poland was purely personal, and in no degree regarded their country, with the internal affairs of which they never interfered. Even this personal vassalage was never real, but only nominal; and, such as it was, it also ceased in the time of the successor of Mieczyslaus. Besides, the Polish kings never paid any tribute to the German emperors, mutual gifts being all that passed between them. It depended, therefore, on the personal character of the emperors how far respect for their influence should be enforced abroad; and on taking into consideration the zeal of Otho I., for the propagation of the Gospel, it can hardly be doubted that by his connection with Mieczyslaus he promoted the organization of the Polish Church, and in particular the establishment of the first bishopric, that of Posen, in 986, which was besides placed under the supremacy of the Bishop of Magdeburgh. The introduction of Christianity into Poland by the Germans amounts, therefore, to the simple co-operation of their emperors in the organization of the Polish Church, and so far Poland could only be benefited thereby. She thus became betimes an acknowledged member of the western Christian community, and took part in all the early advances of civilisation. Finally, it cannot be of any very great political importance whether the Poles received Christianity from Bohemia or Germany, since, as Dr. Roepell has himself demonstrated, their conversion was in no degree compulsory, but entirely a spontaneous act on their part, and one which was of lasting benefit to the country.

Our author justly remarks thereon:

"On dying in 992, at an advanced age, Mieczyslaus had reason to congratulate himself on the revolution which he and his nation had just witnessed. Separated from the christianized west, the bearer of new civilisation, and restricted within her own limits, or to intercourse with her immediate neighbours who were still in similar or yet more confined relations of life, the nation had hitherto moved only in the narrow sphere of enlightenment attained by her own race. Now, for the first time, she came in contact

\* *Historja Naroda Polskiego Bandtkie*. (History of the Polish Nation. Breslau, 1834.)

with a people of a different race, pressing upon and conquering her; a people who had already arrived at a social hierarchy manifoldly organized, the development of which just then took a sudden start, and whose situation, contrasted with the nations of the west, far exceeded theirs in brilliancy. At the same time, a church assumed a firm position in the midst of her, which, being possessed of a higher degree of spiritual cultivation, and of a pompous form of worship, rejected as unholy all that had hitherto been held sacred by the nation, opposed one super-sensual God to her many partly-sensual divinities, and enjoined faith in Him, and required the observance of new ordinances, whilst it began to enforce obedience by the aid of external force, in concurrence with her princes themselves. In a word, the ancient and narrow life of the nation underwent, in the course of a few years, a radical change, which greatly contributed to its further development. Although it required ages before the Christian spirit could penetrate the consciousness of the people, and thereby conquer the pagan spirit; and though, during that process, the mass of the population remained passive rather than active, still, to a certain degree, a spiritual back-ground was thus formed on which the energies of the nation could manifest themselves."—pp. 103, 104.

Poland having, by adopting the Latin ritual, become a member of the western community of Europe, Russia, shortly after (991), received Christianity according to the Greek ritual. This circumstance, seemingly of small importance, most seriously influenced the subsequent destinies of both these countries, as well as of Europe at large. Hitherto no impassable barriers had existed between the Poles and the Russians, for they had possessed the same elements of government and religion, together with the same customs and language; and the sword alone had traced their respective limits, which were soon again to be obliterated. But the distinction introduced by this event stamped at that epoch their geographical character for ages, and the two kindred nations thenceforth diverged towards the opposite poles of civilisation. Then arose the still-unanswered question, at what spot between the Vistula and the Dnieper the fraternal bond should be severed; and this consideration may serve as a clue to the respective histories of Poland and Russia.

To Mieczyslaus succeeded his eldest son, Boleslaus the Great, who is generally acknowledged as the real founder of the Polish State! Our author thus remarks upon him:

"In the more ancient history of almost every people we generally meet with princes who, distinguished by their intellect and energy, carry on their nation in the ascending movement which they themselves have made, lead them from victory to victory, extend their empire abroad, and

at home mould the existing political elements into a fixed constitution of state. Although at the death of such mighty rulers a part of their creation is almost always lost, still they remain as the foundation-stone of the edifice they erected, and the grateful memory of the people adores the national hero to whom it takes pleasure in ascribing also the ground-work of later institutions.

"Such a prince was Boleslaus, the son of Mieczyslaus and Dombrowka. All the national chroniclers from Gallus to Duglosz portray his greatness with enthusiastic zeal. 'Who could,' exclaims Gallus, 'record worthily his chivalrous deeds, his struggles with the nations dwelling round him!' He then celebrates his victories from the Saale to the Dnieper, from the Danube to the shores of the East Sea; praises his zeal for the maintenance and propagation of the Christian faith, his care for the welfare of the clergy, and lauds his justice towards both poor and rich, his severity and mildness, his generosity, and the splendour of his court. 'When King Boleslaus left the world,' says he, 'peace and joy and the fullness of all things seemed to have withdrawn from Poland.'"

He devotes also to the memory of his hero an elegy of his own composing.

Immediately after the death of his father, Boleslaus manifested his vigorous and ambitious spirit, by expelling from the country the sons of Mieczyslaus by a second wife, a German, in order to secure to himself the supreme power. Availing himself of the peace which at that time existed on the side of Germany, he extended his empire towards the north by conquering Pomerania and Prussia; and Dantzic thus became a Polish city so early as the tenth century. Desirous of securing his new acquisitions, he sent St. Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, who had been banished from his country, to establish the Christian faith in both nations:—

"In a vessel escorted by thirty Polish men-of-war, Adalbert sailed down the Vistula to Dantzic. Here great multitudes at once received from him instruction in the faith, and baptism. He then sailed to Eastern Prussia, where he suffered martyrdom with pious resignation at Tenketten, between Fischau and Pillau, on the 22d of April, 997. His companions, who were detained prisoners by the Prussians, contrived at length to escape to Poland: and Boleslaus, having ransomed the body of the saint from the Prussians, caused it to be deposited in the church of Gnesen, as an object of veneration to the faithful. Ancient traditions say that the pagans, having agreed that the ransom should be the weight of the body in gold, the holy man's remains were found to be unusually light."—p. 108.

This attempt to convert the Prussians — the first in which the Poles took part — entirely failed, and they remained as pagans for two centuries longer, dangerous enemies to the Piasts. Boleslaus, however, soon succeeded in permanently extending his

empire in the south, by wresting Cracow and the adjacent country, as well as Upper Silesia, from the Bohemians. The former of these conquests remained always united with Poland; but of the latter she retained possession only during a century. Boleslaus then carried his conquests still further southwards, and the whole of Moravia, together with the Slavonian country along the Danube, was subjugated by him. Thus, whithersoever we follow him, we see him march from victory to victory, extending his empire and increasing his power, and no doubt adding to the consideration felt for his person and his people by foreign nations. Already, by his advance to the shores of the East Sea, he came in multifarious contact with transmarine nations, the Danes and Swedes. He is often mentioned in the Sagas of the North under the name of Borislaus; and it was about that period that the marriage of his sister Sigrid with the Danish King Swein took place. The fame of the Polish duke, so rapidly spread far and wide, awakened in the youthful and romantic Emperor Otho III. the desire of becoming personally acquainted with him; and he resolved accordingly to pay a visit to him — a visit which reminds us of that paid in modern days by Joseph II. to Frederick the Great. German writers, however, assign for it a different motive; and our author thus relates the circumstance:—

“It happened, then, that the Emperor Otho III., excited by the report of the miracles which occurred at the tomb of St. Adalbert, his early friend, felt himself mysteriously impelled to visit this tomb, and to pray there. True piety, and a faithful remembrance of his departed friend, probably also the charms presented by the idea of a long pilgrimage, determined the youthful emperor on undertaking the journey. It was towards the end of the year 999 that Otho set out from Rome; and having been everywhere on his road received with every demonstration of honour, he arrived in the beginning of 1000 on the frontiers of Poland. Boleslaus received him at Ilva, with great respect and pomp, and conducted him to Gnesen. Even the German contemporary Thietmar of Merseburgh, though no friend to Boleslaus, thus expresses himself: ‘The manner in which the Emperor was received and conducted to Gnesen by the Pole is altogether incredible and unspeakable.’ Arrived before the town, Otho entered it barefooted, reciting prayers, and was received respectfully by Unger, Bishop of Posen, who conducted him to the church. There he prayed with many tears that the saint would intercede for the remission of his sins.

“The Polish prince then honoured the presence of his imperial guest during three days by magnificent feasts worthy of a king. Each day different and more costly utensils appeared on the tables: and when the feasts were over, Boleslaus sent the gold and silver cups, knives,

drinking-horns, precious covers, and all the magnificent services, to the emperor's chamber, as a gift, whilst his household received proportionately rich donations. ‘With great gifts, then,’ confesses even Thietmar, ‘did the Polish duke honour the emperor.’

“Otho's predilection, nay, enthusiasm, for the ancient Roman world, is well known; how he lived in the thought of restoring the ancient Roman empire, and of making the ‘eternal’ city once again the seat of emperors. Here, then, in a place in which the foot of no Roman had ever touched, wondering probably at the power of the Polish duke, manifested in the splendour of his entertainments, in the multitude of the armed household which surrounded him, and in the victories by which he had just extended his empire both towards the north and south, Otho, conceiving his relation to Boleslaus in the mode of the ancient Romans, named the Pole ‘Friend and ally of the Roman people,’ adorned, according to Polish chroniclers, his head with his own crown, and conferred upon him the ecclesiastical rights of the empire both in Poland and in all the countries which that prince already possessed or should in future conquer from the barbarians. Then, penetrated with the remembrance of the saint in honour of whom he had come to Poland, and disregarding the metropolitan rights of the Archbishop of Magdeburgh, he founded, in conjunction with Boleslaus, the Archbishopric of Gnesen, and appointed Gaudentius, the brother of St. Adalbert, Primate of Poland, ordaining as his suffragans the Bishops of Salzthalberg, Cracow, and Breslau, whose bishoprics were erected on the same occasion.”— pp. 110, 111, 112.

The presence of Otho in Poland proved very important to Poland. By his co-operation in the ecclesiastical organization of the Polish Duke's new conquests, he to a certain extent gave his sanction to them; and by the erection of the archiepiscopal see of Gnesen, he effected the emancipation of the Polish Church from Germany. The next step for Boleslaus, was to achieve a similar political independence, nor was it long before an opportunity offered itself to him; to avail himself of which, Otho's late visit had rendered him fully conscious he did not lack power. The princes separated in apparently great friendship at Magdeburgh, whither Boleslaus had accompanied the emperor; but two years after, on the death of the latter, a war of sixteen years' duration broke out between Germany and Poland. The cause of these hostilities was of long standing; and to be made fully intelligible, it must be traced a little further back. After the fall of the Roman empire in the west, when the Germans migrated in large numbers to revel on its ruins, the Slavonians spread over central Europe, from the mouth of the Elbe to the Adriatic Sea: and the whole territory that constitutes Prussia and Austria of the present day was occupied by them, excepting only the Rhenish provinces

of the former, and the Italian possessions of the latter. The new settlers in Austria were, however, for the most part, exterminated by the Germans under Charlemagne and his successors. According to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the Germans treated them like dogs, sparing neither sex nor age, and selling them or reducing them to slavery. It was at that epoch that the hitherto honourable national appellation of *slavus* began to be converted into *slave*, *sklave*, *esclave*, *schlave*, &c., &c. A similar fate threatened also the Slavonians settled between the Elbe and the Oder, against whom Charlemagne, after subjugating the Saxons, had already made several expeditions. His successors followed his aggressive policy towards the Slavonians, who, without a central power whereby to oppose effective resistance to the united forces of the German empire, were reduced to partially succumb, though not until after a most determined struggle. That war of nearly four centuries' duration was kept up with unexampled animosity on both sides; the Germans carrying Christianity on the points of their swords, and endeavouring to establish it by the total extirpation of Slavonian nationality; whilst the Slavonians preferred death on the field of battle to receiving a doctrine propagated by such sanguinary measures. The German historian of the emperors of the Saxon dynasty, Witikind, thus describes that struggle and the character of the Slavonians:—

"The Slavonians are a hardy people, patient of labour, used to the most spare nourishment; and what appears a heavy burden to our people, they consider in some degree a pleasure. Esteeming above all their cherished liberty, they ever rise again in arms in spite of numerous defeats. Many days passed in that struggle, in which, with various fortune, some fought for fame, extensive and secure empire, and others for their freedom."<sup>\*</sup>

Upon the foregoing passage it may be remarked, first, that those characteristics of their ancestors have remained to the Poles up to the present day: and next, that the ancient German policy, exterminative of Slavonian nationality, is still prosecuted by Prussia, whilst that of Austria is of a more tolerating character. But to return to our immediate subject. The Slavonians of the Elbe were nearly exterminated, when the death of Otho III., and the dissensions consequent upon the election of his successor

Henry II., induced Boleslaus to declare a war against Germany, the immediate object of which was to rescue the subjugated Slavonians of the Elbe, who were Poles; and the more remote, to unite under his sceptre all the Slavonians of the west, in order to oppose an effectual barrier to the growing ascendancy of the Germans. On the outbreak of hostilities, in 1003, he made himself master of the provinces of Lusatia and Misnia, of the fortresses of Bautzen and Meissen, and of the country along the banks of the lower Elbe, of which he ever after retained possession against the united power of Germany. Year after year the German emperor renewed the struggle, but was invariably worsted, and sometimes, according to German chroniclers, forced to return home with tears in his eyes.\* The tactics adopted by Boleslaus were to allow the enemy to advance deep into the country, and to waste their time and strength in assaulting fortified places, whilst he harassed them on all sides, and ultimately compelled them to retreat—a measure always disastrous to them. At the same time he displayed that consummate patience which in our days has again been the grand cause of the successes of the Duke of Wellington. When on one occasion he kept his troops within the walls of Glogau, he replied to some who were impatient of inaction, "The army which you see before you"—the Germans were then passing before the town—"is small in numbers but great in valour, and chosen from amongst a host of tried warriors. Should I attack it, conqueror or conquered, I am vanquished for the future. The emperor can easily collect another. It is much better that we wait patiently, and if possible work mischief to those proud men in some other way, without doing great injury to ourselves." Another cause of his success was the perfect information concerning the plans of the enemy which he always contrived by bribes to acquire from the very persons surrounding the emperor. Yet in his other transactions with the emperor he behaved with the frankness characteristic of a genuine hero. When requested by the imperial envoys to resign his conquests, he replied, "Christ, who sees all, knows that if he (Boleslaus) complied with the request he would do so unwillingly;" and as an effectual proof of the sincerity of his words, he immediately prosecuted his march and made fresh conquests. Another time, when he was urged to the same effect, he answered, "That he would not only retain his present posses-

\* Est namque hujusmodi genus hominum durum et laboris patiens, victu levissimo assuetum, et quod nostris gravi onere esse solet, Slavi pro quadam voluptate deducunt. Transeunt sane plurimi dies, his pro gloria et magno tutoque imperio, illis pro libertate ac ultima servitute varie certantibus.—In Meibom., ii., p. 647.

\* Imperator quamvis dolens assumpta non bona pace cum lachrymis revertitur.—Chron. Quedlinb., ii., p. 79.

sions, but would conquer more." The war, therefore, recommenced with unabated fury, and was carried on in the devastating spirit of those days; and Boleslaus, anxious to strike a decisive blow against the Germans, endeavoured to draw the Duke of Bohemia over to his side. For this purpose he sent his son Mieczyslaus to him, "to remind him of their consanguinity, and to propose that they should together resist their common enemies, and especially the emperor."

Dr. Reepell justly remarks upon this :

"Who can mistake the ultimate end at which all these efforts of Boleslaus aimed? A bond between Poland and Bohemia, to which no doubt all the other Slavonian tribes between the Elbe and the Oder, then under subjection, but still longing for liberty, would have readily acceded, must have become very formidable to the German empire, and delivered the most advanced part of Slavonia from its preponderance. In this thought, which, although Boleslaus had his own special interest nearest in view, he still conceived in that general significance, is manifested the greatness of his mind, as well as the danger with which his position and conduct threatened Germany."—p. 129.

Fortunately, however, for Germany, Ulrich, the Duke of Bohemia, not only betrayed the scheme of Boleslaus to the emperor, but even delivered his son into the power of the latter. Boleslaus, however, through the influence which his system of bribery enabled him to preserve at the imperial court, and by promising to keep peace with the emperor, soon obtained his son's liberation. The latter condition, however, Boleslaus never designed to observe, so long as his new conquests should remain unacknowledged by the emperor. The Germans made most extensive preparations for war, and in their last expedition, 1017, they brought against Boleslaus not only their own united forces, but those also of Bohemia and Russia. They were more unsuccessful than ever. The most memorable event of that campaign was the heroic resistance of the Polish garison of Glogau; and Thietmar of Merseburgh confesses, that "he never saw or heard of any that defended themselves with more patience or greater prudence. When successful they did not exult, neither did they betray a misfortune by loud complaints." At length the plague broke out in the imperial camp, and a most disastrous retreat followed, only to be compared to that of the Prussians in our days from France.

"Who," writes Thietmar, "can paint the toils of the march, the general misery?"

Nevertheless Boleslaus, although conqueror, was the first to propose peace, his presence being required against Russia. A treaty was concluded in 1018 at Bautzen, in virtue of which he retained his new conquests. That this treaty was looked upon as unfavourable by the Germans, may be conjectured from the words of Thietmar, who says that it was not such a treaty as became the emperor, but such as the circumstances of the time compelled him to accept. In the course of this long war Boleslaus also subjugated Bohemia, and made Prague his second capital; but this conquest he was subsequently compelled to abandon.

"This," says our author, "was the last struggle of Boleslaus with the Germans. It had been shown that the Polish tribes united into a political whole, were able, under the command of an energetic prince, to oppose to the Germans a very different kind of resistance from that offered by the advanced part of the Slavonians on the Elbe and Oder. Favoured by a more remote situation, and by the nature of limitrophe provinces, by the internal state of Germany, and by the feeble character of his antagonist, the emperor Henry II., Boleslaus, boldly aspiring, won for himself, and maintained a position with regard to Germany very dissimilar to that held by his father. The victorious advance of German dominion towards the east, so rapidly and powerfully urged on by the first emperors of the house of Saxony, received its first check, nay rather was driven back by him and his people.

"The Germans had brought Christianity to the Poles, but they were unable to establish a political supremacy over them. The vassalage of the Polish king now already began to have very little, almost no significance, and from that time the most powerful emperors could only enforce a momentary acknowledgment of it in consequence of some casual victory, and Poland stood for centuries in the face of Germany, the unconquerable germ, centre, and support of Western Slavonism."—p. 198.

It used to be said of the Polish kings of a subsequent period, that they never slept on a bed of roses, but this may be especially applied to Boleslaus. No sooner did he feel himself secure on the side of Germany, than he turned his arms against Russia, to chastise her for her frequent invasions, as well as for her expulsion of his son-in-law from the grand duchy of Kiow. It is interesting to trace the beginning of that struggle between the Poles and the Russians, which was destined to continue for centuries. But let us listen to our author.

"In the summer of the year 1018, he commenced operations against Russia, and on the 22d of July he reached the banks of the Bug. On the other side of the river, Jaroslaus, Duke of



Novogorod, lay encamped with a numerous army reinforced by bands of Normans. Whilst the Poles prepare bridges for the passage, the chamberlain of Jaroslaus, the palatine Rad, from the other bank mocks Boleslaus for his corpulence, calling out, 'We shall pierce thy thick belly well!' Thereupon the Polish monarch grows angry, and is the first to plunge on horseback into the stream. The army follows him, and the unexpected attack quickly decides the victory. The Russians strive in vain to resist the stormy advance of the Poles; their whole army is disbanded in wild flight, and Jaroslaus himself, accompanied by four men only, escaped to Novogorod.

"Without further combat Boleslaus advanced towards the East. Wherever he came all the inhabitants honoured him with rich presents, and after a short siege Kiow (the capital) also opened its gates to him. When he entered as conqueror at the head of his army, and attended by his son-in-law (14th of August) he made with his sword, a gift he had received from Otho, that famous cut in the golden gate, by which the sword obtained the name of *Szczerbca* (having a notch). For ages this sword was preserved as a gem in the treasury, and all the subsequent kings were girt with it at their coronation. The campaign terminated with the capture of Kiow." —pp. 147, 148.

From Kiow Boleslaus sent envoys to the German and Greek emperors. To the first he offered gifts; to him of Constantinople friendship; but declared at the same time that he would prove his most persevering, unrelenting enemy, should the latter infringe their amity. He had now reached the zenith of his power; and having established his son-in-law as Grand Duke of Kiow, and made Russia tributary to his sceptre,\* he returned home with immense booty and numerous prisoners, amongst whom were two sisters of Jaroslaus. At a later period, a Polish general made a triumphal entry into Warsaw, preceded by two czars in chains,—and the last king of Poland died a captive at St. Petersburg! Truly every nation, like every individual, will have its day in this world of ours.

"It must be acknowledged," observes our author, "that the position which Boleslaus had won for himself in a few years was a grand one. He had emancipated himself from the preponderance of the Germans, reduced the Bohemians to the limits of their own country, combated victoriously the Prussians and the Pomeranians, and stopped the advance of Russian power towards the west. From the Dnieper to the Elbe, from the shores of the east sea to the Carpathian mountains, he was now undeniably the mightiest ruler, and the Poles the predominating nation. With perfect justice did posterity surname him Chrobry, i. e. the mighty, the chivalrous, the man of great heart."—pp. 149, 150.

\* "Ex eo tempore, Russia Poloniæ vectigalis diu fecit," are the words of Gallus.

The court of Boleslaus were a no less warlike appearance than his camp; and according to Gallus, the most ancient of the national chroniclers, it was such as is described in the sagas of the heroic kings of the north. Every one who entered his service was welcome. Not servant, no, but son, was he called by Boleslaus; and if any one suffered a loss in horses or other possessions, the prince made him the most magnificent compensation. Fowlers and hunters of all nations were to be found by his side. Besides the tables for the inferior portion of the household, forty others were daily and richly set out for the great. Even the external pomp described in the sagas, which, contrasted with the simplicity and wildness of their mode of life in other respects, appears so strange to us, was not wanting in the court of Boleslaus. The reception of Otho at Gnesen is a proof of this; but even on less remarkable occasions, not only the great, but the inferior nobles used to wear massive chains of gold, and the ladies, when they appeared at court, were so profusely adorned with similar ornaments, bracelets and jewels, that they could not support the weight of their apparel without the aid of their women. Although these pictures of the court of Boleslaus as drawn by Gallus may appear almost fabulous in their details, yet in general they furnish us with a true image of that life in which rich and sensual enjoyment constantly alternated with the dangers and pleasures of war. This period of Polish history may justly be characterized as the age of chivalry in its strictest sense.

In the same generous and warlike prince, the chroniclers show us a strict and impartial judge, and extol his protection of the humble against the great, and the justice which he dealt to all, without any regard to rank. The distinctions between the several classes of society being not strongly marked in his time, all his subjects stood in immediate relation to their prince, and the administration of the laws was in general very simple. The country was divided into *viciniae* or *opole*, districts in the nature of parishes, the individuals of which constituted as it were one family. The members of these districts taxed themselves, and were held responsible for crimes committed within their precincts, whilst they acknowledged the supreme authority of the governor of one of the adjacent castles, which it was the custom of Boleslaus to erect for the defence of the country. This was the origin of Castellannies, and of the Castellans, who at a subsequent period acted so important a

part in Polish history. At the same time Boleslaus zealously exerted himself for the propagation of Christianity, and for the firm establishment of a national church; inasmuch as it was through the latter alone that he could hope to secure his new conquests and the stability of his empire, a circumstance which there is frequent occasion to recur to in Polish history. With this view he invited foreign clergy into the realm, erected new bishoprics, and founded Benedictine monasteries at Tyniec, Sieciechow and Lyca Gora (bold mountain,) so that where once stood pagan altars, the cross now shone on the highest mountains of Poland.

In the evening of his life Boleslaus gave a suitable appellation to the power he had acquired, by crowning himself king at Gnesen in 1025. Whilst the Polish chroniclers make express mention of the coronation of Boleslaus by Otho during his visit to Poland, the Germans preserve absolute silence on this point, so that we must conclude either that the report was incorrect, or, which is more probable, that Boleslaus would not owe his regal title to any foreign potentate, and consonantly to his character, chose to be as independent in name as he was in reality. However this might be, this act was a worthy conclusion to his career, and he died the same year on the 17th of June. He was buried at Posen.

Such men as Boleslaus are like pillars of fire going before their contemporaries destined to grope again in darkness the moment they cease to be guided by them. This remark holds true particularly with respect to his two immediate successors, who neither followed up his policy of promoting the union of the western Slavonians, nor inherited his powerful arm by which to keep in awe the neighbouring nations, jealous of the power to which he had raised his people. During the short reign of his son, all his conquests except Pomerania were lost, and during the minority of his grandson the people returned to the worship of idols, and thus his second grand work, the establishment of the church, was put in extreme jeopardy, and the country became a prey to anarchy and foreign invasion. The Bohemians were foremost in pillaging and carried off immense booty; amongst other spoils, they took from the Cathedral of Gnesen, the body of St. Adalbert, their countryman, whom in his lifetime they had banished. The Poles pretend that another body was substituted for it, and that the true remains of the saint are still preserved at Gnesen, and up to the present day this point is still undecided. The cause of these mis-

fortunes of Poland must be sought on the one part in the difficulty of her position, she having to contend on all sides against heathens—the Prussians, the Lithuanians, the Jazwingi or Jazygoe, and the Picezyngues; and our author justly remarks that as far back as the eleventh century, Poland was already the most advanced guard of Christendom against the barbarians of the east. On the other part, the grand fact proclaimed by all history should be kept in view, namely, that the moral, no less than the physical constitution of nations requires time to arrive at maturity, and that the seeds of the institutions of Church and State, sown by the genius of Boleslaus, required ages for their full development. The latter circumstance should be considered only as beneficial, in accordance both with the experience derived from history, and with the law of nature, that states and productions have a more durable existence in proportion to the length of time they take to become mature.

But Poland once impregnated with life-giving Christian truth, soon found strength within herself to rise from her humiliating position. Boleslaus the Bold (Imially) humbled all the enemies of his country; and interfered as the defender of thrones in the affairs of Bohemia, Hungary, and Russia. Still his views of policy were inferior to those of his great namesake, and he appears to have carried on war merely from the love of war. He however maintained his full independence with respect to Germany, and in spite of the emperor caused himself to be crowned in 1057, but he quickly lost both his regal title and his kingdom by the murder of Stanislaus, bishop of Cracow. The cause which induced him to commit this act is still wrapt in obscurity. Gallus, who is the best authority on the subject, merely says,

“In what manner king Boleslaus was expelled from Poland, it would be long to relate; only this it is allowable to say, that a Christian should not have inflicted corporal punishment upon a Christian. Because this did him most harm that he used sin against sin, and punished the bishop for treachery by cutting off his limbs. For we excuse neither the traitor bishop nor praise the king who took such shameful revenge.”\*

Whilst Gallus thus mentions the treachery of Stanislaus, Kadlabek, who 200 years afterwards was bishop of Cracow, states that the disorderly conduct and tyranny of the king drew upon him the ecclesiastical bann. It would appear however that the opposition of Boleslaus to the legates of

Pope Gregory VII., who had shortly before arrived in Poland with the mandates of the Vatican, was the real cause of his excommunication, and of the subsequent assassination of the bishop, who refused him access to the Church.

The whole country having in consequence fallen under papal interdict, and the nobles and clergy having united against him, Boleslaus, after a year's resistance, went into exile never to return. This was but another scene of the same drama, enacted at that very time by the same pope with the German emperor Henry IV.

How or when Boleslaus terminated his life is very uncertain. According to some accounts he committed suicide, in a fit of madness, whilst he was in Hungary, and others say that he became a penitent in a monastery of Karintha and died there. Some again will have it, that he was torn in pieces by his own dogs whilst hunting. The second account seems to be the most probable, and an epitaph lately found in the monastery of Oasya in Karintha, which by its character indicates that it belongs to the twelfth or thirteenth century, goes far to remove all doubt. It runs thus: *Rex Boleslaus Polonia, occisor S. Stanislai*. As to the latter, he was canonized in the thirteenth century, and adopted as the patron saint of Poland; and it became a custom that all the kings on their coronation day should make an expiatory procession to the church of St. Michael at Cracow, where he was assassinated. After the expulsion of Boleslaus, his brother, Ladislaus Herman, was called to the throne. His reign presents no remarkable feature, except that during its course the Jews first made their appearance in Poland, destined, as has been said, to become their paradise, and they one of her plagues. This prince was the father of Boleslaus Krzywousty (wry mouth), a worthy successor of his great namesake. The whole life of this monarch from nine years of age was consumed in perpetual struggles with his neighbours, especially with the emperor of Germany, Henry V., over whom he completely triumphed. But the most remarkable of his achievements was the conversion of Pomerania to Christianity, which he effected with the assistance of St. Otho, bishop of Bamberg. We regret that we cannot quote at length the acts of unwearied self-devotion and true Christian charity exhibited by the prelate in his apostleship, and which form one of the most interesting episodes in the work under consideration. But here we must remark, as we have done elsewhere, that it was the

Church alone which ultimately secured the conquests of Boleslaus the Great. Boleslaus Krzywousty, however, committed a great political mistake, and such it has ever been considered, by dividing, shortly before his death in 1139, the empire amongst his four sons. The regal title having been lost since Boleslaus the Bold, the right of exercising supreme authority over the other princes of the reigning family, in order to preserve the unity of the state, was vested in the grand duke of Cracow, (*monarcha maximus dux*), and this dignity always belonged to the eldest member. This partition of the empire was in accordance with the ancient custom of the Slavonians, but it had in this instance the effect of producing a civil war for the seniorate of Cracow, which lasted one hundred and fifty years, and of bringing Poland into a new stage of her political development.

We cannot follow our author in his narrative of that struggle during which the nation, both from internal discord and external invasion, was many times brought to the verge of total destruction. It seemed, to use the expression of a national poet, "that Poland was about to be drowned in the ocean of misfortune." Dr. Roepell's narrative, besides, loses itself in minute and unimportant details, and neither do "his thoughts breathe nor his words live," as they should have done, whilst he was portraying a nation shaken in the inmost recesses of her existence, both natural and spiritual. Indeed this is the defect of his work in general, and not only of his, but in those of his fellow labourers, who have respectively undertaken to write these histories of the European states—life, the deep Christian life, so characteristic of the middle ages, breathes not in any of their works. The principal recommendation of the one now before us, is that it gives an accurate statement of facts, and this up to the present day has been a great desideratum in foreign literature as regarded Poland. We must limit ourselves to pointing out the general results, both external and internal, which the partition of the empire by Boleslaus entailed upon his country. As to the first, they were all disastrous; one of them was the loss of the important province of Silesia, ceded in 1163 to the sons of Ladislaus, the first Grand Duke of Cracow, who had been expelled by his brothers for attempting to deprive them of their paternal inheritance. This proved a severe loss not only to Poland but to Slavonia at large, as Silesia became Germanized in the course of time, owing to the consanguinity of her

princes with those of Germany. How must the shade of Boleslaus the Great have mourned over it! The next loss sustained by Poland was Pomerania, a duke of this country having rendered himself independent of her, whilst the Prussians, the immediate neighbours of Pomerania, were prosecuting their devastating inroads upon Poland. A crusade was preached against them by the pope, and the Poles joined the Germans in their endeavours to exterminate their brethren in blood, an occurrence deeply to be lamented by all the Slavonian race. At length when all efforts to subdue the Prussians had failed, Konrad, duke of Masovia, the greatest sufferer by their incursions, called in to his assistance, 1225, the knights of the Teutonic Order, who had shortly before distinguished themselves in Syria and Palestine against the Saracens. With the consent of his heirs, he offered them in perpetuity the territory of Culm, as well as all the booty they should gain from the heathens. The deed of gift was drawn up in the form usual in those days for donations made to churches, monasteries, or families favoured by princes. The knights on their part engaged to defend Konrad from foreign invasion. The Grand Master of the Order, Hermann von Salza, most willingly accepted the offer, but his conduct towards the Polish duke was from the very beginning marked with treachery. In 1226 he induced the emperor of Germany to issue a diploma, by which the latter, according to his self-assumed right that all sovereign power on earth emanated from him, granted the Grand Master by anticipation all the land that he should conquer from the Prussians, to hold as a fief of the German empire. It is evident from this document, kept secret from Konrad, that the intention of the Order was to found a territorial sovereignty, to separate it from all connection with Poland, and to bring it into close relation with Germany. Thus at the commencement they assumed a hostile position towards the first mentioned country, and after a sanguinary struggle of a hundred years they partly exterminated the Prussians. The remnant they forced to embrace Christianity, or to retire beyond the Niemer into the then Pagan Lithuania. Another war equally long and fierce then broke out between the knights and the Poles, and this lasted until the former were completely defeated by Casimir, the son of Jagellon, when Prussia became a province of Poland. The eastern portion of it, however, with its capital, Königsberg, was left in the possession of the Grand Masters of the Order, as vassals of the Polish crown.

These having subsequently become Electors of Brandenburg, by their artful policy emancipated themselves from Poland, and finally, as Kings of Prussia, took part in despoiling her. Dr. Roepell remarks with truth that there is not an inch of Prussian territory possessed first by the Marquisses and then by the Electors of Brandenburg, which was not acquired by some kind of treachery from some of the Slavonian races. In addition to this narrowing of her territory, Poland suffered incredibly from the incessant invasions of the heathens, and particularly from the Lithuanians and the Tatars led on by the descendants of Genghis Khan.

After a victory obtained by the latter over the Russian army on the banks of the river Kalka in 1222, followed by the subjugation of all Russia, they advanced into Poland, preceded by magnifying terrors, which spread all over Europe, not excepting England. Historians relate that even the price of herrings rose in the London market, because they could not be brought as usual from the coasts of Norway, owing to the universal consternation inspired by these invaders. They traversed Poland, converting her into a desert, until their progress was at length in some degree arrested by the united forces of the Dukes of Silesia and of Great Poland. The conflict took place in 1244 in the vicinity of Lignitz, and, though it was only a drawn battle, the Tatars, whose name fear had changed into that of Tartars—the sons of Tartarus or hell—made their retreat through Silesia, Bohemia and Hungary, to fix their abode in Russia, over which they held dominion during the two following centuries. The Polish historians state that no less than ninety-five incursions, though on a smaller scale, were subsequently made by the Tatars into Poland.

The melancholy state and weakness of the country, brought about by the dissensions of her princes, at length induced Przemyslaus, Duke of Grand Poland and of Pomerania, to make an attempt to reunite her disjointed parts, in order to make head against her foreign enemies. In 1295 he was crowned king of all Poland by the Archbishop of Gnesen, and the regal title, which had been lost for upwards of 200 years, was again restored, though only for a short time. Przemyslaus was assassinated in the course of the same year at Posen by the Marquis of Brandenburg, who coveted the possession of Pomerania. With his death terminates the first portion of Dr. Roepell's work; and whilst waiting for the second and concluding part of it, we hope

he will profit by the above remarks, and, as is common amongst the authors of his country, improve it in a second edition.

With respect to the internal results consequent upon the civil anarchy of the period in question, however strange it may seem at first, they were on the whole beneficial. In thus speaking we by no means intend to say anything in favour of anarchy, or to imply that those same results could not have been otherwise produced. We merely wish to draw attention to this moral and political phenomenon, and to explain it as briefly as we may be able. During the preceding period the whole strength of the nation, subject to an absolute central power, was chiefly expended in foreign wars, the consequence of which was, that Poland became powerful abroad and weak at home. Now the case was entirely reversed; the internal discord of the princes weakened the external power of the country, and the national strength was split in various directions at home, and thus a more intensive life and spirit was engendered in the nation. In other words, the vigour of the nation, left to its own free action, gradually developed itself into the several distinct functions of the body politic, and the seeds of the institutions of church and state planted by Boleslaus the Great began to bring forth their fruits in the appointed time, whilst his simple organization of the country into Castellanies gave way to a more complex and perfect state of society. Originally the nation was divided into *schlacta*, nobility, or the land proprietors; into *kmiécie* (emetoncs) or farmers; and the simple peasants, employed as labourers by the latter. Neither slavery nor servitude was known amongst them. This state of things continued until the partition of the country by Boleslaus III., when the rich landowners, in return for the support which they alternately offered to one or other of the contending princes, acquired not only immunities and privileges for themselves and their posterity, but also an influence in public affairs. From that period the princes of the land never took any important resolution without their consent, and the words *cum consensu baronorum* became the usual form of their edicts. These barons were no other than grand officers of state, in whose families certain high offices became perpetual, and they subsequently constituted one of the independent powers of the state, namely, the upper house or senate; at the same time their privileges were in no degree derogatory to those of the inferior nobility, or the great mass of landed proprietors, the possession of land ever remain-

ing the main privilege of nobility, and these latter preserved so absolute an equality with the former, that it was wont to be said, that a noble in possession of thirty acres was equal to a palatine. They all adopted distinct family arms, though it is not unusual to see 200 or 300 families having the same armorial bearings, owing to all the sons inheriting the paternal distinction, and to its being customary to confer on newly-created nobles the arms of the family that patronized them. Beyond their substantial privileges, the nobles had no titles of any description, such as those of baron, count, &c., to distinguish them amongst each other, or from the other classes of society. The adoption by any one of them of such a title would have been high treason according to the Polish law—*eques Polonus par omnibus, nemini secundus*, was its maxim. The inferior or poorer nobility (*ordo equestris*) afterwards constituted the large body of electors, amounting to about two millions, and the nuncios (*posel*) chosen by them, form again another independent power of the state, or the lower house. During the period in question the church perfected her organization, and achieved her independence as one of the powers of the state. The higher clergy, by interposing their spiritual power between hostile princes, and by proclaiming the refractory to be under the ban of the church, delivered the domains of the latter from being arbitrarily disposed of by secular authority, and at the same time secured to themselves an active part in public affairs. Polish bishops, in virtue merely of their dignity, were members of the senate. There arose at the same time a middle class, between the nobles and the clergy. In consequence of the great waste of the native population through foreign and domestic wars, the princes encouraged the immigration of German colonists, granting them the enjoyment of their national municipal privileges, known in Poland under the name of the Laws of Magdeburgh. By the industry of these settlers the fallen cities rose again, and contributed to the general prosperity. The more considerable towns used to send their deputies to sit in the lower house, and the inhabitants of some, Cracow, for instance, were considered as nobles. The only sufferers, as is usual in similar cases, were the weaker party, the peasants, who, from having formerly been free, were now reduced to servitude by individual oppression, though this was not sanctioned by the law. Subsequently it became the policy of the monarchs to restore to the latter their rights,

and Casimir the Great having effected his object, the nobles in derision bestowed upon him the appellation of King of the Peasants. He was the restorer of order and peace at home, as his father, Ladislaus Lokietek (*elbow*, so called from his diminutive stature), was of the external integrity of the state.

The elements of a free, government, which we have just noticed, were fully developed during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the regular organization of an hereditary constitutional monarchy. This form of government, the most comprehensive and the richest of all—for it contains all others in itself—was so far in accordance on the one part with the whole previous history of the Poles, the substance of which it expressed, and on the other with the grand principle of Christianity, liberty, which has its surest guarantee in a constitutional monarchy. Besides, by the full development of the said elements, a firm foundation was laid for supporting the weight of power which it pleased Providence to confer next upon Poland. By the union of Hedwiga, queen of Poland and grand niece of Casimir the Great, in whom the dynasty of Piast became extinct, with Jagellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania, Poland became again a predominating power of the north. For centuries her authority was acknowledged from the Black Sea and the Carpathian Mountains to the Baltic, and from the Dnieper and Dwina to the Oder; the dukes of Prussia, Courland and Livonia, and the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia being her vassals. The existence of this power was, in a political view, of great utility to Europe, for Poland never employed it except in the defence of Christendom against the Turks, the Tatars and Tatarized Russians. On the other side the extension of the Polish dominion far in the east, was a great victory gained by the western civilisation of Europe over barbarism, and the struggle between the two, kept up for ages on the banks of the Bug and the Dniester, was thus at once carried to the banks of the Dnieper. Russia was either not heard of at that time, or the Poles were masters at Moscow as the Russians now are at Warsaw. The power of Poland began to decline when, after the extinction of the Jagellon dynasty in 1572, the crown became elective, which paved the way for the interference of foreign powers in her internal affairs, and ultimately led to her partition. But at the same time we must render justice to her conservative spirit, shown by her return previous to the partition to the true principles of govern-

ment in 1791, when, by the constitution of May 3d, the hereditary succession was re-established, and the nation at large restored to her normal condition. The same form of government was sanctioned by the diet during the late war for independence, and the majority of the Poles now wandering in foreign countries follow this principle. It is well known that they look also to Prince Adam Czartoryski, whose family is a branch of the Jagellons, as to the future king of Poland. Let them remain true to the conservative principle embodied in their history, and "He who maketh nations" may grant them a return into their beloved fatherland.

"Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!  
A little while, along thy saddening plains  
The starless night of Desolation reigns;  
• Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!  
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,  
Her name, her nature, withered from the world."

ART. IV.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt's gesammelte Werke*. 2. Band. Berlin: G. Reimer. 1841.

It is very possible that some of our readers may have heard of a book, "*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*"—a title which has been quietly translated "*A Treatise concerning everything, &c., &c.*" Now, whether in some marvellously enlightened period of the middle ages some pantologist, before whose lustre even that of Dr. Dionysius Lardner must grow pale, did really concentrate the essence of human learning on all possible subjects into a thin 32mo. (for a folio with such a title would be inconceivable), we know not. Yet if such book be in any way a desideratum, it is at all events pleasing, and perhaps profitable, to know where a substitute for it may be found; and we should have little hesitation in recommending therefore to the inquirer the collected works of William von Humboldt. "*The Objects and Qualifications of Historians*"—"The Bhagavad Gita"—"Jacobi's Woldemar"—"The New French Constitution"—"The Odyssey of Homer"—"Foreign Policy"—"Basque Etymology"—"Sonnets and other Poems"—"An Essay on the Male and Female Figure,"—such form some kind of sample from that bill of fare which

the brother of Alexander von Humboldt lays before his readers. One not uninteresting consideration to ourselves is, that the task we have undertaken puts us in the position of reviewing a review, for no small part of the collection now lying on our table consists of contributions to periodical works. We shall therefore not lose sight of this fact in the remarks which we are about to lay before our readers. Nor will the comparison which we shall attempt to draw between English and continental periodical literature be, we trust, devoid of interest. And now having said thus much, let us address ourselves to our task.

We will commence then with the disquisition on the male and female forms, which is at once eloquent and philosophical. Not long ago a work fell into our hands, by the Rev. G. D. Haughton, entitled "An Essay on Sex in the World to come," and we there found many very interesting speculations, much akin to those of Von Humboldt. Nor did we see any other objection to the book—for the topic was treated with all the delicacy it required)—than a want of sufficient excogitation. This is not the case with the essay before us: Von Humboldt had evidently thought profoundly on the subject he investigates, and the lover of the fine arts will find this portion of the work highly useful.

There was probably never a greater mistake made by a clever man than that committed by Pope, when he said

"A perfect woman's but a softer man."

It was confounding "feminine" with effeminate, and overlooking the fact that the female intellect differs from the male *not* in degree, but in kind. Nor is it making a much greater progress in philosophy to suppose, with Lady Morgan (whose words we dare not quote), that the mental character of woman is formed by her physical character. There is an essential generical intellectual difference between the sexes; the soul is male and female; nor will any philosophizing which stops short of this admission clear up the difficulties in which this most interesting subject is enveloped. If we believe the distinction to which we allude to be *essentially* spiritual and eternal, and only *accidentally* physical, we shall look to the spirit for the traces of its development, and regard the outward form merely as the index of that which works within. Doubtless the Author of all good has so far blended all fitnesses in his creation that we shall ever find some correspondence between that which our bodily eyes behold and that archetype in the divine

mind, which only the devout student, and even he but dimly, can perceive. To consider this question then in any philosophical light, we must regard the distinction of sex to be internal, spiritual and perpetual; not merely external and physical; and we shall then see humanity but imperfectly represented by either of them alone; and thus too we get rid of the discussion as to the superiority of one sex over the other, by showing that it cannot be entered upon at all. The words of inspiration, "In the image of God created he him, male and female created he them," are but little understood by those who would restrict the divine image to that holiness which ought to be common to the two sexes. The parents of the human race were themselves also its model, each one requiring the other to constitute the perfection of humanity; so that in the paradisaic perfection of the male character and of the female character consisted the image of God. It was a human perfection divided into two distinct parts, possessing in the abstract nothing in common, and in its most favourable subsequent types but little, save the principle of love towards God, and towards the complement of earthly excellence as developed in the other sex. Even the most simple feelings and the most uncompounded mental operations subsist under a different phase in the mind of a man and in that of a woman, if indeed they be not things having indeed a resemblance, but no identity. Benevolence itself would require a different description in the two cases: nor can the ambition of such sovereigns as Elizabeth or Catherine II. be fairly compared with that of any king or emperor. It is in this very *difference*—in the fact that each can supply what the other needs—that the attachment between the sexes is founded; and in proportion as the characteristic differences are obliterated, in the same proportion does such attachment decline, or rather disappear.

To talk of the moral difference would be a work of supererogation. Every poet—and this subject is not the only one in which poetry and truth are identical)—every poet we say, from the earliest period till the latest, has taken delight in expatiating on the delicacy and tenderness of the female character—has compared it, with regard to the "sterner stuff" of which men are made, to the ivy that twines round the tower, or to the vine clinging to the stately oak; and universal nature has made the same *feeling* (for it is a feeling and not generally a conviction) prominent even in the very affectations which prevail both in man

and in woman; the latter will affect a shrinking timidity even when it forms no part of her *individual* character; and men who are cowards at heart will be boisterous, and "speak prave 'orts at the pridge," from an intuitive perception that to do otherwise would be a departing and a degenerating from the proper type of their character.

All this is acknowledged freely enough, and many elegant things have been spoken concerning the duty of man to afford protection, and of woman to afford consolation, by persons who yet perceive no *generic* difference between the two characters. Let us therefore go on—(we are not going away from Von Humboldt)—to show that the mental character differs as much as the moral. And here we shall be met with the names of eminent women, and requested to point out the difference between the learning of Madame Dacier and that of M. Sannodon—between the mathematics of Mrs. Somerville and those of Professor Whewell—between the politics of Miss Martineau and those of Mr. Malthus; but we would remind the inquirer that it is perfectly possible to arrive at the same conclusion by different premises. Two locomotive engines, one moved by steam, the other by air, may be placed on parallel rails, and though they may arrive at the terminus at the identical moment, yet it cannot be denied that they have been moved by a differing application of a different principle. The knowledge therefore of the same facts proves nothing as to their having been attained by means of the same process: the fields that are green to the eye of a Wordsworth would assuredly bear no other hue to that of an Edgeworth or a Hemans; the books that they read and the conclusions to which they came, if the one were rightly understood and the other rightly drawn, would be understood in the same sense and drawn to the same meaning; but (we speak now of classes, not of individuals) it would be by a somewhat different process. Often, too, the shades of difference will be so minute, that the student will have to be reminded that the strongest resemblance may subsist without identity of species. Often again will he be perplexed by an approximation of the character in *individuals* towards the type of the other sex, so that what may be fairly predicated concerning the individual man, or the individual woman, would be very incorrect, if applied to the male or female character in the abstract. The difficulties therefore which beset the inquirer may be resolved into one, viz., that

of finding a person who may be taken as a type of the sex to which he or she belongs. It is highly probable that since the first parents of our race there never was a specimen of pure (that is to say unmixed) manhood, or pure womanhood; no one person in whom the character, either moral or mental, did not in some way or other swerve towards the type of the opposite sex, losing in one respect what it gained in another. We must therefore call imagination to our aid, and we may possibly then find in her realms some fictitious character, whom we may treat as artists treat a lay figure. Von Humboldt refers to the Greek divinities, not the heroes of Homer and Ovid, but the loftier conceptions of the sculptors. In them, as revealed by a Phidias or a Praxiteles, he contends that we may find the types of a perfectly unmixed male or female character.

"In the circle of the goddesses we first meet with the ideal of womanhood, in the daughter of Dione; the comparatively small stature, which gathers together every personal attraction—the voluptuous fullness of growth—the moist and expressive eye—the passionate and half-open mouth—the reliance rather on maidenly bashfulness than on the strength of defiance,—all announce a creature who grounds her power on her very weakness. Whatsoever approaches her circle breathes of love and enjoyment, and her very glance is one of affectionate invitation. It was a large and comprehensive idea which the Greeks embodied in their Venus, the power which produces and which streams through all living beings. For the representation of this idea could they choose no better symbol than the ideal of pure womanhood—the loveliest of all reproductive creatures, and no fitter moment than that when the first and as yet unconscious sigh of passion escapes from the bosom."

But this, however lovely and however unmixed be the character which it symbolizes, is yet by no means the most elevated point of view in which we may place the female character. It is true that there is an individuality about the Hellenic Venus which gives it somewhat of a moral, and somewhat of an intellectual nature; but that which is chiefly sought to be displayed is the personification of female gentleness—the softness of unmingled womanhood—uninfluenced by circumstances—unfettered by reflexion, but existing in its most complete unrestraint. Here then is the primary idea among the Greeks of the female character, perfect and mature, yet bound by no ties; these as yet have not given it their modifications, and we find it therefore marked by what the French elegantly and appropriately call "*abandon*;" it speculates, but it is upon itself—it enjoys its



newly awakened feelings, and appears in a kind of dreamy delight to attempt to analyze them—the eyes are cast down with a most attractive reserve, and we have the perfection of female beauty physically considered.

“Now that which speaks so plainly and unmistakably,” says Von Humboldt, “in the goddess of love, rests yet latent and folded up as it were in the form of Diana. Decked with all the charms of her sex, she renounces the empire of love and occupies herself only with manly pursuits. In these respects she resembles Minerva, but the character of the two goddesses is essentially different. In the awful daughter of Zeus the force of wisdom has annihilated all womanly weakness—this is shown by the calm, reflective, philosophic eye. Diana is earnestly engaged about the objects of her desire. She has only renounced one desire for another desire. Womanhood is to her nothing strange. Nay, she exhibits nothing masculine. As yet in her entire freedom is she unknown to herself. Again, she is not the representative of her sex, but only of a particular age, the tenderness of even the earliest passion requires for its development the calm in-flowing of thoughts which reflect upon themselves.”

But previous to this the emotions are, as it were, thrown forward, and rest upon external and distant objects.

“Hence the period of early girlhood is not unfrequently marked by a kind of absence of feeling; and indeed when we consider that the softness and gentleness of the female character is called out and brought into action by the emotions and experience of a subsequent period, we may designate it a certain hardness.”

It must at the same time be observed, that in many individuals this period passes so swiftly away that it is scarcely to be noticed at all; while in others it is long enough to become the subject of remark. It is precisely this period of development that the sculptors of ancient Greece sought to personify in the daughter of Latona.

“The charm of womanhood radiates not from her in melting beauty, but is as yet hidden and folded up within itself. The outward form has more both of strength and activity than that of Venus, and the whole expression both of figure and countenance indicates that the soul is not sinking back into and resting upon its own hidden and deified imaginations, but is reaching out to and attempting to grasp the objects of external nature.”

This idea certainly did prevail, and not only among sculptors but among poets also, and so unattractive was the yet immature character thus depicted, that they (the poets) attempted, and attempted in vain, to as-

similate it with a more ripened age by the fiction of Endymion—the incident suited not the individual, and the fable loses in its consistency without gaining in interest. Thus then we look on the Artemis of the Athenian sculptor as the personification of a period of female life, interesting only as containing within itself the germs of a lovelier and more perfect condition—but the Venus is a type of the whole woman, soul and body, seen indeed in her least elevated point of view, and with none of the loftier faculties called into play, but possessing nevertheless within herself all the prerequisites of the most exquisitely beautiful and attractive character. When to the loveliness portrayed in the personification of female physical beauty are added the case of responsibility, and the majesty of authority—then the latent energies are brought out, and we see the force and depth of the character which previously we noticed only in its calm and undeveloped repose; to the undiminished gentleness of the previous condition, is superadded the dignity of the existing one, and that which before won from us our love, now demands our reverence. This was the prevailing idea sought to be expressed in the figure of the Greek Hera—the Juno of the Romans.

“Comparing,” says Von Humboldt, “the loveliness of Aphrodite with the dignity of Hera we perceive womanhood transferred to a grander and wider sphere; in the latter it not only exhibits itself in every line and feature, not merely in the moment of passion or affection, but it is interwoven throughout with the active and responsible life.”

Here the mythologists have given a strange loose to their imagination, and have (as they often did) taken the *individual*, not the *species* for their model. Anger, jealousy, vindictiveness, the love of power, proneness to take offence, all characterize the poetic Juno, but form no part of the idealized creation of a Praxiteles or a Phidias. Now as we find the external aspect of Venus and Diana exactly corresponding to the internal development, so also the same rule will be found to hold in the case of Juno.

“For not,” we again quote our author, “as in the goddess of love, through a passion-breathing voluptuousness—not as in the daughter of Latona, by an unembarrassed earnestness—does the queen of goddesses indicate the essential character of womanhood, but by a calm fullness and collectedness of repose extending throughout the whole figure, the lofty stature, the large and majestic eye, the dignity of the entire form, which while above humanity is yet in no respect contrary to it.”

For as in the ideal of the sculptor the divine nature was but a perfected humanity, so every attribute of manhood or womanhood had but the process of enlargement and purification to undergo in order to become, in the Hellenic mind, divine. In this light then should we look at the remaining monuments of Greek genius, not so much as mere works of art, but as models of the ideal, as personifications of humanity under various phases, but refined and etherealized and, if we may venture to use such a term, purified from earthliness. We will accompany our author for a while in his examination of the gods of the Greek Pantheon, and then, before turning to another of the multifarious topics treated of in these two volumes, we will make a few observations on the philosophy of what we have said.

"As the characteristic of greater loveliness than the mere human figure seems to imply, indicates without further trouble the female sex, so in like manner must manhood be visible by the outward indications of its internal and spiritual nature; there is however this remarkable distinction between the two cases, that the latter is less easily perceived when present, than it is missed when absent."

We see at once and at the first glance that the connection between the physical and spiritual is less visible, is more subtle.

"There are indeed the tokens of a different character interwoven with what we behold, in the presence of greater strength, more constant activity, harder firmer muscles, and smaller masses."

Not that therefore the male figure and its spiritual counterpart exist in a softened and adorned shape in the female—or that the former is a nearer approach to an ideal pure humanity, but simply that the conditions of manhood require a more perfect independence, a greater power and freedom of action, than are required by or are consistent with those of womanhood; the very beauty of the female figure, consisting as it does in roundness of muscle and softness of outline, necessarily causes a preponderance of volume over power, and directly this proportion is infringed, the beauty and the distinctive character are lost together; the figure becomes first awkward, then androgynous. In the male figure, on the other hand, volume, and therefore softness of outline, is postponed to muscular strength, and the violation of this proportion also has a similar effect to that which we have just noticed in the corresponding case. Now, so

far as the visible is a type of the invisible, the external of the internal, so the androgynous figure must be not a mingling of the male and female characters, but a deprivation of the real types of each—it is not only unnatural but portentous, and this of itself ought to be sufficient to show us the utter and entire difference of those two natures which it attempts to unite.

"Even the very manner," rightly observes Von Humboldt, "in which power is manifested is not indifferent, for it is one thing to be nourished into fullness and another to be exercised into strength; the former case as it exhibits less of the distinctive character so is it lower in the scale of existence: this is exhibited in the Greek Bacchus."

And it is not unworthy of notice that he represents the might, not of will or mind, but of nature as contradistinguished from will, i. e. of matter; he is therefore destitute of the power which characterizes Zeus or Apollo—not entirely destitute of power—but only of that power which results from the exercise of the trained will; he is also, while he possesses the softness of woman, devoid of her gentleness and attractiveness. The remarks of Von Humboldt which touch on this subject are full of a profound philosophy, evincing a most thorough knowledge not merely of human nature, but of metaphysics in its noblest and most universal sense. Speaking of the Greek Bacchus he says:—

"Like Venus he signifies a power of nature, and is therefore like her more closely linked with mortality than the higher divinities, but exactly for the reason that she is a type of pure womanhood, so does he indicate a deviation from pure manhood—and as far as any man allows himself to be ruled by the power represented by Bacchus (not wine, be it remembered, but the collected might of sensual inclinations,) so far does he degenerate from his sex and destiny. It is true that this is also the case with woman, but while, by giving way to impulses, the most beautiful features of her character may be sometimes extinguished, yet in her case the bounds within which she may do so are larger, and it is her peculiar duty in a lofty sense to give way to her impulses, while it is that of a man to offer up his to the sterner duties of his sex."

This will be more easily understood when we recollect our author's theory as to the Greek Venus; that she represents all the softer emotions, in their normal state, untrammelled by any tie; and practically too it will be exemplified by the difference between the maternal and paternal affection—the one all tenderness and

indulgence, a pure but most beautiful instinct of nature—the unconscious but pervading power of an irresistible impulse;—the other a shape or phase indeed of love, but mingled with care, and sometimes also with sternness—listening to the voice of reason even when counselling harsh things—growing up by habitude, and made up of forethought and pride, and responsibility, and general benevolence. But we must proceed. We have seen but one of the gods, and there are a whole pantheon awaiting us. Let us next contemplate manhood in its simplest form—that form in which there is but little beyond enormous strength and the absence of all that is feminine. Turn we to the Farnese Hercules.

"Wearied with his exertions, he rests, supported on the weapons of his might. Giants and monsters has he slain, but not with the power of a god, who by the word of his lips, and the wave of his hand, would annihilate his opponents, but he has laid them low by the energies of a mortal, and won the victory by the sweat of his brow.

"But when Hercules had elevated himself to heaven, and forgot in the joys of his divinity this troublesome earthly life, a somewhat less hard and angular form is attributed to him; and by this means the character is preserved, and the beauty, as applied to the man, united to that which belongs to the species."

In other words the individual is generalized, and at the same time etherealized. A higher step in the same scale is afforded us by the union of conscious intellectual power with determined energy, when this last also is made attractive by gracefulness. Let the bounds which confine the mental and physical capacities of men be removed,—let the higher virtues be active, and the personification of such a state will be found in the Apollo. Von Humboldt rightly observes that

"Were our senses so accustomed to beauty as to look for it habitually in all visible objects, we should be more aware than we are of the hardness of the male form as we usually see it, and be reminded by it more of the sex than the species."

Adaptation to its peculiar end is the great characteristic of nature's work, and it matters not how beautiful in detail—that is no copy of nature in which this one grand feature is not preserved. The essay from which we have been quoting extends to a considerable length; and were it not that we wish this article to resemble the book of which it is a review, we should quote much more, but we must hasten to other

topics, and shall therefore add only a few remarks on the intellectual difference to which we have before adverted, and which we have all along borne in mind. We have said that the soul is male and female, and we have asserted that the feelings and mental operations which we call by the same names are nevertheless in the case of different sexes—different things. A simile may here help us a little, and render the brief remarks which follow more easily intelligible. The component parts of fat or tallow, are stearine and elaine—different things having nevertheless a great resemblance. Stearine is greasy—so is elaine, and rather more so. Stearine may be burned by itself, and will give a brilliant light—so may elaine; neither is there any remarkable difference between their compositions. Now we by no means intend that benevolence, for we must take an instance, resembles elaine or stearine, still less that it resembles the one when exercised by a man, and the other when exercised by a woman; but we do mean that some difference—probably greater than exists between the two substances named—will be found to obtain between the feeling or sentiment called benevolence in the two cases referred to. In the one case it has more of impulse—more of nature; in the other more of obligation—more of principle. The impulses are followed in the one instance because they are good, and it is not intended that they should be resisted. The colder and sterner nature of man requires something to stimulate his benevolence, and he finds this in the sense of duty. This is one instance of the truth of Von Humboldt's maxim, that woman has usually to follow her impulses, man to combat his—but for the very reason that this difference obtains, a greater degree of moral strength is bestowed upon man, a more determined energy, so that the duties and the strength may be commensurate.

Turn again from the moral to the mental condition, and we shall find another singular coincidence with the same theory. Women are said, in common parlance, "to jump to a conclusion." If we ask German metaphysicians what is the highest faculty of the mind, they will reply, or at least the best of them will reply, "the pure reason," and in this they are perfectly right. But what is this pure reason—not ratiocination—not causality—but the intuitive perception of truth, which varies in different minds, and which does, we are firmly persuaded, form the great distinction between man and the inferior animals. It is a difference not in *degree*, but in *kind*; and pre-

sents an essential, an eternal difference, an impassable gulf. It is almost impossible not to feel that there are conditions of *rational humanity* (for idiocy must be excluded from the question;) it is, we say, almost evident that there are conditions of rational humanity so low that the higher animals—the dog, for instance, and the elephant, if they do not equal or even surpass it, do not at all events fall very far short of it. There are but few operations of the human intellect which we can trace in the Australian savage, of which analogous examples may not be adduced in the canine or elephantine races. We do not mean here to enter into speculations so wild as the civilisation of wild beasts, nor do we ever expect to see a nation of Hounwhymys, as Swift, in his nasty novel, calls the rational horses. The pure reason of which we have just made mention—that intuitive perception of the good and the right, and the beautiful, which has nothing to do with argument—which requires no convincing—but which is the remains of a paradisaic nature; this forms the great difference between the conditions of humanity and those of mere animal life. Now this pure reason seems to exist more actively and more singly, if we may use such a term, in the female mind than in that of man. It is a rare thing for women to be possessed of great metaphysical acuteness; rare, though less so, for them to be mathematicians. They have quick perceptions, and are able rapidly to combine the vivid ideas elicited within them, but it is not often that they analyze either their own ideas or those of others. Phrenologists tell us that causality is smaller in the female head than in the male. This is not the place to discuss the truth of phrenology, but whatever be said of the organ, it will we think be generally allowed that the faculty is less prominent. But this is to women a matter of little moment; they have to deal more with conclusions than with premises; and a woman “of judgment” arrives at a correct conclusion, sometimes without troubling herself about the premises at all. This may be curiously exemplified by examining the works of female writers, when they treat on subjects supposed to require much ratiocination. They take so much for granted that a man would feel it necessary to *prove*. They rely so much, and so rightly too, on the *impression* made on their minds by a transaction, a character, or a condition, that it is quite easy to see how different is the process by which the same end is attained, to that which would be gone through by a man. Yet it is not at the first glance that

even this will be perceived; for an assemblage of facts, with a deduction, looks very much like an effort of ratiocination. And so it is; but not of the same nature with a chain of arguments and a deduction. Mentally, therefore, as well as morally and physically, is woman essentially and eternally distinct from man, possessing all that he wants, and deriving from him all that she has not herself—formed for a separate sphere of distinct duties, and with man completing the circle of humanity. But we must here close these speculations; those to whom they may be agreeable will find in Von Humboldt’s essay much to interest, and much to surprise them; nor will they regret the time they give to its perusal.

The politics of these two volumes are by no means so good as their metaphysics, but even these are interesting, for they show us what kind of ideas circulate by means of the German periodical press. In a land like this, of facts and railroads and calculations and spinning jennies, even the philosopher, whose enlarged mind reverts to principles in every case, is frequently set down as a mere theorist. *Practical* men are the only persons to be trusted, and it often happens that the true value of facts, viz., the power by their means to elicit principles, is overlooked in a love for the facts themselves; but the man who would advocate some wild theory must advocate it at his own expense; for in the first place he will be set down, and not unjustly, as a mere visionary; and secondly, if he print his lucubrations nobody will buy them. In fact the English have no time for speculation, unless it be in the way of business. Mathematical science is pursued as a means of advancement, and metaphysics is scarcely pursued at all. This state of society has its advantages and its disadvantages; if it repress the production of some few works which might live to distant ages, it certainly stops the publication of a great deal of absolute nonsense. It is quite true that a very large portion of what is published in England at the present day is trash; but still where one volume is printed in this country, ten are printed in Germany, and moreover few persons proceed so far as to the press here without some chance of a remunerating sale, so that even in their case it is a matter of business. Now in Germany the case is somewhat different; thousands of stupid volumes are published, the authors of which wrote not for the market, but solely because what they supposed to be genius prompted them—these would here have contented themselves

with talking nonsense, on the other side of the water they print it. But that this indiscriminate publication of every man's thoughts has also *some* advantages must be allowed; among the mass of absurdities some valuable thoughts will be found, a few grains of wheat among the chaff. Bearing these facts in mind, we shall the less wonder at some of M. Von Humboldt's waking dreams. What shall we say to the following ingenious sophistry? speaking of the application of certain principles he says—

"But these applications will be the less destitute of utility, as I shall here solely consider the effect of war on the character of a nation, and shall therefore be circumscribed to that point of view which I have chosen in my present undertaking. War, then, viewed in this light, appears to be one of the most useful phenomena for the improvement of the human race, and I unwillingly behold it gradually receding from the theatre of the world. It is the extreme, a frightful one I freely allow, by which that active resolution is strengthened and maintained against danger, labour and indolence, and which modified in so many ways in human life, adds both power and versatility to the whole species, without which facility becomes weakness, and simplicity becomes emptiness."

After this we need hardly require further proofs of the visionary character of the politics which are here advocated. We will, however, take one or two more extracts to show that it is not merely on one subject that this theorizing propensity is displayed, but on every topic connected with political economy. Public education comes in for a share of similar treatment, and here, indeed, we find one of the causes of the strange views taken up by our author, one of the clues to his philosophical system. A profound scholar, he had made himself intimately acquainted with the constitutions of ancient states, and sought among them the ideal of perfection. Greece and Rome formed the world he lived in, and if he did at any time transfer his attentions to other regions it was to India and Egypt, to the Basque provinces of Spain, but never to modern Germany. And there is yet a young Germany as well as a young France; less mischievous, less vicious, and therefore less offensive, but equally affected and equally ambitious. Now this ambition runs a good deal in the Greek and Roman line, and hence M. Von Humboldt would find an echo in many a bosom when he says—

"Talk to us about Greece and Rome—why a more exact knowledge of their constitution would quickly show us how idle are such com-

parisons. Those states were republics—their educational institutions were the supports of their free forms of government, filling the citizens with an enthusiasm which prevented their feeling the injurious effect of circumscribing the liberty of the subject, and made the energy of their character less liable to abuse. They enjoyed also a greater freedom than we do, and the sacrifices which they made were offered to an active power, to an essential part of their government. Between this and the greater number of our monarchical states there is a wide difference. What the ancients could do by moral means, national education, religion, legislation, all these among us produce less fruit and more mischief."

After this, "which might perhaps be more intelligible, we are assured that the wisest of modern laws are scarcely more than a shadow of those of Lycurgus; and moreover, that refinement has reached so high a pitch that it can only be increased by individual education, and that all attempts to bring mankind into classes, and consider and legislate for them as such, must now be more than ever injurious. We know not whether these and similar speculations arise from a proneness in the German mind to theorize, or whether they must be attributed to the political constitution of the country. We say political constitution, because, though we know that there are now many nations making up the total of the Teutonic race, yet wherever the German language is spoken we find the same virtual form of government existing—a government kind indeed, and easy at home, but essentially despotic; and, at the same time, among its subjects we find a not always very well regulated love of theoretical freedom.

It will be a relief to pass from these visionary theories to a subject which, though affording much room for speculation, is treated here with singular judgment and moderation. We allude to the investigation of the question—how far the ancient inhabitants of Spain may be determined by the test of existing languages. The Celtic character of the ancient Gauls and Britons is proved, not merely by the testimony of Cæsar, but by the dialects of the ancient Celtic even yet spoken in Wales and Armorica, and, till within a late period, in Cornwall also. The Erse and the Gaelic are evidences of the same descent in the early inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland, and the admixture of Etruscan and Greek, which, when perfected, made the Latin, point to the source from which sprang the first cultivators of Italy. Nor are inquiries of this description valuable only to the etymologist, the character of a

nation is stamped indelibly on its language; and in tracing therefore a great people to its origin, we are tracing the influence of climate, and laws, and civilisation, and all those peculiarities which make up, as it were, the idiosyncrasy of a race. The stern, haughty and magnanimous character of the Roman is reflected, as in a mirror, in the stately and sonorous march of his oratory—the vivacity, the mental rapidity and versatility of the Athenian is equally well shadowed forth in the rich, flexible and mellifluous language which it was his pride, as well as his privilege, to use; the very existence of the term “barbarian” proved how clearly he perceived that his mother tongue was a part of his own intellectual nature—that, formed gradually for the wants of a refined people, it had kept up the standard of refinement. The songs of Tyrtaeus would have been tamely expressed in a less happy dialect, and the eloquence of Pericles owed not a little to its graceful vehicle; and here, too, we might enlarge on the Pelasgi, but our space admonishes us, and the work of Von Humboldt requires consideration. Spain is one of those lands which affords us a clue to the discovery of her ancient inhabitants, by the existence of a language still spoken, and bearing but little analogy to any other western tongue, and which, moreover, is confined to a small part of the peninsula itself. Unlike the Welch (which finds its cognate dialects in the Erse, the Gaelic, the Cornish, and the Armorican, and, in common with them, its immediate parent in the now lost Celtic,) the Basque, Biscayan, or ancient Iberian, stands alone, has no sister language, and points to a distinct and peculiar race of people.

“Yet,” says our author, “this clue has been long unnoticed, and it is only within the last twenty years (we must now say forty years, for these remarks were written in 1821) that any use has been made of them.” Two Spanish writers, Don Pablo Padro de Astarloa, and Don Juan Baptista de Erro y Aspiroz, one in his “*Apologia de la Lengua Bascongada*,” and the other in his “*Alfabeto de la Lengua primitiva de Espana*,” and in his “*Mundo Primitivo*,” have paid the most attention to this subject, though Larramendi in the preface to his Biscayan Dictionary, and Hervás in his *Catalogo delle Lingue Conosciute*, had previously more than alluded to it.

But both Astarloa and Erro were themselves Biscayans and led by a national prejudice to far more sweeping assertions than

any other etymologists were prepared to admit. The idea of exalting in dignity and antiquity to a pre-eminence above others their own language was not peculiar to Biscayan philologists, but it does pass the bounds of ordinary absurdity to be told, as Astarloa gravely does tell us, that *aarra*, which is the Basque word for man, and *emea* for woman, are original and primitive words, and take their derivation from the fact, that a male child first utters the sound *a*, and a female child the sound *e*. We shall hardly, after this, be much surprised to learn that neither the Hebrew nor the Sanscrit. nor the language of ancient Iran, whereof Sir William Jones discourses so learnedly, was the primitive language of mankind, but that Adam and Eve, in Paradise, spoke remarkably pure Basque. A stranger by birth has some and often no light advantage, in the freedom from such national prejudice; and he who would most satisfactorily search out the ancient tongue of the Peninsula, must seek its character and history, not in the Spanish pages of Astarloa or Erro, but in the German ones of Von Humboldt.

“One of the greatest and most certain aids that we could possibly have in our researches concerning ancient languages is that which we derive from the names of persons and places, but it unfortunately happens that the very writers from whom we derive our knowledge of the persons and places themselves, have rarely condescended to hand down their names uncorrupted. Pliny expressly admits that he took especial care to mention only such among the Iberian cities as were to be pronounced by Roman organs.\* Pomponius Mela remarks, ‘There are among the Cantabri many tribes and rivers whose names could not be pronounced by our mouths;† and Strabo ‘is unwilling to heap together their names,’ and endeavours to avoid the disagreeable necessity of writing down such barbarous sounds; or else he continues ‘the reader must be content to meet with names as bad and even worse than Pleutaurer, Bardyeter, and Allotriger.‡ And indeed he must have found many more barbarous names, for these contain some very Hellenic syllables.’”

At all events, these examples will show that the Roman, as well as the Greek writers, gave us only a selection of names, and made the sound of those they did give agreeable, so far as possible, “to ears polite.” But much as the aid we derive from proper names is diminished to etymologists

\* Ed. Hard. i. 136, 14, 144, ii. 12.

† Pomponius M. la. iii. 1, 10.

‡ Strabo, iii. 3, p. 155. Cass.

by the truly barbarous process to which we have adverted, still greater injury has been done to mythology by the determined purpose of both Greek and Roman to find everywhere no other deities but their own. In imposing the names of their own divinities alike on those of the Teutonic, Celtic, Scandinavian, Sarmatian, and Iberian pantheons, and thereby enveloping the most interesting relics of antiquity in an obscurity, which, in many instances, time has rather thickened than dissipated, they were making somewhat of a "set off" against those advantages of civilisation which they introduced. Among the most useful means of ascertaining the names, both of persons and places, may be reckoned the study of numismatology, "and those names which are found inscribed in strange characters, and therefore probably uncorrupted, are here especially serviceable; of these, however, those only are to be depended upon, in the interpretation of which there is nothing conjectural. Of such names seems *LLEOR*, which, without the alteration of a single letter, is the Basque word for "high or mountain city." But the influx of strange tribes, by itself, must have a tendency to give double names to places, just as in Mexico we not unfrequently find a town distinguished by a Spanish and at the same time by a Mexican name; add to this the corruptions of foreign writers, and the gradual decay of and changes among the aboriginal inhabitants, and we shall be led to wonder, not that so great devastation has been made among these relics of more ancient languages, but rather that so many are left in a recognizable state.

In order to appreciate the labours of Von Humboldt, we must begin, not at the beginning, for, with the true spirit of the inductive philosophy, he sets out not to prove an hypothesis, but to seek the truth. We must begin by the conclusion, which is this, viz. that the modern Basque, a language little known beyond the provinces in which it is spoken, is the aboriginal language of Spain, and the inhabitants therefore of those provinces the descendants of her aboriginal inhabitants. The train of proofs by which he comes to this conclusion are highly interesting, and calculated to excite our wonder that a man so much absorbed in other pursuits (for these two volumes are but the first instalment) should have been able to pursue with so much success a difficult, and, at first sight, not very inviting subject. But it was not pursued alone; Celtic and Teutonic etymology were studied at the same time, and some very remarkable analogies are

elicited by means of "Davies' Celtic Researches." The roots of the Celtic language, remarks this last-named writer, are very simple; a single vowel or consonant signifies, not only a particle, but a noun and a verb. "There is scarcely a connection of a consonant with a preceding or following vowel which has not its own meaning," &c. "The longest of pure Celtic words may be resolved into such roots; these roots, however, are not to be considered as significations of visible objects, as earth, water, tree, and the like, but as symbols of various kinds of being and action." A similar mode is pursued by Astarloa in his "Apologia," and it is singularly curious to see how far words may be subdivided by an enthusiastic system-maker. *Aze* is the Basque word for air; this, according to Don Pablo, is derived from, or rather compounded of, *a*, extension, and *ze*, which is a diminishing particle, and *aze*, therefore, signifies thin extension, or that which is thin and extended. In like manner, in order to show that Astarloa treats the Basque no worse than Davies and others have treated the Welch and Irish tongues, Von Humboldt gives us at p. 12 of his Essay, a few instances of a very rare quality. Where all are equal, there is difficulty in a choice. We take one as a specimen. *Tan* is the Celtic for fire; the roots of this word are, says Mr. Owen, *ta*, that which extends itself over anything, and which therefore may be translated, over it, or stretched over, and *an* element. Really the genius of the ancient Celtic must have been somewhat like that of Molière's Turkish;\* it must have had the faculty of expressing a great many things in a very few words. At the same time that he rightly ridicules etymologies such as these, Von Humboldt is by no means blind to the fact, that many ancient words which appear simple are in truth compounds.

"We may with security assert, that any language consists of a certain number of simple sounds as its foundation, by whose working out, by means now of external additions, now of internal alterations, proceeds a vast number of derivative words; the former, which are called roots, stand in a double relation to the latter, first with regard to the analogy of the derivation literally, and next with regard to the ideal of the meaning philosophically. Of these two relations, the latter is in its very nature vague, and requires to be led by the former through every step."

And the truth of this observation will be more apparent when we recollect that in composition many words are used in a figurative sense, and however clearly the deri-

\* See *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

vation may seem to be traced through the letter, it is not always preserved in the spirit. There are, moreover, but few languages in which it is possible to ascertain the greater part of the roots or primitive words, and to them to trace all other words. Wilson, in his Sanscrit Dictionary, tells us that the roots of that language are exceedingly simple; so simple, indeed, that they are only roots and nothing else, nor can they be brought into use without undergoing some change. They are, to use the phrase of another orientalist, "exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory," and that man would be greatly disappointed who should expect to find them rich in meaning, like the roots or radical words of the Greek. The Basque language partakes of this character, and though it will not allow of being treated in Don Pablo de Astarloa's way, it is yet curiously rich in compound words of one syllable. It is pleasing to meet with such a passage as that which follows, and which closes a chapter in which the errors of Astarloa and Aspiroz are very clearly pointed out.

"These remarks, which, while we were speaking of the principles hitherto applied, could not be suppressed, are neither intended nor adapted to disparage the merits of these writers; Astarloa is probably the first who, with an inquiring mind, applied them at all. Herein, especially in the grammatical part, has he wonderfully succeeded, and as he with unwearied zeal has sought in every corner of his country for traces of the ancient language, none can follow him in his investigations (except indeed where he has stumbled upon some unlucky theory) without meeting with a great number of very true and very interesting observations."

We shall now proceed to make a few observations and take a few extracts from that part of the Essay in which the author applies the principles he had before laid down; the etymology of the names of places is, as we have already seen, one of the chief instruments in the hand of the inquirer—and early among these, *Navarre* or *Navarra*. *Nava* is a plain; and, indeed, according to a manuscript dictionary in the Royal Library at Paris, it is peculiarly a plain at the foot of a mountain. The word has the same signification now, and very probably had in the time of the Romans, for Ptolemy mentions a city which he calls Flavionavia, close to the Basque provinces, and not far from which there is a harbour to this day called Navia. The word too has become naturalized even in modern Spanish, and we hear of a great victory obtained by the Christians over the Moors "*en las navas de Tolosa*."

As to the other part of the word, *arra*, it is a very common termination to the names of places, and thus *Navarra* will signify, a region of level land at the foot of the Pyrenees. Now this explanation was far too simple to occur to Astarloa, and he accordingly first writes, *Nabarra*, and then resolves it into *na* flat, *be* low, *ar* a man, *a* the article or pronoun, and consequently, *Na-be-ar-a* or *Navarra*, signifies "the man of the low plain." These are but slight tricks compared with what have been played with the Hebrew and Arabic; and we verily believe that a clever syllabist could take any English sentence and show that it was any given language and had any given meaning. Perhaps it will afford some amusement to Hebraists to be told, that *Nazareth* is pure Basque, and that it signifies "a great number of extended plains," the etymology being, according to Erro, *na* plain, *z* a number or multitude, *ar* extended, and *eta* a local termination: thus we find that *ar* in *Navarra* signifies a man, at least so says Astarloa; but in *Nazareth* it is, on the equally good authority of Erro, to be explained as "extended." The mode in which our author applies his principles to the investigation of the ancient Spanish language is very philosophical—he applies first to the ear: and it may be observed in all similar cases, that the test will be valuable, where a great number of words having the same kind of sound occur in two languages, or in one which exists and the remnants of a more ancient one, there is *prima facie* a probability that there is a connection between the two. No one could hear a modern Italian speak his own language and then pronounce a number of Latin names, without having somewhat more than a mere conjectural idea that the ancient and modern tongues were intrinsically the same. No one, again, who heard the ancient Greek and the modern Welsh would admit for a moment the probability of their identity of origin. Now, this test when applied to the ancient Spanish names and the modern Basque language gives at once the *prima facie* evidence required.

If, after having thus ascertained that there is a probability of success in the investigation, we go on a step further, we shall see that the circumstances, from which it may reasonably be supposed that the places derived their ancient names, are expressed in words of a similar sound in the modern language; and the argument derives additional weight from the fact, that places similarly situated have, among the modern Biscayans, similar names to those prevalent



among the ancient Iberians. To prove this, in a paper like the present, would be impossible; because the very nature of the proof consists in the number of examples adduced, and in order to constitute any satisfactory evidence of the fact, the number of the examples must be so great as to show the generality, almost indeed the universality, of the coincidence. It would, for instance, be doing little or nothing in the way of proving the Celtic character of the aboriginal Britons, to point out a city into the composition of whose name the word *Caer* entered, or a hill the name of which commenced with *Pen*; we must show that cities and high places were generally called by such names, and that a desert was never called *Caer*, nor a plain *Pen*. So when we find *Na* or *Nava* signifying a level ground in modern Biscayan, and places situated on such ground having among the ancient Iberians names in which *Na* or *Nava* forms a conspicuous element, we have done something but not much; but when we ascertain that to be a rule, of which this is an example, we have almost settled the question. Thus, *It*, signifying a height or mountain, *iria* a city or region, *ura* water, *Iturria* a spring, and when we find ancient and modern names of places agreeing in the sense of these particles, and an infinity of others in like manner, we may fairly assume that very much has been done to prove the identity of the ancient Iberian language and that which, spoken in the same locality, preserves to so great an extent the same characters. Many travellers have told us that the Basque is a disagreeable dialect, and one very difficult to acquire. Strabo, Pliny and Ptolemy intimate as much of the ancient Iberian; moreover, we have seen somewhat of the analogies between the two; the next step is to get rid of the discrepancies, if such should appear. The modern Basque has no *f*, and does not admit of any word beginning with *r*, so that instead of *regue* for king, which is a direct derivation from *rex* or *regs*, the more ancient form of the word, we have *erregue*; nor is it unworthy of notice that the modern Spanish delights in similar modifications, thus we have *España*, *espada*, and many others; but there are ancient names of Iberian cities in which we find this letter *f*, and there are others beginning with *r*. The object then of the inquirer should, in these cases, be to ascertain whether any change has taken place in the language, or whether the names thus disturbing the analogy before settled, are themselves of foreign origin.

The latter has been amply shown by Von Humboldt, and a few instances may not be unsatisfactory. He speaks first of names of places beginning with *R*, and of these he finds the following, *Raparia*,\* *Rhauda*,† *Rhegina*,‡ *Rhoda*,§ *Rigusa*,|| *Ripepora*,¶ and *Rusticana*;\*\* now of these he remarks that *Raparia* is sometimes spelt *Saparia*, and that all the rest, save *Rhauda*, are of evidently foreign origin.

It must be borne in mind that these are not names taken from a small region, but from the whole peninsula, comprising modern Spain and Portugal, and that they are the *only* places whose names begin with the inadmissible letter. This of itself, even were it not capable of proof that the places in question were of foreign origin, would be a coincidence too remarkable to be the effect of mere chance; but when we add to the strength of the argument by calling to remembrance the conquests of the Carthaginians in Spain, and with them the influx of Phœnicians and other Asiatics, and probably various African tribes, it will seem strange that the ancient Iberian tongue should have maintained so decided a supremacy; and when we consider that, subsequently, a greater and sterner power laid the whole of Iberia under the yoke, and introduced at once a new language, new laws, and new customs, the wonder becomes greater. The chapter on the etymology of the names Basque or Vasque, Biscay, Spain and Iberia, is one very interesting—

“*Bassa*, a wood or forest, is a radical word from which the *Bastelani* or *Bastilani*, are derived, and their city, *Basti*, on the south coast of Tarraconia. The name of the city seems to be a contraction of *Basseta*, a woody region. *Bascontum* again is *Basocoac*, near to a wood. From these words is derived *Basconia* and *Bascon*, but it must be remembered that all ancient writers have, not *Basconia* and *Bascon*, but *Vasconia* and *Vascon*.” (The letters are interchanged even in modern Spanish.)

So far the derivation is satisfactory enough, but now comes a fresh difficulty, for the Biscayans do not call themselves *Basocoac*, or *Vascones*, nor their language *Basque* or *Vasque*, but they term their own nation *Euscaldunac*, their country *Euscaleria*, and their language *Euscara*,

\* Itin. Ant. Ed. Wessell, p. 426.

† Ib. p. 441.

‡ Ptol. ii. p. 4, 40.

§ Ptol. ii. 6, p. 23.

|| Only to be found in the Latin translation of Ptolemy, ii. 6, p. 46.

¶ Plin. i. 138, 6.

\*\* Ptol. ii. 5, p. 41.

*Eusquera* or *Euscvara*. *Aldunac* signifies of or belonging to one side or part, from *aldea*, a side or part; *duna* is simply an adjectival termination, and *c* is the Basque plural termination, so that the signification of *aldunac*, is "persons belonging to one side or part." The important radical must, therefore, be sought in the first syllable, *Eusc*; and here Von Humboldt acknowledges that it is next to impossible to give any satisfactory elucidation. It will, however, be but fair to mention his conjecture: *Eusi* is a verb, and signifies to bleat, and probably, he remarks, the *idea* of the word is simply to "cry," and may also imply tone, speech. Thus then he thinks it possible that the Biscayans may have intended by the word *Euscaldunac* the persons or nation who alone possess that which is, par excellence, the language. We cannot say that this is at all satisfactory to ourselves, but must, at the same time, frankly confess that we are unable to furnish a better derivation. Our author considers his theory much strengthened by the existence of another word, viz., *Erdaldunac*, which (as *Euscaldunac* signifies the Biscayans themselves) has the meaning of foreigners. Von Humboldt explains the words thus—*Eusc-aldunac*, those who speak the Biscayan language; *Erdaldunac*, those who speak a strange language; but this is in fact taking it for granted that *Eusc* has a reference to the language, for as *E'rd* signifies land or country, it can be only by a great degree of violence that *Erdaldunac* has any etymological connection with any "speech" or "language" whatsoever. Here our author then is most completely at fault, nor can we help him out of the difficulty.

Of Biscaya we have two etymologies, both are Astarloa's, and the first is from *bitsa*, foam, and *caya*, a bay, meaning therefore foaming bay, a very respectable description of the bay of Biscay, but hardly applicable to the Basque provinces; the second and later explanation is a better one, it derives the name *Visc-aya*, land of hills. Spain seems more difficult to trace in its etymon. Astarloa traces it to the Basque word *Ezpaña*, an edge, because the peninsula is the end or edge of Europe; and Von Humboldt, while he is rightly dissatisfied with this, and remarks that the Spanish form is nothing more than a corruption of the early Latin, has yet no better one to propose; he remarks merely that many Basque words commence with *Isp*, and some also with *His*. Let us try to help him—*Isp*, there is reason for more than conjecture, signifies a race or tribe;

*Ispaster*, a race or tribe living among rocks; *az*, as we have already seen, is "extended." *Ispanac* would then be a people of a great or extensive race, and *Ispana* the country wherein they lived. This is, at all events, as good an etymology as trying to make one from a certain Spanus, mentioned by Plutarch. The name Iberia has been derived from the river Iberus; but as Von Humboldt remarks, considering the situation of the Iberians and their migrations, it would seem rather forced to find the origin of the names both of people and land in that of a river, which, with far greater probability, derived its own from some common source. This source is hidden in obscurity, nor can we, while we reject the theories of Astarloa and Von Humboldt alike, substitute any better of our own.

After much matter of a highly curious description, on the beginnings and terminations of Iberian names, we come to the question, whether the ancient Iberian, supposing it to be proved that the Basque is the modern form of the same language, was the universal language of the peninsula; and if not, within what bounds it was spoken? In order to do this it becomes necessary to search not for similitudes, but for differences—to ascertain what places and persons connected with ancient Iberia have names *not* resolvable into that ancient tongue which now exists only in the dialect of Biscay; but this is a much more difficult undertaking than the former. It requires the student to prove a series of negatives. It requires him, in spite of metaphorical expressions, changes wrought by time, variations of dialect, and above all, the fact that he is dealing with a language of which we have no relics saving proper names—it requires, in spite of all these, that he should be able to assert that such and such words are *not* derived from the ancient and lost language in question. Success in this must, in the very nature of things, be all but impossible; but it must here be observed that there are two distinct cases to which the inquiry may be applied. One where two or more *lost* languages were spoken, in lands whose respective boundaries are not clearly ascertained, and to one of which languages we have a partial clue, while to the other we have none at all; if in a case like this the existence of the two languages be conjectural, that is, if we know of one, and think it probable that there was another, although our conjecture be a right one we have yet no means to prove it so, for as we have only a part

even of *one* language we can never attribute a word to the *other*, because we find nothing analogous to it in that part of the partially known one with which we are acquainted; besides which, all languages, and especially those spoken in lands near one another, have so many points of similitude that it is very difficult to decide from appearances as to difference of origin. Few words are more different than *larme* and *tear*, yet they are derived from the same source, viz., the Greek *δάκρυ*—they are traced thus:

<i>δάκρυ</i> ,			
Æolic, <i>δάκρυμα</i>	. . .	tagr,	Gothic.
Latin, <i>lachryma</i>	. . .	tear,	English.
French, <i>larme</i>			

Von Humboldt notes three classes of names, which, though names of Iberian, or at all events of ancient Spanish cities, do not admit of any easy derivation from the Basque; it would however be a sufficient answer to this, to refer the reader to our remarks on the etymologies of Euscaldunac and Euscará, to prove that this circumstance is no evidence of their non-Iberian origin. These three classes are names which commence with *her* and *se*, and those which have the termination *ippo*; but as our author very judiciously remarks, we must, if the argument is to be a weighty one, prove that they cannot be traced to the ancient Iberian at all; that, in fact, they have no sort of relation with it, and this is to be proved with regard to a language which only exists in a few names of places. But there is another case in which the principle of which we have spoken may be applied; and that is, where we know of the existence of one language, and have no reason to believe that any other, now utterly lost, was spoken in the same or any adjacent country; we may, by tracing such words as do not agree with the aboriginal tongue (or that which we assume to be so) to *other known* languages, spoken in other lands and known to be confined to certain tribes, prove that no other aboriginal language did exist, or if it did, that it has not left even the slightest trace of its existence; but, as it is in the highest degree improbable that an independent language could prevail among a large body of men, and at last vanish from amongst mankind without one trace left behind to commemorate its existence—no monuments, no words, no writings, no historical mention of or allusion to it—so we may argue as though such an event were absolutely impossible; but

this is the case with the Peninsula. If there were any other language than that which in its modern form is called Basque, then that language has utterly and entirely passed away, nor does there remain the slightest chance of ever recovering it. The words or names which do not agree with the Basque, but which did, nevertheless, betoken places in ancient Spain, may be traced with almost unerring accuracy to the Celtic, the Greek, the Roman, or the Phœnician languages, but as it would never be pretended that these nations were the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula, we must take up with the Iberians, and allow them to speak the Iberian language, or else decline to allow ancient Spain any inhabitants at all. We must now turn to Von Humboldt again, and observe in what manner he conducts the investigation into this difficult and delicate subject; the termination *briga* is one of those most adverse to the genius of the modern Basque, and therefore, it may be presumed, to the ancient Iberian; but it happens that this very termination is by no means unfrequent among the ancient Spanish names of cities, and it is too manifestly at variance with the genius and character of the Roman language, to admit the supposition that the true sound had been corrupted by the Romans. We have said that the termination was not only not Basque, but was contrary to the genius of the language; and this assertion was grounded on the acknowledged fact, that the Basque in its pure state would not allow of the collocation *br*, a fact which Von Humboldt has set in a very clear light in his remarks on such names as *Cantabri*; but Astarloa, not perceiving that the existence of a name traceable to another known language by an easy analogy, was a far greater help to his own theory, than by a singularly forced analogy to deduce it from the Basque, has set himself to prove that the word *is* Basque, even though the very proof itself is perhaps the most luculent “*lucus a non lucendo*” ever put upon paper; deriving the termination from *uria* a city, and *ga* which is a privative particle, so that *b* is left entirely unaccounted for, *briga* is resolved into *uria ga*, no city, a wilderness, a place uncultivated, unbuilt upon!! Well might a late distinguished scholar say, that with etymological theorists, *any* word might be derived from *any other* word. Let us then see if other languages will be as impracticable.

“The peculiarity of Celtic names,” says our author, “is shown wherever their migrations ex-

tended in four terminations—*BRIGA*, *dunum*, *magus*, and *vices*. Without here seeking for any etymology of the first of these terminations I name *briga*, so far Celtic as that names in which the particle occurs are found in Gaul and Britain and in those parts of Germany and Spain where Celts were located; in like manner, we find extended the names Brigantium and Brigantes. In Spain we have a Brigantium among the Callaiki and a Brigaecium. Among the Asturi in Gaul there is also a Brigantium, and the name of the harbour Brivates belongs to the same family. In Britain, not only were the Brigantes the most considerable people, but the name is found also in Ireland."

After these remarks follow a host of examples, which set beyond a doubt the fact that *briga* is a Celtic termination, and a proof of Celtic colonization; in like manner *dunum*, wherever it enters into the composition of the names of ancient Spanish towns, is shown to be also a trace of the Celts, and the other two terminations are shown not to have existed at all. But as Celtic names are to be found among Iberian tribes, a thing not at all to be wondered at, when we call to mind the vast extent over which the Celtic family was spread, so are also Iberian names to be found among Celtic tribes. We see among the ancient Britons, names of places similar to those Spanish ones whose Iberian origin cannot be doubted—the river *Ilas*, the cities *Isca* and *Isurium*, the mountain *Solurius*, and many others. In the countries bordering on the Danube, we find an *Astura*, a *Carpis*, *Carpi*, an *Urbate*, and an *Urpanus*. We may make great allowances for mere accidental similarities, for resemblance of sound only. We may allow that the same or a very similar word may mean the same thing in languages widely distinct; thus we find the Polish *gōra*, the Basque *gora*, and the Sanscrit *giri*, all signifying a mountain, and all these things prove nothing for the identity of the nations: but in the case of the Iberians there was a moral convulsion, which, to use a geological metaphor, had disturbed the human strata, so that they made their appearances at places far remote from their original dwelling. This disturbing force was the empire of Rome, which mixed up its heterogenous subjects, and caused intercourse between the very extremities of the earth; languages as well as nations were worn smooth by the attrition, and those only preserved either their speech or their nationality, who took refuge in impenetrable fastnesses among the mountains, and rejected at once the yoke and the civilisation of Rome's iron rule. In Britain, the central and level part of the island became

Roman; the mountaineers of Wales, however, remained Celts. In Gaul, though from the Belgæ to the Aquitani, all others were brought under the dominion of "the Eternal City," the Armoricans retained their freedom and their language. In Spain, too, while the greater part of the Peninsula offered but a vain resistance, the mountains of Biscay afforded a refuge to a few at least of the ancient Iberian race. Elsewhere they were mixed with Celts and Romans, but for obvious causes more peculiarly with the Celts, and though an entirely distinct people, as all ancient writers agree, the peculiarities of the Iberians were gradually lost in those of the more powerful race. Yet the former were at all times a more peaceful people, they took no share in predatory excursions, nor were they ever found engaged in warlike expeditions beyond the bounds of the Peninsula. The bardic institutes, the druidical discipline and priestly rule, never obtained among the Ibero-Celtic inhabitants of Spain, for it is hardly to be believed that in a country which was then as well known as it is now, no mention would have been made of institutions so remarkable, had they existed, by any writer who treated on the affairs of ancient Spain; but another singular circumstance connected with this topic is thus referred to by Von Humboldt:

"The Druids, according to Cæsar,\* passed from Britain into Gaul. Now if this assertion be incorrect, it at least proves that Druidism was not an original Celtic institution, that is, that it did not necessarily prevail among all Celtic tribes. It must have been unknown to the Iberians, because no mention is ever made of it, and had it flourished in Spain as among the Gauls, it would have effected a gradual union of the nations, whereas no great communication seems ever to have taken place [till the Roman times;] for all Druids, under whose influence the several nations stood, had one head and regular assemblies."

We would willingly go on to analyze and make extracts from the rest of this highly interesting Essay, but we have one or two other subjects on which we wish briefly to touch before dismissing the two first volumes of the book "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*."

We shall close this paper, therefore, with a few remarks on the system of reviewing as pursued here and on the continent, particularly in Germany, and we shall find that there is a remarkable difference between them. A review of a book, until within the last twenty years, was an analysis, more or

less complete, of the work itself, with critical remarks appended or interspersed. Reviewing was comparatively an easy task under such circumstances, for he who could read and understand a book was considered competent to review it also, and while an author was less likely to be misrepresented as to what he did assert, it was a very great chance that the true value was set upon his production. When however the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were established, a new kind of reviewing was introduced, and essays written by the most eminent men in the country upon the *subjects* of books, superseded the analysis of the *books themselves*. This was a great era in the art of reviewing. Scope was given for the display of genius and information of a far higher order, and to a far greater extent than before, and instead of a low and poor class of writers being employed in this branch of literature, the very chief and élite of our republic of letters assumed the task. It would be found on examination, that few men of *very* high literary reputation in this country are not contributors to the principal quarterly reviews. But this enlarged system has its disadvantages. An essay by a Southey or a Scott, or an Alison or a Hallam, may be, and unquestionably is, far more valuable than a work on the same subject (be it what it may) in three volumes by Mr. Tomkins or Mr. Popkins, but reviews *have been* written with scarcely even an allusion to the book which has served as a peg to hang the reviewer's opinions on. So far therefore as an account of *books* is desired the older method is to be preferred.

It is now however rare in the higher class of English publications that this system is pursued, and still more rarely that which, taking it for granted that the reader of the review is acquainted with the work reviewed, confines itself to a critical examination of isolated passages. In Germany, however, such form by far the greater part of the reviews of new books—reviews which most fully deserve their name, “recension.” A remarkably good specimen of such criticism is to be found in the first of the two volumes before us, pp. 262—270, in a review of F. A. Wolf's second edition of the *Odyssey*, and which originally appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of Jena, 1795, No. 167. To attempt to give extracts from this paper would be absurd—we rather refer the reader to the volume itself. As to the fairness of English criticism we would say nothing, were it not that Mr. Ward in his last novel, *De Clifford*, has published what is probably

a very gross caricature even of the lowest class of critics, and evidently wishes to have it understood as generally applicable to our periodical criticism. A few words will be necessary to explain our reasons for noticing this circumstance at all. Mr. Ward, with what justice we shall not now inquire, has been supposed to be a highly philosophical as well as a highly moral writer, and to have an European reputation. This latter supposition is so far true, that any assertion of Mr. Ward's will weigh much more with continental readers than if it were made by any other novelist, and this is partly due to his station and fortune, and partly to the philosophizing and moralizing tone of his works. We use the terms of philosophizing and moralizing advisedly, for we do not choose to commit ourselves to the opinion that they are philosophical and moral—but to whatever cause the effect be assigned, it certainly does exist, and therefore his caricatures before mentioned require some remark. Two reasons then have induced us to avail ourselves of the opportunity which the notice of Von Humboldt's reviews have afforded us, to disabuse the public mind on a topic by no means devoid of importance. These reasons are, first, that as from the very nature of our publication, we cannot be classed among those caricatured by Mr. Ward, so any remarks from us on the subject cannot be attributed to personal annoyance; and secondly, that as the caricatures in question will be more likely to do mischief among continental readers than among English ones—who for the most part are too well informed to be deceived by them—so there is a peculiar propriety in *our* notice of them. We have only room for one little extract, and it shall be an imaginary letter from the editor of a critical periodical to a graduate of Oxford strongly recommended, who applied to him for employment in the periodical work referred to—it runs as follows:

“SIR,

“I am really so oppressed by the numerous applications from literary gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge and the Scotch universities (indeed from all parts of the world,) that it is impossible to say when I can see you, or whether I can see you at all; I am even obliged to make use of my chief clerk's hand to acknowledge Mr. W.'s letter. I have great respect for *that* gentleman's own abilities, but I cannot conceal from you that I have been so often disappointed in the assistants whom he has recommended, that I am forced to be very chary in my selection of them. Most of them, however well intentioned or versed in book knowledge, have no knowledge of the world, still less of business, and of the *principles*

which necessarily govern the directors of the critical press they are totally ignorant. Mr. W.'s eulogy of you is strong, and I have no doubt you deserve all he has said of YOUR TEMPER, LEARNING, CANDOUR, FAIRNESS, and IMPARTIALITY, but to be plain with you, temper, learning, impartiality and all that, though good in themselves, are not only common among young men, but are not exactly what we must look to in a widely circulated periodical like ours. I therefore by no means wish you to remain in town to wait the time when I can see you, but if you are in the way, and will take the chance of my being at leisure some day next week, I will be glad (should I be so) to enter into your qualifications, terms, &c. &c. Meantime, I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

SOLONON SPLEENWOOT."

After this we have instances given of ill-bred, ignorant and insolent pretenders, who simply because they were writers for some slanderous newspaper were admitted to the very highest society, and fêted and caressed, not merely by persons of title, but by those too of the loftiest mind and character. We cannot help thinking that the cause of all these absurdities is, that Mr. Ward has been somewhat severely reviewed somewhere himself, though we really cannot guess where, and has vented so much nonsense by way of revenge, and we think this the more from the following remarks:—

"But is there no chastising such nuisances?" asked I.

"Yes:—for an illiberal critic is always as thin skinned as Mr. Farrchild himself. Flog him therefore with his own rod, that is, review his review, and he will whine like an hyæna or squeak like a pig, particularly if he be an author himself and you review him in your turn. No one is then so sore, not Sir Fretful himself, and he will go whining about the town, wondering what can have occasioned him so many enemies. This however is rare, because he generally conceals his identity under the royal term *we*, while the honest author is forced for the most part to present himself in *puris naturalibus*."

But we have said enough; there are few subjects that we might not enlarge upon were we inclined to touch on all the topics discussed by our author, but we respect our reader's time and also his patience, and we therefore quit Von Humboldt, satisfied that the volumes will be at least dipped into by many a student desirous of information "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

ART. V.—*Famiglie Celebri di Italia*, del Conte Pompeo Litta. Milano, 1819—1841. 6 vols. folio.

"NOBILITY," observed a very clever mathematician of our acquaintance, who, by a gift analogous to Mides's, was apt to turn everything to cyphers,—“nobility is like the zero in arithmetic; it is of no value in itself, yet placed by the right side of other figures it has power to multiply their quantities by ten, hundred, and thousand folds.”

Nature is a partial mother, and as such apt to spoil the children in whom she most delights. Among the descendants of heroes, one will rise to lead his country's armies to the triumphs of Waterloo, another will rest satisfied with the glory of knocking down inoffensive watchmen bent on the discharge of their duties. In all cases, however, the prestige of high-sounding names tends to give these dissimilar achievements an equal degree of conspicuousness and notoriety. The public gaze is bent on their perpetrators with all the eagerness of expectation. High birth had already raised these very different personages to a lofty stage with multitudes crowding round as spectators. Their nurses might have told the young heroes in the words of Napoleon—“*Songez que du haut de ces pyramides quarante siècles vous contemplent.*”

Man as a social being is born to the exercise of rights and duties. His obligations to the commonwealth increase in a just proportion with his privileges. The higher the sphere he moves through, the stronger in him the necessity of action. The wider the planet's orbit, the swifter the rapidity of its motion.

Men of high rank are not all equal to the task imposed upon them by the loftiness of their station; many are not penetrated with a due sense of the charge imposed upon them. Many are the young orators whose maiden speeches have disqualified them for life for parliamentary debates; many the young officers sent home to their mothers after the first encounters, never to smell gunpowder again; many the earls, marquesses and dukes, either through indolence or imbecility set down by public opinion as being absolutely “nothing but lords,” and the time is long since gone by when men would walk many miles out of their way to set their eyes on a “live lord.”

“Mal scende spease volte per li rami,  
L'umana proibade.”—

True, but shall we assert for this, that “all men are born equal?” all dogs and

horses are not ; with hunters and racers at least "blood is not water." There are aristocratic inequalities in all the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and an exemption from them could not be made in favour of the human races without the strangest anomaly. Rivers of water cannot whitewash the face of a negro, nor can a hundred generations efface from a Jew's countenance the features of his tribe. There is no equality, even though there be justice in the works of creation, and it behooves us to beware lest, in the haste of our levelling systems, we proceed in manifest violation of the laws of infinite wisdom.

These obvious and perhaps somewhat hackneyed remarks were suggested to us from a comparison between the aristocracy of England and the nobility of a country in which the ravages of revolutionary fury and the more systematic attacks of absolute despotism equally conspired to strip the coronet of its lustre, and to reduce all distinctions of rank to empty and discredited titles.

The pompous appellations of *Conte*, *Principe*, *Duca*, &c., in Italy generally mean nothing ; sometimes even less than nothing. The abolition of the rights of primogeniture, the equi-division of property without regard to age or sex, in almost all the Italian states, and above all the indiscriminating prodigality of orders and diplomas of every description by petty princes who thereby thought to add lustre and importance to their faded courts, and to enlist the vanity of their most influential subjects in the cause of their tottering thrones, have rendered such dignities so very easily accessible, so common and cheap, that it is by no means unfrequent to find in that country men really noble by birth, talents and fortune, as anxious to waive their undisputed honours as one of our English upstarts would be to display his newly-gilded coronet and newly-painted escutcheon.

Hence the Conte Pompeo Litta of Milan, when undertaking to compile what might not inappropriately be called an Italian peerage on a gigantic scale, took good care to call his work by the name of "*Famiglie Celebri*," not "*Famiglie Nobili d'Italia*," being well aware that no aristocratic distinctions in Italy can receive the sanction of public opinion, except such as are grounded on historical reminiscences, that no princely house can lay any claims to really illustrious descent, except those whose genealogy is written in the pages of national annals.

The publication of Count Litta's work

began in 1819. More than six large folios have been successively printed in the course of the last eleven years ; the author himself is said to have lavished his vast fortune in collecting ample materials and in embellishing his volumes with most splendid illustrations of sepulchral monuments, ancestral portraits and pictures, medals, escutcheons, topographical maps of the domains of each family, and their manor houses and castles, the whole drawn up with all the exquisite neatness of Italian art, of which Milan is now the metropolis ; the assistance of a vast number of *litterati*, artists and antiquaries has not been wanting ; and still not only is the work as yet very far from drawing to its close, but, such is the wide range of its subject, that it is more than doubtful whether the well-deserving compiler himself will ever live to see the end of an enterprise to which he alone at first dedicated himself, but in the continuation of which the noblest feelings of national pride are now powerfully interested.

Of this important, and we would venture to say immortal work, scarcely any account has as yet been given in this country, if we except a very unsatisfactory notice in an article on "Historical Publications in Italy" in one of our Reviews, and a place at the head of an essay on "Italian Art" in the "Quarterly," in the course of which hardly any allusion is made to the magnificent enterprise of Count Litta.

In order to conceive an adequate idea of the vastness of such an undertaking, it must be remembered that what is now rather abstractedly called Italy, is the assemblage of small and insignificant states, each of which—nay every fragment of which—played a prominent part in the infancy of modern European civilisation, each of which had a separate, independent and not always ephemeral existence, whose historical records are pregnant with achievements securing immortality to almost numberless names, whose archives teem with documents asserting the indisputable claims of almost innumerable families to the honours bequeathed to them by forefathers illustrious in arms, in letters, in arts.

As early as the year 1297, at the epoch of the closing of the great Council at Venice, that city boasted no less than four hundred and eighty patrician families. The members of each of those families had but too frequent opportunities of adding to the splendour of their houses by their strenuous demeanour during the ruthless struggles of their country against its rival Genoa, during

the unequal contests against the Carrara, Visconti and Sforza, and the colossal powers of the formidable league of Cambrai, and ever since, in the Turkish wars of Cyprus, Morea and Candia, down to the extinction of their illustrious republic. To enumerate the noble houses from which the warriors sprung that fell at Curzola or Chioggia, at Agnadello, Padua or Ravenna, at Lepanto, Famagosta or Corinth, at almost every battle in the Mediterranean from the Crusades down to the French revolution—and the wary yet unswerving statesmen who piloted the fragile vessel of that amphibious government in the midst of the envy and rapacity of no less unprincipled than powerful neighbours, and the diplomatists who laid the rudiments of that treacherous but salutary science of lying that has spared Europe torrents of bloodshed—to name in short not only the titled but the historically noble families whose descendants still linger amidst the desolation of that tottering beaver-city alone, would prove as arduous a task as to compile the peerage of any of the great European monarchies.

An equal, if not a larger, number of heroic names are to be read in the pages of the "*Libro d'Oro*" at Genoa. Two hundred patrician families, all belonging to the Ghibeline faction, were registered at Milan by the warlike archbishop Otho Visconti, who had driven as many of the Guelph party into exile at the close of the popular convulsions of 1277; neither is the burgher aristocracy of Florence, Pisa and Siena, nor the feudal nobility of the two Sicilies and Sardinia, nor the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the patrimony of St. Peter, nor the courtly and country gentry of every petty town in Piedmont, Romagna and Lombardy, less multitudinous; nor are their pretensions to purity of blood, to historical traditions, and very frequently to territorial sovereignty, less loud, less ambitions, or less satisfactorily demonstrated.

Placed by the side of the aristocracy of Italy, the nobility of every other country of Europe sinks into comparative insignificance. Not that, with the exception of Venice, Lucca and Genoa, it either ever received any constitutional organization, or ever exercised any permanent influence as a body; but because the divisions of the country, and its frequent political vicissitudes, had the effect of calling forth the energies of a greater number of individuals, whose share of public events reflected on their descendants a lustre that no lapse of time could ever eclipse.

Certainly when we look into the volumes of the "*Biographie Universelle*," a work edited in France, and entirely after French views, where we are almost sure to meet an Italian at every third name, where amongst men of all races and colours who are sent down to posterity, distinguished "*par leur écrits, leur actions, leur talents, leur vertus, ou leur crimes*," we see no less than eighteen or twenty that bore the name of Colonna, and as many of the Doria and Dandolo, Strozzi, Spinola and Foscari, not to speak of Este, Visconti and Medici, we feel inclined to think less of our own Talbots, Percies and Douglasses; we wonder whether a diploma of nobility might not be at once indiscriminately bestowed on the whole of the Italian nation, and we expect to meet every lazzarone wearing a chieftain's plume on his pointed cap, every labourer painting a mitre or a coronet on his plough.

Of this vast farrago of celebrated families only seventy-five have as yet found a niche in Count Litta's *Grand National Gallery*. These are not all among the most conspicuous: on the contrary, many of them, such as the Arcimboldi of Milan, Cavaniglia of Naples, Martelli of Florence, &c., with reverence be it spoken, might easily be lost among the crowd; one table is often sufficient to give their genealogy from Alpha to Omega; and, with the exception of a stray bishop or cardinal, of some Arcadian poet or court chamberlain, on many of their members might be written the summary epitaph—

"Lelio è sepolto qui  
Nacque, visse e morì."

But when we come to those big names which Fame has trumpeted far and wide—to those families, to the biographies of whose members the history of their age and country, the progress of literature, science and art, have become, as it were, episodical, then, notwithstanding the author's admirable sobriety and conciseness, and the printer's industrious economy, every branch of the genealogical tree is bent with the weight of the fruit it bears; column follows after column in unwearied succession, and the tables swell to a large atlas in folio. Each family is published and sold separately, the author being unwilling to bind himself by any contract to his subscribers, and the work has as yet assumed no other than the alphabetical order. It may be however subject to question whether the publication might not have been susceptible of a more philosophi-



cal arrangement, and whether, were it ever brought to a close, it might not then be practicable to give the work something like chronological order and system.

The aristocracy of Italy, in accordance with its original derivation, might, we think, be divided into four distinct classes, of which the first might be designated by the appellation of ancient patrician or classical aristocracy; the second might be called feudal or castellated nobility; the third might be formed of the burgher aristocracy, and to the last might belong the courtly or modern titled nobility. We do not of course pretend that in this, any more than in any other arbitrary classification, every individual family may be sure to find its proper place, nor that each division may not be susceptible of further distinctions and definitions. But the advantage of starting from an orderly principle will be obvious ere we are far advanced on the subject.

The first class would comprehend those that Count Litta, no less than the Italians in general, emphatically call "*famiglie antiche*," houses that claim their origin from ancient Roman antiquity—everything connected with events posterior to the downfall of the Roman empire being in that classical land invariably designated as modern—and which for the better intelligence of Transalpine readers we would call "*classical families*."

The claims of any of the Italian families to Roman patrician descent may possibly be grounded on doubtful conjectures, may peradventure rest on universally cherished traditions, but never, we believe, on well-determined genealogical evidence. That the invasions of the northern races did not overrun the whole country, that all the natives were not utterly destroyed, even though sadly dispersed and sifted, no man is unwilling to admit, but it is also natural to presume that

"Siccome il fulgore non cade  
In basso pian ma su l' eccelse cime,"

even so the merciless sword of the invader must have aimed its strokes against the loftiest heads, and the hand of desolation have weighed harder against the turreted halls of the luxurious patrician than against the humble abode of the unresisting crowd.

From the Alps to the Tiber everything that stood was levelled with the ground, and though the Eternal City itself contrived to purchase a precarious and ignominious security at the expense of the provinces, still the final day came for the metropolis itself, and then no shelter was to be found

but among the rocks and banks of the Adriatic or far on the shores of the Bosphorus.

Still some, even of the most conspicuous families, may have escaped unscathed during the ravages of that tempestuous era, a few stray castles may have been suffered to stand on the Apennine, either overlooked by the hurried conqueror, or by him deemed too arduous or too worthless a prey. A few houses may have been preserved till the day when victors and conquered came to a compromise, and rested at leisure, if not at peace, from their work of destruction; and these are to be generally recognized by the circumstance of their following the Roman instead of the Lombard or Salic law; it having been enacted in that chaos of civil and political institutions, that every family should be ruled according to the statutes of the nation to which it belonged. That several of these families may have been perpetuated to put forward their claims in less inauspicious ages, we have almost a moral certainty. It is only the means of historically demonstrating the validity of those claims that is wanting, and in such lack of positive authentic testimonials, their pretensions must depend on the courtesy or credulity of their contemporaries.

It is nevertheless highly amusing to hear how far heraldic ingenuity and antiquarian research have succeeded in supplying the want of historical authority. Among the houses that go farther back into the past, a few are to be found in Rome or Florence, but a still greater number at Venice.

Human ambition, for instance, can aspire to no loftier origin than what befell the *Massimi* at Rome. Every school-boy is well acquainted with their history. As early as the year of Rome 275, *a. c.* 478, three hundred and six of their ancestors, all belonging to the patrician order, and known in Rome as the *Fabian Gens*, followed by about 4900 of their clients, were cut to pieces by the *Veientes*, against whom they had volunteered to wage war alone in the name of the republic. Of that numerous progeny one only survived, a child, who, on account of his tender age, had been left at home. A descendant of that only survivor was destined two hundred and forty-two years later to check the Carthaginian invader in the height of his prosperous career. This was *Fabius Maximus*, and it is his latest posterity that are said to be still living at Rome and elsewhere, bearing on their armorial shield the "*cunctando restituit*" of that no less discreet than valorous dictator.

"There is a tradition," observes Count Litta at the head of the first columns consecrated to that family, "that the present *Massimi* are derived from the ancient stock of this name, so illustrious in the annals of the Roman commonwealth. It might be doubted, however, whether it is to the *Valerii* or to the *Fabii* that they trace their origin, for both these houses and several others through adoption rejoiced in the appellation of *Maximus*. There exists a famous inscription in Rome, which is considered as the most ancient among the heraldic monuments of that town, formerly in the pavement of the church of *St. Bonifacio* and *Alessio*, on the *Aventine*, now in the cloisters of the adjoining monastery, which was intended as a tombstone of a certain *Maximus*, who is said to have lived in the tenth century, and sprung from a race of heroes."

Thus far Litta, who, in the progress of his learned disquisition, expresses his doubts as to whether the *Maximus* there buried might not as well proceed from the house of the *Sergii*, who, as it is well known, were fond of tracing their pedigree up to *Sergestus*, one of the followers of *Æneas*, and from whom the notorious *Catilina* descended.

The last *Maximus* mentioned in ancient history is said to be a Roman senator, so called, who was slain during the storming of the city by the barbarians of *Totila*, in the year of our era 552. From that epoch the name of *Maximus* is lost in the darkness of time, to be revived only four and a half centuries later, in the year 1012, the date of the above-mentioned inscription, preserved, as it were, in the *Aventine Monastery* only to prove the survival of the house by the identity of name. *Et voilà comme on fait le blason*.

Count Litta, who, by the way, is no fanatic in these heraldic matters, concludes by stating; that, as far as popular reverence has power to sanction similar traditions, few genealogies can be more satisfactorily authenticated than that of the *Principi Massimi*, it never having been matter of question at Rome that what now runs in their veins is the identical cold blood of that good *Fabius Maximus Dictator*, against whose wadded shield the spear of the fiery African was blunted and deadened. We have been curious, of course, to see how a race whose source was thus hidden in Roman, or may be in Trojan mythology, would demean themselves during so long a series of generations.

From the epoch of that tell-tale inscription, all along the eleventh, twelfth and

thirteenth centuries, the *Massimi* seem to have passed away in silence and obscurity, their names being occasionally met with in ancient inscriptions or other documents, as lords of castles, founders of convents or hospitals, &c., &c., only as it were to assure us that the old stock was still living and prospering, leaving us at a loss to guess for what purpose it might please Providence to keep it alive. The lustre of that family must, to a considerable extent, have been eclipsed by the ascendancy of the rival houses of *Colonna* and *Orsini*, though these last may be said to be mere upstarts placed by the side of the *Massimi*, both these houses being generally reputed of foreign or barbarian descent. In 1347, we find the *Massimi* involved in the calamities of the tribunitial revolution of *Rienzi*. Late in the following century they had the glory of granting a hospitable reception to *Sweynheim* and *Parnartz*, the two worthy Germans who introduced the art of printing into Italy, and whose very first works were published in 1467, "in ædibus de Maximis," the palace of their patron *Pietro Massimo* at Rome. The *Massimi* lived then already in a princely style, and had given their country not a few warriors, statesmen and senators. Their palaces, for one of which *Michael Angelo* gave the design, were tenanted by one hundred and fifty servants, and their names stand prominent among the promoters of art. Only the Part I. of what concerns this family has hitherto reached us, and their genealogy is interrupted about the middle of the sixteenth century. The remainder is, we understand, on the eve of publication. Meanwhile we are satisfied to hear that the family is still extant, several branches having spread over other parts of Italy, and one even beyond the Alps in *Carinthia*.

Equal pretensions to ancient Roman descent, most probably grounded on analogous conjectures, are perhaps to be found at Rome, though as early as in the days of *Petrarch*, that eminently classical poet complained that the good Roman blood was fast disappearing. Of these were the *Crescenzi*, *Savelli*, and among others the *Frangipane*, whose claims to the consideration of their countrymen were at least founded on better titles than is generally the case with the *Play-neighbours* (*Pela-Vicino* or *Pallavicino*), and the *Evil-thorns* (*Mali-spini*) of the feudal nobility; their name having arisen from the liberality with which they came forward in days of distress and famine and broke their bread with the poor.

These families, of which the greatest number was crushed by the oppressive power of the Colonna, have not yet come out in Count Litta's catalogue, unless we except the Cesarini and Cesi, whose names in the middle ages appear comparatively unimportant. The Cesarini are traditionally numbered among the classical families, but their historical documents ascend no higher than the beginning of the fifteenth century, when Cardinal Giuliano Cesarini was sent first as a legate, then as a warrior, to Bohemia, for the purpose of putting an end to the heresy of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. The warlike prelate was however unsuccessful both as a diplomatist and a general, but his discomfitures were not sufficient to give him a distaste for martial encounters, in one of which he finally lost his life. There are other prelates of that name, renowned in after ages, down to the year 1685, when the male branches of the family became extinct.

The Cesi also did not play any conspicuous part till the middle of the fifteenth century, when the head of their house was raised to the dignity of senator of Rome. His descendants were decorated with the titles of Marquises of Monticelli and Dukes of Aqua Sparta, by the pontiffs, to whom they were by turns useful friends and dangerous opponents. But the boast of the house was the amiable and unfortunate Federico Cesi, the same who, in his eighteenth year, 1603, founded in Rome the famous academy "*Dei Lincei*," and was the firmest supporter of Galileo, and whose discoveries in natural history raise his name so high among the precursors of Linnæus.

The young prince's lofty station and the ascendancy of his family were no shelter against the persecution with which, in that age, the lovers of truth and knowledge were visited. Indeed the duke, his father himself, was enlisted in the cause of a cunning priesthood, and ranked among his most relentless adversaries. Federico was driven from Rome, the academy was dissolved, and the Lycean hall broken into and laid waste by the fanaticism of a deluded populace. Brighter days seemed indeed to dawn for him, at the accession of the mild and accomplished Gregory VIII., in 1626. The pope reconciled the prince with his father, and screened him, as far as it lay in his power, with every fold of his pontifical mantle. But even the pontiff's personal favour was inefficient to guard the devoted victim against domestic chagrin and private outrages, by which he was hurried to an

early grave in 1630. His memory was dealt with, with unabating inveteracy. The Lycean academy was soon after his decease put an end to, once more and for ever, and two centuries elapsed ere any monument was suffered to be raised to his name. His bust stands at last on the Capitol, where it was reared early in the nineteenth century, the work of a Roman lady of rank.

The direct line of Federico's descendants is now extinct, but one of his collateral branches, which has inherited the titles and dignities of the family, is still conspicuous among the princely houses at Rome.

Classical families are likewise still supposed to exist at Florence, where, according to Malespini, the earliest historian of the republic, there flourished in his own times (before 1281) not a few descendants of the ancient Roman colonists, to whom the lovely city of Flora owes its foundation. Dante is well known to have belonged to one of them, though, as Litta observes, many of the poets and biographers incline to think that the *Elisei* proceeded from the Frangipane, and only migrated from Rome to Florence during the middle ages. Whatever may be the case, Dante himself has frequent allusions to his ancestry, and, though invariably modest and shy in all that personally concerns him, yet seems plainly to intimate his belief in his classical descent.\* The name of the *Elisei* occurs for the first time in 1019, when at the epoch of the solemn entrance of the German Henry II. into Florence, one of that family was among the number of distinguished personages deputed by the city to greet and escort the emperor. Dante's regular pedigree, however, only ascends to that warlike ancestor of his, by name Cacciaguida, whom he meets in his *Paradise* and who is made to predict to the poet the vicissitudes of his life. This hero was knighted by the emperor Conrad III., whom he followed to the second crusade, and lost his life in Palestine in 1147. From Cacciaguida's wife, a Ferrarese lady, they derived the name of *Aldighieri* or *Alighieri*, which remained to the family instead of the primitive *Elisei*, down to its final extinction. The poet himself was Cacciaguida's great great grandson in a direct line, and his family continued at Florence till the year 1558, the epoch of the death of Francesco, the last of his male descendants in the sixth generation.

Still by far the greatest number of Roman patricians who did not perish in those frequent barbaric invasions, must either

have repaired to the Italian sea-ports, such as Venice, Ravenna, Bari, and a few other towns garrisoned by Greeks from Constantinople, or migrated to that seat itself of the Eastern empire. Venice alone is well known, in all times, to have withstood every successive assault, and there is not the slightest doubt, but that all the best families of Cisalpine Gaul, Istria, Dalmatia, &c., especially during the terror and desolation of the inroads of Attila in 452, sought their refuge among the glorious lagoons. The different petty colonies of the Venetian islands were independently governed by their tribunes till the year 697, when twelve of the most conspicuous citizens met in a single assembly at Heraclea and elected Paolo Lucio Anafesto as the first doge or duke of maritime Venetia. Venice itself was only built in 809, and in the same year became the capital of the republic.

Three or four of the families whose ancestors were mentioned among the twelve electors of the first doge are already registered in Count Liitta's grand catalogue, and that important transaction seems to constitute the earliest mark of aristocratic distinction at Venice. Of these the Orseolo and Candiano, so highly renowned in the primeval annals of the republic, were but too soon extinct, but the names of Erizzo, Tiepolo, and others equally immortal, are still in existence.

The Candiano and Orseolo are known to have given tribunes to the republic previous to the election of the first doge. The former, however, professed the Lombard law, a circumstance which might raise some doubts as to the purity of their ancient Italian blood. Four of the Candiano, all named Pietro, were successively elected doges after 887. Venice was then struggling for existence against the Slavonian tribes of the neighbouring shores of Dalmatia, whose daring pirates carried their depredations into her very heart. The Candiano first taught their countrymen how to chastise the insolence of those barbarians. They ruled the republic through three successive generations, the doge's son being invariably associated with his father to the highest dignity with the universal assent of the people. But the ascendancy and prosperity of that family, their alliance with some of the reigning houses of the east, their wealth and splendour, finally roused the jealousy of these fierce republicans, who saw with displeasure the supreme power becoming, as it were, hereditary in their hands. Pietro III., doge in 943, willing to remove all suspicions, firmly refused to

share his throne with his son, whose haughty and overbearing conduct had given general offence. A rebellion and civil war were the consequence of the prudent doge's forbearance. The undutiful son was defeated, taken prisoner and banished to Ravenna, where he joined the enemies of the republic. The doge's heart was broken by this act of unnatural apostacy; but veneration for the father's virtues prevailed in the hearts of the Venetians against their resentment for the son's misconduct. They sought for a reconciliation with their rebellious citizen, sent three hundred vessels to Ravenna to lay the doge's cap at his feet, and the traitor, at his return, was by them received with such greetings as no conqueror or deliverer ever met at their hands. The people had soon reason to repent their indiscriminating enthusiasm. They hastened to break the idol which they had so rashly raised to the throne; and only four years after his triumphal entry the last of the Candiano was besieged, burnt and buried in the ruins of the ducal palace in the year 975. The star of the Orseolo arose in the Venetian horizon directly after the setting of the Candiano. Indeed the tradition is, that the downfall of the latter was immediately instrumental to the rise of the former. When the people had wasted all their energies in ineffectual assaults against the tyrant Candiano's fortified palace, Pietro Orseolo, whose house was adjacent to the doge's stronghold, is said to have offered to set fire to his own dwelling, whence the flames soon reached the besieged palace, and it is added that the supreme magistracy was given as a reward of his patriotic devotion. But whatever might be the origin of his greatness, it is certain that Orseolo's name was already distinguished previous to his accession, and few of the Venetian doges ever left stronger claims to the gratitude of their fellow-citizens. A warrior and a legislator, he turned all his efforts to the augmentation of the grandeur and prosperity of Venice. In 997 he laid the first stone of the cathedral of St. Mark, which he reared entirely at his own expense, though it was only finished by the Doge Contarini in 1017. His sincere and somewhat morbid religious feelings prompted him to found a vast number of churches and monasteries, to one of which at last, secretly stealing from the pomp and cares of his lofty dignity, he repaired in 978, and where he died in 997 a Franciscan. His wife, no less piously inclined, also ended her life among the shades of the cloisters; though this worthy pair, even whilst in the world

had made a convent of home, and after the birth of their first son and heir they had, by a mutual agreement, entered into a vow of perpetual chastity, living together according to the rules of a shaker community.

Piero, his son and successor, the twenty-sixth of Venetian doges, and the greatest of all his predecessors, accomplished the conquest of Dalmatia, and for the first time assumed the title of duke of the conquered region, and led the Venetian fleets to the scene of their future conquest in the Levant. The ceremony of the bridal of the Adriatic was instituted under his reign in the year 999. His name and that of his house, was borne by fame to the remotest corners of the earth, and the proudest monarchs courted their alliance. But in the same measure as it commanded veneration abroad, it became an object of envy and animadversion at home. Soon after the death of Piero, Ottone his son, whom he had raised as his colleague to the throne, was driven into exile, and his descendants, after several unsuccessful attempts to return, languished in comparative obscurity and became extinct towards 1050.

The house of the Giustiniani, though it dates from scarcely less remote epochs, has been perpetuated to the present age both in Venice and elsewhere. The Giustiniani are said to have been driven from Constantinople, where their ancestors had borne the imperial diadem (probably descending from their illustrious namesake, the wise legislator of antiquity) in consequence of one of those frequent courtly factions that almost at every generation dyed with new tints the purple of the eastern empire. At first they are said to have sought a refuge in Istria, where they built Justinopolis, afterwards Capo d'Istria, and hence migrated to the Venetian lagoons. One of their name is mentioned among the tribunes as early as 756; but in the year 1170 the whole of their numerous family, actuated by hereditary rancour, embarked in a fatal expedition against Alexius Comnenus, in which plague, famine and treason conspired against the fortunes of Venice. With many thousand other combatants all the Giustiniani found their death in the east; and that would have been the end of them for ever had it not been for a pious monk, by name Nicolo, who had been left alone in the silence of his monastery at home. The Venetians, grieved at the impending extinction of so illustrious a name, sent an express embassy to the pope to obtain the good monk's release from his vows—drove him from the solitude of his cell, supplied

him with a wife among the noble brides of Venice, and bade him provide against what they unanimously considered as a national calamity. The holy Nicolo with a rare self-denial, took the youthful bride to his bosom, consented to become a husband and a father for the sake of public welfare, and after six years, having given sufficient proofs of his devotedness to the interests of the commonwealth, withdrew himself, and persuaded his wife to repair to the cloisters, where they both closed their life in odour of sanctity, and received the honours of pontifical canonization.

The seed of the blessed Nicolo proved fruitful even beyond the ordinary measure of the human races, and spread with all the vigour of patriarchal multiplication. No less than fifty different houses of the Giustiniani contemporaneously flourished in the halcyon days of the republic; no less than 200 senators of their name sat, or at least had a right to sit, at once in the great council, which, as it is well known, never in its best days numbered more than 2000 members. Scarcely a battle was ever fought, scarcely a vital measure adopted, scarcely a legation sent to any foreign court in which one at least of the Giustiniani had not a principal share. Their pedigree is almost equivalent to another version of the history of Venice. Among so great a number, it must be expected some reflected no great credit on the family escutcheon. But they can boast of perhaps a greater number of really good and useful citizens—of warriors, statesmen, and diplomatists—of *procuratori*, *oratori*, and *provveditori*—of authors, historians, and bishops—to say nothing of two saints and a doge—than any of the proudest houses in Venice.

Out of the above-mentioned fifty different branches of this house, forty were extinct before the beginning of the eighteenth century; but some of the Giustiniani were still high in dignity when the republic came into collision with Bonaparte in 1797. One of them is well known to have firmly protested against, and bravely withstood all the vengeful fury of the rapacious invader; but others, on the contrary, hastened with their cowardice the final hour of the republic, and crowded around the new Austrian rulers with time-serving abjectness.

One of the Venetian families, towards whom popular tradition shows the greatest partiality, is the still existing house of Tiepolo. "To doubt of the authentic descent of this family from Roman patrician descent is to offer an insult, which every Venetian resents as personal." So says Count

Litta, who adds that this name was already well known in the seventh century, a Tiepolo being numbered among the electors of the first doge in 697. This house had already given to the republic several *Procuratori di San Marco*, when, in 1204, Giacomo Tiepolo having highly distinguished himself during the crusade against Constantinople, under the doge Enrico Dandolo, was appointed first duke, i. e. governor of Candia. The same was, two-and-twenty years later, raised to the dignity of doge, and under his government the republic began to exercise its influence on the affairs of the main land. Venice embraced the cause of the Guelph party in Lombardy, and aided her confederates against Frederic II. and his Ghibeline adherents. Pietro, his son, won by personal valour the admiration of the Milanese, at the head of whose forces he was routed at the fatal combat of Cortenova, and taken prisoner. He was led away into captivity in Apulia, where Frederic, contrary to his usual magnanimity, doomed him to the gallows in 1237. Another of the doge's sons, by name Lorenzo, fought the battles of the republic in the east, and reaped laurels, especially at Acre, a spot in all ages the theatre of warlike exploits; the doge himself, in his eightieth year, 1268, resumed the command of the Venetian fleets, and led them once more to victory. By this time, however, the Tiepoli were looked upon with that jealousy with which transcendent merit and popularity are always attended in republican states. After the doge's death, in 1274, his eldest son, Giacomo, unsuccessfully contended for the *Dogado* against the strong-minded Pietro Gradenigo, who, three years later, gave a permanent constitution to the Venetian aristocracy, by what was called "Serrata del Maggior Consiglio." Before the firmness and resolution of that famous aristocrat the power and credit of the Tiepolo failed, and when, in 1310, Bajamonte Tiepolo attempted to renew his hostilities against the established government by the aid of secret conspiracies, he drew new calamities and disgrace on himself and family; their house was demolished, and on its ruins stood a column, which was meant to perpetuate their infamy. The Tiepolo lived to recover from the consequences of that disaster, they were gradually restored to their rank, but never again played so conspicuous a part in the transactions of the republic as their ancestors' glorious career might have entitled them to aspire to. It is sad to hear how Count Litta concludes the pedigree of some of the branches of this house.

"Girolamo—He belonged to a family which had fallen into very humble condition, but which as it could not, on account of indigence, be excluded from the patrician rank, was supported by government by the aid of secret subventions, or petty offices. This branch was reduced to utter misery, and perished in obscurity soon after the fall of Venice in 1797."

Some of the Tiepoli are however in better circumstances; the representative of one of their surviving houses, Domenico Almorò Tiepolo, is not only a wealthy but even an accomplished nobleman. He published a work in 1828, entitled "*Discorsi sulla Storia Veneta*," written in confutation of many inaccuracies or deliberate calumnies in Daru's *Histoire de Venise*, a work dictated by laudable patriotic motives, upon which Litta, even whilst he cannot always subscribe to his opinions, bestows the most unqualified encomium.

The two houses of Corrarò and Erizzo likewise are reckoned among the first settlers in the islands on which the queen of the ocean rose. But little or nothing is said concerning them previous to the closing of the great council in 1297, where they were confirmed in the patrician order, to which they had for several centuries most probably belonged. We are not aware that the Corrarò ever associated their names with any of the great transactions that immortalized the name of Venice, with the exception of a few ambassadors, and one or two writers of considerable celebrity. But one of them, named Angelo, had the fortune or misfortune to be elected pope in 1406, when he assumed the name of Gregory XII. It was in the epoch of those ecclesiastical disturbances, well known under the name of "Great western schism," and Gregory's election was not unattended with violent opposition. His best friends and even his country stood up against him, and his pontificate became for him the source of endless tribulations and sorrows. At last the cardinals, his supporters, were prevailed upon to give up the contest, and he was at liberty to resign in 1415. This act of abdication was dictated with such sincere feelings of modesty and benevolence, evinced so ardent a wish for the union and harmony of the church, that it won him the admiration of the world and the warmest thanks of the council.

The fame of the Erizzi rests principally on the share that the members of that house took in the Turkish wars of the fifteenth and following centuries. Paolo Erizzo commanded at Negropont, when the triumphant Mahomet II. landed all his forces on

the shores of Eubœa. Both the Venetians and their leader performed prodigies of valour. At last, driven to extremity, the garrison surrendered, and was immediately put to the sword under the eyes of its commander; and as the Ottoman had solemnly promised that Erizzo's head should be spared, he redeemed his pledge by ordering him to be sawed through the body. One of the late descendants of that unfortunate warrior, after having fulfilled high offices in the state, was raised to the supreme dignity in 1632. He had reached his eightieth year when the war of Candia broke out, and notwithstanding his decrepitude, such was the reliance of his countrymen on his valour and wisdom, that they appointed him *generalissimo* of the troops. But the tidings of that signal honour so powerfully affected the old doge, that he died in the first entrancement of joy, in 1646. Numerous members of this family found a glorious death on the last bulwarks of Christendom in Candia and Morea, and the senators of that name still preserved the greatest influence in all state deliberations till the last disgraceful transactions of 1797, in which we regret to say this noble family were too deeply involved.

Both this family and the Corraro have been confirmed in their ranks by diplomas of the new Austrian government, and such honours as the cabinet of Vienna has power to bestow are heaped upon the heads of the ladies and gentlemen who bear their name. But titles, crosses, and ribbons can neither add to the lustre which tradition attaches to such names, nor for any length of time save their bearers from that state of squalour and indigence which makes so many Venetian nobles dependent on the alms of government. Woe to the children of Venice that survive the fate of their country!

The last among the Venetian families whose genealogy is drawn up at full length by Count Litta is that of Foscari. They are said to have migrated to Venetia in the ninth century, and were, in 1122, admitted as patricians into the great council. The sympathies of all English readers have been too powerfully called forth of late in behalf of the virtuous doge Francesco, and his ill-fated son Giacomo Foscari, for us to waste words in repeating the sorrowful tale. But curiosity prompted us to look with anxiety to the last destinies of their posterity, and behold how Litta concludes the long columns of names, the sound of which sends a thrill of enthusiasm to our inmost hearts.

"Federigo; born very rich, he died exceedingly poor in 1811. The immense palace of his family, so famous once both for its magnificence and for the hospitality that so many foreign sovereigns met with within its walls, whilst visitors at Venice, is now abandoned and tottering."

And at the close of another branch:—

"Francesco, *velite* in the Italian guard, died in fight at the close of the Russian campaign, in 1813. The last glory of the house of Foscari."

And again:—

"Filippo, body-guard in the Italian kingdom, then a lieutenant in the fourth regiment of foot. At the fall of Napoleon he refused to enter the Austrian service; and now exercises the comic art on the stage."

"Domenico, an actor on the Italian stage."

"Marianna, married to a coachmaker in Pordenone."

"Luigia, lives in Dunkirk, married to one Bowden, or Smallwood," etc.

And can we believe all this? The last heir of the "Two Foscari," now perhaps acting at the *Fenice* the part that the great doge, his progenitor, played in the Council Hall of the Republic! The daughters of Venice for whose hands royal lovers were once known to sue; an alliance with whom turned the heads of continental noblemen, now given to a tradesman or to some one whose very name is below our notice.

Happily death is busy to efface from the world these living testimonies of fortune's sad frolics, and the day is perhaps not far distant when ruins and tomb-stones shall be all that remain of the aristocracy of Venice.

Still the great houses of Dandolo and Zeno, Pisani, Contarini, and Pesaro, Gradenigo, Mocenigo, Loredano, and a greater number than our page could contain, are yet a desideratum in Litta's work. Venice alone is likely to give him employment for all his life-time, every one of the above-mentioned names compelling him to a new rhapsody of Italian history, from the fall of Rome to the last day of Venice. Of Genoa also not one family has, as yet, engaged our author's attention; and yet as the ruggedness of the Ligurian mountains, and the fierce temper of their inhabitants, offered a more permanent resistance against northern invasions, the Genoese boast, not perhaps without some reason, that the ancient blood of their patricians has passed more uncontaminated across the storms of the dark ages than that of any other district on the Italian main-land. The proofs of their ancient classical derivation, however, are still more vague and conjectural than those on which rest the claims of Venetians and Ro-

mans; the annals of Genoa ascending no higher than the tenth or eleventh centuries, in which epochs all repositories of private or public documents were repeatedly destroyed by the frequent onsets of the Saracens. All that can be positively stated on that subject is, that long before the year 1100, Genoa was swayed by four ancient, noble, powerful families, the Doria and Spinola, Grimaldi and Fiesco; and as these names rose to celebrity long before any other, so have they in after ages stood first and foremost in all national vicissitudes. The aristocratic houses of Genoa have been preserved from generation to generation with a more uninterrupted continuance, and their representatives live now in a state of greater affluence and splendour than those of the rival republic. Their marble palaces, although oftentimes too spacious for the number or for the wealth of their inmates, are yet far from crumbling to ruins; private industry and enterprise surviving among that hardy and frugal race, even after the extinction of public spirit.

But if the antique origin of Italian families is, to say the least, so problematic even at Rome and in the two maritime republics, what are we to think of the pretensions of other minor houses of Romagna and Lombardy and other provinces in which the night of the middle ages set in at so early a period, and on which it dwelt so long and thick and chaotic as to change the very face of the land? What shall we say, for instance, of the Pepoli of Bologna, who adopted a chess-board as the cognizance of their family, which they are fain to derive from Palamedes, the pretended inventor of the game of chess at the siege of Troy? What shall we say? why, nothing; for it would be as great a waste of time to bring proofs against, as in favour of, such idle but harmless assertions.

For a long lapse of ages the Italians had that horror of their barbaric descent that the Spaniards evinced in reference to any mixture of Moorish blood. Such prejudices are, however, fast wearing off, and there are few at present unwilling to admit that next to those who claim kindred with the Roman Pisos or Scipios, are to be ranked such families as can trace their source up to Gothic, Lombard, or Frankish progenitors.

The feudal system in Italy first received a permanent organization at the Lombard invasion in 568. It was modified and strengthened by its adaptation to the Salic law after the conquest of Charlemagne in

774. Soon after that emperor's death it had become so powerful as to prove fatal to the interests of monarchy. The Italian great feudatories (they were thirty at the epoch of the partition of the land among the Lombard conquerors,) the Dukes of Ivrea, Spoleto, Friuli, Benevento, &c., successively presented themselves as candidates for the fatal iron crown of Italy, and exhausted their forces in long bloody struggles, which involved their own in the ruin of their country. The German emperors, who made their appearance at the close of that sanguinary contest, who profited by Italian dissensions, lost no opportunity to set the few survivors by the ears, and in their eagerness to free themselves from such dangerous competitors, they not unfrequently countenanced that independent spirit of the Lombard municipalities which was slowly preparing a new era of Italian freedom.

Thus even before municipalism entered the lists against feudalism, even before the first meeting of the memorable Lombard League in 1163, almost all the original thirty houses of dukes and counts, who had swayed the country since the first setting in of the northern host, had become extinct, and a new generation of minor nobles had risen on the wrecks of those families, often bearing their titles and claiming their privileges. Of these also a vast number were destroyed during the popular contest, or were immolated by the people in the first intoxication of triumph. A few of them, however, lived through that long ordeal of fire and sword. Their hawk-nests in the Alps and Apennines sheltered them against the first democratic effervescence, and enabled them in progress of time to come to a compromise with their burgher opponents, and eventually to reassert their ascendancy over them.

Few, therefore, if indeed any, of the Italian families can boast of their descent from the earliest northern feudatories; they generally derive from those comparatively obscure adventurers, who either through usurpation or imperial bounty, stepped, as the saying goes, into their shoes, tenanted their vacant castles, and wielded their broken sceptres. All of them, indeed, though prompted by ambition to adopt the law of the conquerors, did not belong by birth or origin to the northern race with which they claimed kindred with as much eagerness as in after ages of classical civilisation they endeavoured to disavow it. Feudalism underwent in that age an awful shipwreck, and the clumsy raft that was made to stand



up in its stead was not unfrequently found to be composed of extraneous and adventitious materials.

One of the feudal or castled families (*nobilità castellana*) that first attempted a strenuous reaction against democracy was that of Ezzel, or Ezzelino, lords of Onaro and Romano, in the territories of Bassano and Padua. The first Ezzel came from Germany in the train of Conrad II., in 1036, and was son of an obscure German, named by the Italians, Arpone. Ezzel having received from that emperor the investiture of the above-mentioned estates, was induced to fix his residence in the country. His grandson, Ezzelino, renowned for prodigies of valour performed in Palestine, sided with Frederick Barbarossa at the diet of Roncaglia, in 1154, and aided that emperor in the demolition of Milan in 1162. But when the rebellion of a few burghers assumed the aspect of a general revolution that was to lead to the emancipation of Italy, Ezzelino felt the necessity of espousing the popular cause, and joined the Lombard League in 1167. He fought all their successive battles, and was found among the ranks of the leaguers on the glorious field of Legnano in 1176. But the unnatural alliance between the Ezzelino and the people could not last long. The lords of Romano were soon reconciled with the German monarchs, and at the rise of the Guelph and Ghibeline parties they stood constantly at the head of the latter. The sixth and last of that family, also named Ezzelino, strong in the favour of the second Frederic, extended his tyrannic sway over the cities of Verona, Trento, and Padua; and after that emperor's demise, throwing off all allegiance towards his successors, he ventured to aspire to the independent sovereignty of Lombardy. But the fate of that beautiful province was not yet mature. The whole country rose in a crusade against him, and after a few years of gallant resistance he was routed and wounded at Cassano, and died in the hands of his adversaries, 1269. His brother, Alberigo, who had shifted his policy from the Ghibelines to the Guelphs in the vain hope of surviving his brother's ruin, met with a still more calamitous end. His sons were beheaded, his wife and daughters burnt alive in his presence, and after witnessing their fate he was compelled to follow it with a refinement of cruelty that all the far-famed ruthlessness of Ezzelino could scarcely authorize.

The fall of the Ezzelino was the signal of the rise of several families who had joined his Guelph opponents. It was then that the Este

began to build their greatness on the delusions of a confiding democracy. The diligence and ingenuity of Count Litta has thrown considerable light on the earliest genealogy of this house, which the flattering fancy of grateful poets had involved in a chaos of mythological conjectures. There is, it appears, but little foundation in that tradition which would trace the Este up to the ancient dukes or marquises of Tuscany. Tuscany was, undoubtedly, one of the thirty great duchies into which the Lombard conquerors had partitioned the land; but the marquises of Tuscany, concerning whom something positive is known, are not mentioned till the year 812, long after the conquest of Charlemagne; nor can it be decided whether the first, second, and third Boniface, who bore that title down to the year 1052, were real descendants of the original Lombard feudatories, or whether they were invested with their estates at the extinction of the primitive line. The third and last Boniface, marquis of Tuscany, died in 1052, leaving only an heiress, the high-minded Countess Matilda.

The earliest ancestor of the house of Este, by name Adalberto, lived towards the opening of the tenth century, and, whether connected with the Bonifaces of Tuscany, or descended from the earliest race of Tuscan feudatories, he certainly bore the title of Marquis, which was continued to his successors, though it was, for a long time, a matter of doubt in what regions of the earth or of the air their marquisate might lie. The Este, says Litta, followed the Lombard, whilst the Tuscan marquises obeyed the Riparian law; and this appears to him a strong argument against the alleged consanguinity of the two houses. Oberto, son or successor of Adalberto, had four children, who, in accordance with the Lombard statutes, were entitled to an equal share in the paternal inheritance. One of these, whose name was Oberto II., was the continuator of the house of Este; another, named Adalberto, according to Litta, confirmed in this instance by the authority of Muratori, was the progenitor of the far spread and far famed house of the Pallavicino; a third, by name Oberto Obizzo, gave rise to the no less conspicuous families of the Malaspina, Lords of Lunigiana; and from a fourth, who went by the name of Alberto, sprung another branch of the Malaspina, once Marquises of Massa.

The splendour of the house of Este began with Alberto Azzo II., grandson of the above-mentioned Oberto II., who succeeded his father in 1020. He sided with the Emperor Henry III. of Germany, during those obstinate contests between the German court and the Papal see which so powerfully aided

the popular cause both in Germany and Italy; and was by the grateful emperor rewarded with high sounding titles, which, however, in that gradual decline of the imperial power, scarcely conveyed any meaning. Henry, however, conferred upon his liegeman a more substantial favour, by marrying him to Cunizza or Cunegonda, daughter of Guelph II., and sister of Guelph III. of Bavaria. After the decease of this last, who left no heir, the throne of Bavaria devolved upon Guelph IV., son of Cunegonda and Alberto Azzo of Este. This Guelph IV. was, as everybody knows, the illustrious progenitor of the houses of Brunswick and Hanover; and Litta gives, at full length, the genealogy of the *Este of Germany*, down to Queen Victoria of England. Alberto Azzo hoped to have equally helped another of his sons, Ugo, to the inheritance of the County of Maine in France, which, in consequence of the extinction of the male line, became the property of Ugo's mother, his second wife. But Ugo met with competitors whom he had no power to withstand. He gave up the contest without even a struggle, and this branch of the *Este of France*, after a short, inglorious career, soon became extinct. The second of Albertazzo's sons, by name Folco, inherited his father's estates at home, and from him sprang the *Este of Italy*.

The Italian house of Este rose rather by a combination of auspicious circumstances, and by an ambidextrous policy, than by any eminent virtue. The progenitor of the three houses, Alberto Azzo, himself scrupled not to forsake the cause of the emperor, to whom he owed his rise, as soon as he perceived that the haughty Gregory VII. carried everything before him. In the like manner, his descendants set up as champions of the people when they became aware of the inevitable downfall of feudalism and monarchy. Obizzo, grandson of Folco, joined the Lombard league in 1167, and was comprised in the imperial amnesty at the peace of Venice in 1177. Before the end of that century, Azzo V. had courted an alliance with the Adelardi, the leading family of the Guelphs of Ferrara, and been admitted to the liberties of that city. In 1208, Azzo VI. was invested with the supreme magistracy by the Ferrarese, wearied with discord and anarchy. Next came the wars of Frederic II. and the Crusade against Ezzelino, at the end of which the Este, who had faithfully sided with the Guelphs, were acknowledged as Lords of Ferrara. To this title, the pope, thankful for their co-operation to the conquest of Naples by Charles of Anjou, added the investiture of Modena and Reggio. All was not, indeed, sunshine for the Este during the fol-

lowing century; the ascendancy of the Scala and Visconti often brought them to the brink of ruin; but a fortunate marriage, a well-timed shift from Guelphs to Ghibelines, or any such contrivance, enabled them to weather all storms, till their precarious dignities of Pontifical or Imperial Vicars gave place to the more substantial titles of Dukes of Ferrara, Modena and Reggio, of which the first was bestowed upon them by Pope Paul II. in 1471; the two latter were the gift of the Emperor Frederic III., in 1496.

Ferrara, it is known to all, remained to the Este till 1597, when, at the death of Alphonso II., Pope Clement VIII. seized on what he called church property, to the spoliation of Don Caesar of Este, Alphonso's illegitimate successor. But the Este continued at Modena and Reggio down to the epoch of the French Revolution, when they became extinct. The last princess of Este, Maria Beatrice, daughter of Hercules III., was wedded in 1771 to Ferdinand, one of the all-marrying Archdukes of Austria, and from this union sprung that pitiable rather than formidable despot Francis IV., the present Duke of Modena.

The circumstance that the blood of that mock Nero may, though at so prodigious a distance, be proved to be the same as that which runs through the veins of our own gentle and gracious sovereign, has given rise to vain conjectures as to what might be the mutual rights of succession and reversion, on certain eventualities, which late happy events have so widely removed. But let genealogists contrive to demonstrate what they please, it is not to be doubted but that, on the one side, the English have in all instances showed how antipathy against tyranny can get the better even of their strong feelings of loyalty, and on the other, Austria is too tenacious in her grasp to give up anything without so long and obstinate a contest as it would never be worth our while to undergo for the sake of so insignificant a strip of land as constitutes what they emphatically call "*Domini Estensi*."

Had we the choice of our own descent, we would rather be derived from the Malaspina or Pallavicino than from any of the more fortunate branches of the house of Este. Though never raised by fortune to the royal dignity, these two heroic races had oftentimes a paramount influence on events that decided the fate of empire. The genealogy of the Malaspina, both those with the *green* and with the *withered thorn* (*Dallo spino secco, e dallo spino fiorito*), are yet to appear in Count Litta's collection; but the pedigree of the Pallavicino is given at full length, and nothing can be more surprising than the number of im-

mortal names that are to be read in that long register. The Pallavicino possessed large estates in the territories of Piacentia and Parma as early as 1116, when the Marquis Oberto first acquired the sobriquet of *Pellavicino* (slay-neighbour), from the rather incorrect notions he entertained about the rights of *meum* and *uum*. Some of his descendants afterwards settled at Genoa, and their numerous branches played a most prominent part in the annals of that republic. They gave their adopted city no less than five doges, an admiral, several archbishops and bishops, three at least of whom were also raised to the purple at Rome. Other branches continued on their original estates in the Parmese territory, where their ancient castles at Busseto, Burgone, Tabiano, &c., are still extant, and not always untenanted. Others, again, migrated to Naples, Rome, and even beyond the Alps into Hungary, where one of their name rose to the rank of marshal of the empire. Finally, another of them, the well-known Horatio, from Genoa, came to this country in the days of Queen Mary; and having abjured Catholicism under Elizabeth, engaged in commercial speculations, in which he so far prospered as to be able to supply the queen with large sums of money, rather in accordance with patriotic devotedness than with mercantile discretion. Finally, in 1586, at the opening of the Spanish war, Horatio, true to his Genoese descent, though a Briton by act of Parliament, armed at his expense a considerable number of vessels, and distinguished himself for his gallant demeanour against the Invincible Armada in 1588. He was knighted by the queen at his return, and after his decease his portrait was placed in the House of Lords among those that had well deserved of the country. This picture, by great good fortune, was among the few articles of furniture that escaped the ravages of the great fire of 1834. It is now to be seen in the British Museum, and bears the following inscription:—"Sir Horatio Pallavicino, obt. 1600." One of the suits he wore is, we believe, in the horse armoury in the Tower. But Horatio's ambition made away with the fortune his industry had amassed. Tobias, his son, connected by marriage with the house of Cromwell, ended his life in the Fleet; and Horatio, his grandson, died childless in want and obscurity. "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

We shall give only a few words to the other families, probably of northern origin, who, by associating their cause with that of the people, contrived to establish their sovereignty over them. Their names and deeds so essentially belong to the history of the country, that nothing that concerns them can be new, unless it were perhaps something connected

either with their primordial rise, or with the fate of their posterity, when they fell back among the crowd of *figuranti* in the great drama of life.

The Visconti, for instance, were not known among the inhabitants of Milan before 1037, when Eriprando, called by Litta "*Milite milenario*," or leader of 1000 combatants, distinguished himself during the siege of his native city by Conrad II. of Germany. "He was then called '*Vicecomes*,' or Viscount," says Litta, "probably because his ancestors were vicars or lieutenants of the counts of Milan, or rather because they governed some portion of the territory placed under the jurisdiction of the archbishop, who was also count of Milan." Otho, the son or successor of Eriprando, a great warrior, led the Milanese to the first crusade; on which occasion, if we are to believe ancient traditions, he won from a Saracen, slain by him in a private combat,

"*Lo scudo*

*In cui dall' angue esce il fanciullo ignudo*"—the snake devouring a child, which was ever since the cognizance of his family. In the year 1111 Otho accompanied Henry V. to his coronation on the Capitol. During the tumult by which that sacred ceremony was interrupted, the emperor, thrown from his saddle, would inevitably have fallen a victim to the Roman populace, had it not been for the heroic devotion of Visconti, who gave Henry his own horse, and was soon overpowered and torn to pieces by the deluded crowd. The descendants of Otho continued to lead the Milanese into the field during that long series of disasters and triumphs, which ended with the enfranchisement of Lombardy at the peace of Constance in 1183. But no sooner had Italian liberty been so bravely asserted than the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines arose, when the Visconti embraced the latter party in opposition to the house of Della Torre, leaders of the Guelphs. The Torriani seemed for some time to prevail, but the valour and cunning of the warlike prelate, the Archbishop Otho, and his nephew Matteo Visconti, strengthened by the favour of the emperor, Henry VII., ended by firmly establishing the sway of that family in 1277 and 1311. The prosperity of the house proceeded without any important interruption under Matteo's children, Galeazzo, Luchino and the Archbishop Giovanni, and afterwards under Azzo and his successors, Galeazzo and Bernabò, till the nephew of this last, named Giovan Galeazzo, already master of all Lombardy, of Genoa, Siena and Pisa, dared to aspire to the entire sovereignty of Italy, and would have accomplished its conquest but for his sudden and premature death in 1402.

The long minority of his children, and afterwards the brutal ferocity of one of them, Gian Maria, and the pusillanimity of the other, Filippo Maria, had considerably eclipsed the lustre of the house, when the extinction of its male line spared it the chances of further disasters. Filippo Maria died in 1447, and his vast inheritance passed into the hands of Francesco Sforza, the husband of the duke's only daughter, Bianca Visconti. But, independent of the reigning house, numerous collateral or illegitimate branches of the Visconti have spread all over Italy, and some of them are still in existence. A few gentlemen bearing that name are to be met with among the officers of the Sardinian armies. One of them at least is mentioned for his brave demeanour against the French at Antibes in 1815, no less than for the mistaken loyalty with which he sided with the perjured king, Carlo Felice, during the constitutional revolution of 1821.

The origin of the Scaligeri, or Lords Della Scala, formerly tyrants of Verona, is involved in obscurity. Their earliest ancestors were certainly natives of that city, but probably did not belong to the patrician order. Mastino was originally a Ghibeline, and rose under the favour of Ezzelino da Romano. He had however the good fortune to escape popular vengeance after that tyrant's downfall, and availing himself of the dissensions that sprung up between two of the most influential Veronese houses, was in 1260 elected *Capitan del Popolo*, and two years later *Podestà*, or chief magistrate of the city. The Scaligeri held the supreme sway in Verona from that epoch; and the names of Can Grande, Mastino II., Cansignorio, &c., successively engage our attention as great, powerful and not unfrequently liberal and magnificent princes; but the enmity of the Visconti, and yet more the atrocity of their family feuds, soon undermined a throne that was based merely on popular infatuation, and the last Della Scala being driven into exile and involved in dire calamities, the race became finally extinct in 1598.

The origin of the Carrara, for some time tyrants of Padua, ascends to a remoter antiquity. This family professed Lombard law, and were therefore most probably of northern descent. As early as 970 they are mentioned as owners of lands and castles, and before 1027 they were known as Lords of Carrara. The abduction of a lady of this family, the wife of Jacopino da Carrara, by the Count Pagano, imperial vicar at Padua, was an event fraught with momentous results. Jacopino himself was too staunch an imperialist to suffer his loyalty to be shaken even by so daring an outrage; but the lady's

brothers joined in a vast conspiracy both at Padua and in the neighbouring towns; and a private insult thus gave rise to that universal insurrection against imperial authority which in 1182 terminated in the independence of the country. Even after the peace of Constance the Carrara continued in their Ghibeline allegiance, and their loyalty was severely visited by the Paduans, who in 1200 stormed and demolished Carrara. The houseless family in progress of time became Paduan citizens, and one of them, the brave and wise Jacopo da Carrara, a great moderator of factions, restored peace to the town, and was its great bulwark against the towering ambition of Can Della Scala. He was then by the gratitude of his townsmen raised to the supreme power; but seeing the impossibility of resisting prevailing anarchy without the influence of a superior authority, he resigned his command into the hands of an imperial vicar in 1318. His successors did not always follow the dictates of his prudence. Marsiglio, his nephew, at the close of a long clashing of factions, usurped by main force the sovereignty that Jacopo had so generously abdicated, and by a series of treasons emancipated himself from the Scala, whose lieutenant and vassal he had, not without great indignation on the part of the Paduans, consented to be, 1328—1338.

The records of this family are henceforth contaminated by frequent deeds of bloodshed. The rivalry of Scala and Visconti allowed them not an instant of repose, and hardly had the death of Gio. Galeazzo Visconti released them from imminent danger, when Francesco II. called Novello, ventured to grapple with a still more formidable and relentless opponent, the republic of Venice. Thence ensued a long and unequal contest, during which the flourishing city of Padua exhausted itself beyond recovery, and at the end of which Carrara and his sons met with a tragic and ignominious death on the Venetian scaffold in 1406.

The readers of history may feel inclined to fancy that such was the end of the whole race, but one or more of its collateral branches, known under the humbler name of Pappafava, is still flourishing in Padua, though we never heard of any of them rising above the common level.

The Bonaccolsi and Gonzaga, successively tyrants of Mantua, are not known before the beginning of the thirteenth century, nor can it be ascertained whether they were of Italian or foreign descent. Pinamonte Bonaccolsi usurped the supreme magistracy in Mantua by the darkest treasons in 1276, and Rinaldo or Passerino lost it with his own life and all his kindred in 1328; in consequence of a

conspiracy, at the head of which was Luigi Gonzaga, anxious to avenge the violence offered by Francesco Bonaccolsi to the person of Anna da Dovara, the wife of Filippino Gonzaga. The Gonzaga, first lords, then marquises and dukes of Mantua, secure in the impregnable position of their capital, redeemed the insignificance of their territory by their brilliant valour as leaders of the forces of allied powers. In 1495 one of them, the marquis Gian Francesco, was at the head of the Milanese and Venetian forces assembled to arrest Charles VIII. of France, in his hasty retreat from his ill-digested conquest of Naples. The battle of Fornovo, between the best lances of Christendom and those ill-assorted Italian recruits, has long been a source of discussion for the historians of the two nations, who have fought that fray over and over again with an obstinacy equal at least to that of the combatants themselves. Count Litta, as may be expected, claims for his countrymen the honour of the day, nor can it indeed be called in question, that, if Gonzaga failed in his intent of cutting to pieces the invading host and taking its king prisoner, on the other hand, Charles was forced to abandon all his designs against Milan and Genoa, and had to thank his stars and St. Denis that he was preserved to see the Louvre again. But the lineal descendants of the warriors of Mantua degenerated with the universal decline of the Italian nation; and when at last, early in the eighteenth century, they were "feloniously," as Litta declares, despoiled of their estates, even the unjust policy to which they fell victims was insufficient to call forth men's sympathy in their favour. The extinction of the house of Mantua in 1708, was soon followed by that of its several branches reigning at Guastalla, Luzzara, Novellara, Sabbioneta, &c. The Marquises of Vescovado are the only noblemen bearing the name of Gonzaga, whose generation has been preserved to our own times. They are now living on their estates near the Po, forgotten by the busy world. "Napoleon," says Litta, "always so eager in his hunt after great names, sent the most flattering invitations, with the hope to draw the last representative of this house from obscurity. But even the great conqueror in his omnipotence could make nothing of him."

The city of Parma had also its tyrants, the Lords of Correggio, a race of minor Lombard feudatories, who derived their name from their estate of Correggio as early as the year 1009. Soon after the triumph of the national cause they abandoned their stronghold, suing for municipal magistracies in the

emancipated cities. In 1203 they were already settled at Parma, and about 100 years later Giberto da Correggio, with a policy analogous to that followed by Jacopo da Carrara, though not with the same single-mindedness and disinterestedness, exerted his influence to bring about a general reconciliation and amnesty between the two inveterate parties by which Parma, no less than every other Lombard city, had been for so many years distracted. The blind gratitude of his fellow citizens rewarded him with the sovereignty of the town; but the faithlessness and disloyalty of Giberto and of his son Azzo, the enmity of some of the native families, and above all the ambition of powerful neighbours, rendered that proud title beyond measure precarious and dangerous. The Correggio were driven from Parma with incessant vicissitudes, till at last, Azzo pressed hard by Mastino Della Scala, with a most flagrant violation of all rights and treaties, sold Parma to Obizzo of Este, defrauding his brothers of their share in that infamous bargain, 1344. His descendants continued at Correggio till 1517; long after the extinction of the direct line another branch was invested with their titles from 1616 to 1631. They all ended in 1711.

The two emulous families who were invariably to be found in the ranks of Correggio's opponents, the Rossi and Sanvitale, are also given by Litta in the fourth volume of his work.

The Rossi of Parma, whose earliest memorials date from 1100, number several heroes in their family, many of whom gloriously fell during the wars of Frederic II., when the whole host of that powerful monarch was routed under the walls of their native town in 1248. The Rossi followed the Guelph party with zeal and consistency, and the two brothers, Marsiglio and Piero, the opponents of Azzo da Correggio, were considered as the noblest warriors of the time. They were invested with the title of Counts of San Secondo in 1300; and in that castle the family had their residence till the death of the last Rossi in 1825.

The Sanvitale begin their genealogy with Ugo, who in 1100 built the tower of San Vitale, on the banks of the Enza. They also were Guelphs, and lavish of their blood for the Guelph cause during the memorable siege of Parma by Frederic II. In later times the ascendancy of the Ghibelines of Milan and Verona occasionally drove them from home, when, together with a great many other Lombard families from every town, they sought their refuge at Venice, and were admitted among the Venetian patri-

cians. The Sanvitale at a very early period were Lords of Fontanellato; their castle has in all times been a favourite resort for Italian literature and art. The late Count Stefano won a wide reputation as a founder of houses of asylum and education. Not a few of the most distinguished living artists were reared up in those liberal institutions, to which the good count consecrated all his time and pretty nearly his fortune. His son, Luigi, at his death endeavoured to repair his shattered patrimony by an alliance with the house of Austria, that is, he espoused the unfortunate offspring of Maria Louisa's frailty, more lately legitimated by a left-handed marriage with Count Neipperg, her paramour. The cousin of Luigi, Count Jacopo Sanvitale, followed a different, consequently a more losing policy. At war with all the established governments since his boyhood, he was implicated in every conspiracy that ever was brewing in subterranean Italy. Imprisoned at Fenestrelle by Napoleon in 1810, on account of a disrespectful sonnet\* on the birth of the King of Rome, banished from Milan by the Austrians in 1816, sentenced to several years' imprisonment as a Carbonaro in 1820, and exiled in consequence of the insurrection of central Italy in 1831; he must be now, in spite of his eminent genius and most amiable disposition, languishing in some of the obscure *dépôts* of Italian refugees in France, unless indeed his cousin's recent exaltation at the court of Parma may have smoothed the way for his return.

The Rangoni of Modena also are among the few families preserving some traces of their former splendour. They are fond of deriving their origin from German ancestors, and were land owners before 1040. Gher-

ardo Rangoni was the first Podestà of Modena in 1156. Another Gherardo distinguished himself in the famous war of the "Rape of the Bucket" in 1249. The Rangoni were Lords of Castelvetro and Livizzano till 1702, when the elder branch came to its end; other branches however are still extant, and from them sprung a few but highly distinguished ecclesiastical or literary characters. The present representative of one of these houses is simply designated by Count Litta under his Christian name "Taddeo;" but his wife deserves a more particular notice.

"Rosa, one of the daughters of Count Carlo Testi, formerly a senator in the kingdom of Italy, accused of participation in the rebellion of February 3d, 1831, at Modena, for having embroidered a silken standard with the three colours of the Italian kingdom. This lady was condemned by a *tribunale statario* to three years' imprisonment in a fortress of state. The penalty was afterwards commuted by special clemency into a seclusion for as many years in the convent *Della Mantellate* in Reggio." The first instance, we believe, of female handiwork being accounted high treason.

But there still exists in Modena a family, by the side of whose antiquity, even the boasted genealogy of Este appears unimportant. The Pico were certainly a distinguished family before the conquest of Charlemagne in 774, since that emperor led away into France at his return, among other hostages, Manfredo, one of that house. Many years afterwards another Manfredo, Count of Milan, was among the opponents of Guido, Duke of Spoleto, for some time emperor and king of Italy. He continued his hostilities against Lamberto, son of Guido, also king of Italy, who laid siege to Milan, and after an obstinate resistance took prisoner and beheaded the Count, 896. Ugo, son of Manfredo, a youth of sixteen, also fell into the hands of the conqueror, but was pardoned. He even so far won the king's favour as to become his inseparable companion. One morning in summer, 898, King Lamberto was hunting alone with his favourite on the plain of Marengo. Wearied with long riding he lay down to sleep. The desire of avenging his father's death had long slumbered but was not extinct in Ugo's heart. From that sleep Lamberto never awoke. What became of the young murderer is not known, but in 900 he was no longer Lord of Milan. From him through almost mythological traditions, the Pico, or, as they were called, "the children of Manfredo," with great plausibility derive their lineal descent. They reappear on the stage as Lords of Miranda

\* We think our readers may like to see this famous *sibillone* or sonnet à bouts rimés, which, Sanvitale wrote in an unlucky quarter of an hour among a company of friends, and which, when it fell into the hands of the emperor and king, so bitterly provoked him, that he exclaimed, "Send the man to Fenestrelle, and let him stay there as many months as there are lines in the poem."

"PER LA NASCITA DELL' RE DI ROMA.

Io mi caccio le man nella parrucca  
Per la rabbia che proprio il cor mi tocca  
Se compio vate vaticinii scotta  
E un regio Mida canticchiando stucca.  
Em' arrovello se Firenze o Lucca  
Chitarrino strimpella o tromba imbocca  
Per un fanciul che in culla si ballocca  
E sallo Iddio se avrà poi sale in zucca.  
Egli è del conio della stessa zecca  
E rammento la rana che s' impicca  
Perchè l' astro del di moglie si becca  
Ecco già l' ugne in sen d' Italia ei ficca  
E le trae sanguinose e il sangue lecca,  
Ei che far la potea libera e ricca."

and imperial vicars in 1311. Ten years later Francesco Pico fell into the hands of a ruthless enemy, Passerino Bonaccolsi of Mantua, and, shut up in a dungeon with his family, he died the death of Ugolino, after having devoured two of his children. The Pico were successively created Counts of Concordia in 1432, Princes and then Dukes of Mirandole, &c., &c. Still the greatest lustre was conferred upon them by the illustrious and unfortunate Giovanni Pico, named by the Italians the phoenix of geniuses. Giovanni died childless; the descendants of his brothers were stripped of their estates by the emperor in 1706, and became extinct forty years later. The Pio, at one time Lords of Carpi and Sassuolo, who derived from the same stock with the "children of Manfredi," are also extinct. But two different houses of their name, issuing from collateral branches, are still living at Carpi, and some of their members are still high in office; one of them, Galeazzo Pio, being Governor of Garfagnana for the Duke of Modena.

A few of the many hundred families belonging to the feudal nobility, who acted in Lombardy a subordinate part under the Visconti, Scala, Este, &c., already occur in Count Litta's catalogue; such as the Bojardo of Reggio, Lords of Rubiera since 1095, afterwards Counts of Scandiano, extinct in 1560; Da Camino of Trevigi, powerful since 1089, and ended in 1422; the Castiglione of Milan, whose castle was built before the year 1000, and whose representatives, the lineal successors of the brave, amiable and accomplished Baldassar Castiglione, author of "*Il Cortegiano*," are still flourishing; the Giovio of Como, Fogliani of Reggio, Trinci of Foligno, Varano of Camerino, &c., &c., these last tracing their pedigree to the third century of the Christian era.—All these have been selected among the vast number, probably out of regard to some universally known individual, such as the poet Matteo Maria Bojardo, the historian Paolo Giovio, the poet Alphonso Varano, &c.; but were Litta really to give us the history of every feudal house of Lombardy or Romagna, of all the petty but renowned Lords of Polenta, in Ravenna; Malatesta, of Rimini; Montefeltro of Urbino; Manfredi, of Faenza, &c., &c., &c., there would positively be no end to his labours.

To all these, which in a general point of view, and in consequence of the law which they were known to profess, we incline to consider as issuing from northern, that is, from Gothic, Lombard, Frankish or German blood, must be added the numerous descendants of those brave Norman adventurers (few in number at first, but afterwards nearly as numerous as the followers of Wil-

liam the Conqueror of England), who, from the latter end of the tenth to the close of the following century, founded in the south of Italy the kingdom of the two Sicilies. The Filangieri, Caracciolo, and other Neapolitan houses, are well known to look up to those warriors as their progenitors; but not one of them has yet appeared in our author's register. Next come, at Naples, the French barons of Charles of Anjou, settled in the country since 1265; in Sicily and Sardinia, the feudal nobles, either foreign or natives, constitutionally organized in an oligarchic body by the Kings of Arragon; and more lately the Spanish houses, both in those islands and at Milan and Naples, who followed in the train of the triumphant armies of Charles V. and Philip II. Finally, among the feudal nobility, may be ranged the houses of those Condottieri of the fifteenth and following centuries, the Del Verme, Malatesta, Baglioni, Coleoni, &c., many of whom, often arising from obscure and even ignominious sources, owed their rise to the might of their arm, and established their precarious sovereignty almost on every petty town of Romagna and Lombardy; some of them having the good luck, for a time, to escape the wholesale massacres by which Borgia, Della Rovere, Medici, and other such popes, contrived to rid themselves of their presence.

Of these also the number is legion, and only two or three have as yet been published, nominally the Vitelli of Città di Castello, and the more famous Sforza Attendolo of Cotignola. These last, heirs to the greatness of the Visconti, were known as private gentlemen in their native place, towards the year 1326; Count Litta having successfully combated an idle tradition, according to which the first Sforza Attendolo had been represented as changing a woodman's hatchet for a trooper's battle-axe. Whatever his pedigree, however, it is well known how Sforza, the founder of one of the great military schools in Italy, owed his rise to the keen edge of his sword in the beginning of the fifteenth century. His son, Francesco, equally distinguished in arms, rendered his services acceptable to Filippo Maria Visconti, married the duke's daughter, Bianca, and, after the death of Visconti, was by the reluctant Milanese acknowledged as duke. The short and ignominious reign of Galeazzo, Francesco's son and successor, the usurpations and treacheries of Lodovico il Moro, and the fatal consequences entailed upon himself and his country by his improvident policy, are all matters essentially belonging to history. Maximilian and Francis, last heirs of Lodovico, both of whom (the former under Swiss, the latter under Austrian patronage) ascended

their father's throne, left no legitimate issue. Still the blood of Sforza runs even now in the veins of several Italian families, and their name, coupled with the Cesarini, Colonna, &c., is still conspicuous at Rome, Milan, and elsewhere.

From what has been said, the reader may be enabled to catch a glimpse of the vastness of this second division of Count Litta's subject. As with the genealogy of the *classical* or ancient Roman aristocracy, the history of Venice and Genoa is more essentially connected, so are the numerous vicissitudes of every town in the main land written in the records of the feudal or *castellated* nobility. But the history of Italy is a study bordering on immensity; formidable in its array of individualities, of which he alone who is gifted with the greatest powers of abstraction and generalization can conceive a distinct idea; and Litta's work, from the very nature of its compilation, rejects all classification and method. Whilst, therefore, we are thankful for what he has already, with so much diligence, laid before us, we feel also persuaded of the great weight of the task he has imposed upon himself, a weight under which, without the active co-operation of his countrymen, he must eventually succumb.

It remains for us, before we proceed to take into consideration the third class of Italian families, those belonging to the burgher aristocracy (*nobiltà cittadina*) to give a few words, and only a few words,

"Però che si ne caccia il lungo tema,"

to two more of the feudal houses, still extant; one of them the most powerful, the other the most illustrious of all Italian surviving families—the Dukes of Savoy and the Colonna.

At the head of the genealogy of the first house Litta places an Umberto dalle Bianche Mani, Count of Savoy, flourishing at the very opening of the eleventh century. The thick darkness involving the immediate preceding age, so justly considered by historians as the Nadir of human intelligence, renders it impracticable for any family to ascend any further without resting on idle conjectures. The house of Savoy was till late regarded as deriving from, and connected with, the earliest Dukes of Saxony; but more recent researches seem to give a greater degree of plausibility to another tradition which would trace them to the Marquises or Dukes of Ivrea, lords of one of the thirty great feuds into which, as we have repeatedly stated, the country was divided soon after the Lombard conquest, and who during the decline of the Carlovingian dynasty, entered, with more ambition than success, into the lists against others of their

peers for the high dominion of the peninsula. Litta is evidently partial to this opinion, and corroborates it by the statement of an important fact, that in 1098, the Counts of Savoy professed Italian law, adopted perhaps by their ancestors during their contest for the sceptre of Italy. That *white-handed* Umberto possessed considerable estates on both sides of the Alps, among which was most probably the upper vale of Aosta. Umberto died about 1056, and his unbroken posterity, perhaps the most ancient among the reigning families of Europe, have been almost constantly rising in power for these last eight centuries. Their throne has been occupied by thirty-eight princes during twenty-six generations, and whilst all the illegitimate branches have become extinct, the direct line has been most wonderfully preserved. From its very beginning this house gradually extended its influence over those Subalpine provinces known under the vague name of Piedmont, overcoming the opposition of the rival houses of Saluzzo and Montferrat, and the democratic spirit prevailing at Asti, Turin, and Ivrea, formerly members of the Lombard league. What was at first merely high patronage or nominal allegiance ended by being acknowledged as absolute power, "in consequence," says Litta, "of inheritances, marriages, treaties, and the right of the strongest." The Dukes of Savoy did not reside on the sunny side of the Alps till about the middle of the sixteenth century, and even then, far from becoming naturalized to the climate of Italy, they gave Piedmont that tinge of French bastardism, against which the newly arisen national spirit is now so successfully reacting.

"Since the sixteenth century," writes Litta at the close of his introductory remarks, "the Dukes of Savoy had in consequence of their position to struggle between France and Austria. Their valour and wisdom secured them that independence, which they were always resolved, at the rate of any sacrifice, to maintain. Twice were they brought to the last stage of adversity, and twice did they rise to still higher destinies. In the first instance a great man, Emmanuel Philibert, raised the house from its ruins. In the later epoch of which we were witnesses, not a name was heard of! Fortune alone stood them in stead of valour and policy. The blind goddess favours and rewards whom she chooses; and Fortune is the Providence of the house of Savoy."

Seven *fascicoli* have already been consecrated to this family, and yet their pedigree has hardly reached the sixteenth century. We all know, however, in whose person their genealogy terminates for the present. Carlo Felice, last of the reigning dynasty, died in 1831, and Carlo Alberto, of the branch of Carignano, ascended the throne.



This is the same glorious prince who in 1820, probably in imitation of his ancestors the Dukes of Ivrea, aspired to the great title of King of Italy, but who seems now satisfied with the more modest appellation of King of the Jesuits.

Whether the Colonna are to be considered of German or of ancient Roman descent, is a matter of controversy that Count Liitta seems unable to resolve. Their ancestry, however, ascends no higher than 1066, towards which epoch they were already Lords of Palestrina. Their name is familiar to every one who can read. No other family ever gave a greater number of brave though fierce and restless warriors, nor ever was a throne more helplessly at the mercy of any one house than that of the popes in the hands of Colonna. Their house is still great, and stands on as firm and powerful a base as anything connected with old Italy may be said to remain. Yes; the successors of the most warlike among popes and cardinals, the descendants of the great leaders of factions, Stefano and Sciarra,—of the great generals Fabrizio, Prospero, and Pompeo,—of the brave admiral Marcantonio, the conqueror at Lepanto, and of that noblest of her sex, Vittoria Colonna, still bear the titles of *Principi, Gran Contestabili, &c.*, and are still greatest among the great in Rome, Naples, and Sicily. Yet their wealth is far from corresponding to their station; and it was perhaps owing to economical views that one of the loveliest and most accomplished ladies of that proud house has lately been given in marriage to a son of the Banker-Duke Torlonia. Why not? even in this country, where aristocracy rests on the great rock of hereditary privileges, a *mesalliance* is oftentimes courted as the surest prop to a tottering house—even in this country, Mammon sits next to Blood in the house of lords, and the dwelling of a Jewish banker towers among the loftiest mansions in Piccadilly, second to none but that of the Hero of the age.

ART. VI.—*Petersburg in Bildern und Skizzen* von J. G. Kohl. (Pictures and Sketches of St. Petersburg.) 2 vols. Dresden and Leipsig, 1841.

THERE was certainly something bold in Peter the Great's idea of planting the capital of his empire upon the territory of his most powerful enemy. The marshes on which St. Petersburg now stands had scarcely been conquered from the Swedes when the foundations of the city were laid, and several times, while the building was proceeding, Peter was forced to lay aside the hod and

trowel, and to gird on his sword, in order to defend the walls of his embryo metropolis against the attacks of his hostile neighbours. Several spots in the immediate vicinity of the city thus became memorable, and are still pointed out as the sites of imperial victories over the once dreaded Swedes. On one of these triumph-hallowed sites the conqueror built a palace for his consort Catherine. This modern edifice is still preserved in honour of its founder; and once a year, on the 1st of May, the population of St. Petersburg perform a kind of joyful pilgrimage to the gardens of the Catharinenhoff, to welcome the returning spring among the snow-covered avenues planted by the man to whom every Russian still looks gratefully back as the author of the greatness and prosperity of the country.

It was not till 1721, or ten years after the building of Catharinenhoff, that Peter was able, by the treaty of Neustadt, to remove the frontier of his empire permanently to about 150 miles from the walls of his new capital. At present the place has become central enough, and bids fair to become more and more so every day. The empire, only a century old, already presses uncomfortably upon Western Europe. Germany feels that pressure in a multitude of ways, and may feel it more painfully at no very remote period. The first general war in Europe will be sure to bring the Russians to the Oder and the Elbe again, where they will be able to hold a much more dictatorial language than in 1815; but let us forbear to speculate about the future; our business now is to speak of St. Petersburg as it stands in the year 1841, and the subject is amply sufficient for our present purpose without seeking to embellish it with a multitude of prospective dicta, which, probable as they may now seem, may none of them be ratified by future events.

The author of the book before us is already favourably known to our readers. In our last number we reviewed Mr. Kohl's entertaining account of the Southern Provinces of Russia, and in so doing we made a passing mention of the work now under notice. Mr. Kohl seems to have chosen for himself the task of introducing his countrymen to an intimate acquaintance with their northern neighbours. What he has already done for Odessa, Riga and St. Petersburg, he will scarcely fail to do for Moscow and Archangel; and, as far as we are concerned, we shall certainly not complain of the task imposed upon us of reading and reviewing such agreeable volumes. It is a new department of literature that he has chosen for himself. His works can scarcely be classed among voyages and travels; for that they enter too much into local details; just as little must we speak of them as guides for travellers, for there is

nothing dull and common-place about any of Mr. Kohl's chapters, which, though often superficial, are always amusing.

Peter the Great was resolved that the inhabitants of his capital should not be at a loss for elbow room; when he laid out St. Petersburg, he destined at once a superficies of 50 square versis for the new city, and this allowed him to make his streets wide, his parade places spacious, and to leave ample room for the most advantageous display of all his public buildings. The city has gone on stretching ever since, but has not yet filled out the original frame designed by its founder, and another century will certainly elapse before the inhabitants of St. Petersburg will experience any necessity to economize their ground rents by building one city upon the top of another, as has been done in so many of the continental capitals. The spaciousness, which characterizes every part of the "Northern Palmyra," as the desert-circled city of palaces has not inaply been denominated, though it imparts to everything an air of magnificence and newness, has the effect of altogether preventing the development of the picturesque. St. Petersburg, therefore, with all its architectural splendour, soon becomes exceedingly monotonous to a stranger; and even the buildings, large as they are, appear often mean when compared with the breadth of the streets and the majestic course of the several channels through which the Neva winds its way to the sea. The extreme flatness of the ground adds to this effect. Palaces, worthy of mountains for their pedestals, stand grouped in endless rows like the emperor's own grenadiers when parading in front of the Admiralty. Buildings, individually large, become thus collectively little, assuming a look of sameness and constraint, and at no season is this more striking than in winter, when streets, rivers, squares, and roofs, are all covered by one monotonous white, while the misty character of the atmosphere permits few of the distant outlines to be distinctly seen, so that the whole assumes a spectral and unsubstantial air. The last place in the world to which the lover of the picturesque ought to direct his steps is St. Petersburg, particularly in winter. In the summer there is at least some variety for the eye to feast on. The broad arms of the Neva are then dotted with ships and boats; not crowded, for it would indeed require mighty fleets to crowd the Neva. It is true they would find it difficult to get there, unless they were flat-bottomed, for no vessel drawing more than six or eight feet of water is ever able to come up to the quays at St. Petersburg. The houses, too, as the snow melts away, lose their airy unsubstantial look,

and seem to obtain a firm footing again, while the roofs, mostly of iron and of a bright green colour, present an agreeable contrast to the azure cupolas of the churches and their gilt spires. To see all this, however, the stranger must be content to raise himself above the ordinary level of those among whom he holds his temporary residence; for as the city nowhere presents a natural elevation, it is only from the top of some lofty building that a panoramic view can be obtained. For this purpose no place is better suited than the central tower of the Admiralty, which appears to have been built for the purpose. It stands in the very centre of all the most important streets and buildings of the Russian metropolis, and is provided, at different heights, with circular galleries, from the highest of which the city may be surveyed like a map; those of our readers, however, whose leisure will not permit them to climb the said tower to contemplate the living map below, will do well to provide themselves with a more portable map of St. Petersburg. In the Series published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, there is a plan of the Russian capital that may be had for sixpence, and by the aid of which our readers will be enabled to follow us with more satisfaction through the *oulitzas*, the *pereoulahks*, the *plashishads*, the *rynoks*, and the *prospekts*, through which we are about to commence our wanderings.

The Admiralty, the Winter palace, and the Palace of the Hermitage, are built along the Neva, where they occupy a space of ground of about an English mile in length, by about 1000 feet in breadth. This, it will be admitted, is a tolerably large site for three houses. Of course a good deal of ground is left uncovered including the *plashishad* or square of the Admiralty, where the emperor almost daily reviews some of his troops, and where, during the carnival and the Easter week, the humbler classes may be seen to most advantage, while indulging in the wild but disciplined excesses of their national diversions. From the summit of the tower we may behold the vast store of timber piled up in the inner yards; the men-of-war upon their stocks, ready to glide upon their destined element; and, carrying our glance across the Neva, we are surprised by the aspect of that formidable citadel, bristling with artillery, and ready at any time to reduce the metropolis to a heap of ruins, should its inhabitants ever feel tempted to emulate the glories of a Parisian July. A citadel built in the very heart of a city, announces too plainly the object of its being. To defend the town against a foreign invader, it would be worse than useless; let us hope that it may never

be destined to direct against the defenceless capital those murderous engines, which, from the place they now occupy, must always be harmless to an enemy.

On looking at the map it will be seen, that St. Petersburg has been built on the delta of the Neva, which discharges itself into the sea through some eight or ten channels, forming a multitude of islands of different sizes. The principal part of the city stands on the south side of the main branch of the river; on the islands opposite, the buildings are more scattered, and some are entirely occupied by public gardens, and by the villas of the Russian noblesse. Towards the south of the Admiralty will be seen three principal streets radiating from the central point formed by the tower already spoken of. These streets are called *prospekts*, a name given in St. Petersburg to all the more important streets; but those now under consideration are the *prospekts par excellence*, and of these the Nevskoi Prospekt forms the great central artery through which the life-blood of the city may be said to be constantly circulating. It is to St. Petersburg, more than Regent Street is to London, or the Broadway to New York. It is at once a great business thoroughfare like Cheapside, and a fashionable lounge like the Italian Boulevard in Paris; and a stranger taking up his position in front of the Admiralty may look down the busy street, carrying his glance along magnificent palaces and brilliant shops, through the markets of the suburbs, to the adjoining villages of Okhta, the only locality of older date than the great Peter; and beyond these the eye may lose itself in the gloomy bottomless morasses, by which the splendid capital is on all sides encompassed. Armed with a good telescope, a man may see from the Admiralty Square what is going on in the most remote quarters; and, if he can forget the tyrannical exercise of despotic power which was required to make so splendid a city spring into life among the inhospitable marshes, many objects will present themselves well calculated to awaken not only admiration but delight. The total absence of mendicity, and of all those wretched objects who in so many cities studiously display their sufferings and deformities, cannot fail to strike a new arriver. The lower classes are evidently well fed and well clothed, though their diet would not perhaps stimulate the appetite of a London beggar, nor their costume excite the envy of even the humblest among our mechanics. A sheep-skin caftan, the model apparently of those monstrosities known among us by the euphonious appellation of Taglionis, forms the chief clothing of every Russian of the lower, and in general also of

the middle classes, though among the latter, it must be owned, the swallow-tail has of late been making fearful inroads. Black bread and cabbage are the customary fare of the labouring man; but coarse as these may seem, custom has endeared them to him, and he would not relish the most refined luxuries if black bread and cabbage did not form the basis of his meal. What is of most importance, his wages are sufficient to ensure an abundant supply of the two staple articles of his diet, and when old and infirm, he returns to his village, and depends for support upon his feudal lord. It is to the state of serfage accordingly, in which the rural population is still held, that St. Petersburg owes the absence of importunate beggars, or of those more painful objects of compassion who with us parade their sufferings as a silent but more powerful appeal than any that the sturdy mendicant has to advance. Slavery enervates the mind both of the slave and his master, but it begets a connexion that never exists between the free labourer and his employer. The serf, though he forfeit the power of independent action, retains at least the right of looking to his lord for a maintenance; he must submit uncomplainingly to oppression, but he knows at least that he cannot in his old age be left to starve. The striking contrast between luxury and misery is less painfully observed in the Russian than in any other European capital.

The houses in St. Petersburg are rarely more than one or two stories high, except in the most thickly peopled quarters, where the rising value of the ground has of late years led to the construction of a few houses of four or five stories. They are of rare occurrence, however, and are still looked upon as architectural monsters by the native Russians, who for the most part detest the idea of having to mount staircases within their own homes. The houses of St. Petersburg, however, make up for want of height, by the immense space of ground which they often cover, and by the number of human beings which they often contain. The Winter Palace is supposed to afford shelter to no less than 6000 regular inmates. In the Military Hospital 4000 beds are made up for patients alone. The Foundling Hospital contains 7000 children, and the Corps of Cadets includes at all times several thousand pupils within its walls. There are private houses in St. Petersburg that bring in revenues of fifty and a hundred thousand rubles, or from two to five thousand pounds sterling, to their owners. Mr. Kohl mentions one house, in which there was an extensive bazaar on one side of the ground floor, while on the other side a whole colony of English, French,

and German traders and mechanics had established themselves. On the first floor dwelt a couple of senators, yet several other families of wealth and consideration occupied spacious suites of apartments there. On the second floor was a school of great celebrity, and most of the professors and teachers had established themselves there with their families. In the back buildings of the same house, independently of many obscurer individuals, there was a complete mob of majors, colonels, and retired generals, besides an Armenian priest and a German pastor.

"All Petersburg might have been swallowed up in its own marshes; yet if this one house had been left, there would have remained a little political community, in which every rank would have been represented. When such a house burns down, 200 families at once are left without a home. To hunt out an acquaintance in so extensive a building is a real trial for a man's patience. Ask a *butshnik* (the policeman stationed in the street,) and he will tell you that he is tolerably well acquainted with the one side of the house, but knows nothing about the side which you are desirous of exploring. Ask the inmates of the house, and you are by no means certain of the information you desire, for those residing under the same roof are not in the habit of looking upon one another as neighbours. There would scarcely be anything hyperbolic in saying that almost every house in St. Petersburg is a little town. To see them from the street you would hardly be prepared for their extent, but once enter the *podysade* or gateway, and you will be astonished to find yourself in a courtyard, perhaps, where a regiment of cavalry might perform its evolutions, while the endless succession of back buildings, passages, and side buildings form a most astonishing labyrinth."

St. Petersburg stands upon a piece of ground measuring about 570,000,000 square feet, and the population is calculated at about half a million. This leaves about 1200 square feet for every man, woman, and child. Yet in few cities are houses dearer than in St. Petersburg. Wages are high, and the ground in the central parts of the town has become so valuable, that in some instances the ground on which a private house has been built, is estimated at nearly 10,000*l.* English money, for which in the interior a man might buy several square leagues of territory, with all the forests, bears, wolves, and serfs upon it. To form the foundation of the house requires a little fortune, owing to the swampy character of the soil, in which so many piles must be rammed before a solid scaffolding can be formed, that an entire house might elsewhere be constructed for much less money. The mighty citadel of which we have spoken rests upon such an assemblage of piles, and all the palaces of the czar stand upon a similar foundation; nay, the very quays between which

the majestic Neva winds her course, would sink down into the marsh on which they stand, but for the piles that have been sunk there for their support. The foundation for the Isaac's Church cost upwards of a million of rubles, a sum for which a pompous cathedral might under more favourable circumstances have been erected. Yet even these costly foundations are not at all times to be relied on. After the great inundation of 1824, the walls of many houses burst asunder, in consequence of their subterranean woodwork having given way, and there are few parts of the town in which an evident settlement has not taken place in the elegant quays that enclose the several branches of the river.

The frost is another great enemy to northern architecture. The moisture imbibed by the granite during the summer, becomes ice in winter; the blocks burst, and on the return of spring fall to pieces. Most of the monuments of St. Petersburg have already been injured by its ruthless climate, and there are few of them that, if not constantly repaired, would not fall into ruins in less than a century; even the splendid column erected only a few years ago in honour of Alexander, is already disfigured by a large rent, which some of the Russians, however, consider it a point of patriotism to be blind to.\*

For the houses, we have seen, a tolerable foundation has been obtained by driving piles into the ground, but no such precaution appears to have been taken to provide a support for the pavement of the street, and St. Petersburg has in consequence to be partially repaved every year. As soon as the frost breaks up, the swampy soil breaks out in every direction. In some places the stones spring up, in others they sink down and form dangerous cavities, while the whole pavement trembles under the rattling equipages, like the surface of a moor. In some streets the wooden pavement has been introduced, but this also is constantly in want of repair, and will, Mr. Kohl seems to think, be eventually altogether abandoned, the marshy ground on which the city stands making it impossible to obtain a solid foundation. The quality of the pavement, however, is a secondary consideration to a Russian, whom, during the greater part of the year, nature provides with a railroad of ice and snow, which the most

\* Since the above has been in type, we have received from St. Petersburg an official report, in which it is stated that the supposed fissure has been examined, and has been found to be merely an optical illusion. This may be so, but at all events the deception is complete, and will continue to deceive a multitude of sceptics. The report alluded to is given in the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* of the 11th of November last.

refined ingenuity of man will scarcely attempt to equal.

Nothing can be more delightful than the easy noiseless manner in which a carriage rolls over the frozen snow of the Russian capital. The pedestrian may at times be annoyed, in the more frequented streets, by the clouds of snow-dust thrown up by the horses; for the constant trampling over the same spot converts a large portion of the frozen mass into a light powder more annoying sometimes than the dust of summer. This, however, occurs only in the principal thoroughfare; and besides, who in St. Petersburg cares for the comfort of pedestrians? In the generality of the streets the snow is soon beaten down into a compact mass, over which the equipages of the Moscovite grandezza glide as lightly and silently as so many gondolas along the canals of Venice. To those who enjoy good health there is nothing very formidable in the severe cold of a northern winter. It is the return of spring that tries the constitution of a southern, and tests his patience by the infliction of a multitude of little annoyances. Nothing can equal the horrors of a Russian street when the frost breaks up. Many weeks elapse before the six months' accumulation of snow is able to wend its muddy course through the gutters into the Neva, and while in this intermediate condition, the streets are filled with a sea of mud, such as the liveliest imagination of a cockney would vainly attempt to picture to himself. During this period of transition the horses may sometimes be almost said to swim through the streets; and as to the poor foot passengers, they have good reason to be grateful if they reach their homes without broken limbs. Even to step from the carriage to the street door, is then a feat not always unattended by danger.

For six months in the year the nights are so short in St. Petersburg that it appears almost useless to light the streets; and whether it be owing to this circumstance, or to the vast extent of the streets and squares, certain it is, that the "Northern Palmyra" is, during winter, about the worst lighted capital in Europe. Gas has not yet established its supremacy on the banks of the Neva, and the few oil lamps scattered along the sides of the spacious street, emit rays too feeble to reach the kennel in the centre. The gay shops illuminate the Nevskoi Prospekt, but in the other streets the lamps are more for ornament than use, presenting only two parallel lines of glimmering stars, that afford no guiding light from one side of the street to the other. Every two or three minutes a noiseless sledge will be seen to emerge suddenly from the obscurity on the one side, to vanish again with equal rapidity into the blackness of the other

side. To the credit of the Russian chariot-eers, however, it must be owned, that, notwithstanding this extreme darkness, accidents rarely occur. This may be owing to a salutary police regulation, which takes it for granted that when an accident does happen, the coachman must be in fault; and where the Russian police condemns, punishment is seldom slow, and is not remarkable for gentleness when it comes.

To speak of St. Petersburg without devoting a page or two to the magnificent Neva, would be to emulate that oft-cited dramatic expedient, the omission of Hamlet from the tragedy that bears his name. A century ago, the name of this beautifully transparent river was known to few but the fishermen of Okhta, and the herdsmen of the Finnish marshes; now its fame fills the world, and its crystal waters serve to mirror lines of palaces, among the most sumptuous that this earth has ever seen. The Neva is a river of about forty English miles in length, and is the channel through which the Ladoga Lake pours its waters into the Baltic. Just before reaching the Gulf of Finland, it divides into a multitude of arms, of which the principal are, the Great and Little Neva, and the Great and Little Nevka. Of these, the Great Neva is the most important, being in some places more than twice as broad as the Thames at Waterloo Bridge. It is impossible for a river to be of more importance to a city than the Neva is to St. Petersburg, and boundless is the affection expressed towards it by the inhabitants, and probably felt by most of them. The St. Petersburger maintains that no other water on the face of the globe is so sweet to drink; that with none other can coffee or tea be made in such perfection; and the first thing presented to a friend on his return from a journey is generally a glass of Neva water. The Emperor Alexander is even said to have always had a quantity of Neva water bottled up for his use when travelling. The Neva, moreover, abounds in a variety of delicious fish, serves to cleanse the capital of its impurities, and places it in easy connection, not only with foreign countries, but even with some of the most remote provinces of the empire. For nearly six months of every year, the beloved Neva is bound in icy fetters; for early in November the navigation closes, and it is rarely before the beginning or the middle of April that the water has acquired sufficient warmth to enable it to burst its bonds. This moment is anxiously looked for; and as soon as the dirty masses of ice have glided down the river far enough to make it possible for a boat to pass from one side to the other, the wished-for event is announced by a discharge of artillery from the fortress. Be it night or

day, the commandant of the fortress, accompanied by the officers of his staff, and arrayed in all the insignia of his rank, embarks in his gondola, and crosses over to the winter palace. The commandant is immediately admitted into his sovereign's presence, to whom he announces that the winter has reached its close, in token of which he points to his gondola, and presents his majesty with a crystal goblet filled with the sparkling water of the Neva. The emperor drains off the uninebriating bumper to the health of his capital, and returns the goblet to the commandant filled with gold. Such at least was formerly the practice; but it was found that the goblet had a marvellous tendency to increase its dimensions, till at last the emperor's potatory powers were scarcely equal to the task imposed upon him, while his privy purse was at the same time made sensible of the expansive quality of the commandant's goblet. A compromise was at last deemed expedient. The emperor fixed the officer's *douceur* at 200 ducats, and since then his majesty has found it less difficult to comply with the periodical usage of his water-drinking predecessors.

The first gun that announces from the fortress the return of spring, draws the multitude to the quay to admire the commandant's boat, and within an hour afterwards, hundreds of gondolas may be seen rowing merrily about in all directions. Masses of ice come floating down for several weeks from Ladoga Lake, but the Russian gondolier is too familiar with ice to let it affright him; and besides, the spring ice is rarely so dangerous to shipping as the sharp ice that forms at the first setting in of winter. The young ice cuts like a knife, and the strongest vessel may be cut through in a few hours, by the successive masses that come floating down the river at the commencement of the frost. The old ice, on the contrary, though it often looks much more formidable, is comparatively harmless, for in the melting mood it yields to the slightest pressure, and is more or less broken by every collision it encounters.

"The first vessel that arrives is received with a joy bordering on enthusiasm, and the cargo, consisting mostly of foreign fruits and French fashions, is certain to go off at extravagant prices. A crowd of English, Swedish, Dutch, Hanseatic, and American vessels follow almost immediately. The deathlike silence of winter is converted in a few days into a scene of life and commercial bustle. From the Baltic come the foreign ships decked out with all the variegated flags of Europe, and from the interior there arrive a multitude of clumsy barges and fragile rafts, which when unloaded are mostly taken to pieces, and their materials disposed of as firewood. The native merchandize stored up during the winter in the warehouses, is quickly got

afloat, the men-of-war prepare to sally forth to their peaceful evolutions in the Baltic, steamers snort and smoke, and urge their splashing course backwards and forwards to Cronstadt, the light gondolas are flying along in all directions, every day, every hour brings forth something new, and the disenchantment of the icy palace is complete.

It must not, however, be supposed that the St. Petersburger lets all the ice of the Neva float away, to cool the liquor of the fishes in the Baltic. The Russian is too fond of ice to be a single day without it, if he can get it. Throughout the summer every liquid is iced, not even excepting tea, and an icehouse is of all others the appendage that a Russian *ménage* is least inclined to dispense with. Even the peasant's cottage is rarely without one, and St. Petersburg is supposed to contain no less than 10,000. It must of course require the work of many hands to fill all these cellars with ice, for each cellar is supposed to afford accommodation for fifty sledge-loads. Supposing each cellar to be filled, and there are few that are not, this would give 500,000 sledge-loads of ice for the consumption of the capital, or about one sledge-load for every man, woman, and child in the place. The most extensive commerce carried on during the winter is decidedly that in ice, and many thousands find constant employment in fishing up this cooling produce from its "native element," the water of the Neva. The men who make it their business to raise the ice, go about it in a most artist-like way, sawing and chopping their raw material into such equal and mathematical shapes as may most conveniently be packed, first in the sledge, and afterwards in the cellar; but we will allow our author to describe the operation in his own words:

"They begin by clearing away the snow from the surface that they may draw more distinctly the outline of their work. A large parallelogram is then sketched upon the ice, and is divided by cross lines into a number of squares to suit the dimensions of their sledges. The next step is to loosen the great parallelogram, which is done by digging a trench all round, and as the ice is often one and a half to two ells in thickness, the stooping labourers are at last as completely lost to sight, as though they were so many miners working in a mine. Under their feet they must leave a coating of ice sufficient to bear their own weight, and the whole is afterwards loosened by the aid of poles. The subsequent subdivision of the parallelogram is a comparatively easy task; into each fragment a hook is then fastened, and amid shouts and acclamations, the beautiful, clear, green crystals are drawn to land. The Neva ice is of a sparkling emerald green, or at least looks so when laid on the snow. The glassy store is then piled upon the sledges, the drivers seat themselves on their

cool thrones, and amid songs and jests they drive away to the habitations of their several employers. It affords no little amusement to visit these ice-quarries on the Neva, and to observe the Russians when engaged in an occupation so congenial to their habits and character.

"In the ice-cellars the fragments are built up with mathematical exactness, but in such a manner as to leave shelves and niches for the reception, in summer, of milk, butter, meat, and other articles likely to be damaged by the heat. This description applies to what may be considered well-managed establishments; but into many cellars the ice is flung in good Russian fashion without the least attempt at order. So completely are the Russians accustomed to these ice-cellars that they cannot imagine a well-ordered household without one. It may safely be calculated that the ice consumed in St. Petersburg during the warm months costs the inhabitants at least two or three millions of rubles."

Over the four principal arms of the Neva no permanent bridge has yet been erected, but over the smaller branches, which have been made to assume the appearance of canals,—the Fontanka, the Ligofka, the Moika, &c.—the number of bridges can scarcely fall short of sixty. These are far from being sufficient, for at several of them constant stoppages occur, and policemen are obliged to be stationed there to keep the carriages in proper order. The bridges over the main branches of the river, composed merely of boards resting on pontoons, are taken to pieces on the approach of winter, and put together again in the spring. A stone bridge has often been talked of, but many difficulties oppose themselves to the execution of the plan. In the first place, the expense would be enormous owing to the nature of the ground, in which it would be difficult to obtain a solid foundation for the piers. The Russian emperors, however, are not always deterred from a favourite enterprise by the apprehension of dipping too deeply into the public purse, and the Isaac's Bridge would probably have been replaced long ago by one of a more solid construction, were it not for the general belief, that no bridge could be built strong enough to resist the weight of the ice that pours down from the Ladoga Lake on the breaking up of the frost. It sometimes happens that a gale of wind will break up the whole of the ice in the Cronstadt Bay, before the ice of the Neva has put itself in motion. In such cases the entire body of the ice in the Neva, as the sides become loosened, glides down the river in a mass. No satisfactory plan has yet been proposed for providing a power of resistance against so enormous a pressure. Nevertheless, the inconvenience often felt, of having all communication cut off, for days together, between the several parts of the city, is so great, that

a remedy will, no doubt, be some day found. In the mean time, we will give our readers an idea of the annoyances that attend the present system.

Of these bridges of boats there are nine. The longest is the Troitzkoi Most (Trinity Bridge) more than 800 yards in length; but by far the most important to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg is the Isaac's Bridge, which connects the largest and wealthiest part of the city with Vasiliefskoi Island, on which stands the Exchange, and on which the foreign merchants find it most convenient to reside.

"During the summer the pontoons on which they rest lie firmly anchored in the river, but as soon as the ice begins, in autumn, to make its appearance in large masses, the bridges are taken to pieces. To each bridge a regular commandant is appointed, who has a number of workmen under his orders. As soon as the ice stands the bridges are reconstructed, for as the Neva ice presents a very uneven surface, every one prefers the artificial to the natural bridge. In spring the bridges are kept standing till the booming artillery from the citadel sends forth the official announcement that winter is departing. Upon this signal, the bridges immediately vanish, a passage for the pontoons having been carefully provided beforehand, by making open channels in the ice. As soon as the masses of ice have floated by, the bridges are put together again, to be again removed on the arrival of a fresh reinforcement. So great is the inconvenience felt when the communication is interrupted, that every moment of liberty is taken advantage of, and, though the mere putting together of the Isaac's Bridge costs each time several hundred rubles, it has often been taken to pieces and built up again two or three times in one day. In one spring this operation has been repeated no less than three-and-twenty times. It may easily be supposed, therefore, that these wretched wooden bridges are anything but economical constructions. The frequent taking asunder and putting together again greatly accelerates the wear and tear of the material, while the upper boards are rapidly destroyed by the great number of carriages constantly passing over. The Isaac's Bridge alone has probably cost more, during the short time of its existence, than has ever been expended on the massive Dresden Bridge, which has now stood for more than three centuries.\*

\* The Dresden Bridge, known to the inhabitants under the name of the Elbe Bridge, is 1420 feet long, or 200 feet longer than Waterloo Bridge. The Elbe Bridge is considered the finest and longest structure of the kind in Germany. It rests on sixteen arches, is thirty feet in width, and has a foot pavement and an iron balustrade on each side. On the centre pier stands a bronze crucifix, with an inscription in commemoration of the partial destruction of the bridge in 1813, to facilitate the retreat of the French under Marshal Davoust, and of its restoration by the Emperor Alexander.

"While the bridges are down, the inhabitants of the several islands on which the city stands, become, for days together, so many separate communities. Relations are unable to hear from one another; the public officers, receiving no commands from their superiors, are reduced to the necessity of acting on their own responsibility; merchants are unable to receive communications from one another; teachers cannot visit their pupils, nor these the schools; the *isvosht-shiks* or hackney coachmen are forced to confine their courses within narrower limits; and the dinner parties and soirées have often to dispense with more than half their guests. In spring, therefore, as well as in autumn, when the bridges are down, every advantage is taken of the ice, however insecure it may be. Boards are laid side by side, till a complete path has been formed across. When the danger of these supplementary bridges is thought to have become imminent, they are prohibited, and policemen are stationed on both sides to prevent people from venturing across. Sometimes, however, messages of such importance have to be conveyed, that high rewards are offered to the *mushik* bold enough to brave a watery grave, and all the horrors of the police cane. On these occasions crowds assemble on the quays to admire the boldness and activity of the *mushik*, who armed with a slight board makes his way nimbly from one flake to the other, and generally contrives to give the slip to the soldiers, who are watching for his landing. Often, of course, the attempt fails, and the unfortunate messenger is swallowed up by the remorseless Neva. Indeed, it may safely be assumed, that in no city are there so many people drowned in the year as in St. Petersburg."

It is melancholy to contemplate the constant danger in which this brilliant capital is placed. If Mr. Kohl's picture is not overcharged, the occurrence of a strong westerly wind, and high water, just at the breaking up of the ice, would at any time suffice to occasion an inundation sufficient to drown the whole population, and to convert the entire city with all its sumptuous palaces into a chaotic mass of ruins.

"The Gulf of Finland runs to a point as it approaches the mouth of the Neva, where the most violent gales are always those from the west, so that the mass of waters, on such occasions, is always forcibly impelled towards the city. The islands forming the Delta of the Neva, on which St. Petersburg stands, are extremely low and flat, and the highest point in the city is probably not more than twelve or fourteen feet above the average level of the sea. A rise of fifteen feet is, therefore, enough to place all St. Petersburg under water, and a rise of thirty feet is enough to drown almost every human being in the place. The poor inhabitants are therefore in constant danger of destruction, and can never be certain that the whole 500,000 of them may not, within the next twenty-four hours, be washed out of their houses like so many drowned rats."

To say the truth, the subject ought hardly to be spoken of with levity, for the danger is too imminent, and the reflection often makes many hearts quake in St. Petersburg. The only hope of this apparently doomed city, is, that the three circumstances may never occur simultaneously, viz., high water, the breaking up of the ice, and a gale of wind from the west. There are so many points of the compass for the wind to choose among, that it would seem perverse in the extreme to select the west at so critical a moment; nevertheless, the wind does blow very often from the west during spring, and the ice floating in the Neva and the Gulf of Finland is of a bulk amply sufficient to oppose a formidable obstacle to the water in the upper part of the river. Had the ancient sages of Okhta kept meteorological records, one might perhaps be able to calculate how often in a thousand years, or in ten thousand years, such a flood as we are here supposing, might be likely to occur. As it is, the world need not be at all surprised to read in the newspapers, one of these days, that St. Petersburg, after rising like a bright meteor from the swamps of Finland, has as suddenly been extinguished in them like a mere will-o-the-wisp. May heaven protect the city!"

The greatest inundations by which St. Petersburg has been visited were those of 1726, 1752, 1777, and 1824. The last of these, the highest on record, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers, for our newspapers were, at the time, filled with details of the horrible scene. Trifling inundations, only just enough to lay the streets under water, and make it exceedingly uncomfortable for the beau monde to get home from their balls and soirées, are of frequent occurrence and are not much *thought of*. When the water begins to rise, a gun is fired from the Admiralty, and a red flag is hoisted on every steeple. When the lower parts of the town are under water, guns are discharged every quarter of an hour, and in proportion as the enemy assumes a more threatening attitude, the artillery becomes more importunate in its warnings, till at last minute-guns are fired, as signals to the gondolas and foreign vessels, to save as many human beings as they can from a watery grave.

During the warm and beautiful clear nights of the brief Russian summer, the Neva presents a scene of remarkable animation, far surpassing, while it lasts, what even the canals of Venice are able to offer. A St. Petersburg night at this season of the year is merely a short transition into twilight, to mark the limits of the departing and the coming day. The gay colours of the flowers remain visible in their minutest shades, and even the little birds think it scarcely worth while to go to roost, but keep chirruping away till morning. On such a night let the reader imagine



a river like the Neva, in some places upwards of half a mile broad, and winding with its several branches, for nearly fifteen miles amid palaces, gardens, and villas. The open sea is close at hand for those of a more adventurous turn. The English captains in their light boats are proud to display their nautical superiority; the pompous gondolas of the Russian nobles are rowing about with bands of music; the humbler classes enliven the scene by their favourite national songs; and thousands come to admire a spectacle to the gaiety of which they themselves contribute.

The immense extent of ground on which St. Petersburg has been built, the width of the streets, the vast space occupied by the squares or parade places, and the separation of the several quarters or "sides" of the city, by the great surface of water which the branches of the Neva present, contribute to prevent that bustling and populous appearance of the streets that characterises the more ancient capitals of Europe. Along the Neva Quays, in the vicinity of the Admiralty, and in the Nievkoi Prospekt, there is at all times much life and activity; but in the other parts of the town the appearance of solitude and desolation is at times oppressive. Vast open unpaved spaces occur of many acres in extent, over which a solitary droschky will now and then be seen wending its way, like a small boat on the open ocean; and streets of palaces succeed each other, with but one or two pedestrians to enliven the scene, having the effect rather of skulking banditti, lurking about a rocky gorge, than of the denizens of one of the gayest cities in the world.

In those quarters, however, where the people of St. Petersburg do more especially congregate, the scene is one which no other city can match for the gaiety and variety of costume. The garrison seldom consists of less than 70,000 men, and includes generally detachments from all the Tartar, Circassian, Persian, and other oriental corps that have been incorporated with the great Russian army. St. Petersburg, moreover, is not only the principal garrison town of the empire, but also the great naval station; and no military or naval officer must ever show himself in the streets otherwise than in *grande tenue*. Every man holding a situation under government, however trifling, and every professor, teacher, or pupil, belonging to a public school, has a distinct uniform, in which alone it is lawful for him to appear in public. When to this we add the policemen, the servants of the nobles, and all the other human beings whose peculiar office it appears to be to wear bright colours, and to go about bedizened with tags and lace, the imagination will be at no great

loss to form a picture of the gay and tulip-like effect of a St. Petersburg promenade. The mercantile portion of the public add to the variety of the groups that are constantly forming in the more busy parts of the town. Every nation in Europe, nay, every nation on the globe, appears to have its representatives there. English and French, Americans and Germans, Italians and Greeks, Spaniards and Moors, Turks and Persians, Indians and Tartars, Bokharians and Laplanders, Kamtschadales and Mongolians, nay, even Chinese and Arabs, may all be seen mingled in gay confusion, each clad in his native garb. Some of the Eastern strangers are drawn by the hope of commercial gain, but many are wealthy magnates among their own tribes, and are detained in the Russian capital as hostages for the tranquillity of their districts, and the submission of their countrymen.

"The Nievkoi Prospekt is decidedly the best place to study the street population of St. Petersburg. This magnificent street leads from the convent of Alexander Nevsky to the Admiralty, and is four versts in length. Towards the extremity it makes a bend. It cuts through all the "rings" of the town; through the quarter of the poor inhabitants of the suburbs, as well as through the centre of wealth and luxury, and a journey from one end to the other is decidedly the most interesting that can be made within the limits of the capital. At one extremity we have a convent and a cemetery to remind us of death and solitude. Leaving these, we pass between low wooden houses, by cattle markets and before brandy shops, with Russian peasants swarming around them, offering in the suburb a tolerable picture of the life of a Russian village. As we advance we come to houses of stone that boast of two floors, to a better description of public houses, and to shops rather better than would be looked for in a remote provincial town. Next we arrive at magazines of ancient household wares, and of decayed garments, things that have worn away their gloss in the service of the wealthy, and are banished in the days of their decrepitude to the homes of the poor. As yet we see the houses painted red and yellow, according to the time-hallowed practice of the antique Russian, and all the men we meet are decorated with long beards and longer caftans. A little farther and we already see a few *Isvoshishiks*,\* whom chance has thrown into regions so remote from the centre of the great world. A few shaven chins and swallow-tailed coats begin to be seen, and here and there a mansion of some pretension. On arriving at the turn we obtain a view of the more important portion of the street, with the golden giant needle that surmounts the Admiralty tower, floating over the mists that rise from the street. We cross a bridge or two and feel that we are approaching the centre of the capital. Palaces arise on either side to the

\* The drivers of the different kinds of public carriages.

height of three or four stories, and the inscriptions on the shop fronts increase in number and size, till we arrive at that of Bouton, the tailor, whose name adorns the front of his house in letters of several yards in length. Carriages and four now become more frequent, and occasionally an officer dashes by in an elegant uniform and with feathers streaming in the wind. At length we reach the Fontanka, cross the Anitshkoff bridge, and are reminded by the palace of Count B. that we are entering the fashionable part of the town.\* Here the bustle of the scene becomes fairly bewildering. Carriages and four at every step, generals and princes elbowing among the crowd, splendid shops, imperial palaces, cathedrals and churches of every confession.

"This part of the Prospekt, in the middle of the day, may challenge a comparison with all the most celebrated streets in the world, and the promenade loses none of its attraction by the splendour of its decoration. The whole of this part of the street [upwards of an English mile in length] is formed of only fifty 'houses,' but each is of colossal dimensions. The ground belongs mostly to the different churches (the Dutch, the Catholic, the Armenian, &c.), having been given to them by Peter the Great, at a time when the land was of little value, but it now produces revenues of enormous amount.

"On a fine clear day the promenade might be compared to a festive saloon, with the canopy of Heaven for a ceiling. The houses are so new, so brilliant, and so rich in columns, that they look like the decorations of a theatre or ball room. Along the centre of the broad street magnificent equipages roll noiselessly over the wooden pavement. The trottoir on each side is spacious and convenient. Vulgar mob-like sounds are nowhere heard, for the public of St. Petersburg are remarkable for their civility, and are rarely guilty of brawling and quarrelling. People do not attempt to run one another down. This is partly owing to the respect which the humbler classes from their birth are taught to show towards those above them, and partly to the innate flexibility of the Slavonian races, in whom there is but little of that sharpness and angularity which never allows us Saxons to pass one another without the hazard of a collision."

There is, however, one great drawback to a St. Petersburg promenade, which Mr. Kohl appears to have overlooked, namely, the immense preponderance of the ungentler sex. The Russian capital contains nearly twice as many men as women, and travellers do say, —for we should not presume to hazard so uncourtly a remark ourselves,—that the climate of St. Petersburg does not contribute to the development or the conservation of female beauty. The few pretty faces one sees are

mostly owned by foreigners, and are seldom worn by residents. The great scarcity of ladies exposes them also to many inconveniences. A respectable woman can seldom venture abroad without the protection of an escort.

The Nievkoi Prospekt continues to be the favourite promenade till about two o'clock, when the beau monde transfer their favours to the English quay. The confluence in the Prospekt is not merely occasioned by the pursuit of pleasure, for all the principal shops being there, the ladies have the excuse of business for their morning lounge; but the afternoon promenade on the English quay pretends to be nothing else but a promenade, and is altogether uncontaminated by trade. The imperial family often join in the patrician throng; indeed the present emperor first brought the walk on the English quay into fashion.

One more public walk remains to be noticed, namely, the Summer Garden, the usual resort of all the nurses and nursery-maids of St. Petersburg. Here the juvenile aristocracy of the great empire may on every fine day be seen at their gambols, in their elegant caftans and high tartar caps; for the Russians of all ranks clothe their little boys in the old national costume till the seventh or eighth year. Their little girls, on the other hand, are tricked out in the Parisian fashion as soon as they can walk, and never show themselves in the habits of their ancestors, except at court. The Summer Garden is a piece of ground situated in the very heart of the city, and contains somewhat more than thirty English acres, laid out in the formal manner so much in vogue about a century and a half ago. In one corner of this garden stands the small palace that sufficed for the residence of Peter the Great. It is a modest unpretending mansion, and, ashamed apparently to be seen by the side of the sumptuous edifices reared by the successors of the great monarch, it hides itself timidly among the lofty linden-trees that have grown up to a respectable size around it.

It is curious to listen, sometimes, in this garden, to the Babylonian jargon in which the children of the Russian nobility are taught to lisp their infantine discourse. The fashionable language among the upper classes is French, and it is thought a great point in most Russian families, that children should learn French as soon as they can learn anything. English is nearly as much in favour, and English and French nursery-maids are, accordingly, an article of luxury, in which those who can afford it rarely fail to indulge. The private teachers are for the most part Germans, and the children acquire by this

\* Along the Fontanka, an arm of the Neva, but made to assume the form and appearance of a canal, the wealthiest among the Russian nobles have erected their palaces. That part of the *Prospekt*, therefore, which lies between the Fontanka and the Admiralty, becomes naturally the most fashionable and bustling part of the street.

means, a smattering of all the four languages, long before they have made any tolerable proficiency in any one of them. It is nothing uncommon to hear a little rogue of six years old address his father in such a speech as the following:—"Papa, I have been in the *Lestnoi sad*; Feodor *s'nam* built; *est ce que vous n'irez pas ?*"\* Young or old, however, rarely make use of any language but their own for terms of endearment, and perhaps no language is richer in coaxing and caressing diminutives.†

The greatest holiday in the year, in the Summer Garden, is Whit-Monday, on which day the celebrated exhibition of brides takes place.

"This spectacle," says Mr. Kohl, "is so peculiar in its way, that it would be worth an Englishman's while to travel to St. Petersburg, for the mere purpose of witnessing it. In compliance with an ancient Russian custom, all the young men and women of the mercantile class assemble on this day, the former to stare and the latter to be stared at. The young girls, dressed as richly as their means will allow, are arrayed in long rows by the side of the flower beds, with their mammas standing behind them. The wardrobes of their mothers and grandmothers are laid under contribution, and everything bright and gaudy is carefully brought forward to enrich the drapery, the head-dress, or the girdle. Some of the young ladies are so covered with gold and jewellery on these occasions, that their natural charms are altogether concealed; indeed, the ludicrous excess to which this sort of decoration is sometimes carried, goes beyond what has ever been attempted elsewhere. They tell even of a mother, who, at a loss what farther adornment she should add to her daughter's person, actually tied six dozen of gilt teaspoons together, and fastened them as a necklace round the poor girl's throat; then fixed three dozen of table spoons into her girdle, and decorated her back with two large punch-ladles formed into a cross. Thus bedizened, the blushing damsels are drawn up in mute rows, while the papas, in flowing caftans and curling beards, parade their sons up and down. Cupid, who acts as master of ceremonies on the occasion, carefully examines the gold and jewellery to satisfy himself that all is genuine. Here and there the papas and mammas try to lead the young folks into conversation with each other, in the course of which certain little looks and emotions may arise pregnant with future consequences. Eight days, or so, after this bridal exhibition, private family meetings take place, at which those whose hearts were captivated at the grand show, are more formally affianced to one

another by their parents and relatives. A similar custom prevails among all the Slavonian races; but it is strange that it should still be retained in St. Petersburg, where there are always numbers who omit no opportunity of casting ridicule on the whole solemnity."

Of late years, however, this custom has decidedly been wearing itself out. The young people still crowd to the *Lestnoi Sad* on Whit-Monday, and a great deal of very serious flirtation goes on there; but there is very little left of the formal, stiff, and old-fashioned solemnity, which some ten or twelve years ago afforded so much amusement to foreigners, and for which the Russian dandies and petites maitresses were wont to express so sovereign a contempt.

The Grand Parade, in the Admiralty Square, forms a daily exhibition for the idlers of St. Petersburg. The emperor is generally there in person. Accompanied by his sons, and followed by a numerous train of princes and generals, he comes dashing through clouds of dust. The spectators uncover themselves at his approach, and the soldiers present arms. "Good morning, my children," is the emperor's usual salutation, and, "We thank your majesty," is the reply that thunders forth from some thousands of throats at the same moment. It is not, however, necessary for those who wish to see the emperor to attend the parade; for of all the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, there is scarcely one who may be seen more frequently in all parts of the town. There is no other monarch in the world whose avocations require him to spend so large a portion of his life in the streets. Either there are reviews to be held, troops to be inspected, or public buildings to be visited, almost every day. Then at almost all public rejoicings, it has ever been customary for the Russian sovereigns to share in the diversions of their subjects; and they frequently visit the houses of those of their grantees to whom they wish to show especial favour. Nicholas, who, of all the successors of Peter, has shown himself most desirous to preserve national customs, omits no opportunity of mingling with his people, is a frequent guest at the entertainments of his nobles, and often an unexpected visitor at the bedside of a sick favourite. When seen in the streets, it is generally in a plain sledge or droshky drawn by a single horse, and in this he but imitates the constant habit of Peter, Paul, and Alexander.

The *isvoshtshik* or hackney coachman in Russia is a being that varies very materially from his colleagues in other large European cities. In St. Petersburg the number of these convenient charioteers is said to exceed 8000,

\* I have been in the Summer Garden. Feodor was with us. Won't you go there?

† Among others we may mention, *milinkoi*, my little love; *dedushka*, my dear little grandpapa; *matushka*, my little mother; *drushka*, my little friend; *dushinka*, my little soul; *golubshik*, my little dove, &c., which are not only current among the Russians themselves, but soon come into familiar use also among those who have resided for a time in Russia.

and they appear all to find employment, partly on account of the great extent of the town, and partly owing to the annoyances to which a pedestrian is frequently exposed. In winter, every one that can is glad to creep into a sledge, and place every part of his person but his eyes under the shelter of his furred cloak. In spring, all St. Petersburg is one swamp, and in summer, the dust is intolerable.

"The most determined walker is seldom able to keep long upon his feet, nor will he often have occasion to summon one of these ministering spirits to his aid; he need only cast a look of indecision on the snow or mud that hides the pavement from his view, and half-a-dozen sledges or droshkys will dart up to him in a moment. The bag of oats is immediately cast off, the harness braced up, and each driver seats himself upon his box, as though he had not the slightest doubt of being preferred to all his competitors. 'Where shall I drive to?' 'To the Admiralty?' 'I'll go for two rubles?' 'I for one and a half?' and they go on under-bidding each other, till the fare is reduced, perhaps, to half a ruble. You take the cheapest, of course, but take care you do not at the same time get the worst, or you expose yourself to the merciless bantering of those whose services you have declined. 'Oh, Papa, how stingy you are to-day. For the sake of a few copeks you have taken up with that old vagabond for your coachman. His three-legged jade will leave you sticking in the first hole. Why the ragged rascal is so drunk he can hardly sit. He'll take you to the Shambles and tell you that's the Admiralty.' No one, meanwhile, seems to enjoy all these pleasantries more than the chosen charioteer, who laughs in his sleeve, and grumbles out his 'Nitsheross! never fear, Sir; it will go well enough.'"

The *isvoshtshik* is a thoroughly nomadic being. If he thinks the market overstocked in the capital, he bundles his little movables together, and in a few days afterwards reappears on the pavé of Moscow or Novogorod, and some of them travel from town to town, till they have made the round of the empire. Their only vehicles are the sledge in winter, and the jolting droshky in summer. Both are always uncovered, and the passenger's mantle must be his shield against rain, snow, or the shower of mud with which he will occasionally be saluted. Many an *isvoshtshik* has no regular home but his sledge, which serves him for a dining-room by day, and for a bed by night. He and his horse are alike seasoned against every weather, and patient under every privation. They eat and sleep when they can, and seem always in good humour, the steed ever ready to start off at a smart trot, and the driver always prepared for a jest, a song, or a repartee. About the suburbs the droshkys are often wretched enough, but in the fashionable quarters there are *isvoshtshiks* whose equipages rival those

of princes in splendour. Indeed, scandal says, that many a Russian prince, when he has no occasion himself for his horses, will send them to earn their oats in the public streets.

We have seen that the *isvoshtshik* is not subjected to any fixed fare. It is therefore, always advisable, before engaging his services, to make a bargain. In the morning or on ordinary days they are to be had for a mere trifle, but on holidays, or during the bustle of noon, their demands are comparatively high. Once hired, however, and the man is your serf till you discharge him. Scold him, and he receives your rebuke with a cheerful smile; speak to him, and he replies only cap in hand; beat him, and he becomes more solicitous to do your bidding. The spirit of slavery is so instilled from the birth into the lower classes of Russians, that they seem always to look upon their employer for the time as a master whom they are bound to obey, and they do so cheerfully, provided he hold a tight rein, but woe betide him if he show himself unfit for command.

The great plague of the *isvoshtshiks* is the pedestrian, who in other countries is expected to get out of a coachman's way, whereas in Russia a coachman is obliged to be always on his guard against a pedestrian. To drive up against a foot passenger in the street, even without hurting him, entitles the driver to a flogging and a fine, and in case of a more serious accident the equipage is confiscated, whoever the owner may be, and the coachman is liable to be flogged and sent to Siberia. Without some severe regulation of this kind it would be impossible to keep the Russian nobles in any order in the streets. As it is they are continually urging their coachmen to drive faster, and wide as the streets are, and formidable as the penalty is that awaits an unfortunate charioteer, accidents frequently occur, and one often hears in St. Petersburg that the coach and four of this prince has been seized by the police, or that the coachman of another is under sentence for Siberia.

The word Siberia, though it sounds less terrible to an English than to a Russian ear, has the effect of making most of us creep closer to the fire, and of reminding us of those terrible stories which we have all read in our times, of water congealed in its descent to the ground, and of travellers frozen to death in despite of all the appliances of furs and schnaps. What then shall we say of the climate of St. Petersburg, which even the Siberian makes matter of complaint? In central Russia when winter makes his appearance, he puts his house in order, and freezes away for dear life till he begins to make preparations for his departure. Not so at St. Petersburg, where even in January you are not secure against

rain, but may have to wade through whole oceans of mud. The marshy soil on which the city is built, and the mitigating influence of the west wind blowing from the Baltic, are assigned as causes of the frequent variations to which the temperature of the Russian capital is liable. Few cities are subject to so great a range of the thermometer, which in summer often rises above  $100^{\circ}$  and in winter as often falls to  $45$  or  $50^{\circ}$  below zero. It is nothing extraordinary for the thermometer to vary  $40^{\circ}$  in one day, making people shiver with cold in the evening, after having languished under the heat of a sultry morning. To suit one's habiliments to all the fantastic changes of so unstable a climate would be impossible. The Russian, therefore, ensconces himself in his furs in October, as a matter of course, and never allows a few warm days during the winter months to seduce him from the shelter to which he has once consigned himself. A self-willed "*I-say-kee*,"\* sometimes ventures to vary his garments according to the vagaries of the climate, but generally rues his imprudent disregard of the warnings of the more experienced resident.

Whether it be warm or cold, as soon as the winter has officially set in, the St. Petersburgers clothes himself every day in furs, and warms his house to the same degree. The public rooms for the poorer classes are heated every day, and the fires blaze away every night for the *isvoshtshiks*, on the public places and in the vicinity of the theatres. It is only when the cold attains a more severe degree than ordinary, that particular measures are resorted to. When the thermometer falls to about  $20^{\circ}$  below zero, people prick up their ears and begin to speculate about the cold. The police increase their vigilance, and the officers go their rounds more frequently, to see that no sentinel or *butshnik* be surprised by sleep, and to inflict summary punishment on those guilty of such an offence, for sleep at such a time is certain death. At  $-25^{\circ}$  according to Réaumur's thermometer, the theatres are closed, it being then thought impossible to warm the house, or to provide the requisite security for the coachmen. In Germany we have known the theatres to remain open even at a lower temperature, but a cold of  $20^{\circ}$  at St. Petersburg, whatever the reason may be, is more piercing, and puts the constitution to a ruder trial than a much severer frost in other parts of Europe. The native Russian, moreover, is more susceptible of cold than the inhabitants of southern regions. During the winter at Arkhangel, it

is nothing uncommon to see English sailors walking about in their jackets and trowsers, as they would do on a summer's day in England, and that without appearing to suffer much from a frost, from the effects of which the native and the resident are in hourly dread of losing their noses and ears. It has been noticed, however, that if Jack happen to be frozen up at Arkhangel two winters running, he never exposes himself the second year as he did the first; let him become a resident, and he will grow as fond as any Russian of creeping into a bearskin, or of assuming the habiliments that once decorated a wolf.

Curious scenes take place in the streets of St. Petersburg on a cold day. When the nose freezes, the sufferer is wholly unconscious of a fact, which to all who see him is made apparent by the chalky whiteness of that important appendage to the human face divine. Nature for such occasions has always provided, in profuse abundance, the most efficacious remedy. All that is necessary is, to rub the patient's nose well with snow, and the circulation usually returns in a few minutes. If this is not done in time, the nose is lost. It has therefore come to be considered an act of common civility, in the streets of St. Petersburg, for everybody to look to the noses of his neighbours, trusting that his neighbours will keep an eye upon his in return. If you meet a man and see that his nose is turning white, courtesy requires that you should immediately take up a handful of snow, and rub his face as briskly as you can, till the rosy blush return. Sometimes you may see two Russians on meeting, stoop simultaneously, and fall to rubbing each other's faces for dear life. A newly imported *I-say-kee* has occasionally been known to resent rather roughly so unceremonious an act of kindness, of the importance of which he has not been aware, but the usage is one with which the stranger seldom remains long unacquainted. The eyes also are liable to be inconvenienced by the severe cold. Icicles form about the eyelashes and gradually become large enough to prevent the sufferer from seeing with any comfort to himself. In such cases it is considered allowable to enter the first house at hand, and demand permission to thaw oneself, leaving a tear of gratitude on the hospitable floor, in acknowledgment of the favour received.

No Russian ventures into the open air during the intense cold, unless duty or business force him. In proportion as the thermometer falls, the company in the streets becomes more and more select, till at last nothing is to be seen there but officers, foreigners and *Tshornoi Narod*, or black people, a denomination under which a Russian includes all

\* The nickname given to all Englishmen in Russia, from the frequent use they are said to make of the words '*I say*.'

the humbler classes of his countrymen. The officers at such a time in their light and airy uniforms, afford a singular contrast to the be-furred and bemaned figures that elsewhere present themselves. The emperor appears on parade without a mantle, however intense the cold may be, and of course no officer would seem to require shelter against a temperature to which his monarch never hesitates to expose himself.

Winter is a period of suffering for the poor in most countries, and it would be strange if they were not liable in Russia, as elsewhere, to many privations during the severe season. Much has been done in St. Petersburg to alleviate their condition, by the establishment of public rooms that are kept warm throughout the day, in all parts of the city. Nevertheless, many are frozen to death every winter, owing chiefly to the customs of the people themselves. The Russians are not naturally active, and rarely seek to secure themselves against the cold by violent exercise. When the ice cracks again with the frost, the sentinel creeps into his box, the *butshnik* into his hut, and the *isvoshtshik* under his mat. In these positions many of them are constantly drawn forth in a lifeless condition. It is the immoderate use of brandy, however, that yearly yields the greatest number of victims to the deadly breath of the Russian Boreas. No frost sets in in St. Petersburg without surprising many drunkards sleeping off the fumes of their carouse in the public streets, and sleep, on such occasions, is the usual forerunner of immediate death. The inconsiderate, not to say hard-hearted conduct of the wealthy, is likewise the cause of much suffering and often of death to their poor dependents. The Russian nobles will leave their carriages for hours together in the street, even during the severest weather. At the theatre or at an evening party, it is no uncommon thing for the carriage to be kept in attendance the whole evening, that it may be ready at a moment's notice for its owner's use. The coachman is apt to fall asleep, and the little twelve-year-old postillions find it difficult to resist the temptation to lie down and sleep on the frozen snow. Many pay for this imprudence by the loss of hands, feet, noses, or ears; and often the poor coachman has already slept away his life, while his lord and lady are still indulging in the enjoyment of a luxurious table, or abandoning themselves to the delights of artificial sorrow awakened by fictitious grief. Fortunately for the Russian serf, no kind of death is accompanied by less bodily suffering than the gradual extinction of life under the effects of intense frost. The extremities are the first to be benumbed, and this, as we have already seen, happens without the

least consciousness in the sufferer. An irresistible inclination to sleep follows, and during this sleep life passes away. Those who by timely appliances have been rescued describe their sensations to have had more of pleasure in them than of pain, and have often manifested great vexation at being roused from so agreeable a slumber.

There are few places where the native Russian may be more conveniently studied than in the markets and bazaars which abound in St. Petersburg, and of which one or more may be found in almost every city in the empire. Of these the chief is generally called the *Gostinnoi Dvor*, within the walls of which an incredible variety of goods are constantly kept on sale. At St. Petersburg the *Gostinnoi Dvor* is a place of great extent, built of stone and roofed with iron, affording accommodations for no less than 10,000 merchants to expose their goods to public gaze. Every pedlar in Russia is a merchant, and when we talk of a *Gostinnoi Dvor* merchant, we must not be supposed to mean a Baring or a Hope. The foreign trade of Russia is almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners, and the bearded dealer of the bazaar is often but a vender of cotton night-caps or ready-made shoes. The *Gostinnoi Dvor* of St. Petersburg, however, is still too modernized for our present purpose. If we would become acquainted with the *Tshornoi Narod*, or black people, we must move farther from the centre, till we come to the *Tshukin Dvor* and *Apraxin Ruinok*, where sellers, buyers and wares will all be found thoroughly Russian and uncontaminated by the slightest mixture of any foreign element. The scenes which here daily present themselves differ probably very little from those, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, or perhaps even at an earlier period, characterised the fairs of Novogorod, and something very nearly of the same kind may still be seen in many of the provincial fairs of Russia. Rags and remnants of every description form the staple article of commerce in these markets, together with oily viands, such as would be vainly looked for in any other European capital.

In no other great city is so small a part of the population stationary as in St. Petersburg. The nobility are constantly ebbing and flowing; the foreign residents are mostly merchants, who go there to make money, and when they have made it, are always anxious to return home; the military are of course frequently liable to be displaced; the civil functionaries are constantly sent off to distant posts, and the lower classes are mostly serfs, who have obtained only a temporary leave of absence from their owners, by whom

they may at any time be ordered back to their villages. Even the *isvoshtshiks*, as we have seen, are a nomadic tribe, and fresh faces are continually showing themselves on the *droshky* box, to return perhaps after a few months to the Volga, the Don, or the Dnieper, or to start on a more adventurous expedition to explore the remotest provinces of the great empire. In winter, more particularly, thousands daily enter the gates without having any distinct notion of what is to become of them on the morrow. They are ready to turn cooks or carpenters, painters or masons, and have not made up their minds whether their peasant garb is to be metamorphosed into the livery of a lackey, the short coat of a clerk, the costume of a musician, or the caltan of a merchant. For such as these the *Tshukin Dvor* and the *Apraxin Ruinok* offer the ready means of providing for all their wants. The *Samoyede* from Siberia, or the *Tartar* from the Steppe, need not be an hour in St. Petersburg before he has provided himself with all the paraphernalia of a metropolitan costume, with all the little household conveniences which Russian habits make indispensable to comfort, and with all the daintiest varieties of the *cuisine bourgeoise* of the country. The whole domestic establishment of some poor trader whom his lord had recalled to the estate may have wandered in the morning to these two great rag-fairs, and may on the same evening be purchased piecemeal by some adventurous serf who has obtained a brief respite from slavery, and has come to avail himself of the interval to scrape together a little stock of rubles wherewith, after a few years, he may establish himself in his native village with comparative comfort.

"The two markets just mentioned form together a piece of ground of about 1500 feet square, closely covered with booths and stalls, leaving only narrow passages between. Allowing an average space of 500 square feet for each booth, we should have nearly 5000 booths and stalls. They form a city in themselves. The booths project in front, and meet at the top, so that the narrow lanes are as dark as in the Jews' quarters of many of our German towns, or like the streets of many oriental cities. Through a narrow gate we pass from the lively, cheerful *Bolchaia Sadovaia* (Garden Street) into these gloomy passages, where a well dressed man is not to be seen, and the whole population consists of 'black people,' all bearded, furred, and cap-tanned. Large lamps and gaudy saints hang under the gateways and at every corner along the lanes of this city of rags; and wherever an open space occurs a little chapel is sure to show itself so loaded with gay colours and ornaments, that a Chinese pagoda would appear to have served the architect for a model; but these do

not suffice for the pious Russians, and frequently in the lanes themselves beams are placed across, and suspended from these are seen high in the air pictures of saints all glittering with gilding and all radiant with lamp-light. That the proverb, *les extrêmes se touchent*, may be realized, close to each chapel stands the building, in a Russian's eye of importance second only to the church, the *kabak* or brandy shop. Many of these are very neatly fitted up according to the Russian taste with coloured paper, gaudy hangings, &c.

"Stick your arms into your furred sleeves, and button your beaver collar close round your ears," said my companion to me the first time I ventured into this market, for I had allowed these articles of my wardrobe to hang loosely behind me. 'We are here,' he continued, 'in the thieves' quarter of St. Petersburg, and whatever is not fast will be deemed a fair prize. Put your rings into your pockets, for there are those here who would cut off your finger for the sake of the jewel; and were it known that you had your pocket-book about you, a hole would be cut in your cloak in an instant, and you relieved of your load!' Strange tales are indeed told of the clippers and whippers of the rag market, and of the way in which they have occasionally lightened the wardrobes of their visitors. Coat tails and furred collars are said to have been cut off, and removed in an artist-like manner from the keeping of their owners; but I am bound to say, that though I was a frequent and not a very careful wanderer through the gloomy labyrinths, nothing of the kind ever happened to myself, nor was I ever a witness of similar operations performed on others.

"This maze is not without some degree of order in its distribution. The *pares* always go with the *paribus* in Russia, and so here. In one corner, for instance, may be found all the dealers in sacred images. Of these the Russians consume an incredible quantity, for they imagine themselves abandoned by God and all his angels if his presence be not at every moment made visible and palpable to them, or if the hand of the priest have not taken formal possession of the locality. Not only their churches, but their persons, their rooms, their doors, and their gateways are loaded with the mystic ornaments. In the market the little brass virgins, crucifixes, St. Johns and St. Georges, may be seen piled up in front of each booth like so many gingerbread cakes at one of our fairs. They are bought by the gross in case a new house is about to be fitted up, no room being left without them, and each room frequently receiving several. Large ones, three or four ells in length, are bought by merchants of the old faith, and yet larger for village churches, &c. Some are framed in mahogany, but others retain the more ancient fashion, and are flanked with columns or enshrined in miniature temples, neatly ornamented with silver wire. Many of the pictures are new, being from the pencils of the pupils of the new Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg; but the greater part are old, and apparently encrusted and darkened by the dust of centuries. The latter are great favourites with the common

Russian, just as our German peasants attach far greater value to a tattered old hymn book than to one that comes clean and new from the binder's hands. An image known to have held a place for some years in a church will often bring a very high price."

Our author proceeds to tell us of whole rows of fruit-stalls, followed by a succession of booths for artificial flowers, and succeeded in their turn by a long line of dealers in incense, &c. The money changers occupy a prominent position in this market, where they may be seen with piles of rubles and ducats on their little tables in front of them, an exhibition that certainly seems in contradiction to the bad fame so generally assigned to the dealers of the *ruinok*; but perhaps there may exist a code of honour for the internal government of their own community, and the ducats of one initiated into their mysteries may be exposed to less risk than the superfluous drapery of a stranger. These money-changers, often mere boys of thirteen or fourteen, and their tables with thousands of rubles upon them have often been overturned by the accidental pressure of the crowd; yet the juvenile banker on such occasions has seldom lost a single coin; neighbours that would not have hesitated at any reguery in the way of trade, and hands that would gladly have abstracted a purse from the pocket of an unwary passenger, have zealously collected the scattered treasure, and not a ruble has been found wanting when the capital has been subjected to the test of tale.

The pastry-cooks have established a little colony of their own, where they seek to provoke the appetite of their customers by the display of their dainty fish patties reeking with green oil.

A large jar of the verdant condiment, flanked by a salt-box of equally colossal dimensions, occupies a prominent position at each stall, and when a stranger is seen approaching, the merchant loses no time in snatching one of his little pies from under the greasy canvass, by which they are usually covered. "With one hand he plunges the tempting delicacy into the jar, with the other he scatters a few grains of salt upon the surface, and then presents you with the savoury morsel all dripping with glossy oil. If you are a bearded Russian, your philosophy will not often be proof against so seductive an appeal. You will seat yourself upon the tempter's bench, and you will eat one *piroga* after another, till your long anointed beard shine like well-polished ebony. For my own part the wit and *politesse* of these oily merchants always amuse me even more than their viands disgusted me." The Russian presents the dirtiest and coarsest objects with

all imaginable elegance; not even an oily *piroga* will be handed you without a well-turned compliment or some humorous jest, and every copeck is received with the greatest apparent gratitude.

"Everything in the *ruinok* is low-priced and of bad quality, and yet what long perspective lines of still inferior wares open themselves as you pierce into the remoter corners, where old garments and invalidated furniture are exposed for sale. Things are seen there with which it is difficult for the imagination to connect the notion of a merchantable value. Bags of all kinds, fragments of paper, broken glass, clothes that the least fastidious of *isvoshtshiks* has discharged from his service, and petticoats that the dirtiest kitchen-maid would scorn to wear; yet all these are arranged with as much neatness as their nature will allow, and their ragged owner is sure to lay his eloquence and politeness under contribution while offering his wares to the beggar women, gypsies and Jewesses, who timidly haunt the vicinity of these hoarded treasures, at which they cast many a longing glance without being able to muster resolution enough to sever themselves from the copper copecks which they hold tightly clenched, and which after all would not perhaps satisfy the merchant's demands. The crumbs swept from the tables of the rich are here weighed in the trader's balance, and though his whole stock be not worth the blue bank note staked in many a salon on a single card, yet the whole is measured and weighed out for single pence, and not an article is sold for half a copeck less than its supposed value."

Mr. Kohl has much more to tell us of this great metropolitan rag fair of Russia, but we must hurry away to the *Siannia Ploshchod* (hay-market), a large square, to which some historical interest is attached, from its having been the only spot in St. Petersburg where popular insurrection ever ventured to erect a barricade. This was in 1832, the great cholera year, when the notion that prevailed among the rabble of so many other cities, obtained currency here likewise, namely, that the doctors were the real authors of the pestilence. This absurd belief, brooded over for awhile, broke out at last in open insurrection, and the bearded fanatics rushed through the streets in all directions, seizing the cholera carts, liberating the patients on their way to the hospitals, taking out the horses, breaking up the vehicles for firewood. The mob mustered in great force in the spacious square of the hay-market, all the entrances to which were strongly barricaded with hay-waggons. Thus fortified against the police, the rioters bivouacked in the square during the first night. The next morning the attack on the cholera carts was renewed, and the great cholera hospital was taken by storm. The most active of the physicians, a German, was thrown out of



the window, and torn to pieces, and all the sick were removed to their homes, in order to free them from their supposed tormentors. The Emperor was at Zarskoye Zelo when the riot broke out. He drove at once in an open carriage, without attendants, to the hay-market, and the barriers vanished at his approach. He entered the church that occupies one corner of the square, prayed and crossed himself, and then addressed a few words to the multitude, calling upon them to pray to God for forgiveness for their great offence, and to entreat him to remove the pestilence from their city. *Na kalenniye! Na kalenniye!* (On your knees! On your knees!) exclaimed the Emperor standing in his carriage, and immediately the whole assemblage, a few moments before so riotous, knelt and prayed, and unresistingly allowed the police to mingle among them, and carry away their ringleaders to prison.

The daily transactions of the hay-market are enormous, for, independently of the large body of cavalry constantly in garrison at St. Petersburg, the number of horses kept by private individuals is out of all proportion greater than the population would seem to warrant. The private stables are supposed to contain from 30,000 to 40,000, and those of the military are seldom less than 20,000. Whole fleets of hay barges come floating down the Neva in summer, and in winter long caravans of hay sledges may daily be seen defiling through the streets that lead to the market, where it is sold wholesale and retail, a considerable portion being disposed of by single bundles to the *isvoshtshiks*. The peasants that bring their hay for sale have generally a multitude of other wares, the produce of their arms, such as vegetables, poultry, butter, &c., in search of which the most elegant equipages daily make their appearance among the noisy assemblage. Firewood is always sold in the same market, but its most characteristic decoration is composed in winter of a multitude of frozen oxen, calves, goats, &c. Long rows of ghastly cattle stare like so many bloody spectres, with their lack-lustre eyes, and whole armies of goats are drawn up with horns presented and fronts opposed, as though they were just on the point of rushing to battle. They are all as hard as stone, and can be cut up only by means of a hatchet or saw. Little skill is attempted in dissecting the icy carcasses. The saw forces its way through the meat, sinew and bone, all equally hard; a block of meat is sold to one, and a large slice to another, while the animal sawdust that falls upon the snow, is eagerly picked up by the poor children that constantly haunt the place. Fish as well as meat are brought to market in this frozen condition. The little *sniski*, as they are shovelled about, rattle like hazel nuts,

and pikes, salmon and sturgeon are as hard and unbending as if they had been cut out of marble.

We would gladly favour our readers with a few extracts from Mr. Kohl's chapter on the Tshornoi Narod or Black People. Their civility to strangers, their self-confessed rogueries, their jests, and their habitual drunkenness are described in a masterly style; but we have already occupied nearly as much space as we can devote to the present article, and have still three-fourths of the work itself unnoticed. We must therefore pass over the chapters on the churches, the monuments, the palaces, the museums and the hospitals of St. Petersburg, and we do this with the less hesitation, as these matters have been repeatedly enlarged on by English travellers, and among others, not many years ago, by Dr. Granville, to whom we are indebted for the most recent English account of the Russian capital.\* We must, however, say a word or two about the Foundling Hospital, the more so as Dr. Granville, though he visited the institution, makes no mention of the frightful mortality that takes place among the poor infants abandoned by their parents to the care of the state.

The *Wospitatelni Dom* was instituted by the Empress Catherine in 1770, and continued for some time comparatively insignificant, containing even in 1790 only 300 children. Since then, however, the number has gone on rapidly increasing, till in 1837 it exceeded 25,000. In the years from 1835 to 1837, the children annually brought to the establishment averaged from 5,000 to 7,000. The institution is fully able to meet the expenditure entailed upon it by so numerous and rapidly growing a family. All the Russian sovereigns from Catherine to Nicholas, have taken a delight in adding to the wealth of the *Wospitatelni Dom*; several private individuals have imitated the munificence of the emperors, till the Foundling Hospital has come to be the largest land-holder in all Russia, having from its estates and its commercial monopolies, an annual income of from 600 to 700 millions of rubles to dispose of; about twice the public revenue of the kingdom of Prussia, or very nearly enough to pay the interest on the national debt of England. Such wealth appears scarcely credible, but we must rely on our author for the accuracy of his figures.

It will readily be supposed that so wealthy an institution is able to indulge in a little parade. The hospital is not a palace, but rather a group of palaces, with a church of its own,

\* "The Letters from the Baltic," just published by Mr. Murray, had not made their appearance when the above was written.

built a few years ago at an expense of about £15,000. The children are educated in a manner to enable them to enter a higher grade of society than they could have done had they been brought up by their parents. The girls, for instance, are taught French, German, music, drawing, &c., and the native governesses in Russian families are mostly orphans, who have spent their early years in the great asylum for foundlings. The teachers and wet nurses are numerous and well paid, and including the boys' school at Gatchina, about half a million of rubles are paid for instruction alone.

Attached to the Foundling Hospital is a large lying-in hospital, where everything is arranged upon so liberal a footing, that many women far from belonging to the poorer classes, avail themselves of the convenience thus gratuitously afforded them. Women may remain there several weeks in anticipation of their confinement, and the strictest secrecy is maintained respecting the names and quality of the temporary inmates. Even the Emperor, when he visited the institution, was not permitted to enter this part of it, and the autocrat respected the mysteries of the place.

"Every child is received at the porter's lodge, and the only question asked, is, whether the infant has been baptised and has received a name. The lodge, a warm room, remains open day and night, and women are constantly in attendance to receive the helpless beings towards whom the state undertakes to perform duties which the parents renounce. If the child has already a name, that name is entered on a register, if not, the newly arrived inmate is entered and numbered like a piece of merchandize. From fifteen to twenty children are brought in daily, mostly towards dusk in the evening. On fine days the number is greater than in bad weather, and in summer greater than in winter. It happens not infrequently, that when the mother unwinds the cloth, her little one is found to be already dead. In such cases the child is not received, but notice of the fact is given to the police.

"Every child, whatever the religion of its parents may have been, is baptised by a priest of the orthodox Russian church, and at the end of six weeks is sent into the country, where it grows up during its first six years among Finnish peasants. The pious ceremonies with which the newly adopted son or daughter of the great institution is received into the bosom of the church last a great portion of the day, and many of the poor infants die while in the hands of the priests. Many die in the lodge where they were received, and many on the staircase leading to the chapel. Of such the only record that remains is contained in two entries on the registry, the one is couched thus: 'No. 4512, three weeks old, a girl: received 6th April, 8 A. M.' The corresponding entry is even more brief: 'No. 4512, died 6th April, 9 A. M.'

"Those that survive the rites of baptism are examined by the medical attendant, and, if sound and healthy, immediately transferred to the directress of the wet nurses, who gives the priest the following receipt: 'No. 3333, a boy, baptised Ivan Petrovitch, received 10th May, 10 A. M., found healthy, and registered on the same day among the children at the breast.'

"The rooms for the little sucklings are large saloons, well warmed and lighted, and elegantly furnished. Warm baths are constantly ready in the anti-rooms. The nurses are neatly clad in the Russian costume, each division having different colours to distinguish it. The mothers at times offer to enter the institution as nurses to their only children, and this is rarely refused. To prevent the nurses from changing the children, the cradle of a boy is always placed by the cradle of a girl, and then two beds for the two nurses. In each ward there are about forty or fifty beds, and at the time of my visit there were 650 children at the breast, and the same number of wet nurses.

"The daily\* mortality at the Wospitatelnoi Dom averages about four or five, or from 1500 to 1800 annually. This includes only those within the walls of the institution at St. Petersburg. If those at nurse in the country are added, the annual number of deaths is from 2400 to 3000. In the great cemetery of Okhta, a large piece of ground has been set aside for the foundlings, of whom 30,000 are said to lie buried there.

"We were next introduced into that part of the building reserved for the girls returned from the country. I forget how many hundreds of them there were from six to eighteen years old, but the neatness of their dress and appearance, and indeed the order and cleanliness that pervaded every part of the establishment were admirable. So also the excellent beds, the roomy dormitories, the well-ordered school-rooms, &c. Compared to similar establishments in other countries, everything is sumptuous and magnificent. My visit happened just at dinner time. Long tables were covered in three large halls on the ground floor, and from the surrounding rooms they entered in long processions, two and two, marshalled by their governesses and inspectresses. Hundreds came skipping from the gardens, and hundreds came tripping down the stairs. All seemed fresh, cheerful, and healthy, and there was something quite bewitching in the aspect of so many fine girls. They passed before the director, who stood by my side, saluting him in three languages:—*Sdrastviuye, Papinka; bon jour, papa; Guten Tag, Väterchen*. For my own part, I thought the father of so rich and numerous a family was not a little to be envied.

"Gradually all these little heads with their curls and platted tails had grouped themselves along the tables, and a moment of perfect stillness followed, after which there arose a general

\* The mortality in the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés, and in our Foundling Hospital when it was of similar character, will be found in F. Q. R. No. L. Art. 5. The details furnished in these articles, together with the Swedish in the present number, exhibit the fatal effects of habits of ill conduct, more destructive than even the ungenial climate of St. Petersburg.

hymn of praise to the Creator who provides for the doves and the motherless. To hear a thousand female voices join in a hymn accompanied by a Russian sacred melody, had something in it so moving, so overpowering, that the most apathetic heart must have yielded to the influence. I doubt whether anything of the kind is to be heard throughout the world, except within the walls of the Foundling Hospital at St. Petersburg."

Mr. Kohl goes on to praise the dinner of the interesting juvenile party. It happened to be a fast day, and the fasting viands of a Russian *cuisine* are not calculated to draw forth any very warm praise either from a German or an Englishman; "but all," he says, "was as good and as pleasant, as fish, oil, turnips, and capusta could be made." It was cheerful, no doubt, to see a thousand girls in the enjoyment of so much comfort, but it was melancholy to reflect on the ordeal through which their infancy had passed, it was harrowing to know that for each child that had been brought thus far on its way to womanhood, three of its many sisters had breathed forth their frail existence. Only one out of every four children brought into the institution survives the first years of childhood.

We are rejoiced to find so favourable an account as the following of the progress of native literature in Russia:

"Among the Russian booksellers," observes our author, "Smirnen may decidedly be named as the first. It is surprising how rich an assortment Russian literature has already provided for him, nor is the elegant execution of his printing establishment less deserving of admiration. At no time, perhaps, did the Russians print upon such wretched paper, with such detestable type, and with so unbounded a contempt for taste and accuracy, as not long ago were general in Germany; but since the commencement of the present century the Russian typography has improved so wonderfully, that specimens may now be seen here, fit to rival those of any country. Russian books are for the most part printed on good solid paper, and in a remarkably large type, though many of the duodecimos and 16mos are as neat and diminutive as those of Paris and London. The time is gone when a Russian nobleman filled his library almost exclusively with French books, and carefully concealed his few native authors on a corner shelf. Russian books now occupy a prominent position in every Russian library, and the high price paid to native writers proves the extensive sale that there must be for their writings. There are Russian authors who have bought estates of several square leagues in extent with the produce of their pens; there are others who receive from five to seven thousand rubles for merely giving their names to periodicals; and there are periodicals which are said to circulate more than 20,000 copies. The largest modern undertaking is the great National Ency-

clopedia, on which several hundred literary men are engaged, at the rate of from one to two hundred rubles a sheet. Of course, a very large sale must have been counted on, to cover such an expenditure. Even in the highest circles, native Russian literature is able, not only to rival, but even to surpass that of France in public favour."

From literature to cookery is an easy transition, and that man has made but little progress in his ethnographical studies, who scorns to trouble himself about the point to which the culinary art may have arrived among the people whose character and institutions he makes the object of his inquiries. In nothing does the Russian display his nationality more completely than in the composition of his dishes. From Odessa to Arkhangel, from St. Petersburg to Okhotsk, the same dishes appear on their appropriate days on every native table, and if you have made yourself acquainted with the practices of one Russian kitchen, you may generally take it for granted that you have obtained a tolerable insight into the culinary habits of the entire nation. Mr. Kohl has devoted an entire chapter to the *cuisine bourgeoise* of the Russians, nor is this chapter, by any means, the least interesting in his book; indeed it cannot be a matter of indifference to know how sixty millions of human beings provide for the first of their daily wants.

Even from the tables of the wealthiest and most luxurious of the Russian nobles, the artistical skill of the Parisian chef has never been able to banish the daily returning *shitshi* and *borshitsch*, those indispensable accompaniments to a Russian dinner. *Shitshi* is the staff of life with all, and one of the commonest topics of lamentation among Russians when they meet in the barbarous regions of London and Paris, is the loss of their beloved *shitshi*. The majority of the Russians are little else but animated masses of *shitshi*; their whole army feeds upon *shitshi*, and the daily prayer of the whole nation ought to be, not for their daily bread, but their daily *shitshi*. And what is *shitshi*? we shall be asked. Our author shall himself reply to the question.

"*Shtshi* is nothing else but cabbage soup. The ways of preparing it are various, and there are perhaps as many species of *shitshi* as there are varieties of the cabbage. Six or eight heads of white cabbage cut small, half a pound of grits, a quarter of a pound of butter, a handful of salt, and two pounds of mutton in small pieces, with two or three cans of *quass*,\* make an excellent

\* Quass is the chief beverage of all ranks in Russia, and in the houses of the wealthy there is generally a servant whose exclusive duty it is to attend to the manufacture of this most indispensable article to their domestic economy. No Russian ever drinks water if he can help it. It is with quass alone that

*shishi*, and, except on fast days, the above may be taken as the daily bill of fare of almost every Russian peasant."

By the aid of the above recipe, our fair readers may essay their skill in the manufacture of *shishi*, should they be desirous of surprising some Russian visitor by the extent of their culinary lore. They must be prepared, however, for failure on the first attempt, for the manufacture of *shishi* has its mysteries and difficulties, which are not to be conquered by the novice on her first essay. Should they desire to make yet farther progress in Russian cookery, they will find a multitude of dainty dishes very elaborately described by Mr. Kohl, who will inform them how they may learn to make *botwinya*, *kutya*, *kolibaks*, *rassol*, *ukha*, *kalatshi*, *pirogas*, and an endless variety of soups, cakes, stews, &c., some of which our author describes with such a gusto, that he would seem to think it worth a man's while to travel to St. Petersburg, for the mere purpose of enjoying them in their native perfection.

Mr. Kohl's chapter on the state of public education in Russia is full of sensible remarks. In this department, as in so many others, the Russians have begun at the wrong end. There are universities and public academies, enshrined in sumptuous palaces and supported by a formidable array of teachers and professors; but where are the parochial schools, on which the superior establishments of education ought to lean for support? In the same way, Russia has a formidable navy, but no mercantile marine to furnish her navy with seamen, and to receive protection in return.

There are many instructive portions of our author's work, and more merely of an amusing character, which we must leave unnoticed. The chapter on St. Petersburg servants contains many excellent remarks, and places the question of domestic servitude in a new light. The Russian nobles, it appears, have discovered that a freeman who receives wages, and may quit his master when he pleases, is, after all, a more valuable servant than the serf whom his lord may pay as little as he pleases, making up the difference to him in blows.

We have several most amusing chapters on the national festivals of the Russians, on their feasts and their fasts, their fairs and their carnivals, their gardens and their villas, the public gardens on the islands, the shipping at Cronstadt, and the degree of skill to which the Russians have carried the art of forcing the growth even of tropical fruits in their

he stills his thirst, and with quass he makes all his soups and broths. It is a light, acid, unintoxicating beverage; is made of barley meal and honey, and foreigners are said, in a short time, to take it almost as kindly as the natives. As to a Russian, life without quass he would scarcely think worth retaining.

splendid hot-houses. For these matters, however, we must again refer our readers to the book itself, and there are few in the same department of literature, that will better repay a perusal.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Statistik öfver Sverige, grundad på offentlig Handlingar. 3dte Upplagan, betydligt tillökt och förbättrad, &c.* (The Statistics of Sweden, grounded on Public Documents. 3d edition, considerably enlarged and improved. By Colonel C. Af. Forsell, Chief of the Landsurveying Department, Knight of many Orders, &c.) Stockholm. 8vo. 1836.
2. *Reise durch Schweden im Sommer 1836, &c.* (Tour through Sweden in the Summer of 1836. By Baron F. von Gall.) 2 vols. 18mo. Bremen, 1838.
3. *A Tour through Sweden in 1838, comprising Observations on the Moral, Political, and Economical State of the Swedish Nation.* By S. Laing, Esq. 8vo. London, 1839.
4. *Darstellungen aus einer Reise durch Schweden und Dänemark im Sommer des Jahres 1839, &c.* (Notes on a Journey through Sweden and Norway in the Summer of 1839. By Baron F. von Strombeck.) 8vo. Brunswick, 1840.
5. *Recueil des Exposés de l'Administration du Royaume de Suède, présentés aux Etats Généraux depuis 1809 jusqu'à 1840. Traduit du Suédois.* Par J. F. de Lundblad. 8vo. Paris. 1840.
6. *On the Moral and Political Union of Sweden and Norway, in Answer to Mr. S. Laing's Statement.* [By General Count Björnstjerna, Swedish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.] 8vo. London. 1840.

In our last number we directed the attention of our readers to *Sweden as it is*. The present paper will be simply a resumé of our labours in that article, and we shall now proceed to offer some additional corroboration of the progression of poverty and crime despite of an increasing production and commerce, which we simply then stated to be most startling in that country, and which we shall now statistically confirm by a reference to tables. For instance we find that amid an acknowledged increasing misery and demoralization on all sides, the condition of Swedish commerce and manufactures is as follows:—(The value in pounds sterling may be obtained by dividing by 12.)

\* See the several Official Reports of the College of Commerce.



8	---	from 80 to 60	horse-power	---	560
8	---	50 " 40	"	---	325
12	---	36 " 30	"	---	387
13	---	28 " 5	"	---	228

44	Total Steamers.	Total horse-power	1830
42	"	In 1838	1580;

That this increase of steam navigation has not acted unfavourably on the internal development of the country, was to be expected. Temporary inconveniences have followed to some individuals; but on the whole new markets have been opened, and new conveyances demanded to carry the increased products to the increased consumers. Accordingly,

#### THE INLAND AND COASTING FLEET.

	Vessels.	Tons.	Tons.
In 1838 amounted to	1,227	of 10 and upwards, carrying	45,210
In 1839 amounted to	1,355	of 10 and upwards, carrying	61,454

But the most curious results are those offered in the history of the foreign shipping of the kingdom. A valuable table lately published enables us, in a small space, to concentrate details which would otherwise be of great length, and we shall therefore at once proceed to add a view\* of

#### THE SWEDISH FOREIGN FLEET.

In	STOCKHOLM.		GOTHENBURG.		GEPLE.		OTHER STAPLE TOWNS.		TOTAL.			
	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Masters.	Seamen.
1795	212	39,022	150	18,740	49	7,046	310	27,202	721	92,010	796	5,475
1800	234	40,070	168	21,938	54	8,316	344	27,322	800	97,746	919	6,948
1805	235	38,278	152	18,852	68	12,102	409	37,010	864	106,242	931	7,377
1810	218	36,598	197	26,012	58	11,668	379	29,518	868	102,796	928	6,614
1815	238	39,326	222	32,902	83	17,236	451	39,494	994	128,958	1,016	7,667
1820	223	36,558	107	16,820	70	13,336	419	36,916	819	103,630	845	6,017
1825	195	32,660	87	15,064	64	13,486	354	35,090	700	96,290	880	6,398
1830	168	26,452	88	13,996	80	15,116	579	48,290	909	103,856	866	6,713
1835	191	19,032	70	12,296	81	15,126	553	45,290	835	91,694	900	5,938
1837	115	18,604	69	12,076	83	16,032	553	44,672	820	91,384	876	5,948
1838	123	19,652	80	14,144	82	16,642	569	47,808	853	98,246	902	6,240
1839	136	22,470	95	17,174	93	20,070	588	50,298	912	109,912	934	6,688

REMARK.—In the above lists no difference has been made whether the vessels have been employed or have lain idle in the harbours. During those years when Finland was a part of Sweden, its vessels have been excluded.

The following is the result of the various commercial treaties entered into by Sweden up to January, 1840.

*Russia* enjoys the greatest advantages of any foreign power. Its vessels have not only the same privileges of exportation and importation as home ships, but these rights are even extended to the Swedish lakes and canals. Russian ships may even, in certain cases, exercise a carrying trade along the coasts, and possess a very extensive bonding right in Swedish harbours, while Sweden has only very limited bonding liberties in some few Russian ports. It is only in *certain particular* Russian harbours that Swedish vessels are allowed any diminution of dues, and they cannot exercise any carrying trade along the Russian shores.

*Denmark, Prussia, Hanover, the Netherlands, Portugal, Turkey* and the *United States*, have the same rights of importation as Swedish vessels, which enjoy the same reciprocity in their harbours.

*Greece* enjoys all the privileges of vessels

belonging to the powers last mentioned, with the additional one of unloading a part of a cargo in one harbour and other parts in others, without paying more dues and charges than for what is actually discharged.

*Oldenburg, Wismar, Belgium* and *Spain*, are privileged with the same dues as Swedish vessels, but can only export and import their own and Swedish productions.

*England* is allowed the same scale of dues as Swedish ships, but its right of importation into Sweden is limited to articles of European origin, and even in this respect there are such considerable exceptions, that we may regard ourselves as *one of the least favoured nations*.

*France*, however, stands undoubtedly lowest on the list. The only reciprocity between these two "civilized powers," is a tolerable uniformity in prohibitions and protecting tyrannies, and equally high and ruinous dues.

\* Abridged and adapted from the Foreign Report of the College of Commerce for 1839, Appendix No. 9.

That Sweden—the land of mariners and of metals, of woods and of waters, of hemp and of hatchets—does not to a greater extent commercially employ its immense resources, and thus at once give bread to its people, and additional strength to its navy, excites the astonishment of every foreigner. But the government remains dully immovable. Through the most absurd and suicidal laws the *national manufactures* (those which demand no home tax) remain undeveloped. Commerce languishes,\* and the former energy of the national character, which led to bold enterprise and continuous efforts for the public weal, is found no longer. There is something stunted in almost every modern undertaking. If public buildings are erected, they are either ugly, barrack-like but still expensive stucco walls, or else portentous piles that fall down before they are well finished. And if the rulers attempt any reform, great or small, it is found to be illegal or absurd almost before the ink is dry with which it is countersigned. In short a corrupt and pettifogging spirit pervades almost every department of the state, and the government seems as if it could do nothing *en grande* except—squander money.

On the other hand Charles John, as if gifted with some fated blindness, can scarcely take up his pen or open his mouth on *any occasion*, public or private, in season or out of season, without indulging *usque ad nauseam* in the most ungrounded, and to the nation, most humiliating boastings that he is the saviour of Sweden, that he found it nothing and made it what it is, that without his arm, his genius and his dynasty, it would probably have been erased from the list of nations, and that now his reward is ingratitude and discontent.

All this, as might be expected, has excited great bitterness among almost every class. The people do not like to be perpetually reminded of what, supposing it in *any shape* to be true, they have paid for by a throne, a splendid and oppressive appanage,† and—the *loss of Finland*.

\* "Of the average number of 1000 ships which arrive, annually, in the British ports from the Scandinavian peninsula, and of which 700 were formerly Swedes and 300 Norwegians, the proportion is now 700 Norwegians to 300 Swedes."—*Björnstjerna's "Reply,"* p. 15. This is surely not the *fault* of Norway or the *gift* of Sweden, as Count Björnstjerna would intimate. Why does not Sweden obtain the same results by equally simplifying its laws, equally untying commercial burdens, and by an equal exercise of commercial and social industry and enterprise?

† The civil list of Charles XIII., his predecessor, was 467,823 rix-dollars banco per annum. That of the present king has been rising almost ever since,

"We have never complained"—says a Swedish writer,\* in a series of articles on "doing justice to the king"—"of the Swedish arms having been so little used during the last war; on the contrary, we consider this very praiseworthy. What is it, then, that we do blame? It is, statements that have no truth; we blame, in general, the system of vindicating Charles John's honour by attributing to him merits to which he has no right; we blame this system because he does not need such additions, for his glory is great enough in truth and in fact without requiring help from idle fables, but especially for reasons which we shall now state and which we regard as so important, that we wish every friend of his country to consider them deeply. Nay, we even wish people to be very careful what they advance in relation to his real merits to Sweden, so soon as such statements lay claim to a recompense. We will tell a little story:—A peasant came once to his priest and presented to him some pounds of butter, herewith exclaiming, 'Sure, your worship, no one can come up to me!' and, indeed, for some time, all the parish through, he passed for the best of countrymen just as he would have it be. But, at last, the priest became so tired of his continual boastings, that he paid him the full value of the butter to get rid of being plagued with it longer.—*Fabula docet*. Benefits of which we are perpetually reminded, with interminable claims to unbounded gratitude, become more hateful to us than disservices themselves. So is human nature constituted, in Mesopotamia as well as in Sweden. But as regards Sweden separately: during the reign of Charles XI. we were involved, as is well known, in a harassing war of which no one could perceive the end, and which, with the exception of the king's personal exploits in Skoné, was carried on quite as unfortunately as the last Finnish war, a result caused by similar reasons—an equally miserable military administration. Louis XIV., however, helped us to a happy termination of this contest, and it was undoubtedly him that Sweden had to thank for the recovery of its tributary provinces. His conduct on this occasion was entirely calculated to gain him the gratitude and unchanging attachment of the Swedish people. But the contrary followed: and what was the cause of this? His destroying the weight of the obligation by his vain boastings. His flatterers made him the guardian angel of Sweden, and among the rest struck a medal with the inscription 'GALLUS PROTECTOR. SUB UNIBUS ALARUM TUTA SUECIA.' (The Cock [the Frenchman] Protector; under the shadow of his wings is Sweden secure,) and with a device in accordance hereto. Even Christina herself, who was otherwise so enthusiastic in her

and is now fixed by the diet just dissolved at 719,700 rix-dollars banco per annum. Charles John has received since 1818, when he ascended the throne, up to 1840, a sum, *over and above the civil list* of 1810, of 20,300,000 rix-dollars banco, about 1,691,666*l*. See *Lindeberg, Bidrag till Sveriges Historia*, tom. I, p. 369. In addition to this it should be remembered that it was as Crown Prince of Sweden, and with Swedish men, money and material, that Charles John gained his Norwegian sceptre.

\* In "Allvar och Skäint," a Sundsvall paper.

admiration of France, took offence at this insult, and struck a counter medal\* in reply. She was almost a banished wanderer, and imagined she had many grounds of complaint against her old subjects. But she was still a Swede. 'She was yet the great Gustaf Adolph's daughter.' It was natural that this gasconade should make a most painful impression on every Swedish heart, for it deeply wounded the feelings of national self-respect. The people were reminded, that if they had Louis XIV. to thank for a fortunate termination of the war, it was also he who had caused their having been engaged in it. He, at all events, had been benefited by the diversion, and Sweden had her own sword to thank for her delivery.

"The application is easy enough. Flattery dimmed the glory of Louis XIV., and deprived his conduct towards Sweden of all its merit. We must never forget that the Swedish race is a proud people: *Insolens suecorum natio*, is the old phrase. It had indeed been unfortunate. It had lost some lands, but the remembrance of its great deeds was still left. So still thought the Swedish people in 1810, and so it thinks to this day. And, indeed, that in the year just mentioned, it elected—not the King of Denmark, as Napoleon wished, but—Marshal Bernadotte—is surely proof plain enough that it preserved its confidence in its own strength. And, let us add, that this confidence was by no means unfounded. But how does flattery represent this fact? Precisely as on the medal of Louis XIV. It makes Sweden a helpless creature, protected only by Carl XIV. Johan; it describes her as a being poor and despicable, without birth or property, and only ennobled and raised to wealth and rank by her union with him whom she has to thank for all, even for life itself!"

As might be expected, the natural uneasy and discontented feeling on the part of the people, on the one hand, at the delay of every improvement, and the incessant demands made upon them for obedience, homage and money, and the haughty bearing and malignant though weak threatenings of the court on the other, have led to very unpleasant scenes during the diet just closed. The opposition has, on the whole, showed itself not only the stronger of the two parties, (for it could have refused the whole budget,)<sup>†</sup> but

also the most moderate and intelligent. But still,—owing to court tactics and the four-chambered system of representation, which the king always *promises* and *wishes* and *longs* to assist in removing, although he as constantly *opposes* every practical effort made for that purpose,—it has, on the whole, accomplished almost nothing. The principal triumph of the parliamentary ministry, as the majority might be called, was its carrying the day against the government in reference to the "*Cabinetts-Cassans-Skuld*" question. This was an *illegal* attempt of the court to persuade the houses *illegally* to pay large debts, (of which 775,000 rix-dollars banco, or nearly £65,000, were still left,) a few years back *illegally* contracted abroad on the bond of the king and prince who still live, and of ministers now dead, and *illegally* applied to purposes not recognised by the constitution. After long debates and a contest excessively severe, the opposition carried the negative, and the illegal loans must be paid by those who have guaranteed or consumed them. This result proves that the reign of *phrases* and *fallacies* is fast drawing to a conclusion in Sweden, a state of things which can never too soon be taken *ad notam*; and accordingly it is to be hoped, that both prince and people will be the wiser for their experience in the chamber of 1840-1.

The diet succeeded, however, notwithstanding its chaotic organization, in passing some scores of bills, many of them of great importance and eagerly longed for by the whole population; but it reckoned without its host. The king, using that full veto of which he is deprived in Norway, gave his royal consent to a few verbal alterations and trifling changes, and then refused his sanction to the rest *en masse*. The following is a list of a few of the bills—almost the only fruit of a diet unexampled for length,\* exhausting expense,<sup>†</sup> and patriotic effort—thus cavalierly rejected:

9,696,190 rix-dollars banco per annum; or, *with the extra grants*, to 10,896,190 rix-dollars banco.

By an *omnipotent opposition*, which has nevertheless been incessantly accused of avarice, meanness, and narrowness of view, the five years' budget of 1840-1 has been fixed, by reductions of the sums demanded, at 10,742,660, or *with the extra grants*, at 11,672,880 rix-dollars banco, nearly 1,000,000. per annum.

These annual budgets are, as our readers are aware, quite independent of an immense, but *invisible* taxation in the shape of crown-land-endowed standing army. (The army *Indelta*), local burdens, &c., &c.

\* It sat about eighteen months instead of three.

† The members of all the three lower chambers are very properly paid by their constituents, whose fewness renders the burden individually heavy.

\* This rare medal has on the obverse the Queen's bust, with the simple inscription, CHRISTINA REGINA, and on the reverse an exhausted Amazon (Svea) assisted from the ground by an arm which is stretched from the sky, while the cock (Gallus) flies cackling away. Below are the words, A SOCIO DERELICTA, A DEO RESTITUTA SVETIA. See *Brenner*, Thesaurus Nummorum Svegothorum, p. 162, plate 9; and *Berck*, Beskrifning om Svenska Mynt och Skadepennningar, p. 138. Especially from the time of Charles IX. down to the death of Gustavus III. a vast number of beautiful medals have been struck in Sweden on account of the Swedish sovereigns.



A Bill for the bank paper money only being *coin of the realm*, as long as it is payable in silver at the bank, according to the tenour of the law and of its own establishment.

A Bill for extending the right of *representation* in the House of Peasants to a superior class of the peasantry, hitherto, by a verbal quibble, debarred from enjoying the benefit of the franchise in their own chamber.

A Bill for the abolition of the law exposing the *witness* of an author's signature to the same pains and penalties as the author himself, in case the latter should absent himself at his trial.

A Bill for various mitigations, in certain cases, of the *corporal punishments*, &c., now in use.

A Bill for an enlarged right of *willing property* (as opposed to entails, &c.)

A Bill for *publicity in police courts*, whenever they act with judicial authority. (Rejected by the king for the fourth time.)

A Bill for the publication of a *riot act*, (preventing the *present* use or abuse of the power to employ the military against the people *at pleasure*, without the control of the civil magistrate.)

A Bill for prosecutions for libel and *treason against the king*, (many of them commenced by designing men, as hooks for royal favour,) not being allowed to proceed,—and for the *suspension* of arrest and imprisonment in like cases, (often the cause of much suffering to innocent persons,) till the king has given his consent.

Among the few measures fortunate enough to be honoured with his majesty's approbation, it may be interesting to note a new law on authorship, by which full copyright is ensured to an author and his assigns for his whole life, and until twenty years after his death; but within every twentieth year any publication so protected must be at least *once* re-printed.

At least *one* great result, however, has been gained by the now ended edict. All parties have agreed, that the present system of *representation* must be altered. The expense, the confusion, the eternal delays, the practical weakness, the very imperfect reflection of the national mind exhibited by the Swedish four-chamber system can be tolerated no longer. The diet has decided on a plan something like that of Norway;—a chamber elected by popular choice, and this house selecting a certain proportion of its members to form a second and higher chamber. The census qualifying for voting has been placed very low so that the peasants, who have now a fourth part of the representation to them-

selves, and who are of course justly jealous of their rights, could not possibly lose by the change. This plan, according to the Swedish fundamental law, must be again passed by the next chambers before it can come before the king to obtain *or to be refused* his sanction. But its adoption by the ensuing diet is not very likely; it is more probable that a two-chamber system will be carried. Professor Geijer, who was a member of the constitution-committee which drew up the plan,\* has in his protest to the same demanded *universal suffrage* instead of a census, for every Swedish citizen who has reached his twenty-first year, is of unexceptionable character, and possesses the common principles of education. In his last speech on this question in the House of Priests, April 17th, 1841, the professor wound up with the following brilliant consolidated outline of his views:—

"The privilege of voting I have ventured to restore to each individual as his *personal right*; and this I have not been able to avoid, for it is in fact the whole ground of representation. Modifications, indeed, may be admitted in its practical application, and these may be allowed with safety when we are guided by the principle once acknowledged. But if we *set out* from modifications instead of from a principle, the only result must be—to grope about in a perpetual mist. Notwithstanding all the Radicalism of which this principle has been accused, I firmly believe in a monarchical futurity. My belief thereupon is grounded on experience, which teaches me that republics commonly authorize, or permit, or conceal, more glaring distinctions between man and man, than a monarchy limited by law. I believe it, further, because the more society develops its inherent multiplicity, the more strongly must its unity necessarily be exhibited if the whole is to be kept together; and I perceive in that first and most simple social element—the *family* and its necessarily *increasing weight*—that purifying, and restoring, and atoning instrument in the political confession of our age, which within its legal limits shall make itself heard in the depths as in the heights of society, and throughout its whole circuit up to the very summit of all. I believe in a royalty grounded on the rights of the people, and standing in no need of support in the interests of any class or caste, or privilege whatsoever. In the history of my own country, I have seen all these

\* This state-paper, entitled "Constitutions-Utskottets vid 1840 års Riksdag förslag till Representations-förändring," is really a valuable document. It consists of not less than 150 closely printed 4to pages, including the "Reservations." It is said to have been principally composed by the talented jurist, Professor Bergfalk, who was the committee's secretary. Commencing with an examination of all the plans delivered in, it proceeds to give a luminous *exposé* of all the principal systems at present existing in the most civilized countries, and concludes with a statement and defence of the plan upon which the committee finally agreed.

interests much more injurious than useful, both to king and to people. In this same history it is that I have learned to doubt the excellence of our class-legislation and representation, especially such as it has developed since 1719. Attempts have been made to represent this system as a symbol of everything solid in the Swedish nation. But how many violent changes has not this representation witnessed, suffered, and produced during the last 100 years alone? How long did the form of government of 1719 and 1720 last?—Until 1772. How long lived the government acts of 1772?—Until 1789. How long did the Act of Security and all its despotism continue?—Till 1809. Shall I ask still further? Questions go free; but, instead of answering, I will only point to our condition at this very moment. During the sittings of the diet, the chambers govern; when the diet is dissolved, the king rules: and both the state powers only meet to battle and dispute. If a condition so terrible should threaten us with a social crisis, then the choice between preserving and reforming it,—especially as our fundamental laws, by one of their noblest peculiarities, permit a change,—cannot surely be very difficult. Nor is the object and the path that leads thereto so very dim and dubious as that they can by no means be discovered. The greatest political fact in the history of the Scandinavian nations of late years, is the union of Norway and Sweden under one sceptre. This single event would be sufficient to hand the name of its author to a far posterity—that same posterity which shall once judge the position of the diet of Sweden in connection with this same king. To this outward and political fact, another, and an inward, must be added. The two brother kingdoms must constitutionally draw nigher to each other, with such modifications as may be necessary for Sweden, and with no other amalgamation between these two states than a foster-brother union between the Swede and the Norwegian to preserve the ancient freedom of the North!”

A very interesting article might be written on the criminal jurisprudence of Sweden. But the length to which our remarks have already reached, forbids our more than just hinting at its importance. Two observations, however, we cannot help shooting flying: the first is, the frequency of the crime of poisoning among the Swedish peasantry, and the apparently careless and business-like unfeeling manner with which they use the drugs of death. In some cases the poison-cup has been employed in Sweden, where we should scarcely think the crime worth a hearty cuff or an old-fashioned boxing-challenge. The other, and not less important point is, the commonness of child murder, notwithstanding the very low tone of public morals in Sweden, and the corrupting and enormous foundling system\* in operation in the capital and the

principal towns, a system supported by state revenues, and by excessively high endowments. But still more extraordinary is the “humane policy” of the present king. In the vast majority of instances, child murder in Sweden, even in cases the most revolting and cold-blooded, is *not* punished capitally. Imprisonment for life, commonly still further commuted, is the usual punishment for this most unnatural and most dreadful crime, while many a case of what we should consider “justifiable homicide” is punished with death or with perpetual imprisonment. But we cannot see how this can or ought to be otherwise.

As long as public opinion and public grants support extensive city bastard receptacles, into which, on paying a trifling blood fee, the demoralized higher and middle classes in the pet towns may fling their secret offspring, to sink or to swim in the great ocean of life, and usually certain and early victims to a system of hirelings and of neglect, we cannot see how the poor seduced country girl can, with any shadow of law or gospel, be old-fashionedly beheaded\* for more directly and less inhumanly committing the crime daily boasted of by her more cunning and more fortunate “gentle folk” neighbours—*abandonment of offspring* is surely

&c. But it principally congratulates itself on its great foundling hospital (“Stora Barnhuset”) in Stockholm. This institution was founded by the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, with the intention of its being an alms-house for *poor children of honest but unfortunate parents*, especially such as had lost their lives in fighting for their country. It has gradually, however, been transformed into an institution for the encouragement of bastardy and the support and countenance of vice. Comparatively few poor children are now received as pensioners; most of them are infants—so-called *foundlings*. On depositing the trifling sum of 100 banco (about £8: 6s.) *any body and every body* can at *any time* get rid within its walls of *any child*, without *any* questions being asked, or *any* examination of either facts or face. Accordingly, most of the amours of the capital and its neighbourhood terminate here, and the whole is regarded as *une affaire de rien*. The effect of such a fashionable and splendid establishment (for it has nearly £10,000 *per annum*,† including its state grants and its rich endowments) on the public morals and the private manners, may easily be conceived. We have witnessed it for years with disgust.

We think it our duty to note here, among other scandalous facts, that Sweden also boasts *venereal hospitals* in all the principal towns, supported by public money, and figuring on every tax-paper which enters every Swedish family! Can anything be more monstrous? And yet we have never heard this even remarked upon in Sweden. Thus legislation undeniably and deplorably *sanctions* vice, instead of in every way discountenancing and repressing it.

\* In Sweden capital offences are punished by decapitation, not by hanging.

† And yet its expenditure exceeds its income.

\* Besides its hospitals, properly so called, and many of them really excellent, Sweden also boasts its minor and provincial foundling and lying-in hospitals,

the crime in both instances. In the eyes of God and of equity it makes but little difference whether the child is "put out" to strangers in a field or to strangers in a "foundling" factory. The addition of violence heightens the crime, but does not constitute it.

This leads us to a few statements connected with this subject—

A decennium ago one child was born in Sweden to every thirty-two persons, now it is one to every thirty-three; for during the last

two or three years the number of deaths has considerably increased, while the proportion of births has diminished. At the same period, out of the children born alive in the whole kingdom every fifteenth or sixteenth was illegitimate, of those born in the capital every two and a half, and of those in the other towns rather more than every sixth. But of late the scale of morals\* has sunk still lower, and now stands thus :—

PROPORTION OF ILLEGITIMATES TO ALL OTHER LIVE-BORN CHILDREN.†

Medium.		Proportion.	
1831—1835.		In 1838.	In 1839.
As 1 to 2,44	--- In Stockholm	As 1 to 2,47	As 1 to 2,38
" 1 to 6,18	--- " all other towns	" 1 to 6,18	" 1 to 6,40
" 1 to 20,41	--- " the country	" 1 to 20,01	" 1 to 20,01
" 1 to 15,20	--- " the whole kingdom	" 1 to 14,69	" 1 to 14,94

The effect of this state of things is in all respects lamentable; but especially ought we to observe the fate in Stockholm of the unfortunate babes thus brought forth by sin, and still more sinfully abandoned by the unfeeling cowardice of their degraded parents. The proportion of deaths among them is enormous, and the physical and moral condition

of the survivors is wretched indeed. Large numbers end a miserable existence by suicide, starvation and the gallows. The same thing, more or less, holds good in our capitals. Alas for our "civilisation," alas for the fruit of "pleasure." But let us examine one statement more—

SUMMARY LIST OF CHILDREN IN STOCKHOLM.‡

Born.				Deceased (under 3 years of age.)			
		Legitimate.	Illegitimate.			Legitimate.	Illegitimate.
In 1838	-----	1577	----- 1137	In 1838	-----	654	----- 481
" 1839	-----	1492	----- 1074	" 1839	-----	629	----- 551
Total	-----	3069	----- 2211	Total	-----	1283	----- 1032
Still-born.							
		Legitimate.	Illegitimate.			Legitimate.	Illegitimate.
In 1838	-----	70	----- 94				
" 1839	-----	74	----- 90				
Total	-----	144	----- 184				

The same work from which we have taken these details contains a specification of the causes, and numbers of the "violent deaths"

which occur in each year. This list, which is so curious that we cannot omit it, opens with the *small-pox*, thus :—

TABLE OF ACCIDENTS, &c., IN SWEDEN.‡

Medium of 5 years.		Specified Deaths.		Years.	
From 1831—1835.				1838—1839.	
775	- - -	Of the small-pox	- - -	1805	-- 1934
548	- - -	In child-bed	- - -	423	-- 464
10	- - -	Through child-murder	- - -	15	-- 9
40	- - -	Murdered older persons	- - -	39	-- 33
164	- - -	Suicides	- - -	221	-- 244
17	- - -	Executed	- - -	10	-- 11
47	- - -	Killed by drinking	- - -	41	-- 46
58	- - -	Frozen to death	- - -	184	-- 83
24	- - -	Killed by charcoal-fumes	- - -	35	-- 27
12	- - -	" " lightning	- - -	11	-- 22
1050	- - -	Drowned	- - -	866	-- 985

\* In Prussia every fourteenth, and in France about every thirteenth child is illegitimate; twelve and three-quarters against fourteen and three-quarters. The Lutheran "Frenchmen of the North" are thus not very far behind. A little more "liberality," and they are surpassed no longer. As for Stockholm, of all the capitals in Europe it is per-

haps only surpassed by Munich, where of thirteen children not less than six are base-born!

† See "Tabell-Commissionens berättelse angående Nativitetens och Mortalitetens förhållande i Sverige, under åren 1838—1839." 4to.

‡ Arranged from the same official source.

283 - - -	Suffocated by imprudence of mothers or nurses*	277 - -	239
327 - - -	Killed by falls, &c. - - -	288 - -	316
9 - - -	Accidentally poisoned - - -	12 - -	11
135 - - -	By other causes, mostly unknown - -	144 - -	144

From the latest work of Col. Forsell (his "Anteckningar") we would willingly extract largely. A few of his interesting statements we must find room for:—

"Over the whole kingdom about every 44th person dies annually, but with these differences, that in the capital every 21st dies, in the other towns every 33d, and in the country one out of 47½. Of the 67,866 persons who have died annually during the quinquennium between 1830 and 1835, nearly every 4th was a child less than 1 year old, every 6th a youth under 15, every 8th consisted of unmarried people above 15 years old, every 4½ of a married man or woman, every 17th of a widower, every 8th of a widow, and nearly every 20th of accidents, &c. [See table above.]

"There is annually 1 marriage contracted for every 137 persons;† of 113 marriages 88 are between two unmarried persons, 13 between a widower and unmarried female, 8 between an unmarried man and a widow, and 4 between a widower and a widow.

"Of 100 childbed women, not quite 2 per cent. have children before their 20th year, 14 between 20 and 25, 25 between 25 and 30, 26 between 30

and 35, 21 between 35 and 40, 10 between 40 and 45, and not quite 2 between 45 and 50. Every 67th lying-in woman has twins, every 5333d has trillings, and only every 150,000th has fourlings. Every 35th mother bears a still-born child, and every 8th pair has no children. . . .

"To every household there are nearly 5½ souls. . . . Every 280th individual is sheltered in a poor-house; every 82d is supported by his children or by other persons; every 84th has outdoor relief; every 168th is a foster-child or a foundling-hospital child; and, in general, every 25th person is a pauper."‡

In reference to the probable length of life we have collected the following statements. The first four columns are extracted from "Milne's Treatise on the law of mortality," published in Edinburgh in 1837. The last column has been kindly communicated by the professor of astronomy Herr Selander. A child which at its birth can calculate on living 33½ years, when one year old may reckon upon 47½ths, and at three years of age may expect to live just fifty years. For the other periods see the table—

TABLE OF THE PROBABLE LENGTH OF LIFE.

Yrs.	According to Carlisle.	In Sweden and Finland.			In Sweden alone.
	Years.	1755—76	1775—95	1801—5	1830—35
0 may reckon upon	38,72	34,42	36,12	39,39	33,35
5 - - -	51,25	46,79	47,92	50,01	49,65
10 - - -	48,82	45,07	46,16	47,63	46,55
15 - - -	45,00	41,64	42,63	43,81	42,75
20 - - -	41,46	38,02	38,96	39,98	38,45
25 - - -	37,86	34,56	35,47	36,33	35,15
30 - - -	34,34	31,21	32,12	32,68	31,60
35 - - -	31,00	28,03	29,82	29,06	28,25
40 - - -	27,60	24,66	25,45	25,50	25,05
45 - - -	24,46	21,61	22,26	22,07	21,80
50 - - -	21,11	18,46	19,03	18,65	18,35
55 - - -	17,58	15,53	15,90	15,55	15,25
60 - - -	14,34	12,63	12,85	12,60	12,00
65 - - -	11,79	10,10	10,19	9,93	9,20
70 - - -	9,18	7,72	8,01	7,50	6,85
75 - - -	7,01	5,95	6,27	5,67	5,00
80 - - -	5,51	4,28	4,85	4,17	3,90
85 - - -	4,12	3,23	3,84	3,23	3,00
90 - - -	3,28	2,05	3,03	2,36	2,50
95 - - -	"	"	"	1,70	"

\* "The number of children annually suffocated (by being lain upon) in Sweden, by mothers and nurses, is deserving our particular attention. Of the 415 children thus suffocated in 1825, fifty-five belonged to Vexjö district; forty-five to that of Carlstad, and forty to that of Kalmar, while in Stockholm district only one was killed in this melancholy manner. It is supposed that in some provinces the

women are obliged to share in very heavy and exhausting labour, by which they are so wearied out and sleep so hard, that such accidents are possible." *Forsell's Statistik*, p. 110.

† In France one marriage is contracted for every 122 persons.

‡ *Forsell's* "Anteckningar", pp. 60, 61.

In Stockholm life is shorter than in any other part of Sweden. Not less than 3884 persons die annually, while only 2658 are born, thus showing an annual *excess* of deaths over births of 1226 souls. This is doubtless partly to be attributed to the excessive corn-brandy drinking among the lower classes and the prevalent immorality, as well as to

the damp situation of many parts of the town. The gradual increase of its population is entirely owing to immigration, about 1632 persons, principally of the serving and working classes, removing hither every year. For the rest the following are the skeleton statistics of

## STOCKHOLM AND ITS SUBURBS.\*

Area in Acres.	Population.				Household Property therein. Taxed in 1836 at Rix-dols. Banco.
	1805.	1825.	1830.	1839.	
2,765 - -	72,652 - -	79,473 - -	80,621 - -	83,885 - -	31,519,628

But we must not quite forget the book of M. Lundblad. This production is in one sense remarkable. Although consisting simply of translations of the flowery and *ex-parte* "Royal Statements" presented by the king to every diet, the author, formerly known as a severe anti-Bernadottist, has now turned round, and by his head and tail pieces, that is, by a short introduction and a short postscriptum, endeavours to persuade Europe that Sweden is a happy Canaan "flowing with milk and honey," as well as with iron and brandy; the king a wondrous creator and preserver and restorer, "and all that;" the opposition an ignorant, traitorous, and revolutionary band; and a reform of the representation both dangerous and uncalled for. In this last assertion he has evidently gone beyond his errand. The most respectable adherents of the court party openly acknowledge the necessity of remodelling the representation, although they have not been able to agree as to the *quomodo*. Count Björnstjerna himself published some years ago a very ingenious plan for organizing the representation on the two-chamber system, and during the sitting of the last diet published another pamphlet in defence of his views. It is also worthy of remark, that these same flaming *exposés* to the diet, which have so little comparative historical or statistical value, have also appeared in a German translation.

But we shall extract a few paragraphs from this writer—

"I ‡ had often felt great astonishment at the questions which were addressed to me regarding my country (Sweden), its institutions, and the progress of its government, and have seen numberless erroneous statements as to the events of

which it has been the theatre since the commencement of the present century. Endeavouring to discover to what these questions and these mistakes ought to be attributed, I have perceived that if one soon knows from the one end of Europe to the other what passes at Paris, at London, and at Berlin, while people are quite ignorant of what takes place at Stockholm and at Christiana, the principal cause must be sought for in the fact that French, English, and German are everywhere read, while Swedish is not understood across the Sound. From this it results that we have so few and incomplete and such incorrect documents relative to these two united kingdoms.

"And yet a people is in question which the history of different nations shows us to have taken a part always remarkable and sometimes decisive in the events of every period. We see it everywhere invested with its heroism and its antique virtues, and with that burning love of independence which has always been its great characteristic. It never can be without importance to know, what such a people *can* do or *has* accomplished. But since its union with Norway under the same sceptre, it ought to fix still more the attention of our historians and public writers, who study more than ever the advance of nations in amelioration and civilisation.

"Every nation has thus its distinctive character, determined without doubt by the influence of the countries it inhabits, and by the sources of existence opened out to it by its climate and its soil. A country whose frontiers are the seas, and where one beholds only vast forests, broad lakes, and barren mountains whose surface none can cultivate but whose dense masses must be penetrated, and whose deep bowels must be torn in sunder in order that severe toil may draw thence some advantage,—such a land can only be inhabited by a people which has always an instinctive love for freedom, but a freedom and independence of that adventurous and half-savage sort which eagerly looks for excitement, longs for difficulties to overcome, and grows impatient in repose. Such is Sweden, and such the people which inhabit it. Every page of its history describes it as capable of enduring the greatest perils and of supporting evils the most terrible. But the question whether it can also bear peace and prosperity, is still to be answered; for its chronicles have hitherto offered us periods of calm too short to prove that it can endure any periods, much

\* Abridged from *Forsell*, p. 71.

† *Lundblad*, *Recueil*, &c., pp. v., vi. \*

‡ This gentleman, a Swedish ex-employé, now for good reasons residing in Paris, possesses considerable talents both as a Swedish and as a French *littérateur*. He has lately translated "Geijer's Swedish History into French," and has composed many valuable minor historical *aperçus* in the French magazines and literary journals.

longer.\* In this respect we may regard the present epoch as an era of experiment; it is already twenty-five years old.†

M. Lundblad then gives a table to prove, that of the seventeen reigns which have elapsed in Sweden since the time of Gustavus I. (319 years), that of Charles XIV. John is the only one in which the kingdom has enjoyed an uninterrupted peace. But "peace," it is asserted, the "*discontented*" Swedish nation cannot bear, and as the reign of Charles XIV. John has been one of "uninterrupted repose," the unpopularity of the present king and his system is the fault of the people and not of the hero.—*Quod erat demonstrandum*. Bravo, M. Lundblad!

This "table" we should willingly have given, but there are so many *apparently* wilful inaccuracies in its manufacture, the number of war-years being swelled and that of many reigns diminished, that it is perfectly useless for any purpose but that *for which it was composed*.

But we must now take our leave of this subject. We had marked many closing subjects for discussion relative to Mr. Laing's book, but our space forbids. Suffice it to say, that we have found much to praise in his pages, and much to blame which we have not remarked upon. His absurd talk about Russia and the North and the dissolution of the Union, we cannot sufficiently reprobate. But Count Björnstjerna has already chastised him severely enough on this point.‡ He is equally unfortunate in his dynastic

\* This absurd jargon is a part of the modern court cant, which answers the universal demand of the Swedish people for better laws, lighter taxation, and improved representation, by declaring them to be "a nation ungrateful, insolent, changeable, and unripe for self-government." The old proverb says,—"When we will beat a dog, we can always find a stick."

† Lundblad, Recueil, &c. p. 365.

‡ "Thus, to procure sugar and coffee cheaper in Russia, Mr. Laing, this great friend of Norway, would incorporate Norway as well as Sweden with Russia. It is this enlightened and patriotic Scotchman, who wants to establish Russia opposite to the very coasts of Scotland, and would make Russia 'a first-rate naval power' on purpose to procure cheaper sugar and coffee for her serfs! indeed, a very well applied philanthropy, utilitarianism, or philosophical radicalism, as you may please to call it! And this is the work so highly praised by the Edinburgh Review!

"But it remains for Mr. Laing to show how and by what means the conquest of Sweden and Norway might possibly tend to procure sugar and coffee cheaper to the Russians. Is it by means of a *land-conveyance* over the Norwegian Alps, and across the extensive provinces of Sweden, that these goods would arrive cheaper in Russia than they do at present, transported by sea into her numerous ports in the Baltic, the White Sea, and the Black Sea."—pp. 13, 14.

"In considering the plan of Mr. Laing, to restore the ancient dynasty to one of the thrones of Scandinavia, and to retain the new for the other, which of course must repeal the union between them, we were unable at first to imagine what could have dictated

speculations. He may be assured that the dethroned royal family has no party—no, not even the shadow of a party, in its favour. A *restoration* is impossible, unless it be by the help of Russian bayonets. For the rest, every reader of Mr. Laing's work ought in justice to peruse the Count's reply, although highly bitter and personal, and party-spirited, and rather the reply of the Swedish *aristocrat*,\* than the Swedish *gentleman*, it refutes many of his statements with great happiness of style and effect.

The whole contest, as might have been expected, has produced an advantageous spirit of selfinquiry throughout Sweden itself. Many of her best writers are more and more devoting themselves to *domestic* subjects. May God raise up at least one spirit with courage great enough, and views extensive enough, and a life and heart pure enough, to urge him on to a public avowal and defence of those great, simple, solid, everlasting principles of private and national morals, of truth and justice and mercy, of law and of liberty, which shall turn the stream of public opinion in that country into a more healthy channel, and restore to this ancient and brave and distinguished people that home right and those home manners, that sound hearty northern gladness, and that unaffected purity which foreign corruptions and unfortunate government politics have shaken, till the very foundations thereof do tremble. All who know the bold and honest and ingenuous Swedish yeomanry, must love and esteem them. As yet, in spite of the floods of demoralization flowing from the towns, they are *sound at the core*. All our childhood pictures of the lonely forests and rocky wildernesses of their land, and of the cottage of its peasant offering its hospitable haven to the weary traveller, of the fireside ingle and the happy group and the wondrous legend and the haunting elf and the merry goblin and the sweetly-sad viol-playing water-king, of the local garb and the provincial custom and the smiling cheek and blue eye and open brow of its fearless freeman—all these may still be found among the hills and dales of the lake-rich Swede. Yet ring his native woods with half-heathen or romantic Christian ballads, soothing sounds driven by steam and suffering far from many another land; yet remembers he the exploits of his

such a political view to Mr. Laing, when we suddenly recollected his other plan, to give all Sweden and Norway to Russia, in order to procure her *cheap sugar and coffee*! And as the proposed repeal of the union between the two countries would undoubtedly tend to accelerate the accomplishment of this, Mr. Laing's political wish, we begin now to understand the whole wisdom of his former plan."—p. 64.

\* Mr. Laing has made some very startling though exaggerated statements respecting the merits and influence of the Swedish nobility in general.

fathers and the tales of the men of the olden time. Nor yet is his spirit quite quelled and subdued and broken down. Let this yeoman host, then, quickly arise, and shake off every filthy scale cast upon them by the so-called "civilisation" of corrupt burghers, and stand up in their might, patterns of unflinching honour and simplicity and integrity, and, armed with virtuous manliness, look "forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Then at last may we hope that the black polluted stream now desolating their land may be turned aside from its course, and a *re-action* commence of the national country against the frivolous population of the "philanthropized" towns!

We shall conclude by extracting a few observations highly to the purpose, from the pages of a Swedish gentleman, who has proved himself in all things the friend of his country and the enemy of all its enemies and oppressors :—

"To inquire into the condition and resources of the Scandinavian peninsula, and the education, the peculiarities and the general sympathies and disposition of its inhabitants, ought in my opinion highly to interest every foreigner. Of this we shall be convinced by simply glancing at the geographical position of this double state, whose influence and alliance must inevitably in future political convulsions be of incalculable importance. Beholding at one view the past annals of Sweden and the progressive improvement of our species, we may be pardoned the wish that they to whom the guidance of its coming fates is entrusted may seek to advance the happiness of its people by a fruitful and healing peaceful policy, but also may never spare its forces or the blood of its children whenever it becomes our imperative duty to battle for truth and for knowledge, for freedom and for right. Should we go down in such a contest, we shall at all events die with glory. So thought also the Swedes of the days of old :—

" Riches perish,  
Kinsmen perish,  
Thy own life soon is done;  
But fame shall ne'er  
Die out, where'er  
A good one thou hast won."<sup>\*</sup>

ART. VIII. — *Histoire de l'Art moderne en Allemagne*, par le Comte A. Raczynski.  
Tom. III. 4to. p. 582. Paris.

THE present volume completes the splendid work, the preceding volume of which we have already noticed, embracing a complete

<sup>\*</sup> *Förnell's* Anteckningar, p. 20. This stanza is from Havamal (in Samund's Edda), verse 77, and is given above as translated by Rev. Mr. Strong, in his notes to his version of Frithiof's Saga, p. 32.

history of the development and rapid progress of the fine arts in Germany since the continental peace. It is, above all, in the capital of the Prussian monarchy that this development and this progress are striking and manifest as compared with the former state of the arts in that country.

Munich and Dusseldorf were renowned for their galleries and academies of art, established under the patronage of the electors long before the wars of the French revolution, and the new schools which have since been founded in those capitals are more or less indebted to the traditions of their former masters for their present fame. Not so with Berlin. The Academy founded there by Frederick I. so early as 1699, continued to languish until new life was breathed into it by the artists formed at Rome after the peace of 1815. Nor does there exist, even now, what can properly be called a Berlin school of painting. That denomination, according to our author, cannot be given merely to any number of artists living at the same period in the same country, and formed under the same master, unless they are distinguished by certain common characteristics from other groups of artists formed in other times and other places. In this latter sense the only proper schools of painting during the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century are those founded by David at Paris, by Schadow at Dusseldorf, and by Cornelius at Munich. But this neither does nor ought to detract from the separate merits of individual artists, who though neither the founders of a distinct school, nor belonging to a distinct school, have given proofs of original inventive genius, and have formed pupils worthy to tread in their steps. Such are Begas, Wach, Hensel, &c.

Begas is the first living portrait-painter in Germany, and is also the author of several historical compositions of the highest merit. He is distinguished among all the German artists by his delightful colouring, resembling that of the old Venetian masters. Born in 1794 in the Rhine province, he commenced his studies at Paris under Gros in 1812, the left bank of the Rhine then belonging to France, and remained in that capital until 1818, when he returned to his father-land, which had again become German, and exhibited his *Christ in the Garden of Olives* at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. This earliest production of his pencil, Begas himself says, was criticised by his own countrymen as

"bearing too much the stamp of French influence;

the French, on the contrary, accused me of leaning to the German style: I was thus taken between two fires. Both were certainly right, but only to a certain extent. Under such critical auspices, it was difficult for me to take a determinate direction. My eyes and my hands were spell-bound to the influence of France; my heart and my intellect attracted me towards Germany.

"In the month of March," continues Begas, "I carried to Berlin my picture of the *Descent of the Holy Spirit*. I journeyed by Strasbourg, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart and Nuremberg. I cannot define the emotions I felt in once more revisiting Germany. The noble enthusiasm, which had raised my country as it were from the dead, acted on my whole being like a divine inspiration, and invigorated me with a strength before unknown. The secret tendency, which even during my residence at Paris, drew me away from the French style, became a potent sentiment when I saw at Stuttgart the pictures of the old German masters in the collection of the MM. Boisserée. Soon after arriving at Berlin I painted a portrait which bore the stamp of this impression of mind. I also sketched a composition representing the baptism of Christ, which was subsequently painted *en grand* from another sketch which I made at Rome.

"It was at this period that I became affianced, but before celebrating my marriage, I resolved to visit the classic land. Having obtained a pension from the king, I set off for Italy. Nothing less than the gratitude I felt for the royal bounty, and the hope of perfecting myself in my art, could have given me strength to separate myself from her who was to be my future companion on the journey of life. I travelled by Cologne to take leave of my parents, and was detained there some time in painting the portraits of the whole of my family. This picture, composed of nine figures, was painted under the influence of the sentiments and taste I had imbibed from the old German masters. I consider it the best which I had painted up to that time.

"In February, 1822, I at last set off for Italy, and visited Munich on the way. Cornelius had just finished the two frescoes of the Glyptothek. On the road to Rome I saw the principal cities of Italy. The paintings in the chapel of Giotto at Padua acted in a powerful manner on my imagination on account of my then disposition; ten years later they would doubtless have given me pleasure, but in a manner less absolute. In these works I recognized the artist, who, with the simplest lines and little colouring, could impart a matchless force and vigour to the expressions of the figure and pose. The view of those frescoes completed that revolution in my taste which the collection Boisserée had begun, and determined a contrary tendency to that which I had imbibed from French models. Still I might, in the studies I pursued in Italy, have derived much advantage from the practical skill and *savoir-faire* I had brought with me from France. But my judgment was badly directed; instead of retaining what might have been useful, I made *tabula rasa* both of my style of painting, and my French notions of art, and undertook a radical reform. I now think I should have done better to

have postponed my visits to Italy six years longer.

"The portrait of *Thorwaldsen* and the *Baptism of Christ* are the two principal figures I painted in Italy. I also essayed painting in fresco. The subject of the picture I executed in this manner was Tobias restoring his father's sight. Besides several landscape studies, I brought back from Italy a great number of other compositions, of which I subsequently made an *auto-da-fé*.

"On my return to Berlin, in 1824, I married. Domestic happiness, the arts, and six children living, fine robust boys, lighten my present existence."

After enumerating the list of his works, the artist concludes this naïf auto-biographical sketch in the following characteristic manner:—

"Every one will judge for himself, according to his own taste and his own good pleasure concerning the merits of those various productions; but every one must also acknowledge that the judgment of contemporaries cannot be placed in the scale against that of posterity; and it must not be forgotten that I claim to be considered as a scholar of the great masters of the age of the Medicis. This sentiment preserves the freshness of youth in an artist, and is favourable to improvement.

"I may be permitted to mention one other circumstance, which I believe may have had a favourable influence upon my career as an artist, and upon my productions. It is that for five years past I have lived out of the town with my wife and children, in a house which I myself built, where I enjoy a happy solitude, without anything to disturb my cherished pursuits."

Wach is an accomplished painter, formed by the assiduous study of the kindred sciences of perspective, anatomy, mythology, history and poetry. His mind is highly cultivated, and his sentiments delicate and noble. His sensibility contributes to aid his talent, and the application and care he bestows on his paintings have sometimes the character of tenacity, the traces of which are discernible in his works. This desire of seizing and fixing an evanescent expression on its passage, of communicating a movement of physiognomy, a smile, a tender emotion, causes him sometimes to exaggerate the natural model in his living figures. In this respect he might seem to have taken a lesson from Leonardo da Vinci; but justice requires us to say that he is stimulated to this extreme application by the natural bent of his genius rather than by the imitation of any particular master.

After the continental peace Wach, who had previously studied in the academy of Berlin, proceeded to Paris, where he was admitted first into the atelier of David, and subsequently into that of Gros. After hav-



ing passed two years at the French capital, he went under the patronage of the king of Prussia to Italy; and, after visiting Lombardy and Naples, proceeded to Rome, there to pursue his studies. In this capital of the Christian world and of the arts he found a cluster of artists, his countrymen, Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, Schadow, Schnorr, Koch, the chiefs of the modern school of German art, united as a band of brothers. The tendency of their studies and labours had already been fully explained in the previous volumes, and is again dwelt upon in the present volume of Count Raczynski's work. The names of Wach and of Begas can never be separated from those of these distinguished painters. Caulbach and Lessing are found at the head of a new generation of artists.

Wach executed a great number of studies and cartons in Italy, and a suite of drawings after the ancient school of Florence, tracing the history of the progress of painting previous to Raphael. On his return to Berlin in 1819 he painted, by order of the king, two great compositions for the church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Moscow, representing the Crucifixion and the Last Supper. In 1820 he painted the ceiling of the *Schauspielhaus* at Berlin with the figures of the nine muses. He had previously obtained permission to establish his atelier in a public building called the *Lagerhaus*, where the sculptor Rauch has also his studio. Wach now opened his atelier to pupils desirous of receiving instruction in the theories and practice of the art of painting.

Of this institution he says—

"I had learned at Paris to estimate the advantages which young artists may derive from a well-directed course of instruction under a single master. I therefore determined so to arrange my atelier as to accommodate a certain number of pupils, and I had the pleasure to see thus formed the first school established in Prussia on the plan of those I had seen and frequented in France. The rooms were soon found too small to accommodate the whole number of pupils who sought admission, and I obtained from government the grant of an additional apartment."

Wach had thus the satisfaction of forming a vast number of young artists, who have since become distinguished by the public approbation, and have reflected the highest honour on their master.

This artist has painted a great number of fine portraits, historical pictures and religious subjects. His master-piece is the picture of the three theological virtues, to be seen in the *Werdersche-Kirche* at Berlin. It is twenty feet long and eight broad, and

is remarkable for its elevated style and pure and correct drawing.

In 1825 the corporation of the city of Berlin ordered from him a picture, to be presented to Princess Frederica of the Netherlands. It is now at Brussels, and represents the Virgin seated on a throne of marble, adorned with garlands of flowers, the infant Jesus sitting on her knees, and two angels standing on each side; the back-ground representing the sea, the foreground filled with cypresses and orange-trees. This is one of the best works of Wach, of which a copy by him, *en petit*, may be seen in the fine collection of Consul Wagner at Berlin.

"The peculiar genius of Wach," says Count Raczynski, "is best displayed in his symbolic compositions, his arabesques, and frontispieces consisting of allegories. I believe, indeed, that in this line no artist of the present day is superior to him in this sort of composition; they manifest taste, majesty, a great richness of invention, and a genius full of nerve and originality. It is in this sphere that I could wish to see his talent exercised, and most certainly he would produce in it works which would transmit to posterity a reputation honourable to the artist and to his country. Except, perhaps, in the *Werdersche-Kirche*, it seems to me that his capacities have not been put in requisition in a manner suitable to the peculiar nature of his talents. I could wish to see him give free reins to his imagination in one of the vast apartments of the old palace, and combine allegorical subjects and arabesques with the architectural forms which might serve as a frame-work to these productions of his pencil. One might, I think, designate by the epithet *ornamental*, that style which is most appropriate to his artistic genius."

We have not room to complete the catalogue of the most distinguished Berlin artists, historical, landscape, and genre. But we must not omit to mention Hensel, who also studied at Rome, where he copied the Transfiguration of Raphael, a fine picture in the size of the original, which may be seen in the chapel of Charlottenburg palace. He also painted there the *Woman of Samaria*, which would appear to better advantage in a church than in the gallery of the royal palace at Berlin, where it is confounded with a multitude of other pictures, in various styles, not harmonizing with the subject of this scripture-piece.

After his return to Berlin he married in 1829 Fräulein Mendelssohn, grand-daughter of the celebrated philosopher and sister of the great composer of that name. Madam Hensel is likewise distinguished for her musical talents, in the enjoyment of which the society of Berlin participates in the well-known *matinées musicales* at her house,

where the most eminent vocal performers execute, under her direction and with her accompaniment, select morceaux from the compositions of her brother Mendelssohn, of Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Gluck, &c. The most interesting of Hensel's works, *Christ before Pilate*, is an immense composition, embracing numerous figures of the size of life. It is placed in a very favourable light in the *Garnison Kirche* at Berlin. The colouring is vigorous, the ordonnance merits approbation; but some of the figures injure the general effect of the composition, such as those of Pilate and St. John, which produce a disagreeable impression. Still this picture has great merit in respect of drawing, colouring, and the expression to the figures, excepting those above mentioned. Hensel's albums are worthy the attention of connoisseurs, containing a suite of more than 400 portraits, full of life and expression, and drawn with much grace and facility. He also opens his atelier to pupils who wish to profit by his lessons, his paternal counsels, and his warm friendly protection.

Schinkel was justly regarded as being at the head of the Prussian architects. Indeed he may be considered as the founder of a school of architecture, distinguished by its pure taste and adaptation to the purposes of modern life. The public buildings which have been erected under his direction, or under that of the pupils formed by him, in Berlin and the provinces, during the last five-and-twenty years, all bear the impress of his peculiar genius. The new theatre at Berlin (*Schauspielhaus*) is generally considered as the finest of his constructions. This edifice contains several other apartments besides that devoted to the stage, so that it has been said to "contain many things, and among others a theatre." The concert-hall is one of the most beautiful of these rooms, the arabesques and other rich ornaments of which were designed by Schinkel. The proportions, the external lines, and above all, the principal façade of the *Schauspielhaus*, constitute in the judgment of the author one of the most perfect architectural works ever erected in any age or country; and however some may differ on this head, all true connoisseurs must agree that the proportions and interior decorations, both of the theatre and concert-hall, are most admirable. The ornaments and external decorations of the new school of architecture (*Bau-Schule*), executed in terracotta, are also designed in the most perfect taste.

Whilst we are penning these lines, the funeral procession of this illustrious artist

is passing by the streets and squares adorned with the monuments of his genius, followed by a long train of his friends and pupils, and accompanied with every token of reverential sorrow by an enlightened public capable of appreciating his worth. All those who have had the good fortune to know him must have been forcibly impressed with the simplicity and true native dignity of his character. Disinterestedness lay at its foundation. He was ever ready to render his advice and assistance to his brother-artists, and especially to young men, to whom he gave up a large portion of his precious time, cheerfully suspending his own labours and studies, in order to give them the benefit of his counsels. The spectator who takes his stand on the bridge over the Spree, at the end of the Linden towards the old palace, will include in one view the most remarkable works of Schinkel:—the bridge itself,—the museum,—the custom-house, and other buildings between the museum and the arsenal, the school of architecture, and the *Werdersche Kirche*.\* By advancing a few steps on the Linden, he will catch a glimpse of the new corps de garde (*Hauptwache*) also by Schinkel, with the two fine statues of Scharnhorst and Bulow, by Rauch. The genius of Schinkel was ripened by a diligent study of the classic models of Grecian architecture, and at the same time was strongly marked with the stamp of originality and practical adaptation to the purposes of common life. The compositions drawn by him to ornament, with four great paintings in fresco, the façade of the museum, are now being executed under the direction of Cornelius. The manner in which the artist has treated his subject in these drawings revives the classic recollections of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They are designed to represent, in a mythological and allegorical form, the progress of human civilisation and the arts of life, both useful and ornamental. The great objection to such compositions is, that they require tedious explanations, which break in upon the impression the detached parts would else produce upon the spectator, who is often puzzling himself to make out the meaning when he should be enjoying the unmingled pleasure of contemplating the artistic beauties of the work. But this style suits the bent of the German mind, which delights to analyse and dissect, and is naturally prone to abstraction.

\* The separate cahier, accompanying the present volume, contains an engraved view of these buildings as seen from this point.

Charles Christian Rauch has, by his fine works in sculpture, rendered illustrious an obscure name and origin. Born in 1777, at Arolsen, in the principality of Waldeck, he was, when quite young, bound as an apprentice to a carver in wood and stone in that town. From Arolsen he removed to Cassel, where he entered the studio of Ruhl, a sculptor, and received his earliest lessons in the art of modelling. Family affairs having called him to Berlin in 1797, he had there the good fortune to attract the notice and protection of the late king, Frederick William III., who had just ascended the throne, and of other powerful patrons. By the assistance of one of these patrons, Count Charles Sondrezky, a Silesian nobleman, he was enabled to visit Italy in 1804, travelling, in company with his noble friend, through the south of France, by Genoa to Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the most distinguished artists of that capital, and among others of Canova and Thorwaldsen. His warm attachment to the art, combined with zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, and the most honourable personal qualities, secured him the esteem and friendship of these illustrious sculptors, as well as of the French painter Ingres, and of the German artists then residing at Rome. He was also honoured with the notice of that eminent statesman and savant, the late Wilhelm von Humboldt, then residing at Rome as Prussian minister. There his genius was guided by the inspiration of the great living sculptors, and by the study of the antique. He also executed several basso-relievos, busts, and statues, and prepared the models of others, which were afterwards executed in marble. When the French armies occupied Rome in 1803, the new government established an exhibition of works of art in the capital, to consist of productions of all the artists there residing, from whatever country they might come. This great association of artists appointed a committee to decide on the respective merits of these productions. Rauch was selected by his brother-artists as a member of this committee. His name appearing in the *Moniteur* in this capacity struck the attention of the King of Prussia, who had retired to Memel after the disastrous campaign of Jena and the peace of Tilsit. On the recommendation of M. W. von Humboldt, the king conferred upon Rauch an annual pension of four hundred thalers, which relieved him from pecuniary embarrassments, and enabled him to continue his studies at Rome. In 1810 he was directed by the king to inquire of Canova if he would undertake to execute a funeral mo-

nument, which his majesty intended to erect to the memory of his beloved queen, Louisa of Mecklenburg, then just deceased. Canova replied, that he considered Rauch himself quite capable of fulfilling the king's intentions; he was therefore ordered to return to Berlin, where the composition of the proposed monument was made the subject of prize competition, and the plan of Rauch being preferred to that of all the other artists who proposed for the work, he was commissioned to execute it. Having commenced the model at Charlottenburg, he was unfortunately taken ill with a nervous fever, the effects of which, according to the opinion of his medical advisers, could only be removed by the milder climate of Italy. He consequently obtained permission to return to Rome, in order there to execute the statue of the deceased queen in marble. Having visited Carrara to select a block of marble for this purpose, he had occasion to study the model of a fine live eagle, and he has repeated with great force and beauty the traces of the majestic bird on several basso-relievos. Those on the pedestal of the funeral monument at Charlottenburg are remarkably fine. The statue itself was finished at Rome in 1813, and Rauch proceeded to Carrara to complete some other works, whilst Tieck executed the candelabras for the monument. Rauch returned to Berlin in 1814 to place the statue, which was hailed with enthusiasm by the public both as a work of art and as embalming the beautiful lineaments of a queen, whose memory was justly endeared to the nation by her misfortunes, identified as they were with the public calamities of those disastrous times. Still it may be doubted whether such monuments—which ought to be eternal—are best preserved in a summer-house situated in a public garden. They ought rather to be erected in churches and cathedrals, where they may be protected from neglect and wanton destruction by religious associations, and where the ashes of monarchs may peacefully repose in the midst of the mortal remains of the warriors and statesmen by whom their tottering thrones were upheld. The statue of Queen Louisa was subsequently reproduced, with several variations, and may now be seen at the new palace at Potsdam. In this last, she is represented, not in the sleep of death, but in a natural slumber.

Rauch received in 1815 from the king orders for the two statues which are now placed in front of the new guard-house at Berlin, of Scharnhorst, who reorganized the Prussian army, and enabled it to take the field against the French in 1813, and of

Bulow von Dennewitz, whose coming up decided the battle of Waterloo in favour of the allies. For this purpose he made a second journey to Carrara to select the marble on the spot for these two statues, and again visited Rome, where he was charged with some commissions for the Museum of Antiquities, then about to be established in the Prussian capital. After his return to Berlin, he completed these statues, and also composed a colossal statue in bronze of Prince Blucher for the province of Silesia, which was cast under the artist's direction at Berlin, and erected on its pedestal of granite in 1827. It is the great glory of Rauch to have happily surmounted on this, as on other occasions, the difficulties of modern costume. He has selected the moment when Blucher is supposed to advance with naked sword in his right hand, his left raised to heaven, and addressing the people with the exclamation, "With God for king and country!" calls upon the inhabitants of Silesia to rise up for the deliverance of that province. Another statue of Blucher was ordered by the king from Rauch, after the old warrior's decease, and erected at Berlin, directly opposite the new guard-house. It is also of bronze, of the same height (eleven feet), standing on a pedestal of sixteen feet high, adorned with appropriate basso-relievos. The hero is represented looking behind, as if pointing out the blessings of peace achieved by the toils and dangers of war. Rauch also shared with Tieck and Wichmann in the composition of the statues which decorate the Gothic monument of cast iron, sixty feet in height, erected on the *Kreutzberg*, just out of the town, to celebrate the victories of the Prussian armies in what is called in Germany "The War of Deliverance."\*

We may be allowed to observe, *en passant*, that though in a military state, whose greatness has been mainly acquired and must be maintained by arms, the glories achieved in war may justly claim to be commemorated by public monuments—yet the stranger who visits the Prussian capital is disappointed not to see a single trophy to civil merit. The heroes of the seven years' war, and of the late war of independence, live again in marble and bronze; but where are those of the statesmen whose labours regenerated the monarchy after it was trodden down in the field of Jena? Where are the monuments of the men who contri-

buted their quota of *mind* to the great work of national deliverance and regeneration? To say nothing of the exclusively intellectual fame of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Niebuhr, the absence of any memorial of such national illustrations as Hardenberg and Von Stein, call to mind the funeral procession of that noble Roman from which the statues of Brutus and Cassius were excluded: "Viginti clarissimorum familiarum imagines antelate sunt Manlii, Quintii, aliaque ejusdem nobilitatis nomina: sed præfulgebant Cassius et Brutus, quod effigies eorum non visebantur."\*

Among other works of Rauch are the statues of Albrecht Durer at Nuremberg, of Dr. Frank at Halle, and of the late King of Bavaria, Maximilian, at Munich—all in bronze; six allegorical figures of Victory, in marble, destined to adorn the interior of the Walhalla; and the group of Duke Mieczyslaus and his son King Boleslaus of Poland, for the cathedral of Posen. The expense of this group of statues was solely borne by Count Edward Raczynski, brother of the author of the present work, a Polish nobleman distinguished for his patriotism and munificent patronage of learning and the arts. The expense of the chapel in which this national monument is to be placed, was defrayed by a public subscription in the province. Rauch is now engaged upon the model of an equestrian colossal statue of the great Frederick, which is to be erected in the centre of the Linden, opposite the university buildings.

In summing up the character of Rauch as an artist, our author says:

"His works have a historical character, but differ much from those of antiquity. If, according to the ideas generally prevailing among artists and amateurs, we hold, that in sculpture the classic style is that which distinguishes Grecian statues, the works of Rauch can hardly be said to belong to that class. But in the arts we ought not to generalize, in this absolute manner, our judgment and principles. As to Rauch, the antique style is certainly not that with which his artistic nature has the closest affinity. He has created for himself a new, and at the same time elevated, style. His imagination is not naturally inclined to seek for ideal beauty in the works of antiquity alone, nor is he inspired by epic poetry; but his artistic nature is powerful: in his productions, the author and the subject are both strongly characterized; his sentiments are true and profound; his drawing pure; in treating historical subjects of our time and of the middle age, his judgment and his taste are always correct.

"Rauch, as I have already said, is the creator of a new style, which I should call the *modern and the middle-age historic*. The finest works of this class are the two Bluchers, Bulow,

\* See Dr. Waagen's valuable book on the Artistic Works of Rauch:—"Abbildungen der vorzüglichsten Werke Karls Rauch, mit Erläut.-Texte von Dr. G. F. Waagen (Berlin, 1827, fol.)

\* Tac. Annal., lib. iii., cap. 75.

Scharnhorst, Frank Durer, and, above all, the group of Mieczyslaus and Boleslaus. The sarcophagus of Queen Louisa has another character; it breathes the artist's sensibility of soul; it appeals, at the same time, to the deep-seated grief of the royal family and of the nation. It is beautiful and touching; but, according to my ideas, the artist has since taken a bolder flight. In none of his works is he more romantic, and at the same time more tender and amiable, than in his *Young Girl mounted on a Stag*, the subject of which is drawn from a legend of Tangermünde. This little group has been a thousand times repeated in bronze, iron, and plaster.

"His basso-relievos are admirable. Those drawn from modern subjects have no tinge of antique affectation; they are pictures drawn from the life, taken with all the elevation of sentiment which distinguishes Rauch as an artist. His *Danaide* is not one of his works which gives me the most pleasure: is it because the subject is antique? The composition, the pose, and, above all, the expression of the head, do not correspond with the admiration inspired by his general talent: there seems to me a want of harmony between the ideas of the author and the nature of the subject. I give only my own impression, and am perhaps doubly wrong in thinking and speaking thus. I am also aware that this opinion is contrary to that of other connoisseurs of judgment and taste.\* In treating another subject related to the antique, but more properly belonging to the region of allegory, I find him worthy of the highest praise: in his six *Victories*, intended for the Walhalla, of which four are represented standing, and two sitting, the attitude of those who are sitting is not, perhaps, strictly appropriate to the subject; but they are all so graceful! The same favourable judgment ought, in my opinion, to be pronounced on the two basso-relievos on the pedestal of Bulow's statue. The manner in which they present the crowns of glory lends such a charm to their soul-elevating gifts.

"These two basso-relievos partake of the antique style, but they rather belong to the region of allegory.

"The three living sculptors who stand highest in the opinion of the Germans are Zauch, Schwanthaler, and Thorwaldsen. These artistic natures are very different from each other.

"Schwanthaler possesses the greatest, the richest, and the most facile talent for composition; his judgment and his taste have been formed on the classic models of antiquity; he has imbibed the turn of thought and expression of the Grecian artists, and produced numberless transcripts of their style. His manner of conceiving the subject is rapid, but deficient in precision; and he does not always develop his thoughts with sufficient depth and detail. There is, morally speaking, a void in his productions which wants to be filled up by more characteristic and full details.

"Thorwaldsen's is a powerful talent. His works, though partaking of the antique, do not distinctly mark any particular epoch, but all bear the stamp of genius. Thorwaldsen has brought back the art of sculpture to that severe style to which Canova had already begun to reclaim it. That delicate taste and exquisite grace which distinguish the talent of Canova are not to be found in all the works of Thorwaldsen, and are especially wanting in his *Venus*, his three *Graces*, and other naked figures of the fair sex; but he has communicated an indescribable charm to some other of his feminine figures, such, for example, as *Day and Night*. His basso-relievo of the *Triumph of Alexander* is unquestionably the greatest composition of modern sculpture.

"Rauch is an historian, noble and true. Nothing need be added to what has been already said of him, except that, according to my judgment, of all living sculptors he is the one who most completely satisfies my taste, and excites in me the most vivid emotions.

"Rauch has a cultivated mind: his conversation announces strong passions; his fine, interesting countenance betrays them at every instant. He is irritable. His physiognomy is full of fire and attraction.

"How often has the pride of artists been the cause of destruction to their talents! Rauch must be free from this defect, since his talent is in full maturity: or if he has pride, it must be of a particular nature, and such as excludes neither greatness of soul nor amiability.

"Rauche works the marble himself with great diligence, neatness, and taste; whilst Thorwaldsen leaves it almost entirely to his pupils and workmen. In respect to modelling, Schwanthaler has so little precision, that his basso-relievos are often mere outline-sketches, and his statues effaced and illegible characters."

Gottfried Schadow was born at Berlin in 1764, and studied at Rome. On his return to his native country in 1788, he was appointed sculptor to the Prussian court, and is now director of the academy. He is father of two celebrated artists, Rudolph,\* a sculptor of great merit, and Wilhelm, a distinguished painter, now director of the Academy at Dusseldorf. The venerable head of this distinguished family of artists is the author of a great number of statues, busts, and basso-relievos. Among these are the marble statues of two of the heroes of the seven years' war, in the *Wilhelm-Platz* at Berlin—General Zieten and Prince Leopold of Dessau; sixteen busts of celebrated Germans for the Walhalla, and the fine bronze statue of Luther, erected on a pedestal of granite in the great square at Wittemberg, where the great reformer burnt the pope's bull of excommunication and the decretals, on the memorable 10th of December, 1520, and thus kindled a fire which is not yet extinguished. Schadow has also published several instructive works

\* "One of Rauch's friends, a celebrated artist, has observed to me, that what seemed to him to characterize Rauch, is the talent of applying the grave and earnest character, the beauty and truth of antique art to modern subjects, which are almost the only subjects he has been called upon to treat."

on the science of design, and others connected with the theory of the fine arts.

Frederick Tieck, brother of the celebrated poet of that name, was born at Berlin in 1776; and after working for some time in the studio of Schadow, went, in 1797, to Paris, where he passed upwards of three years, and afterwards three years more at Rome, and seven years at Carrara. He has ever preserved the highest veneration for the memory of David, under whom he studied, with his friend Schick, the art of design. After his return to Berlin in 1819, Tieck made a fine drawing of the *Madonna della Seddia*, of the same size with the original, and which may be seen at the villa of the late Wilhelm von Humboldt at Tegel, near Berlin, now inhabited by his son-in-law, Baron Bulow, late Prussian minister in London. From 1802 to 1805, Tieck worked on the statues and basso-relievos which ornament the grand-ducal palace at Weimar. He afterwards executed a fine statue and sepulchral monument of Necker, ordered by Madame de Staël, and which has been since erected at Coppet. He has also composed five-and-twenty colossal busts for the Walhalla, which Rauch considers as not being surpassed by the works of any other living artist, and as being destined to form the principal ornament of that great monumental edifice. At Berlin, in the entrance-room to the concert-hall of the *Schauspielhaus*, may be seen his marble statue of the great actor Iffland. The sculptures which decorate the façade of the *Schauspielhaus*, which crown its roof, and ornament the concert-hall, are also by Tieck. The bas-relievo in bronze, for the tomb of Professor Buttman, and the monument in marble of General Scharnhorst in the cemetery of the Invalids at Berlin, form some of the most admired of his productions. His reputation as an artist is wide-spread, and rests on a solid foundation. He is also well known as a writer on art.

Ludwig Wichmann, born at Potsdam in 1788, is a pupil of the venerable Schadow, President of the Berlin Academy, who found him an orphan at the early age of twelve years,—brought him up with paternal care, and introduced him to the Academy with his own sons. In 1807 Wichmann went to Paris, where were already accumulated the richest treasures of art—the *opima spolia* of Italy, the Low Countries and Germany. He improved his taste by the study of these master-pieces, and also worked in the atelier of David the painter and the sculptor Bosio, attended the Academy, and took part in the great works then being executed by order of Napoleon. He re-

ceived an order for one of the grand frontispieces of the Louvre. Having returned to his native country in 1813, he aided his master Schadow in preparing the models for the bronze statues of Blücher and Luther which we have already mentioned. In 1819 he went to Italy. He there found the friends and companions of his youth, Rudolph and Wilhelm Schadow, and formed the most intimate and friendly relations with Thorwaldsen. After a residence of two years at Rome, he returned to the Prussian capital, where he prepared the models for the greater part of the statues for the Kreutzberg monument. Among his principal works are a marble group of Cupid and Psyche belonging to the king; St. Michael and the two angels, for the portico of the *Werdersche Kirche*; the colossal figures surmounting the Museum; and the six angels of colossal size, two kneeling and four in relief, in the new church at Potsdam. Among a profusion of marble, bronze and plaster busts of living persons by this artist, we may mention those of Prince Anthony Radzivil and Hegel the philosopher, with the fine bust of the Countess Wanda Raczyński, the lovely daughter of the noble author of the work before us. Indeed, the talent of Wichmann is most conspicuous in these portraits. His elder brother Karl Wichmann, who died in 1836, was also a pupil of Schadow and a sculptor of distinguished talent. \* \* \* \*

Here for the present we close our notice of the artists of Berlin: we shall ere long resume our labours through Saxony, and also furnish a notice of German students at Rome, under which we shall include Carstens, Thorwaldsen and Overbeck.

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ART. IX.—*Considérations sur l'Angleterre.*  
Paris. 1841.

THIS is rather an unpretending pamphlet, but the author, like most foreigners who have written upon England, has a very imperfect knowledge of the state of parties and the real situation of things here. In common with all French writers on the same subject, he is exceedingly angry with the members of the late cabinet, and Lord Palmerston especially, for the course adopted by them on the Eastern question, and congratulates the French nation on the overthrow of the Whigs, which he ascribes solely to their conduct on that question, although he does not suppose that the policy

which guided the Whigs in the treaty of July 15, will be materially departed from by their Conservative successors. There cannot, we think, be a greater mistake than that of attributing the overthrow of the Whig cabinet to the embarrassment, pecuniary and otherwise, which arose from their policy in the dispute between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt. Long before that dispute had assumed such a character as to render foreign intervention necessary, the feelings of dissatisfaction of the people of England had been so unequivocally expressed towards their rulers that the cabinet held together merely from sufferance. The financial embarrassment created by the Eastern question was abstractedly a matter of no importance, and if there had been no other deficit than what was occasioned by the armament employed on that occasion, and no real and deep cause of excitement against the government as to its domestic policy, the Whigs would have been in office now.

The author of *Considérations sur l'Angleterre* does not however confine himself to the Eastern question, although he makes it the leading subject of his essay, and brings forward all the arguments which have been used by M. Duvergier de Hauranne and others to show that the policy of England is already a failure. He enters upon the general question of foreign policy, and talks of the difficulties which beset the Conservative ministry in their relations with the United States of America and France (as regards Spain), and then proceeds to notice the great questions of domestic policy in England—the corn laws, the poor laws, the population question, and the state of Ireland, all of which he says are beyond the strength of any ministry to regulate and control. He does not pretend that either of these questions is of so difficult a character that a satisfactory solution is not to be hoped for if parties in England would lay aside their personal disputes in a patriotic consideration for the public good; but judging of parties and patriotism in England by what he sees in France, he seems to think it impossible that there should ever be such a fusion amongst us as would furnish a government with the elements of strength necessary to enable them to grapple successfully with the great and indeed absorbing questions of domestic policy which occupy the minds of all persons in England, and excite attention generally in Europe.

It is not at all wonderful that foreigners, and above all Frenchmen, should hold the opinions which they express as to the state of parties in England, and imagine that out

of their bickerings there must necessarily arise complete disorganization of the state. In the despotic countries of Europe where party struggles such as are seen here are unknown, they must naturally appear to be much more important and dangerous than they really are, and in France, where there are not less than five parties in the Chamber of Deputies, each struggling for supremacy and each successful in embarrassing the machinery of government, and in preparing the way for the anarchy on which each hopes eventually to erect its throne, it must be a prevailing opinion that the conflict of parties in England is something like that of the French. The comparison however will not lie. In France each party has a principle to contend for, and these different principles are so widely different that anything like compromise or fusion, except for the purpose of temporary embarrassment to the government, is impossible. The old Royalists aim at the overthrow of the existing dynasty; the Buonapartists would get rid of the present king and of the institutions by virtue of which he reigns, in order to restore the empire of military despotism; the Republicans would destroy all semblance of monarchy of any kind, and what is called the Constitutional opposition would have parliamentary reform and a reform also of the institutions which were set up by the revolution of July. Here there are five parties, including the partisans of the existing dynasty who call themselves Conservatives, but who are composed in a large degree of old Royalists having very little sympathy with the new Royalists with whom they vote,—all having defined and important objects in view. In England we have strictly speaking only three parties, the Conservatives, the Whigs, and the Radicals (including Republicans), and the two great parties profess the same veneration for the existing institutions, whilst the third must be without power or influence from the moment that there shall be a determination on the part of the two great parties, the Whigs and the Conservatives, to put them down. There is not then any danger of England falling to pieces, as the writer of the work supposes, although party feeling may render the duties of the Conservative ministry more arduous than they would otherwise be. There is however this good in the view taken of our domestic squabbles by foreigners, it must excite the sound thinking of the two great parties in England to inquire whether, in the presence of great domestic questions, party dissension may not be laid aside.

It is perfectly saddening to view the height to which this is carried in England,

so that the fitness of a man for office is not so much the consideration as the party to which he belongs. The Whigs were certainly fortunate in the placing the seals in the hands of Lord Cottenham; but could anything be more deplorable than the necessity that drove them to such appointments on the Episcopal Bench as Maltby and Stanley, men who by their peculiar views, right or wrong, superinduce the opinion that their orthodoxy is more than questionable? The same principle carried out would have led to equally unhappy appointments at the bar. Then again from the pressure from without, the Whigs brought forward the postage question, which as a matter of course must be remodelled, a measure totally uncalled for and of ruinous loss to the revenue; and this too was a sacrifice not to the nation but to party, with a snug job for Mr. Rowland Hill. Again, the corn laws were not brought forward as such a question merited in the Queen's speech, but to work against the Conservatives, which proved a most unlucky manœuvre, being a lever which became ultimately applied to eject the Whigs from office. This also was made a party question. Taking the great aggregate of Conservative measures, it will be found that this section of the state has alone possessed the power to legislate permanently. All the acts of the Whig administration, the Reform Bill excepted, will possibly soon be a blank sheet on our statute book. All that the noble vessel of the state fairly required, the Conservatives set themselves to effect, missing stays only on the representative question, when a little concession might have spared much subsequent toil and anarchy. Their position with the continent is the strongest conceivable; Louis Philip can scarce conceal the joy with which he hails their accession to office as the firmest stay of the House of Orleans in France. In the recognition of that house the Conservatives showed much political wisdom, and a bending to the occasion that well became the friends of the best interests of both countries. With all the great northern powers their hand is strong, and their talents for rule dreaded; and a strong government, which they must prove, is well calculated to strike terror into all secret foes of England in that direction. It is to be hoped that they will depend for their stay in office on measures such as cannot be opposed, and if the Whigs are conscientious, they must tender the Conservatives in turn that reciprocity of support by which their own party was maintained in the ministry for so considerable

ble a period. The evil spirit of concession, of concession to the claims of the factious Irish leaders, will now be stopped, and while justice, rigid justice, is done to Ireland, the repeal question will be at once crushed and destroyed. No clamour against the due influence of wealth will lead the Conservatives to be unjust in their enactments, and the institutions by which property is protected will now be in the hands of guardians better able to maintain them than those men could have been, who, with the best intentions—and we are very far from attributing to them any preconcerted design against property—were to a great degree under the control of a faction opposed to all existing rights, and anxious for changes which might disclose to them those avenues to power and enjoyment, which, according to the constitution, can only be opened by slow and legitimate means. It may here also be well to remark on the absurdity of the cry which has been raised against the Conservatives, that they are essentially and exclusively the friends of those whose property is in land, and that they are opposed to any measures which would give to the mercantile interest a fair portion of influence in the affairs of the state, and enable them to develop more and more the elements by which that influence might be secured. One would imagine that it would be sufficient, in refutation of this charge, to point to the chief of the Conservative cabinet, who, in the first generation, is a striking instance of the greatness to which industry and commercial pursuits may lead. Everybody knows that Sir Robert Peel owes his fortune and his political position to trade, for, without the fortune realized by the late Sir Robert Peel, the talents of the son would not have been developed by a liberal education, and he might have struggled in vain with even twice the amount of talent which he possessed, if it were possible to be so highly gifted, to make the progress which has marked his political career. There is a disposition in too many persons not to forget who and what Sir Robert Peel is; but to believe that he has forgotten or attempts to forget it himself. In vain however do we look for anything in the conduct of this minister to indicate that he has forgotten his origin, or looks back to it with regret. Retired tradesmen, who are neither from education or habit fitted to adorn or enjoy the society to which, when in trade they could not aspire, are frequently seen to ape the manners which they cannot naturally put on, and to resort to every trick for concealing their origin, in the hope that those with



whom they would wish to associate, being ignorant that they were formerly in trade, will naturally conclude they were what the world stupidly calls well born. Now and then, also, we meet with men who would blush at having it known that their fathers were in trade, and who endeavour, by their ridicule of trade and manufacture, to have it supposed that they descend from a long line of ancestors whose hands were never ungloved. But who are these men? They are men who never by the cultivation of their minds threw around them the dignity which belongs to talent, who never attempted to exercise their faculties in any truly honourable and useful pursuit. Sir Robert Peel is not one of these men. Whilst his father in the prosecution of his mercantile labours was creating for his son a position of wealth by which he might be able to maintain the dignity of his character, and become one of the leaders of mankind, the son was already distinguishing himself by the useful and noble development of the faculties with which nature had endowed him. Such a man as Sir Robert Peel has no motive for attempting to conceal his origin, but every motive for glorying in it, for he is an instance of what industry and probity in the father and the successful exercise of intellect in the son can achieve in a country like England, where power and influence are to be obtained by persons of every class, who possess the qualities which are essential for its government. If Sir Robert Peel has become a landed proprietor, it is because all men of wealth, who are not mere money dealers, invest their fortune in such possessions; it does not follow, however, that mercantile men, or those immediately descended from them, who avail themselves of the natural and legitimate means of placing their fortune beyond the reach of mercantile speculation, become indifferent to the welfare of the interests of the class to which they no longer belong. It must not be forgotten, that, although Sir Robert Peel, from the extent of his fortune, was not compelled to follow the pursuits of his father, and from the nature of his own political pursuits was both unable and unfitted to remain in the same career; other and nearly connected members of his family remained in trade. Sir Robert Peel therefore cannot but retain for mercantile men the same consideration as he feels for the landed aristocracy. He cannot have ceased to desire the prosperity of merchants and manufacturers to the same degree at least as he desires to secure the prosperity of those whose fortunes are invested in land.

It may answer the purpose of faction to represent the premier and his colleagues as being exclusively attached to the landed aristocracy, and resolved on raising it both in influence and wealth above the mercantile interests at the cost, nay, even the ruin of the latter; but how many impartial and reflecting men are there who are deluded by this cry. In a country depending for its very existence on commerce, even the most prejudiced member of the aristocracy must feel that it is to commerce that he owes the wealth and consideration which he enjoys, and that, if the commerce of England were to be ruined, all the security, at least all the value, of his own landed possessions would cease. The splendid palaces, the fine parks, the fruitful fields of the aristocracy are not alone the bulwarks of England's greatness. Without commerce where would be the possessions which have created for England that preponderance in Europe which is at once a source of national wealth and national security? Without commerce where would be the navy, which sets the envy and hatred of the French at defiance; and without the navy what security would there be for the possessions of the aristocracy? If the commercial greatness of England were to be diminished, the landed aristocracy would suffer to even a greater extent than the mercantile interest, and their suffering would be the greater from its being an unexpected transition. Merchants and manufacturers, and the persons who are dependent upon them, are but too much accustomed to transitions from prosperity to comparative adversity; and total ruin, dreadful as it would be to them, would be less dreadful than the change which would come over the aristocracy. The ruin of commerce would, we repeat, be the ruin of England, and in that ruin property of every kind, landed as well as other, would be involved. It is silly to imagine that land would retain its value; there are some indeed absurd enough to suppose that its value would increase as compared with all other investments. This would not be the case in England, for with the ruin of commerce would come anarchy at home, in which every man would help himself, or the country would fall a prey to the ambition of France. The landed aristocracy have therefore a deep interest in the commercial greatness of England; and a ministry which may be supposed to represent that aristocracy, presents guarantees to every class of society; for all classes are interested alike in seeing the national greatness upheld.

The attempt to represent the landed aristocracy as having distinct interests from those of the landowners, and the Conservative ministry as the exclusive protectors of the landed aristocracy, is that of a faction equally opposed to the prosperity of the mercantile and manufacturing interest, and the security of landed property. If this faction finds support and belief among the people, it is because all the arts of popular delusion have been brought into play. Remove this delusion, and the people will acknowledge that ruin to trade in England would be ruin to the aristocracy; and the plainest intelligence will perceive that the landowners, who are supposed to represent the majority amongst the influential Conservatives, can have no desire to impede the progress of trade, although it is perfectly natural that they should be opposed to any undue preponderance of the mercantile interests, which would unnecessarily destroy the interests which they hold. If they had not the same confidence in the Whig ministry as they have in a Conservative cabinet, it was not because the men who composed it were called Whigs, or because they could be justly suspected of a deliberate design to ruin the landed aristocracy, but because they were at the mercy of a faction which aimed at a power and an ascendancy to which property of every kind must have fallen a prey.

That the present cabinet is composed of practical men is admitted even by its political adversaries; and practical men in the present situation of the country are of great value, as compared with young statesmen and theorists. At no time during the last twenty years has England been more in want of rulers who, setting apart the difficulty of treating the abstract but important questions which are now the subject of discussion, thoroughly understand the machinery of government. Lord Melbourne, who, with all his good qualities, certainly did not shine as a working minister, and in whom age was beginning to add to natural indolence, is replaced by a man who has gone through all the routine of office, and who is now in the vigour of manhood, without the impetuosity of youth to lead him into rashness, or the fretfulness of age to harass his colleagues, and prevent the generous inspirations which are at times requisite even in office. In the important department of Foreign Affairs, Lord Palmerston, who must be admitted, even by those most opposed to him in politics, to have been a hard-working minister, and a shrewd man in the execution of his diplomatic duties, is succeeded by the Earl of

Aberdeen, a man of deep reflection, guarded deportment, and great experience in the business of the post to which he has been called. The selection by Sir Robert Peel of Lord Aberdeen as the successor of Lord Palmerston, was really one of necessity, for few other persons could with the same guarantees to the nation have filled that office; but if it had been permitted to Sir Robert to choose he could not under all the circumstances have chosen better. Lord Aberdeen has been represented as an unbending politician,—a politician of the old school, with principles of Conservatism which admit of no modification. The idea of compromise with such a person is said to be out of the question; and therefore if compromise should ever be necessary as to domestic dissensions, Lord Aberdeen would not be the man for home minister; but in the foreign department the sternness of his politics is a precious quality. It can do no harm in any case, but it is a guarantee to those states of Europe which have been justly alive to the necessity of opposing a barrier to republican propagandism, that England, whilst Lord Aberdeen shall be in office as foreign minister, will never form any alliance with French republicans, if they should gain the upper hand in their own country. When the Whigs came into office, Russia, Prussia, and Austria began to fear that the cry of France and England against all the world would be raised, and for a long time there was great indisposition on the part of those powers to draw close the bonds of alliance which existed between them and England. The Whig cabinet, it is but just to say, alarmed perhaps at the friendly advances of the democratic party in France, succeeded in convincing the other powers of Europe that, although England had been the first to recognize the sovereignty of Louis Philip, she would be the last to adopt the republican principles which were the origin of his elevation to supreme authority. The Treaty of July 15, and all subsequent negotiations on the eastern question, must have convinced Russia, Austria, and Prussia, that for the present they had nothing to fear from England; but those powers could not be insensible to the growing weakness of the English cabinet. If their original distrust as to the principles of the Whigs, on foreign policy was removed, circumstances had arisen to convince them that the Whigs, having lost all Conservative support at home, could only retain power by strengthening themselves from the ranks of the Radicals and Republicans. The result of the elections has shown that the Repub-

licans or ultra-movement men could not save the Whig ministry; but we are supposing that such a junction might have had a different result, where then would have been the security for Russia, Austria, and Prussia? If Lord Melbourne's cabinet could have held its ground in connection with the ultra-movement party at home, there must sooner or later have been a junction between them and the French republicans, and then England must either have been compelled to make common cause with France in a war of spoliation and propagandism, or the utmost that she could have stipulated for would have been an expensive and disgraceful neutrality, which must have ended in her own destruction; for although the French would willingly have the co-operation of the English against the other states of Europe, their first act would be, after having, with the assistance or connivance of England, overrun those states, to attempt the subjugation of England, and richly in such a case would England deserve it. We are aware that there are many persons in England who really think that the cry of England and France against all the world is a wise one. Such persons, looking at the physical capabilities of these countries to injure each other, imagine that the possibility of their doing so would be prevented by their agreeing to act in concert against all the rest of the world, or at least to place themselves in such a position as to set all the rest of the world at defiance. To take this view of the policy to be observed in our relations with France is to be entirely ignorant of the state of feeling and parties in that country. We are not amongst those who think that England and France are natural enemies; but our knowledge of France enables us to assert, that no treaty could be made with it by which England would be benefited; whereas, on the contrary, any treaty which would add to the greatness and influence of France would eventually, and that too at no very distant period, be ruinous to us, for the French would not hesitate to turn against us the power and influence which they should have acquired through our co-operation. If the French nation were under the control of a powerful monarch, or a respectable representative government, it might be prudent to enter into such a treaty as would render it impossible for Russia, Austria, and Prussia, allied or separately, to annoy England. In such a case guarantees could be obtained from France, not merely that she would at no time avail herself of the improvement of her position against England, but also that no intervention should

take place with the affairs of other states, the treaty between England and France being defensive of themselves, and not ofensive against others; but with whom in France could England treat? With Louis Philip, who is an advocate of peace? What power could Louis Philip have to restrain the French people, if the dread of coercion from England were removed from their eyes? Louis Philip has just been able, and only just able, to keep the nation from brigandage and spoliation, by the double exercise of intrigue with parties, and the menace that England and every continental state would unite against them. If England were ever to be so unwise as to enter into an offensive and defensive treaty with France, she would set the seal upon her own destruction. There is no danger of such a treaty ever being entered into by England whilst Lord Aberdeen shall be at the head of the foreign office, or indeed whilst the Conservatives shall hold the reins of power; and consequently, one great, and perhaps the only great cause of distrust on the part of Russia, Austria and Prussia, is at an end. The removal of this distrust, and the cultivation of a close and intimate alliance with those powers, does not necessarily imply hostility to France; on the contrary, France and England may be on friendly terms; all we wish to recommend is, that they should not be too friendly. France cannot, without danger to herself, quarrel with England whilst we are in alliance with the other powers of the continent, and therefore she will be careful not to offend us; but there is no reason why we should endeavour to lower the dignity or power of France from their present condition, or why we should manifest ill will towards her because the republican leaven is evident in her conduct. There is nothing of this kind to be apprehended from the Conservative ministry. It must not be forgotten that the constitutional regime in France was first recognized by the Conservative government in England; it is not probable that the Conservatives will go out of their way to quarrel with what they have acknowledged; but we may be assured that they will never expose England to the republican propagandism of the French nation.

If the Conservatives who compose the present cabinet were untried men; if the voice of the nation, as expressed by the elections, which rendered their return to power a measure of necessity, arising out of the situation of the country, whether they aspired to office or not, had not been so decidedly in their favour, they would still have

a right to demand a fair judgment from the public as to their measures. They have a large majority at present on their side, evidently because they are Conservatives, and it is certain that if they should abandon the principles which brought them into office, that majority would disappear; but are we asking too much if we say, that persons who do not profess those principles, but who nevertheless are not advocates for any of the sweeping changes which would endanger the security of property, and place in jeopardy the institutions by which the rights of all classes are protected, may be expected on great questions to forget that the men in power bear any party name, and to wait patiently for the evidence of their principles in their acts? The party, not very numerous indeed, though noisy, who in England demand extensive changes, to which they give the name of reform, will now, as they have always done, attach to Conservatism the odious distinction of the support of abuses, and a determination to use the sinews of the national strength for the aggrandizement of a privileged few. From such men nothing like candour or honesty is to be expected, and it would be equally absurd to appeal to their right feelings, for right feelings they have none. But the impartial and the independent, by whatever name they may be called, may be asked, and successfully we are sure, to judge of their rulers by their acts, and sink all party distinctions with a view to the general good.

There are certain great questions of foreign and domestic policy upon which all right-minded men are agreed. There are others upon which they differ, and are not likely to agree, until time and experience shall have developed the truth. Let us inquire whether on those questions respecting which there is no serious difference, we are likely to find the present ministers disposed to meet the view of enlightened and reasonable men; and next, ask ourselves whether, as regards questions on which public opinion is divided, we may fairly expect to find ministers disposed to weigh maturely all that can be said on either side, and to devote their talents and their energies towards the satisfactory solution of these difficult points.

The first great question is, our foreign policy. We believe it will be admitted that nineteen men of twenty in England desire that the country should remain at peace with foreign states. That there is as great and indeed a greater chance of this under the present cabinet than there was under

the last, we have already shown. The Whigs were not, perhaps, less desirous of maintaining peace than the Conservatives are; but they were not more desirous, and in their hands the work of peace was certainly more difficult than it is now. The Conservatives have not merely restored confidence to the rulers of what are called the absolute states of Europe, but even in France they have found able and energetic coadjutors. Louis Philip, who dreaded the triumph of radicalism in England, lest it should revive the drooping spirits of the republicans in France, we repeat, saw with a delight which he did not even attempt to conceal, the restoration to office of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. The safety of his dynasty depends on the maintenance of peace, and it requires but little knowledge of the state of things in France not to see that a triumphant republicanism and war are synonymous. This is the belief of Louis Philip, who also knows that the republicans have sworn to him and his race a hatred which nothing can extinguish. In vain would he place himself, if ever so disposed, at the head of the republican movement. In vain would his successor seek to create a new channel for popular feeling by promoting the cry of the republicans for war. Let the republicans once get the upper hand in France, and the whole Orleans race down to the babies who are in their nurse's arms, will be swept from the face of the earth. With a Conservative ministry, therefore, the guarantees for peace are much greater than they were.

It will be said that there are elements of discord which it will be difficult to subdue. We do not deny that this is the fact; but are these difficulties greater in the hands of the Conservatives than they were in those of the Whigs? A great question, it is said, remains unsettled with the United States of America, and the situation of Spain may lead to a collision between England and France. The American question is certainly an embarrassing one, and it is the more so, we say it without intending any offence, because the Americans, as a nation, are not reasonable, wherever their pride is involved. Not content with an extent of territory which it will require centuries to cultivate and people, Jonathan is furious about a few leagues of boundary to which England lays claim, and if Jonathan were quite prepared to assert his claim by the use of violence, nothing could prevent a war. There are, however, two things decidedly in favour of peace with the United States. If the popular feeling in America be, as we

are assured it is, so excited as to this point of disputed territory, that it would not be difficult for a war ministry to plunge the country into a contest, it is equally true that those Americans who are now in office, and the majority of all who are likely to be called to office, have better notions of the resources which the United States possess for a war with England, than to rush into a contest whilst any hope of conciliation remains. On our side, nothing intemperate is to be dreaded; the boundary question is one which will either wear itself out or end in a most simple manner, if there be no mixing up of national pride with the question by the British cabinet. Is there more danger that the question will be envenomed by the Conservatives than it would have been by the Whigs? Let those who are acquainted with the character of each party, as regards diplomatic intercourse, reply to this question. We say that the danger is much less.

Another guarantee against war with the United States, is, the growing importance of the monarchical party, and the consequently natural leaning to what was the Parent State. Many of the English tourists in the Union, who have written on the state of political feeling, have been charged with exaggeration, or even falsehood, for asserting that the monarchical principle was gaining ground. It would seem, however, that what they said was perfectly true, and the recent affair of M'Leod must have increased this feeling, by showing the absurdity of separate and independent government in the different states. The Americans perceive more and more the practical inconvenience of this state of things; and although the jealousy and pride which each state feels must render the struggle for centralization a severe one, the conflict must end in the triumph of the Centralists, for events greater than human obstinacy will occur to show that they are right. Centralization will be the first decided step towards monarchy. Let the people of the United States once feel the benefits of centralization, and they will also feel that centralization without monarchy has inconveniences which it would be desirable to remove. We have heard well informed Americans, and amongst them more than one diplomatist at foreign courts, declare, that the evils of the present system are so strongly felt that monarchy is practicable even without the intermediate step of centralization. They say that all that is necessary is, for an energetic and popular man to declare himself king. General Jackson, they say, could have transformed the republic into a monarchy,

and placed himself at the head of it, if he had been so disposed, and what Jackson might have done, some other man may be able to do. We are not able to form an opinion as to the correctness of this assertion, but we do not think that so sudden a transformation is practicable, or that when the United States shall become a monarchy, it will be, as it has been in other republics, the work of a military leader grasping at a crown. Monarchy will, probably, be the result of necessity and the work of patriotism; and perhaps the first attempt will be to create what is called a monarchy with republican institutions, which was the day-dream of Lafayette and Lafitte in France. Such a monarchy could no more stand in America than it has stood in France, where republican institutions are disappearing every day; but it is the actual transition from republicanism in any country where there is too much independent feeling for any military leader to carve out a despotic crown with his sword. We think better of the Americans than that they will become slaves to the ambition of any man. Our opinion is, that fifty years, perhaps twenty, will not pass over without a monarchy, but that it will, in the first instance, be rather the semblance than the reality of monarchy; that by degrees, however, America will settle down into a sober monarchical, and, at the same time, constitutional state. We mention the opinion of the Americans with whom we have conversed on this subject without concurring with it to the same extent; but we do not forget that it is entitled to attention as being the opinion of enlightened Americans, who know more of the state of public feeling in America than we can possibly know.

The prospect of a rupture of the peace between England and the United States is also rendered a distant one by the nature of the relations between the two countries. Neither has anything to gain by war, and each has much to lose. The *Journal des Debats*, in a well written, and as to spirit, admirable article on the boundary question, has stated that a declaration of war either by the United States against England, or by England against the United States, would, unless it should be inevitably forced upon one of the two by such a conduct on the part of the other as should leave no other solution open than an appeal to the last and generally worst argument of nations, be an act of madness. The United States being, says the *Debats*, wholly unprepared, not merely for the offensive but even for defensive war, and having all her ports and harbours and coast towns in a totally unpro-

tected state, would in a few months see some of her most flourishing cities and towns destroyed, and the total cessation of her export trade would involve the whole country in ruin. The *Debats* indeed supposes what we are not quite disposed to admit, viz., that the courage of the Americans would survive this calamity, and that they would, after the first shock, be able to strengthen their navy so as to put it on a footing to contend successfully with that of England, and increase their army to such an extent as to be able to wrest the Canadian possessions from England. It is, in our opinion, more likely that in a war which should, as the *Debats* observes, inflict at once so severe a calamity upon the United States as the destruction of some of their best towns, and the ruin of their foreign trade by putting an end to the exports of cotton and other natural productions, the peace party would gain ground and insist upon concessions to Great Britain. But whether this would be the case or not, it is perfectly evident that the crisis through which the Union would have to pass would be a dreadful one and leave behind it great national debility. Vain, intemperate, and headstrong as the Americans may be, speaking of them *en masse*, there is quite intelligence enough amongst them to enable them to calculate beforehand the probable profit-and-loss results of a war with England; and it is fortunate for the peace of Europe, the whole of which perhaps would eventually be compelled to take at least an indirect part in a war between England and the United States, that the chances of loss on the side of the latter are so great and so easy of appreciation that the Americans must be mad indeed if they do not perceive them.

The *Debats* says, England would be mad to go to war with the United States, because the means of obtaining raw material for her manufactures would be stopped, and the Americans might revolutionize and eventually take possession of Canada. The *Debats* also supposes that the privateers of the United States would play great havoc with English traders. We do not think the manufacturers of England would suffer to the extent imagined by the *Debats*, for America is not the only country in the world from which they could obtain the raw material which it supplies; neither do we think it would be very easy for the people of the United States to deprive us of Canada. The *Debats*, which receives some of its inspirations on this point perhaps from Mr. Papineau, who is in Paris, knows that there is what is called a French party

in Canada, some of whose leaders are too successful in fomenting jealousies and in exciting discontent against the English government and party; but has Mr. Papineau informed the *Debats* that if the French and English parties in Canada differ on all other points, they agree in one—dislike of the people of the Union? It is evident that the *Debats* is not aware of this fact, and conceiving that the United States would meet with support from the French party in Canada, it concludes that the successful invasion of Canada is possible. The injury to be inflicted upon English traders by American privateers, in the event of a war between the two countries, might be great, and this would be a kind of warfare in which the Americans would have the advantage. It would be a war without reciprocity. They would capture our trading vessels, and they would not be able to send any of their own to sea for us to capture. On the whole England would not be quite so mad as the United States would be to go to war. Nor would her madness have the proximate causes assigned by the *Debats*; but as there would really be nothing for England to gain in a war with the United States, and as a war must necessarily affect her finances, which are rather attenuated than plethoric, we will confess that unless the British government should be compelled, by a regard for the national honour and by gross and unpardonable provocation, to come to an open rupture with the United States, there would be something very much like madness in a declaration of war on the boundary or any other question. We think we have said enough to show, that whatever may be the bickerings between England and the United States, there is not much danger of a war, provided common prudence be shown by the British ministry. As we do not suppose that the Conservative cabinet will in the relations with America be guilty of any imprudence, we will at once assume that the American question is not one of the greatest difficulties with which the cabinet has to contend in its foreign policy.

But Spain. What do you do with Spain? says the political croaker. We reply that Spain is just where it was and what it was at the time when the Whigs went out of office; and that, as it did not create any very great uneasiness in their minds, it is not a very formidable difficulty in the policy of the Conservative Cabinet. The French journals, and some of the English newspapers, have put it into people's heads that a very bad understanding exists between the British and French cabinets as to the Peninsula, and it has been even said that the French

government had threatened to march troops into Spain if the English cabinet did not withdraw its pretensions. Now, so far from marching troops into Spain, which would have rendered it necessary to maintain the French army in its full complement, it has been reduced by royal ordonnance to nearly one-fourth, therefore one of two things must be positive. Either the English Government never raised any pretensions about Spain which occasioned dissatisfaction to the French cabinet, or having raised them it has consented to abandon them. Briefly then, and as the French say, *avec connoissance de cause*, we assert that since M. Guizot returned to office in France, there never has been any misunderstanding on the Spanish question which was of a nature to excite permanent, we might even say temporary dissatisfaction. It was a source of regret to Louis Philip, both as a monarch having probably some hope of seeing one of his sons become King of Spain, and as a man tenderly attached to the members of his wife's family, with whom she keeps up the relations of consanguinity, that Queen Christina should be driven out of Spain by a soldier of fortune, and that the regency should be taken from the descendant of a race of kings to be conferred upon the son of a peasant, and Louis Philip may have been, and probably was, engaged in the intrigue by which he hoped to restore Christina and check the republican feeling which was gaining ground in Spain. All this was very natural, and there was nothing in it to alarm or offend the British government. There can be little sympathy for Espartero in the minds of honourable and enlightened men in England, whether Whigs or Conservatives; but he is the *de facto* regent of Spain, and if he is to be deprived of that post, it will not be by British intervention. On the other hand, however, any change in Spain, by which Christina should be restored, if merely effected by French intrigue backed by the popular voice, would not be of a nature to excite remonstrance from the English cabinet. The idea of armed intervention on the part of France was indeed entertained at one moment; but no sooner was it known that Sir Robert Peel was resolved to maintain the non-intervention principle in all cases where the peace of Europe would not be endangered by its maintenance, than the idea was abandoned. The pretensions of France, therefore, have not occasioned any uneasiness to the British government, and there have been no pretensions set up on the part of England. On the contrary, Mr. Bulwer has repeatedly assured M. Guizot

that England desired only the pacification of Spain, and was anxious for that object to act cordially with the French government; and M. Guizot in three despatches to the French ambassador in London, has ordered him to give similar assurances. We have seen several blustering articles in the French papers about a commercial treaty between England and Spain, and calling upon the government to protest against any arrangement of this kind, as an infringement of the quadruple treaty, by which, as in the treaty for the pacification of the East, the parties are bound, it is said, not to demand for themselves exclusive privileges. There is no stipulation of this kind, at least none which would have the slightest bearing upon the question alluded to, in the treaty, which, by the by, has been more than once rendered a dead letter by the refusal of France to execute its conditions, and really there is so much cool impudence in the call of the French journals for a protest against England on the reported intention of effecting a treaty of commerce with Spain, that we know not whether we ought not to be more amused by it than angry. To tell us that we are not to make the best terms we can for getting prohibitory duties in Spain on English manufactures abolished, at the very moment when the French are clamouring for a Customs Union with Belgium, by which the two nations would become one politically as well as commercially, is the height of insolence. With all this, however, the French government has nothing to do. It has never protested against the idea of a commercial treaty between England and Spain, and it has no intention of protesting. It is endeavouring to negotiate one on its own account, and we hope it will be successful, for Spain must be benefited by competition.

There is nothing then in the relations between the governments of Great Britain and France on the subject of Spain to cause uneasiness to the Conservative cabinet. The non-intervention principle will be upheld as long as it may be possible to do so, and if from necessity, and for the peace of Europe, it should ever be departed from, all the cabinets of Europe will be agreed as to the course to be adopted.

The relations of England, with the other countries of Europe, are on as good a footing as the friends of peace could desire, and it is highly cheering to reflect that what has been founded upon the earnest wish of all the sovereigns of Europe has an additional guarantee in the strength of the party at the head of affairs here. Russia, Austria, and Prussia are as desirous of

peace as England can be, but considering the important influence which England must ever have in the equilibrium of Europe, it is for them, as well as for the people of England, a vital point that our government should possess the moral force requisite for the direction of the physical energies of the country towards the maintenance of peace.

The domestic policy of the British government is however more difficult, and perhaps of even greater importance than the foreign policy. The great questions which they have to solve are the corn laws, the poor laws, and the general question of population. Of these the latter is by far the most important; in fact, the problem of the equilibrium of food and numbers has in every age of the world, even in the days of Confucius, Solon, and Lycurgus, been considered the first and greatest point of legislation, and perhaps of all human science. At the present moment it presses with tenfold force upon our country. Mr. Wayland, in his *Principles of Population and Production*, says, "It is a subject of the utmost importance, and one upon which no British gentleman or legislator should be permitted to go forth into the world without clear and decided views. The happiness of the people derived from their comfortable subsistence, and from their moral conduct upon all those points which are connected with the principle of population, is the only solid foundation of national prosperity. Without it all the pains bestowed in the higher departments of policy are only so many fruitless efforts to adorn a superstructure which the first blast of adversity must level with the ground. With it, the edifice of the state is founded upon a rock, against which the waves will beat in vain; for it will be firm enough not only to be preserved from overthrow, but even to escape those temporary shocks which might injure the more minute arrangements for the comfort of the inhabitants. The mind of a British statesman especially must be ill-furnished, and his efforts comparatively unsuccessful, who is ignorant of the principles upon which this essential foundation is to be laid." About two centuries ago Gregory King and other contemporary statisticians calculated that our population would double only every four hundred and fifty or five hundred years. We have seen however that our population has been doubled within the last fifty years, and that notwithstanding an emigration of at least twenty thousand persons annually to our colonies, and an infinite sum of what is called, in the language of political economy, vice and misery cur-

tailing the mean period of human life. Had these causes not been in operation, particularly if we take into calculation the children who might have been born from those who have emigrated to the colonies, and capital could have been found (here we use the word capital in the sense also of the political economists) our population might have been fifty-four instead of twenty-seven millions. Population in a fairly governed country will however always keep up to the means of food, and supposing that the country is relieved annually by an emigration of three or four hundred thousand persons, it will not in the end in the present state of society do us any extensive good. The average period of marriage of women in England is considered to be twenty-five years. The result, if capital be as much developed as it has been for the last ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years, will be simply, that the age of marriage in women will be reduced to twenty-two or twenty-three years as an average, with as great a surplus population in 1851 over 1841, as 1841 was over 1831. This is practically exemplified in the emigrations which have been promoted of late years by several noblemen and gentlemen, the vacuum will always be filled up by the *vis a tergo* of procreation. Upwards of forty years have passed since the doctrines of Mr. Malthus were promulgated. "Food," said he, "is produced only in old settled countries every twenty-five years in the arithmetical ratio, or as the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; population every twenty-five years has a tendency to increase in the geometrical ratio, or as the figures 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64." His remedy to keep these two ratios equal was to postpone the period of marriage for both sexes to the ages of twenty-eight or thirty. The doctrines of Mr. Malthus are admitted by every sound thinking man in the country as indisputably correct. In fact they have never been answered. They were admitted by a solemn act of parliament, which changed the old into the new poor law bill, a law which at the present moment is the cause of so much irritating and unpleasant discussion. The corn law question is looked forward to with much anxiety; but it is, in reference to the question of population, a matter of insignificance. We may have perhaps a transient benefit by the opening of the ports, and transient it will only be, for supposing that two out of the three millions which may be added to our population in the next ten years were all to be employed in manufactures, they would, in all probability, with the improvements made and still going on in machinery, be suffi-



ciently numerous to manufacture for the entire world, whilst at the same time the tendency to manufacture is becoming greater in each state abroad. The advantages of peace may enable each kingdom to be more and more independent of one another, and after all what is to be done with the eight-and-twenty or thirty millions which may be added to our population in the next fifty years? The question of the poor law is infinitely more important, nay a hundred times more so, than that of the corn law. The poor law question, however, is but a part of the population question.

We confess that matters look grave and serious, in whatever aspect they are viewed. Every one sees the evils, and yet where is the remedy? Mr. Malthus's remedy, although the pet cure of Lord Brougham, Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Senior, and the present school of political economy, is but a remedy calculated to make the whole kingdom a scene of bastardy, promiscuous intercourse, or even something more vile, and is admitted by all to be contrary to the principles of natural and revealed religion. Accustomed to read books on this subject, we look back with the utmost horror on this question of population. It was, in the days of Moses, the cause of infanticide, a crime adopted by almost every nation of the world, until a comparatively short time ago. We, at the same time, revert with horror to the remedies for repressing numbers in the works of Plato and Aristotle, and indeed on all the inhuman plans which expediency, and the wickedness of the human heart, have invented in order to keep population equal to food. The press, for the last forty-five years, has been teeming with works on population, and yet the subject is just where it was, in utter darkness, and Mr. Malthus's doctrines are, for want of more correct views as to the remedy to be applied, triumphant. Our opinions as to the positions laid down by Mr. Malthus, which we in common with others considered unanswerable, have been somewhat staggered by the perusal of a forthcoming work from the pen of Dr. Loudon, an English physician of high repute in Paris, who has devoted eight or ten years of his life to the study of this question. We do not however pledge ourselves to the correctness of his views, but they are based upon such deep research, and are backed by such extraordinary arguments, derived from comparative and human physiology, that they are entitled to and will, no doubt, receive the deepest consideration from every well-wisher to the human race. Dr. Loudon, from his studies on the mammiferous animals, and his obser-

vations on the human species, has endeavoured to demonstrate that the great mistake made by all physiologists and political economists is, in supposing that the *possible* number of births is the *natural law* of births. So far from this being the case, the author contends that the providential course of society, as established by the Almighty on the creation of man, has ever been that births should take place not every year, every second year, or every third year, but every *fourth* year; for nature, he says, intended that every mother should nurse her child for three years.\* Independently of the arguments which he adduces from comparative and human physiology, his historical references on this subject are exceedingly striking, and we find in the writings of some of the most eminent German and French physiologists reason to think that, startling as his doctrine may appear, it is not to be treated as a mere dream. If the discovery should prove correct it is more important than the discovery of vaccination or that of the circulation of the blood, or indeed any other discovery in physiology, for it would be a remedy for the evil of which all complain.

Every person acquainted with the elements of the sciences of political economy must see that if this physiological fact be established, marriage for both sexes and in all ranks of society, may take place at the age of seventeen or eighteen; that a small moral restraint of a year or two will be all that is necessary to keep population equal to subsistence; that morality, in every sense of the word, will be a great gainer; that we shall be able to carry out the great principles of the Christian religion; that wages will rise from the absence of that excessive competition of labour which grinds the poor to the earth; the poor laws will no longer threaten to absorb the rental of the land, for the really industrious poor may be provided for without much expense to the state; and the idea that a nation, or the whole world, may sink under the weight of its own population will be for ever at end.

There is something so delightful in a doctrine which has the laws of natural and revealed religion as its basis, that we sin-

\* There is some difference of opinion amongst physiologists as to the fact that the prolongation of the period of lactation in the human species prevents conception, but it is admitted by all, that the exceptions to the general law of conception during that period, in this respect, are comparatively few. We cannot agree with Dr. Loudon on this head, we believe the reverse to be the fact; the generality of mothers are also incapable of supporting such a period of lactation, their milk leaves them in the majority of instances at the end of a few months.—  
Editor.

cerely trust that it may turn out to be as possible in practice as it may be true in theory. If something be not done, whether on the recommendation of Dr. Loudon or that of any other man, to change the basis upon which society now rests, all legislation as to the poor will be vain; but we may fairly hope that if a great pacific revolution as to society cannot be effected, the present government will at least provide all the palliatives which it would be in the power of any cabinet to contrive. That the existing poor law, viewed abstractedly from the great question of population, if indeed it can be so viewed, is susceptible of modification we do not deny. The refusal of outdoor relief may certainly be reformed, and be found economical, since many would slightly aid a party to shield him from utter pauperism. Much is also to be done as to a regulation for a general and perfect dietary system, the variations in which have been justly remarked upon by the press. It is also to be desired that the remuneration to medical officers should be placed on a more humane scale. There are crying defects in the present system. We are sure that the disposition to reform them is not wanting, and that reform will take place.

We have alluded briefly to the question of the Corn Laws, because it is really one on which opinion is of no value. It can be solved only by facts. On the one side we hear persons declaiming against those laws as the cause of all the evils with which the country has to contend; as the incubus of national prosperity and the demon which is to starve the people of England, and lay us prostrate before the whole of Europe; on the other, we hear it asserted that the abolition, nay, the modification of them, will bring ruin upon the country. In presence of such conflicting opinions, what is the duty of the government?—To pause, to collect the facts which bear upon the question, to ascertain how far they are applicable to our state, and then to act. If ministers should convince themselves that changes are called for in the interest of the country without reference to this or that party, to this or that interest, they will, we are sure, be bold enough to propose them; but if all the facts which they are collecting should confirm their former views, they will be equally bold in resisting clamour, for to comply with its demands in such case would be to betray their duty to the State.

The situation of Ireland is another great question, and considering the successful delusion which has been practised there by Mr. O'Connell and his disciples, it is not

one that can be hastily settled to the satisfaction either of the Irish as a people, or of those who have ventured to differ from the Agitator as to the extent of the evils of which the Irish complain, the causes from which they proceed, or the remedies which should be applied. The most infamous part of the conduct of Mr. O'Connell is the attempt to describe the Conservative ministry as making the religion of the majority of Irish people a barrier to the enjoyment of civil rights. If any persons have a right to complain of the men now in office on religious grounds in relation to Ireland, the yare not Mr. O'Connell and his supporters, they are the friends of Protestantism who fear that the Conservative ministry have carried the principle of toleration too far. Mr. O'Connell cannot surely have forgotten that his friends, the Whigs, did not grant Catholic emancipation; he cannot have forgotten that by no act of the Conservative ministry now in power was religious liberty in Ireland attacked even before the great question of Catholic emancipation was conceded. Can he adduce a single instance of religious persecution in Ireland under the administration of Sir Robert Peel, and does he not know that the Duke of Wellington, whom he at times describes as the abettor and supporter of Orangeism in Ireland, refused, even at the entreaty of the late Duke of York, to join the Orange Society in England, lest he should be supposed to have intolerant views? \* If Mr. O'Connell hopes that the Conservatives will, by religious persecution in Ireland, provide him with food for agitation, he will be deceived. The Irish have not yet broken out into open rebellion against England, notwithstanding all the excitement which the popular leaders have given to them; and sure we are that if they are to be deterred from rebellion by good

\* About sixteen or seventeen years ago, an Orange Lodge was set up in England of which the Duke of York was the grand master and Lord Kenyon the deputy grand master. The Duke of Wellington was earnestly solicited by the Duke of York to become a member of the society. His reply to the gentleman who waited upon him in the name of the Duke of York was characteristic of the independence and good sense of the illustrious warrior; he said, "The affectionate respect which I entertain for his Royal Highness renders it painful to me to refuse his request, but I must be guided by my own conscience; I believe that the principles of Orangemen are founded in true religion and loyalty, but I do not think that it is wise to keep up religious differences by the perpetuation of sects and parties which have already created ill blood." The Duke of York subsequently withdrew from the society, and at a meeting at the house of a noble lord where his resignation was announced, the society was formally dissolved. It was revived a few years afterwards, and was then put down by law.

government, they will not rebel. Mr. O'Connell calls himself the representative for all Ireland; that he represents only the worst part of it is evident from the failure of his attempts to rouse the people *en masse*. He will say, perhaps, that his exhortations have kept them from rising. It might as well be said that a fire-brand thrown amongst dry straw prevents it from bursting into a blaze. If the fire of revolution has not broken out in Ireland, it is not because Mr. O'Connell did not apply the torch, but because the materials were damp.

Whatever may be the difficulties with which a government has to contend as regards its foreign or domestic policy, it is evident that under a representative system the country must suffer if the ministers be unable to carry their measures by a respectable, not to say a large, majority, such majority being founded on principle, and not the mere result of concessions to this or that party in order to obtain a temporary triumph. When the sovereign, yielding to public opinion as manifested at a general election, dismisses one set of ministers, and receives another set chosen from the party in which the public place confidence, the new ministry must, if there be any meaning in words and any reality in our boasted constitution, be a national ministry, and the nation must be weak or strong according to the strength or weakness of its government. In despotic countries, where the will of the sovereign is above both ministers and people, the latter may be indifferent as to the degree of respect inspired by the government. In such cases, a breath has made and a breath may unmake; the guarantee lies solely with the monarch. But this is not the case in a free country with representative institutions. Although the national voice only is supposed to be effective in placing this or that set of men at the head of affairs and of permanently maintaining them in that position, yet intrigue and a vacillating system of concession may keep them in office to the injury of the country; for a ministry which exists upon intrigue and concession must be a weak ministry, incapable of upholding the dignity of a foreign policy, or of carrying important measures connected with domestic policy. So long as a government represents the feelings and opinions which first established it, so long it is important that it should be powerful in both houses of parliament; when those feelings and opinions have undergone a change, or ministers have ceased to represent them, the sooner they are replaced by another set of men the better.

Now what was the position of the late Whig cabinet during the greater portion of the time that it existed? We will not say that it was never a national government; for whatever delusion was practised to bring about the accession of the Whigs, they, like the Conservatives at the present moment, came into office on the wings of public opinion. Was that opinion founded upon wrong bases; did it undergo a change soon after the Whigs were entrusted with the government of the country, or did they violate the principles which placed them in office? These are all questions which may be fairly asked, but not one of them bears upon the true question, viz., Did the Whig cabinet possess the confidence of the country during the last three or four years of its existence; and can any representative government, not possessing that confidence, maintain the dignity and promote the prosperity of a nation? What respect could be inspired abroad by a government which was believed by foreign powers to be without a real majority in parliament, and respecting which it was said that dissension reigned amongst its members on all great questions of foreign policy? We all know that the late cabinet was not homogeneous, and that three or four of its members had their separate tails in the House of Commons. If Lord Melbourne, for instance, wished to carry a measure in domestic policy too Conservative to please the Radicals, their votes were given out of respect to Lord John Russell, who would exclaim, "If you abandon us, we fall to pieces!" And this was the case on almost every occasion, although the supposed want of union amongst ministers on questions of foreign policy was the most striking. How nearly was Lord Palmerston defeated, and the country placed in danger of a collision with France, by the sympathy manifested by Lord Holland for the French republicans on the Eastern Question. M. Thiers would not have armed and menaced as he did, if he had not thought that the British ministry of that day was divided in itself and without the power of getting its policy adopted by the House of Commons. The Whig government had ceased to be a national government in the eyes of foreigners; and if such a state of things had continued much longer, England would have ceased to be a nation.

It is very important then, whether a ministry be Whig or Conservative, that it should have a hold upon the people through its representatives. No country can be truly great and powerful in which, upon all vital questions, a parliamentary majority, instead

of being commanded by principle, is obtained only by concession to party. We have not to look far for an instance of the evils produced by a contrary state of things. France has a representative government, but it seems as if she were doomed to experience all the evils and none of the blessings of the representative system. And why? Because, from the nature of parties in the Chamber of Deputies, ministers can at no time be said to represent what is sound, and control what is unsound, in the opinions of the nation. The patching up and party concession system is in full vigour in France, and as regards the means of keeping a cabinet together for a short period, it is found to answer; but how does it answer as regards the country? Ministers are unable to carry any measure upon principle; they have one day to conciliate one party, another day the opposite party must be conciliated. The foreign policy of France is weak, because foreign powers know that the elements of strength are wanting, and the domestic policy scarcely admits of improvement; for no ministry has sufficient

hold upon public opinion to triumph over the monopoly of private and particular interests. What the present ministry is, that of the Whigs was becoming. They did not represent the country, and were consequently without power over parties in the House of Commons; they had not the confidence of the House of Commons, and they were therefore powerless over the country. Is this the case with the Conservatives? We think not. Do the men in power, we care not a rush what they be called, form what may be fairly called a National Government? We think they do. They are strong in themselves, and the strength of the nation lies with them. So long as their conduct shall be proper, the Parliament and the country will be identified with them. If they should betray their trust, they cannot be driven from office too soon. A government without the confidence of parliament and of the country can only be a dead weight upon the country. When it has that confidence, it is capable of any effort for the welfare and prosperity of the nation.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES

OF RECENT CONTINENTAL PUBLICATIONS.

ART. X.—*Neuere Geschichte der poetischen Nationalliteratur der Deutschen*. Von G. G. Gervinus. Zwei Bände. (The Modern Literature of the Germans. By G. G. Gervinus. Two Volumes. Leipzig. 1840–1842. Engelmann.

THESE two volumes form a continuation of the same author's work on the development of the national literature of the Germans, in three volumes. Many of the views and opinions which Professor Gervinus holds are opposed to the sentiments of some of the ablest writers in Germany; but all have done justice to the ability and talent which he has displayed. Independent in his judgment, little caring to flatter the prejudices or even the feelings of his countrymen, his work has the merit, if not of always

commanding assent, at least of exciting to reflection. Very different from the mass of literary histories, it is not to be idly skimmed over, nor does it by any means supply the want of a *Conversations-Lexicon*. We do not always learn when a writer lived, but we are sure to be entertained by much ingenious speculation concerning his writings, and the prevailing tone and colour of the times in which he lived. These speculations and a too great love of antithesis sometimes degenerate into mannerism. But although his work will be useless to fine ladies and gentlemen who wish, with little trouble, to chat about German literature, we can strongly recommend it to those who, with some previous knowledge of the subject, wish to follow out their studies in an independent spirit. Omitting the three first volumes (on which we shall prob-

ably give an article shortly, since the national MSS. on which they are based are most important,) which, although very interesting, are less calculated for the general reader, we will confine our observations to the two last, which very properly form a complete work of themselves. They embrace the period from Gottsched to the deliverance of Germany from the French yoke. The author closes his work without bringing it down to the present time, for reasons not very flattering to his contemporaries.

"More recently our literature has become a stagnant marsh filled with such noxious matter that we must wish for some hurricane from without. Our literature has *laid* its time; and if German life is not to stand still, we must decoy the talents which have now no object, to real life and to politics, where a new spirit may be cast into new matter. As far as my powers permit, I follow this warning of the time."

His scorn of the present writers warms him into a multitude of expressive epithets which almost defy translation in our colder language. In conclusion he calls up Harry Hotspur.

"Shall I quote his catechism? I find it exceedingly beautiful: those who know nothing may call me a barbarian if they please.

'I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.'"

We have no very great affection for many of the writers of the new school, nevertheless we think this somewhat hard measure.

In a work which consists principally in reasoning and reflections, it is difficult in a limited space to find passages which will convey a just idea of the merits and peculiarities of the writer. Perhaps the following remarks, which form but small part of his observations on Wieland, will show how far superior he is to the majority of writers on similar subjects.

"Wieland defended himself (1775) in *The Conversations with the Vicar of \*\*\**, and confessed that he had gone too far; though with his usual *halfness* he tried a hundred excuses, none of which were very happy, whilst the objections against which he advances no answer remain in their full force. He comforts himself for the evils which his tales may have caused by the good they may likewise have produced. Moreover, he says that if he had foreseen such a result, that he would not have written them, although he declares that caution in a poet in a moment of genius is a weakness. He soothes himself with Pope's maxim—'Whatever is, is right;' and 'as Ariosto and Boccaccio already existed, his productions would not make the world much worse!' He will not be responsible for the accidental evil which he had produced, but he is silent respecting the necessary evil, which was easily to be foreseen. He would not put his Idris into the hands of his own daughter, but he intended to educate her so that it would do her no harm if she read it. This is in connection with the aristocratical maxim of Shaftesbury, that the heart must be in unison with the head—that the virtue and goodness of man were dependent upon wisdom, true enlightenment the only means of true amelioration; and that a fundamental morality must supply the place of a superstitious religion.

"*Naïf* sentiments and innocence exist in Wieland's personal and moral character. In the honey-

moon (since 1765), which extended to honey years, he published his joys in his different writings with antique *naïveté*, but in these writings themselves there is nothing of innocence or of *naïveté*. False guides had corrupted his taste and style, although they could not corrupt his life. Here lies the contradiction in Wieland's conscience—the contradiction between his pure consciousness in his course of life, and the voice of the time—the difference of judgment between his domestic character and his works. . . . Wieland is always full of moral tendencies even in those licentious tales; and he afterwards brought his poetry into still closer connection with history and philosophy than he had formerly done with religion. But—and this is the grand point—his grace was not real, his art not beautiful; it offended against the nature of the new principle; for, independently of moral allusions, all the above tales, considered as works of art, are thoroughly insipid and contrary to sound taste. Some extreme or caricature, in the beginning of this new direction, would have done no harm, if Goethe's assertion were but true, that they were daring attempts at genius, in which he had tried to compete with Aristophanes! or if Wieland had had a genius for poetry. But how little this is the case he himself shows in his *Excuses to the Vicar of \*\*\**. He expressly opposed his inventions and men to the romances and characters of Richardson; saturated with the nothingness of these figures, which stood in no relation to human nature, he would describe men as they are; he again forgot that the object of art is the Beautiful. He did not even oppose real men to those virtue-heroes of Richardson, but caricatures, if we consider them materially, or beings who, in their ideal and real relations, partook of human nature in his own too peculiar manner. His celebrated knowledge of mankind is far removed from Lessing's knowledge of mankind and of life; it is often derived from the suspicious sources of Rousseau and Voltaire; it is, where it is real nature and experience, only knowledge of himself, and this is the reason why Wieland's personality is a much more interesting subject than his works in themselves."—vol. i., pp. 286—290.

In this tone of philosophic chit-chat our author continues to dilate on Wieland for some thirty pages; but although long, we seldom find him tedious. Although German literature has not till now been treated in this manner, it cannot be denied that it is peculiarly calculated to throw light upon, and, by exciting opposition, to promote a deeper study of, the different writers and their times. For German literature, by which we mean its developments in the last hundred years, has this peculiarity, that it has within a short period gone through those phases which with us extend through a much longer period of time. Contemporary with a rising spirit of criticism and reflection, almost all the writers of note had promulgated their own peculiar philosophical system; and thus acting, as it were, under a double principle, the creative power does not soar so unimpeded; and a striving of the mind after some particular aim diminishes the freshness and singlemindedness (if we may be allowed the expression) which we find in the works of a vigorous but less reflecting and philosophical period. The rapid change of systems, too, in Germany has essentially contributed to lessen the duration of their influence; and of all the elder writers so loudly bepraised in the last century, Lessing is perhaps the only one who still retains a hold on the national affection; and to this he is indebted to the manly vigour of

his mind. Our English writers, till within a comparatively recent period, followed rather their inward impulse than the gradual developments of theory, whilst the Germans strove to unite the somewhat discordant characters of poet and critic, each in equal perfection: but it is not given to men to be at once an Aristotle and a Homer. Fortunately for England, she possesses writers of surpassing excellence, who will serve as beacons to recall the nation, after periodical wanderings, to those models that will command admiration as long as our language shall exist. We by no means agree with our author in the desponding view which he takes of German literature; on the contrary, we consider the preceding appearances in that country but as harbingers of a brilliant and perhaps not very distant future.

ART. XI.—*Opere utili ad ogni Persona Educata.* Torino. 1840.

ITALY seems at last determined, if she can effect nothing from her own resources, to avail herself of the best from other parts of the world. The work before us starts with the avowed intention of maintaining the same basis as the Cabinet Cyclopædia, the Family Library, and the Library of Useful Knowledge. Among translations from the above works we find Herschel's Discourse on Natural Philosophy, and Newton's Life by Brewster. It will also contain original papers; such as Storia di Firenze, Vite di Celebri Italiani, and the best and most popular works on Botany, Geography, Astronomy, Optics, Hydrostatics, &c. We wish the spirited association success in their varied schemes for the intellectual improvement of their country.

ART. XII.—*Atlante Linguistico d' Europa.* Di B. Biondelli. Vol. I. Milano. 1841.

THIS is a work undertaken with the express design of combining under one head a classification of all the nations of Europe, in regard to their character and to the relations of their languages. The blunders so frequently made in confounding the Slavic with the German nations or with the Finnish, and the Turco-Tartaric with the Slavic, and many other errors, have induced the bold enterprise before us. The author trusts to be enabled to classify all the European idioms and dialects. Following Malte Brun and Balbi, he extends his researches from the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea and the Ural mountains; and as he approaches European Russia, he includes Samoieds, Finnish, and Turco-Tartaric tribes near the Icy and Black Sea. On the conclusion of his labours he trusts to have completed a work that the celebrated Klaproth commenced in his "Asia Polyglotta."

ART. XIII.—*Annali di Fisica, Chimica, et Matematiche.* Dal Professore Majocchi. Milano. 1841.

WE can do little more than announce this work, which we expected would long since have

reached us. It contains, among others, the following Dissertations; "On the Electric Telegraph of Professor Wheatstone, by Quetelet;" "On a Spark produced by simple tension from a Volcanic Battery, by Crosse;" "On the Determination of the mean Density of the Earth, by Professor Giulio;" "An Exposition of a new Nomenclature, expressing Atomic Affinities, by Luigi Luciano Bonaparte di Canino;" "Some Observations on a Soap for making Cloth and Stuff water-proof, without removing the circulation of air;" "On the best mode of constructing Magnets," &c. It is evident from the above that the Italians are not quite slumbering through existence.

ART. XIV.—*Enciclopedia Chirurgica, o Dizionario Universale di Chirurgia Teorica e Pratica.* Del Dottor Giuseppe Coen. Venezia. 1840.

THE following remarks on the defects of the well known work of Professor Ruggieri and that of Samuel Cooper on the above subject, will be perused with interest by our medical readers.

"L' Enciclopedia di chirurgia, voltato in italiano ed annotato dal prof. Ruggieri, è una efficace dimostrazione dell' avanzamento della chirurgia in questi ultimi anni; il suo disegno è vasto per verità e bene ordinato, ma parecchi articoli sono meschini oltre-modo, varii argomenti rimangono affatto dimenticati o troppo superficialmente trattati. Quello di Samuele Cooper manca di molti di questi inconvenienti, ma ne ha parecchi di proprii, inerenti al disegno troppo ristretto che l' autore si era fatto; l' anatomia occupa uno spazio troppo limitato; l' ostetricia e la medicina legale nelle sue attinenze colla chirurgia sono passate sotto silenzio, la biografia non c'entra; gli ultimi perfezionamenti introdotti in molti argomenti chirurgici, come sarebbero quelli dell' ortopedia, della litotomia, dell' autoplastica, sono troppo recenti perchè nell' opera di Cooper abbiano quel posto che si sono meritati; poche sono le malattie cutanee e accennate, e queste non sono neppure tutte le mancanze che si potrebbero notare."

The object of Dr. Coen is to give a useful abstract of the art, to simplify the larger treatises, to throw in all fresh discoveries, and to bring up the subject from the stationary point at which it remains necessarily in many modern works, which have not kept pace with inventions, to the full development of all the modern successful treatment of club-foot, lithotripsy, the various cutaneous maladies, and also its bearings upon forensic questions.

ART. XV.—*Storia della Pittura Italiana.* Pisa. 1841.

THIS work, which is intended to comprise an entire illustrated history of Italian art, has already commenced the first era from Giunta to Masaccio; the second will speedily follow, from Filippo Lippi to Raphael. It will be complete in 56 parts, and will contain monumental illustrations of great value, independent of vignettes

and plates illustrative of the subject. The first contains the following plates:

1. A miniature of Pisa, of unquestionably 1242, A. D.

2. Bas Relief of Niccola Pisano.

3. The Christ of Giunta Pisano.

4. The Virgin of Guido da Siena of 1221; Virgin of Cimabue, painted about 1276.

By this our readers will be enabled to gather the scope of the work, and the beneficial influence such a production must have on the arts in general, in which exactness of detail is combined with precision and elegance of illustration. We cannot close these Italian notices without regretting the great want of punctuality in fulfilling

their engagements on the part of the Italian booksellers, who ruin the sale of their works in this country by sending them over when all interest has waned as to their contents. We also intreat the distinguished Professors at the various Italian universities to bestow some pains on expediting the passage of their numerous valuable scientific and classical researches to England. The very life of this publication, in which they are all interested, consists in a vigorous and faithful picture of collective science throughout all parts of the globe. To no portion do we feel deeper disposed to concede ampler space than to Italy, which has lost all dominion save that of the "eternal spirit of the chainless mind."

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### AUSTRIA.

#### POPULATION.

IN 1840 the births were 837,040, the deaths 659,840; exhibiting an increase of 177,200 inhabitants,—9491 more than the increase in 1839. The greatest mortality was in children of the first year, 212,462—and in old men from 60 to 80, 106,246. 475 persons attained the age of 100; 8403 died of epidemic disorders; there were 861 cases of suicide, 53 of hydrophobia (these three last numbers are greater than in the preceding year.) There were 473 cases of murder; 5369 died of various accidents; and 28 were executed: in 1839 there were 39 executions. We are unable to account for the discrepancy between the number of executions and the alleged cases of murder.

### FRANCE.

A collection of the letters of Henry IV. is about to be published, under the auspices of the Minister of public instruction. The number of original letters of this Sovereign (who carried on a most extensive correspondence) which have been found in the French archives and in those of other nations, amounts to 2,500, of which more than 1,500 have never been printed. M. Villemain has intrusted this publication to M. Berger de Xivrey, whose work is to be laid before Messrs. Mignet and Monmerqué. The letters are addressed to persons in different countries, and represent this distinguished monarch as warrior and statesman, in retirement as well as in the different periods of his eventful life. Besides possessing all the advantages of authentic memoirs, they will be considered of additional value as an interesting monument of the language of the period.

The public attention has been drawn to an important work now in course of publication at Paris, under the auspices of the Government, "The History of Dumont d'Urville's Expedition to the South Pole, undertaken by command of his Majesty Louis Philip, in the vessels *L'Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, during the years 1837, 1838, 1839, and 1840." It will extend to fourteen volumes, which are divided into six sections,—viz.

1. History of the Voyage, in 5 vols., illustrated with 200 lithographic engravings.
2. Zoology, in 3 vols., illustrated by 150 coloured engravings.
3. Botany, in 2 vols., illustrated by 80 engravings.
4. Anthropology, or Human Physiology, in 1 vol., illustrated by 50 lithographic engravings.
5. Mineralogy and Geology, in 1 vol., 20 plates.
6. Philology, in 2 vols., with comparative tables.

A smaller edition of this work in 10 volumes,

at a reduced price, is also preparing for publication.

Kant's Philosophy has found another opponent in the person of Professor Steininger of Trèves, who has lately published a work in French, entitled *Examen Critique de la Philosophie Allemande depuis Kant jusqu'à nos Jours*. He gives only a short sketch of Fichte's System and of Hegel and Schelling, partly because he has treated of them in reviewing Kant, partly, he affirms, because Fichte and Schelling have abandoned their own systems. The immediate cause of the essay was the prize offered by the French Academy in 1840, which directed attention to the subject in France.

### GERMANY.

Several of Schiller's and Goethe's dramas have lately been published on the continent translated into English. Mary Stuart has been translated by Mr. Peter; the *Maid of Orleans* by Mr. Lucas, and Goethe's *Iphigenia* by Dr. Hartwig.

Prince Maximilian's Travels in the interior of North America is proceeding rapidly through the press. The second volume and eighteen numbers of the *Atlas* have already appeared.

Bonn.—Welker has left this town for Greece, where he is to continue the researches that the unexpected death of Carl Ottfried Müller put a stop to for a time. He has, previous to departure, superintended the publication of a volume of *Philological Writings* by Nacke, which hardly needed his recommendation to commend them to all scholars.

A new translation of Spinoza's works is about to be published at Stuttgart by Berthold Auerbach.

Schoell, the companion of K. O. Müller during his last journey to Greece, is going to publish a diary from the journals of his friend, in which are collected the memoranda of all his latest discoveries; and we hear that his brother Dr. Ed. Müller has just published the *History of Greek Literature*, which was published some years ago in an English translation, by G. C. Lewis, Esq., in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*.

The *Michaelmas fair Catalogue* of books, just published, contains many that will be highly interesting to the learned in every civilized nation, and do honour to the enterprise of the Germans. Pertz has published the sixth folio volume of his "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*," which contains the fourth volume of the *Scriptores*. A splendid work is also appearing by subscription on the *Costumes of the Christian Middle Ages*; the editor is Heffner, assisted by numerous contributors, among whom we notice Passavant, Ph. Veit and Count Pocci. Jahn is bringing out in numbers a new series of *Ornaments*, copied from *Pompeii*, which are printed



in oil colours from stone by Asmus in Berlin. Poeppig, with the assistance of Professor Endlicher, has published several new numbers of his *Flora of Chili, Peru, and the country bordering on the Amazon*. Lepsius is going to publish an account, with fac-similes, of Umbrian and Oscean Inscriptions, and is preparing a work to be entitled the *Book of Death of the Egyptians, from the Papyri in the Turin library*.

Another volume has been added to Bretschneider's edition of Melancthon's works, and two more volumes to the Bonn edition of the Byzantine Historians.

Among the works preparing for publication we may mention a *Dictionary of the Pali Language, with Pali-Sanscrit index*, edited by Dr. H. Brockhaus; also by the same learned editor, a *Collection of Oriental Fables and Tales*, and an edition of Prahodha Chandrodya's *System of Vedanta Philosophy*, with the *Scholia of Rama Dasa*. At Bonn we perceive the announcement of new editions of the *Cacutala*, by Böhling Malavika, and *Aquimitra*, by O. F. Tullberg, and *Meghadicta and Cringazatilaka*, by Gildemeister; also the completion of Westergaard's *Sanscrit Radices*, which will be welcome news to many who have felt the inconvenience of the scarcity of Rosen's works. An edition of *Alciphron*, by Seiler, and of *Seneca the Philosopher*, by Fickert, are also announced as forthcoming; the new volumes in the *Bibliotheca Græca* will contain the *Phœnisæ*, by Klotz, and the first section of *Thucydides*, by Poppo. Professor Becker, of Leipsic, the talented author of "*Gallus*" and "*Charikles*," has another work almost ready for publication, a *Manual of Roman Antiquities, or a Description of Roman Life, with reference to the State, Religion, and Manners*, in two volumes. Gabelentz and Lache's edition of *Ulfilas* will also shortly be completed; the second part, containing the remainder of the text and glossary, and a *Grammar of the Gothic language*, is announced as nearly ready.

Terniè is publishing, in a series of beautiful drawings, copies of the principal paintings on the walls of Pompeii. A sixth volume of *Mémoires*, by Varnhagen von Ense, is also promised.

The house of Cotta in Stuttgart are preparing for publication a number of their classics, with the most highly finished illustrations, to be uniform with Herder's "*Cid*," published a year ago; the volumes in the press comprise Schiller's *Bride of Messina*, the *Thirty Years' War*, and Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Faust*. The same publishers also contemplate a new abridged edition of Plattner's and Bunsen's description of Rome in one large volume.

A collection of old German works, published in Quedlinburg, entitled *Bibliothek der Deutschen National Literatur*, is proceeding rapidly; twenty-three volumes are already published, and the new volumes will contain the *Gesta Romanorum*, edited by Adalbert Keller, Titurel, edited by Hahn, and the *Legend of King Arthur*, and the *Red Book of Hergest*, edited by San Marke, the learned editor of Percival.

Kanneygeisser is at last going to publish the new edition of his excellent translation of Dante's *Lyric Poems*, announced for so many years, and

Freiligrath, a poet hitherto very little known, and still less appreciated in England, has been translating some of the most beautiful Scotch ballads and songs.

The *National Songs of the Vandals*.—A collection of the Songs of this ancient race is now publishing in Saxony; they have been gathered from the mouths of the people, who still continue to use them. The melodies are to be added in music, and the work accompanied by a German translation of the songs, and a collection of the legends, fairy tales, fables and proverbs, with numerous notes and explanations; and a *Dissertation on the Manners and Customs of the People*, by Leopold Haupt and J. E. Schmalzer.

SAXONY.—An enterprising publisher in the little town of Grimma in Saxony, has lately completed the publication, by subscription, of a *Catalogue of the MSS. in the Library of the corporation of Leipsic*. It is divided into four sections. The first part, containing the MSS. and European languages, is edited by Dr. Nauman, the diplomat by Bose; Dr. Delitzsch and Dr. Zung have described the Hebrew and Chaldee and a few Slavonian MSS., and Professor Fleisher, the editor of the *Catalogue of Oriental MSS. in the King's Library at Dresden*, has furnished the part containing the Arabic, Persian and Turkish works.

The same publisher has lately brought out a new edition of *Martial*, in two volumes, edited by Professor Schneiderinn, which is very highly spoken of by several of the first German critical journals.

STUTTGART.—A History of English Deism, by Lechner, lately published here, is attracting the notice of the theological and philosophical circles in Germany. He has divided the history into three periods, the commencement of Deism in 1624 to 1689; secondly, its most flourishing period to 1742; and thirdly, the decay of scepticism. These three periods are considered as a continued process of development in the leading persons and ideas, and these again as figures or periods in the history of the times; it also gives a complete review of all the principal English deists, closing with Hume. The author in many of his arguments and investigations has followed closely what Schlosser has written in his *History of the Eighteenth Century*.

The peculiar tendency of the negative writers on religious subjects develops itself more distinctly. Whilst Strauss continues his attack in one direction, Bruno Bauer advances with his hypothesis, that everything in Christianity is of human origin; and if we understand his reasoning (if his crude observations deserve this honourable appellation,) the good faith of the Evangelists would seem, according to him, to rest upon a weak foundation. His book, however, notwithstanding attempts have been made in some quarters to puff it into notice, has been received with merited indignation. As in the case of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, the opinion of the faculties has been asked respecting the propriety of prohibiting his work; and a similar

verdict has been given, that it is advisable to let the work stand upon its own scientific merits. One of the favourite assertions of the neophilosophers, viz. to believe only what they know, must necessarily limit, if not endanger the existence of religious faith. The apotheosis of the human mind, the assertion that God himself is but the sum of human intelligence, and therefore is himself in a constant state of development as this latter progressively advances—an assertion deduced from the philosophy of Hegel—is at the bottom of these lamentable errors. Whilst Strauss and Bauer accuse those who are not with them of blindly following their own individual wishes and fancies, they do not perceive that they themselves are subject to the same reproach in a still higher degree, inasmuch as they profess to be the teachers of mankind. Yet, notwithstanding the activity of these writers and others of a similar class, we suspect that their influence will be but shortlived, and that it is already on the wane. Their extravagant theories, like every other disease, must culminate before they can be eradicated. The human mind, when puffed up with pride, arrogates to itself the claims of Divinity; but when restored to a healthy state, will bow down in humility before the Creator of all things, in just consciousness of its own weakness. The greatest writers have always approached holy subjects with awe and reverence. Nor is the rash and venturesome tone of the Germans confined to their discussions on religious subjects. Within the last ten years we have seen a similar exhibition in literature; but as the ebullition in this latter instance died away, so we doubt not that the ferment in religious matters will evaporate. The appearance of such works may be useful as leading through the phases of incipient scepticism and absolute denial to purified renovation and reformation. We are not friends to persecution, but we think the Government perfectly justified in rejecting such men as Strauss and Bauer as academical teachers. Let them publish their opinions; but if they are sincere they must wish them to be examined by men of riper judgment, for in a Christian State it is rather too much to expect that the Government should appoint as teachers men whose avowed object it is to overturn the established institutions.

A work is now being read with great interest by high and low, and is creating quite a sensation in literary as well as political circles, the title is *Erinnerungen eines Lebenden aus den Freiheits Kämpfen*.

#### ITALY.

FLORENCE.—Professor Welker from Bonn has arrived here, and enlivened several of the weekly sittings of the Archæological Institute by his presence. He intends to pass part of the winter in this place, and then proceed to Naples, Sicily and Greece.

The Government has published an official list of the visitors at the last meeting of the Association in that city,—viz. from North America 3, Austria 1, Baden 2, Bavaria 1, Belgium 1,

Bohemia 1, Brazil 1, Corsica 1, England 24, France 36, Frankfurt on the Main 1, Greece 1, Hungary 1, the Ionian Islands 2, Ireland 1, Lombardy and Venice 1, Lucca 21, Modena 8, Parma 15, Poland 1, Papal States 32, Prussia 8, Russia 4, San Marino 1, Sardinia 88, Saxe-Coburg Gotha 1, Scotland 2, Sicily and Naples 11, Spain 4, Sweden 2, Switzerland 7, Tuscany 509.

ROME.—The architect Canina in Rome, who lately received the orders of the Queen Dowager of Sicily to superintend the excavation of the ancient Tusculum, has printed a splendid work on the subject of his discoveries, and being only for private distribution, has presented copies to the principal universities of the continent.

#### PRUSSIA.

BERLIN.—Tieck has left this place to spend the winter in Dresden, but it is understood that he will return in the spring, and enter upon the light duties of a post that the king has provided for him, which will place him quite at his ease for the remainder of his life. An association is forming here, and will be shortly called into life, which, in many respects, is an imitation of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. They have, we hear, taken the "Sing Academie," and will deliver the lectures in the large hall of that building. These will comprise history, philology, natural history, and everything that may turn to the advancement of knowledge in every direction. One of the chief features of these lectures will be their popularity; they must be intelligible to every educated person.

KONIGSBERG.—Voigt is publishing an abridgment of his celebrated History of Prussia to the Reformation, to form three octavo volumes. A new series of astronomical observations is also just announced by Bessel, containing those made in 1834. This is the twentieth year that Bessel has published.

JENA.—The *Literatur-Zeitung*, published for so many years by this university, is to be given up at the end of this year, and Brockhaus, the great publisher of Leipzig, is expected to continue it in conjunction with several of the professors of this university.

A work of infinite value to the historian has just been published at Berlin by the well known bookseller Nicolai; the work is entitled "*Denkwürdigkeiten des Freiherren Achatz, Ferdinand von der Asseburg*," who was employed on several diplomatic missions during the years 1744 to 1797; it contains several curious and interesting particulars respecting the houses of Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt, and some useful information respecting the empress Catherine the Second and the most celebrated men of that period.

The following work, lately published at Berlin, will be highly interesting to many persons studying the variations of the many dialects of the different countries of Europe: "*Tableau synoptique et comparatif des Idiomes populaires ou*

patois de la France, contenant des notices sur la littérature des dialectes, leur division territoriale, ainsi que celle de leurs sous-espèces des indications générales et comparatives sur leurs articulations et sur leurs formes grammaticales, le tout composé d'après les meilleures sources et les observations faites sur les lieux, et accompagnée d'un choix de morceaux en prose et en vers dans les principales nuances de tous les dialectes ou patois de la France," par J. F. Schnakenberg. The selections are accompanied with very copious notes, which will make them very valuable to the student; and the addition of the parable of the Prodigal Son in twenty of the different dialects of France, at once shows their different variations. The author must have spent much time, and used still more diligence, in collecting a volume of such interesting matter.

#### STATISTICS OF CAPITAL CONVICTIONS AND PARDONS IN PRUSSIA.

The following remarks are taken from official sources for the years 1818—1840. The reports for the Rhine provinces are wanting for the years 1833—1838, and we must therefore consider that part of the kingdom separately. In these 23 years the number of capital convictions in Prussia (the Rhine provinces excepted) was 234 males, 78 females, making a total of 312, or 13 per annum. Of the males 99 were pardoned; of the females 63. If we take the number of inhabitants at 10 millions, we have about 4 executions for every 3 millions. The number of capital convictions in England and Wales since the diminution of capital crimes by the recent law of queen Victoria, was, in 1839, 56; and in 1840, 77 persons were capitally convicted.

In France, previous to the law of 28th April, 1832 (by which the jury have the right of adducing extenuating circumstances in favour of the accused) in the seven years preceding, viz. 1825—1831, the number of capital convictions was 771, or 3½ convictions yearly for every million of inhabitants. Since the introduction of extenuating circumstances, there have been 267 capital convictions (1833—1840), or 38 convictions yearly, which gives about 1¼ to each million of inhabitants.

The number of capital convictions in Prussia (the Rhine provinces excepted) is on the decrease. In the first 11½ years there were 171 convictions; in the second half there were only 140, or about one-fourth less; and as this diminution is not the consequence of legislative measures, as in France and England, it is to be presumed that the number of capital crimes is diminishing.

In 1840 all the criminals were pardoned; in the first 11 years 89 were executed, and 76 pardoned; in the last 11 years 54 were executed, and 77 pardoned.

#### STATISTICS OF CAPITAL CRIMES AND PARDONS IN THE RHINE PROVINCES.

The official accounts for 1833—1839 are wanting; during the remaining 17 years 102 males and 27 females were capitally convicted, being 710-17ths for each year. Assuming the population at two millions, we have more than three condemnations yearly for one million of inhabitants,—nearly three times as many as in the other parts

of Prussia. In France, the criminal law of which still remains in the Rhine provinces, the proportion was the same until 1831, that is, before the introduction of extenuating circumstances.

Of these 129 only 11 were executed; so that for 17 years there was one execution yearly for every two millions of inhabitants,—the same proportion as in the other provinces. The number of capital crimes does not, as in other parts of Prussia, exhibit an annual decrease; on the contrary, in the latter half of this period there has been an increase of one-fourth. The French law in operation in these provinces is much more severe than in the rest of Prussia. Thus false coining, theft, and robbery, which form more than one-fourth of the whole number condemned (33), are not capital in the other provinces, four cases in New Pomerania excepted. Arson (22 cases) in 17 years produced as many capital convictions as in the rest of Prussia during 23 years. Yet it is a singular circumstance that for three years there was no execution for this crime, whilst in other provinces of Prussia the contrary occurred.

In the old Prussian provinces, among 311 condemned were 60 for blows which produced death; whilst in the Rhine provinces, amongst the 129 capitally convicted only 6 were for this crime, forming a proportion of one-fifth in the former case, and only one in 21 in the latter. The French law requires proofs of an intention to kill; and blows which cause death must be accompanied by some other crime to produce capital conviction. The proportion of cases of murder is nearly the same as in the other provinces; robbery attended with murder, by no means so frequent; the proportion for the Rhine provinces being one-eighteenth of the whole number of capital convictions, and in the other provinces one-sixth; but infanticide is more frequent, forming one-sixth of all the convictions, whilst in the other provinces it is only one-tenth.

In the Rhine provinces the number of women executed was as 1 to 25; in the other provinces, as 1 to 5. Of the women pardoned, the proportion was one-fifth of the whole number of capital convictions in all parts of Prussia (the Rhine provinces included).

#### POLAND.

The emperor of Russia has issued an ukase of great importance to this poor country by which it is ordered that from and after the 1st of January, 1842, the Mint at Warsaw shall make use of the Russian weight in the weighing of gold, silver, and copper. The Russian silver ruble is to be taken as the standard for all coins circulated in the kingdom. The Warsaw mint is directed to coin gold pieces by the name of half imperials, of the value of five rubles, and silver coins of the value of rubles, half rubles, twenty-five, twenty, ten, and five copeks, and all conformably to a prescribed model. From the same day all the accounts of the Government and the local authorities, and likewise those between private persons, are to be kept in Russian silver rubles, copeks, and half copeks. The accounts of the Polish banks, relative to the loan of 1841, are to be kept in florins as heretofore; but in all the new coupons which may be issued in subsequent years, the value is to be stated both in florins and silver rubles.

# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

## THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

- Barth, A., Vorlesungen über das katholische und protestantische Kirchenrecht, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die religiösen Orden deren Geschichte und Einrichtungen. Part 1. 8vo. *Augsburg*. 4s.
- Beelen, J., Chrestomathia rabbinica et chaldaica, cum notis grammaticis, historicis, theologicis, glossario et lexico abbreviatarum, quae in hebraeorum scriptis passim occurrunt. Vol. I. Part I. 8vo. *Magence*. 3 Vols. in 6 Parts, 11. 11s. 6d.
- Diedrich, Dr., Hilfsbuch für den Religionsunterricht in den untern Gymnasialclassen, Volks- und Bürgerschulen. Part I. 8vo. *Halle*. 7s.
- Die neuesten Zustände der katholischen Kirche beide Ritus in Polen und Russland seit Katharina II. bis auf unsere Tage. Mit einem Rückblick auf die Russische Kirche und ihre Stellung zum heiligen Stuhle seit ihrem Entstehen bis auf Katharina II. 8vo. *Augsburg*. 15s. 6d.
- Du Christianisme en Allemagne au 19e Siecle; par Clervé. No. I. 8vo. *Paris*. 6d. Will be complete in 40 or 50 Nos., forming 2 Vols.
- Estii, G., In omnes B. Pauli Epistolas, item in Catholicas commentarii. Ad optimorum librorum fidem accuratissime recudi curavit F. Sausen Vol. I. — Qui complectitur Epistolam ad Romanos a Cap. I. usque ad Cap. XIII. 8vo. *Munich*. 5s. 6d.
- Fragmenta theotisca versionis antiquissimae evangelii S. Matthaei et aliquot homiliarum. E membranis Monseensibus bibliothecae palatinae Vindobonensis, edid. S. Endlicher et H. Fallersleben. Editio II. aucta et emendata, curante J. F. Massmann. 4to. *Viennae*. 9s.
- סֵדֶר הַתְּפִלָּה, Gebetbuch für die öffentliche und häusliche Andacht der Israeliten, nach dem Gebrauch des Neuen Israelitischen Tempels in Hamburg. 8vo. *Hamburg*. 8s. 6d.
- Histoire abrégée de l'Eglise; par Lhomond. Edition continuée jusqu'à l'avènement de Léon XII. au Trône Pontifical. 12mo. *Nantz*.
- Histoire de l'Education depuis Jésus-Christ jusqu'à la grande Migration des Peuples. 8vo. *Strasbourg*.
- Histoire des Institutions d'Education ecclésiastique; par Augustin Theiner. 8vo. *Paris*. 12s.
- Ligorio, D., Homo apostolicus instructus in sua vocatione ad audiendas confessiones, sive praxis et instructio confessoriorum, auctore illustris et reverendiss. etc. Editio nova. Vol. I. 12mo. *Munich*. 11s.
- Monumenta Germaniae historica inde ab anno Christi quingentesimo usque ad annum millesimum et quingentesimum; auspiciis societatis aperiendis fontibus rerum germanicarum medii aevi edidit G. H. Pertz. Scriptorum Tom. IV. Folio: *Hanover*. Vellum Paper, 3l.; Vols. 1. to VI., vellum paper, 17l.
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ART. I.—1. *Die Serbische Revolution ; aus Serbischen Papieren und Mittheilungen von LEOPOLD RANKE. Mit einer Charte von Serbien.* (Servian Revolution, from Servian Documents, and Personal Communications by L. RANKE.) Hamburgh. 1829.

2. *Servian Popular Poetry.* Translated by JOHN BOWRING. London. 1827.

THE saying of Schiller, that the world's history is the world's judgment (*die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*), has no other meaning than this,—that nations, like individuals, are to be considered as the authors of their own fortune, and should be judged not according to that which they might be, but solely by their actions. The sum total of the actions, or the history of a nation, or of an entire race, alone can show what that nation really is. Now, applying this standard to the races of Asia, the inferiority of these in all ages to those of Europe is fully evident from their inability to raise any durable structure of state ; and frequent instances are not wanting amongst them of empires starting up and attaining to their highest pitch of greatness during the short period of a few generations, perhaps even of only one. Their sole manifestation of social energy appears to be a mere wild tempestuous roaring, and their firebrands of war which glare for a while in the horizon vanish in flame and smoke, and leave no trace behind. The cause of this phenomenon is, no doubt, that the spiritual life being confined to the surface of society, in pacific times never fails to shrink within itself, and to become as it were ossified in the vital functions. The

effects of man's fall appear nowhere written in such palpable characters as in the region which served as the cradle of his race, and the primeval curse still lies heavy there where its consequences have not yet been annulled by Christianity. That the inferiority of the Asiatic races is owing to this cause, the coldest unbeliever may be convinced, by comparing the two choicest Asiatic nations, the Arabs and the Turks, followers of Islamism, with the European races,—the Germans and the Slavonians, who, in common with them, divided the ancient empire of the Romans.

The western part of the Roman empire fell to the share of the nations of the German race, the eastern to the Slavonian tribes, whilst all the Roman possessions in Africa and Asia were conquered by the Arabs. At one period certainly the Arabs crossed over to Europe and established their dominions in Spain, Italy, and Sicily, threatening even France with a similar fate. Not only, however, were the Arabs soon driven out of Europe, but the Latins advanced into the heart of Syria, and whilst the former sunk in consequence into a state of comparative nullity, the energies of the Christian nations were proportionally aroused, and the subsequent wonders of civilisation were the result. The predominance of the Christians was owing to the absolute superiority of the spiritual principle of their religion over that of Islamism, and it was to this that not only the followers of the latter succumbed, but also the ancient Romans ; for, in all times, it has ever been the comparative superiority of the spiritual principle which gave to one nation power over another.

The Slavonians attempted, like the Germans in the west, to achieve the same complete revolution in the eastern part of the Roman empire in Europe, but were not so rapid in their progress. Their invasions began in the sixth century; and in the tenth, the greater part of the Byzantine empire, as Epirus, Macedonia, and Hellas, were occupied by them; and we have on record not only the complaints of Constantine Porphyrogenitus that all Peloponnesus was Slavonised, but those also of the commentators upon the ancient geographers that classical names were no longer to be met with. To this circumstance the modern Greek language, which more resembles the Slavonic than its ancient prototype, owes its origin. The Emperor Justinian was a Slavonian by birth, as were also many distinguished generals and statesmen of the Byzantine empire.\* That the Slavonians did not effect a complete revolution there, was owing to their inability to conquer the entire country. This inability again arose from the character of their immigration, which was only partial and never at any time general, for the Slavonians constantly attempted to establish peaceable colonies rather than to make extensive conquests. For a considerable time they were either tributary vassals to the Greek emperors, or received in their turn a tribute for the assistance they afforded to them in time of war. Amongst these Slavonians the Servians were the most powerful, and it seemed in the fourteenth century that they would become masters of Constantinople under their king Stephen Dusan, who called himself king and emperor, and bore in his coat-of-arms a double-headed eagle. His lieutenants ruled Ætolia and Macedonia, and the Byzantine writers used to compare him either to an all-devouring fire, or to a far and wide overflowing torrent—both irresistible powers of nature.† He was preparing in 1396, at the head of eighty thousand armed men, to strike a last blow against the Greeks, when he died suddenly, and thus a different fate was prepared for the Servians. In the same year the Turks acquired their first firm footing in Europe by the capture of Tzypni, from which epoch the Turkish historians date their settlement in Europe, omitting previous conquests. The Servians divided by domestic factions during the minority of Dusan's successor, were unable to resist the ascending power of the Turks, by whom they were completely defeated at Kossowo, thirty-

three years after Dusan's death. The Czarat (empire) passed then, as they say, over to the Turks. The cause of the Slavonians and of Christendom against the Turks was taken up by another Slavonian nation—the Poles—who, after long wars, finally, under their king John Sobieski, inflicted on the Turks a decisive blow, from which these latter never recovered. Lastly, a third Slavonian power—Russia—seems disposed to act in this affair the part of the ass to the dying lion; but Europe wisely interfered, for the Turks of the present day, as will subsequently appear, are mostly Europeans. Setting aside, however, such considerations, we here again witness the triumph of Europe over Asia, and of Christianity over Islamism. This triumph we shall once more behold even in the case of the apparently forlorn Servians, who, by their defeat at Kossowo, all fell more or less into a state of barbarism and slavery.

In Bosnia Proper, the nobles, with some few exceptions, embraced Islamism, though ages elapsed before the completion of their apostacy. Still they have preserved their nationality entire, not one of them in a thousand, for instance, speaking the Turkish language. Some distinguished families yet flourish as in the time of their ancient independence, and that of Sokolowitch boasts of having given grand viziers to the three sultans, Soliman I., Selim II., and Murad III., maintaining nevertheless a very independent position. The capital of Bosnia, Seraliewo, is a kind of oligarchical republic.\*

In the part of Bosnia called Herzegowina, some of the ancient Boyars, though they remained faithful to the religion of their ancestors, maintained themselves in the possession of their rights by means of privileges (*berates*) wrung from the Turks. Under the protection of the Boyars, the people live far from the dominant nation, tending their flocks, and always wearing arms. In a similar manner were governed, until lately, Kraina and Kliutch; the first by temporary Knese (princes) appointed by the Porte; and the second, by hereditary Knese, called Karapantchitch.

The tribes of Montenegro (Czernogorcy) have made themselves almost wholly independent. Forgetting the rest of the world, and obeying no laws save the ancient customs of their forefathers, they either acknowledge the authority of a chief descended from the family of Radowitch, or of the Wladika, that is, their bishop, according as the personal influence of either severally prevailed.

Many Servians, flying from Turkish op-

\* This subject has been more extensively treated in the Article on Slavonian Antiquities, to which we must refer our readers.

† Nicephorus Gregoras, IV. I.

• La Bosnie, par Pertusier. Paris. 1822.

pression, took refuge in Austria, where they have made productive tracts of land which before were mere deserts; such as the districts of Warasdin and Karlstadt, as also the morasses formed by the inundations of Glogonitza; and have rendered besides good service to their adopted country against the Turks. They enjoy certain privileges, as those of electing their archbishop in a general assembly, and sending representatives to the Hungarian Diet, independently of their provincial Congress. It is these Servians who, under the name of military colonists, protect the entire frontiers of Austria on the side of Turkey, cultivating land allotted to them, and obeying chiefs of their own nation. They point with pride to some of their countrymen who have been raised to the highest offices of state in the Austrian empire.

All these tribes, together with the Dalmatians and Morlacks, who once obeyed Venice, constitute only one people, having the same language, customs, and manners,—however they may otherwise differ by government and religion,—amounting to about four millions of population. Whilst some of them march in the vanguard of Islamism, others watch the frontiers of Christendom, and these again are divided by the religious rites of the Greek and Latin churches. Some are independent, others subject to foreign rule, while some remain almost in the state of nature; and finally, while some live with their eyes fixed upon Mecca, others have of late begun to take an active part in the progress of European civilisation. With all these differences, the ground of their life is one and the same.

The hardest lot was reserved for those who inhabit Servia Proper, or Serfwilaeti, subject to an immediate Turkish rule; and the number of these amounts to no more than eight hundred thousand. It is of their condition that we now intend to speak, not without at the same time casting a glance also at their songs, more celebrated than even their revolution in the present century; and we wish this article to be viewed as belonging to a cycle of essays which have appeared from time to time in this journal on the subject of Slavonian history and literature, and written by Slavonians. We venture to hope that this same Slavonian literature to which Goethe paid so much attention, will, when better known in England, add a new phase to her literature, and at all events it will contribute to establish the conviction, that wherever man has been placed, in all times and in all countries, he has ever raised his voice to join the universal chorus of praise to the Almighty Father. In the present instance we are indebted to Herr Ranke, the well-known author

of the "History of the Popea," for valuable details concerning Servia, which he has collected on the spot, and given to the world in the work first mentioned at the head of this article.

In Servia Proper, ruled by the Pasha of Belgrad, there remained no nobility either Christian or Mahomedan, nor were any kind of privileges enjoyed by any class of the people, but the whole mass of population was in a state of slavery, and all doomed alike to obey blindly their Turkish task-masters.

Nevertheless, even a nation thus absolutely enslaved has a history of her own, though this history may not consist in records of whatever ennobles man in the sight of heaven and earth,—in the achievements of heroism, of civic virtue, genius, and talent. The history of every enslaved nation is of a quite different tenour; its element is the fear of the master or lord, which fear, when it is absolute, is the beginning of wisdom, but only the beginning, and it only attains to the end of wisdom when the second element, an absolutely active service of the lord, is combined with it.

When an enslaved nation unites these two elements in her life, she never fails to defeat the ends of her masters, or, as is said of tyranny, to be suicidal. Let us now see with what degree of fear the Turkish masters inspired the Servians, and how these latter served them. Their condition in the sixteenth century is thus described by Herr Ranke:

"The Servians were under very servile subjection to their masters, with respect both to their persons and their property. To the spahi belonged every tenth sheaf of their fields; to the pasha every house was bound to furnish, at Christmas, maize, barley, and oats; and to the sultan belonged the *haradsch*, or poll-tax, levied on all males. Yet even this was not deemed sufficient, and the peasants were often brought even from Belgrad and Smederewo, as far as Constantinople, to make hay in the sultan's meadows, where they were detained from their homes full two months. A certain number of the inhabitants of the villages were also obliged to labour for the pasha during a hundred days in harvest time. Another great hardship was, that the spahi and janissaries were quartered in their villages, and exercised over them an immediate and despotic power. In addition to this, there was the tribute of boys, which carried off from them, every five years, the flower of their youth. For such even as escaped this, a constant source of insecurity still remained, owing to the Turkish robbers, mostly deserters from the army, who dwelt in the land, and kidnapped the natives in order to sell them as slaves."—pp. 11, 12.

Thus was it with the Servians in the days



even of the legislator Soliman I., during the greatest military prosperity of the empire, with which kind of prosperity that of the subject appears to stand in an inverse ratio. The Rajas, as the conquered nations are called, were oppressed, in defiance of the laws of God and man. With the decline of the military power of the Turks, and indeed of their power generally, in the 18th century, the condition of the Servians improved.

"No tribute of boys was henceforth levied, and nothing more was heard of the kidnapping of the inhabitants by ferocious soldiers. What most concerned their ordinary habits of life was, that personal service had ceased; neither the pasha nor the sultan were any longer entitled to demand statute-labour, and neither spahi nor jannisaries were quartered in the villages. Even respecting property an enfranchising improvement had taken place. The *haradsch* was still paid to the sultan, and for this came annually from Constantinople the *tosker*, or receipts, but the pasha no longer received grain. In exchange, he required twice in the year a tribute in money proportionate to the necessities of the administration, the *porosa*. As he distributed this by the counsel of the presidents of the nation, the *knese*, over the twelve districts of the land, who then further subdivided it amongst the smaller circles, villages, and households, they were relieved from all the vexations inseparable from an investigation carried on by oppressive servants of the pasha, as to the produce of the harvest and the yielding of every crop. The levies of the spahi were of two kinds: at one time the tenth of the produce of the fields, the vineyards, and the hives; and at another, a poll-tax (*glewnitza*) of two piastres upon all married couples. To collect the former, he appeared in person in the village, but a portion of this was already taken to pay the *glewnitza*. In some place, every married pair, rich and poor, came to an agreement to compound with the spahi by paying him annually ten piastres in lieu of all his rights. They freed themselves gradually from the arbitrary usurpations of the Turks on the profit and product of labour."—pp. 13, 14.

Hence, it happened, that the two nations separated more and more, so that, at the end of the last century, the Turks inhabited exclusively the towns and fortresses, and the Servians the open country. The principal part of the Turkish population consisted of the spahi, who were both landholders and military men. They had, however, no special property in the country; they had neither distinct possessions, nor a country-house in any portion of it; neither had they power to administer justice or demand service, nor yet to expel arbitrarily the cultivators, or to prohibit them from settling elsewhere. They had only the right to exact a tribute, and for this they were bound to perform military service. They formed thus an aristocracy of a

peculiar kind, who were masters over the whole land, a few villages only excepted, which belonged to the crown.

Both the spahi and their vassals were kept in subjection to the Porte by the pashas, who were removable at pleasure, in order to obviate the evil which might arise from the possessions of the army becoming hereditary. The pashas appointed kadis to administer justice both to the Servians and the Turks, but who were paid only by the former.

The Servians used to receive even their bishop, always a Greek, from Constantinople, which circumstance served only to augment their jealousy of the Greeks. The bishops considered their see merely as a farm, cared little or nothing for the welfare of the Church, and usually sided with the Turks, for which the Servians repaid them with full hatred. Thus pasha, kadi, and bishop, considered in a light of political economy, entered the country solely in order to export money from it, and both it and its inhabitants were regarded merely as a fund, the interest of which belonged nominally to the government, but in reality was given to certain individuals in payment of their services, and to others as a farm revenue. In consonance with such a view of political economy, it was customary to exact for murder, or even for an accidental death, as drowning, &c., a blood-fine (*krwnina*), by way of compensation for the loss of so much human stock; but as to the punishment of the murderer, this was a thing never thought of. Pasha, kadi, and bishop usually stayed in the country until they had amassed sufficient riches to buy themselves higher offices elsewhere. It seemed as if the Servians were doomed to eternal slavery, which might have been the case, had all offices on the Turkish side been wholly hereditary or wholly temporary. But now, as the spahi remained always in the country, they would not suffer the pasha to oppress the people for his own profit; whilst the latter again, being placed nearer to the source of power, would not allow the spahi to make slaves of the sultan's subjects, and took their part against the former. To this mutual jealousy amongst the Turks, the Servians were indebted for the preservation of their very existence. But, upon the whole, every Turk was master of the rajas; resplendent arms, rich dresses, large houses, all that was good and magnificent, the Turks took for themselves; they even monopolized colours, leaving to the Servians only green, as a token of ignominy,—but it proved an emblem of hope. That which gave most offence was their personal treatment of the Servians. A Servian was not permitted to ride, but might only walk in a town, and he was obliged to

perform menial offices at the bidding of any Turk. On meeting a Turk outside the walls, he was obliged to turn aside, dismount, and cover his arms. It was considered his duty to submit to insults, and a crime if he returned them. Fortunately no evil is absolute but only relative in this world of ours, and when carried to a certain point is sure to defeat itself. This supreme oppression of the Servians contributed to their ultimate deliverance, by widening the separation between them and their masters originally established by the law of the land; and many a Servian arrived at the age of sixty without having ever visited a town. They lived in the country remote from the Turks, and created for themselves a world of their own, to which Herr Ranke will again introduce us.

Far remote in the mountain clefts and in the valleys, formed by rivers and smaller streams lie outstretched the Servian villages, occupying, even if they consist of not more than forty or fifty houses, a space equal to that covered by Vienna and its suburbs. The houses stand isolated, far from one another; each is a separate community. Around the house itself, which is a space enclosed by walls of clay, and roofed in with hay and the dried bark of the linden-tree, in the centre of which stands the hearth and the fire, chambers are constructed, *klüet*, or *waiait*, which are often adorned throughout with polished boards, but without hearths. A separate room is occasionally found in this abode; there the father and mother sleep; the chambers are for the younger couples. All form together a single household; they work and eat together, and in winter evenings gather round the fire. Even when the father dies, the brothers, who choose the most able amongst them to be master of the household [*starieshina*], remain together until their numbers become so great as to render separation necessary. A single household often forms a whole street. Little external assistance is required. The men build for themselves their houses and chambers; manufacture for themselves, according to the mode of their ancestors, their ploughs and waggons, carve the yokes for their oxen, put hoops round their casks, and make shoes from untanned leather. The rest of their apparel is prepared by the women, who spin wool and flax, weave linen and cloth, which they die with madjer. A smith is a necessary artisan for the village, and he prepares their tools. The mills belong to several houses in common, and each house has its day. Yet it is not this seclusion alone, which is of itself sufficient, nor even that certain imposts press only upon the households, that links the families. The main cause is a feeling of the fraternal connection quite peculiar to this race. The brother is proud of possessing a sister; the sister swears by the name of her brother; the wife does not mourn for the departed husband; his mother and sisters mourn for him and watch over his grave. In some places they have a strange custom, that when one of two

brothers, whose birthdays fall in the same month, dies, the survivor is chained to the deceased until he causes some stranger youth to be called to him, whom he chooses in his brother's stead, and is liberated by him. No one anywhere celebrates his birth or baptism; each house has its protecting saint, and the day of this saint is observed with joy and feasting.—pp. 19, 20.

Out of this narrow sphere of patriarchal life, they are drawn by some social customs peculiar to themselves. One of these is the tie of adoptive brotherhood. Two individuals promise each other, in the name of St. John, mutual fidelity and help through life, and are called brothers in God, *Pobratinie*. It is considered best that a man should choose as his brother some one of whom he has dreamed that he received from him assistance in distress, and the sacredness of this tie is deemed so great as to render it superior to almost every other. The cause of this platonic friendship seems to lie in the want of mutual succour, which men feel when subject to a tyrannical and capricious rule.

Marriage, again, is with them a link no longer individual, but which cements families together, and is usually a kind of barter; so useful an object as an adult maiden is not to be acquired for nothing. The bride, before entering the house of her spouse, to which she is led in procession by her brother, and welcomed in like manner, is obliged to perform certain ceremonies, such as to dress an infant, to touch with a distaff the walls of the house which are to behold her so often busy with this implement, and to mount on a table with bread, water, and wine in her hands, of which she is to have the care, whilst her mouth is filled with a piece of sugar, as a sign that she is to speak little, and only what is good. An individual may be further linked with the community in a twofold manner. One mode is by being chosen *Kmete*, or elder, and a *Knes* of the village, *selski knes*, and by contributing his share to the *porosa* and blood-fine. The other mode is spiritual, and consists in the worship of the saint whose day is usually celebrated by all the community. Such several communities or villages, united under one supreme *Knes*, or *Bashknes*, constitute a *Knesina*, through which they are related to the government. This society of peasants and Christians was not developed before the commencement of the late revolution of Servia.

Conformable to their social condition bordering on civilisation, and on a state of nature, are the religious notions of the Servians, in which we find all the social and natural relations of man mysteriously tinged with

religion. There is a kind of nature-worship, only that with them it is spiritualized, though imperfectly, by Christianity. At the approach of winter, for example, they celebrate the Feast of the Dead,\* or rather the Death of Life; and on Palm Sunday they commemorate its renovation. In the first case, every one does honour to some deceased person, and in the second the following ceremony takes place. On the eve of this day, a number of maidens collect upon a hill and sing songs on the resurrection of Lazarus, and before daybreak they go to the side of the stream from which they draw water, with dances and songs, describing how the water becomes troubled by the antlers of the stag, and grows clear again in his eyes. By this allusion they mean, no doubt, that the water becoming freed from the snow and ice is the first herald of nature's renovation.

Again, on the eve of our patron saint St. George, about the end of April, the women gather flowers and herbs, which they cast into the water caught by them as it is dashed from the mill-wheel, and leave it so during the night. In the morning they bathe in it, as if abandoning themselves to the influences of waking nature, and think to enjoy thereby good health. Pentecost is the day of the remarkable ceremony called Kralitza. From ten to fifteen maidens assemble, one personating a standard-bearer, another a king, and a third, who is veiled, a queen. She is attended by a lady, and as they walk in procession from house to house, they dance and sing. The burden of their song is *Lelio*, the God of Love, according to the ancient Slavonian mythology; and thus everything breathes of pure bright enjoyment, nourished by the sympathy of blooming nature. There is not a phase in the revolution of the year but has its rite. St. John's day, in June, is considered so holy that the very sun in reverence stands still for three days. Shepherds celebrate the evening by making torches of the bark of the birch-tree, which they hold burning in their hands as they go round their sheepfolds and cattle enclosures, after which they ascend the mountain, where they pursue their sports so long as the torches continue to burn.

As the year advances, the Servians have their corresponding ceremonies. To avert a protracted drought so injurious to the corn, a girl so enveloped in grass, herbs, and flowers, that her face is scarcely visible, and bearing the appearance of a moving heap of grass, goes from house to house. She is called

Dodole. All the females in every house pour over her, symbolically of rain, a flask of water, and the procession is so contrived that the rain-pregnant clouds discharge their contents upon it before it is concluded. A song is adapted to the occasion. In praying for rain, the dominion over storms is ascribed to the principal saints; Elias is made the God of Thunder, his name being Thunderer, whilst the fiery Maria sends forth lightning, and Panthelimon rides on the tempest. Their festival occurs between the 20th and 28th of July. The people thus confess themselves dependent on the powers of nature, and always swear by them,—by the sun and the earth. *Zako mi Santza! Zako mi Semlje!* So be the sun to me! So be the earth to me! At the same time they acknowledge that everything remains under the immediate sovereignty of God, and begin every kind of work in his name. It would be thought impious to make a promise without adding, "If God wills so;"—and this practice has become so universal as to introduce a curious laconism in their speech. On meeting any one, they do not inquire "Whither do you go if God wills so?" but say simply, "If God wills so?" It is also customary to say "Christ be praised!" to which the answer is, "For ever and ever, amen!" This custom is found also in other Slavonian nations. They pray three times a day; in the morning, after dining, and in the evening, each in his own fashion: and at public entertainments it would be considered disgraceful to any one that he should be incapable of delivering a fine prayer. Their usual pledge in drinking is, "To the glory of God!" and the general form of invitation is, "Our house is also that of God; we ask you to come to us this evening; what the Saint has given we shall not conceal."

But the mixture of paganism and Christianity, of nature and spirit, is nowhere more palpable than in their mode of celebrating Christmas-day. Herr Ranke gives the following description of it, having been present at the ceremony:

"On Christmas-eve, when work is over, the master of the house goes into the wood, and cuts down a young straight oak. He brings it into the house with the salutation, 'Good evening, and a happy Christmas.' They answer him, 'God grant it to thee, thou prosperous man and rich in honour,' and they scatter grain over him. They then deposit the tree, which is called *Budniak*, amongst the embers. In the morning, which is announced by the firing of pistols, the visitor already appointed for each house appears; he throws grain out of a glove through the doors, crying, 'Christ is born!' He then approaches nearer, and striking the *budniak* as

\* For the celebration of this feast in Lithuania, see *Foreign Q. R.*, No. 43.

it still lies amongst the coals with a hammer so as to make the sparks fly up, he exclaims, 'So many sparks, so many oxen, horses, goats, sheep, pigs, bee-hives, so much good luck and blessing!' The mistress of the house throws a veil over the visitor, and the budniak is carried into the orchard. They do not go to church; but at dinner-time each stands with a lighted taper in his hand. Holding these, they pray and kiss one another, with the words, 'The peace of God! Truly Christ is born; we adore him.' Then, as if to show the close union of all the members of the family, the father of the family collects the tapers yet burning, and binding them together, sticks them into a bowl filled with chesnitsa and all kinds of grain which has been brought in, and extinguishes them with the grains. The chesnitsa is an unleavened cake of a peculiar shape; the individual to whose share on breaking the cake the piece of gold baked therein falls, is considered as destined to be more fortunate during the year than all the rest. The table is not cleared, nor the room swept; it remains for three days open to all comers. The salutation of 'Christ is born,\*' and the response, 'Truly he is born,' remains in use until New Year's Day."—pp. 31, 34.

Whilst the idea of the divine presence thus unites families in the bonds of peace and harmony, the next question is to what power the Servians ascribe the existence of evil? They solve this difficulty in a twofold manner. In things of smaller import they admit the agency of malignant spirits, imputing the sudden death of children to witches (*criesztyca*), and that of adults to the Vampyr, or Wukodlak; but more general calamities, such as the plague, they look upon as visitations from God for the sins of men. They figure to themselves the plague, under a female form, pale and shrouded in a veil on which she sails from place to place, and from house to house, and some of the plague-stricken are said to have seen and even spoken to this messenger of desolation. One of the most strange creations of the fancy of the Servians is the Wilas. Swift and beautiful, their hair floating in the wind, these phantoms dwell in the forest depths, or on the banks of rivers. It is uncertain whether they are immortal or not, but their power exceeds that of man, and they know the future. Some individuals can hold communication with them, and by their means know more than the rest of mankind. Such persons have been marked at their birth by

\* A similar custom prevailed in the primitive times, when the Christians of all Churches saluted each other on Easter morn with the words, "Christ is risen;" to which reply was made, "And hath appeared unto Simon." The usage is still retained by the Greek Church. See Dr. Smith's Account of the Greek Church, p. 32; Wheatley on Common Prayer, p. 229.

a Wila, and after they have passed through twelve schools or orders of Wilas, they are initiated into the *Wrsino Kolo* (magic circle), after which they can at will command fair or foul weather, &c. Of every twelve disciples initiated into their mysteries the Wilas retain one amongst themselves. Any one surprising them when dancing or feasting would be severely handled. A beautiful ballet, called "The Wilas," was lately represented in France, and may contribute to illustrate the legend. These symbolical fancies, the remains of ancient tradition, spread over all Europe and Asia, reflected on the national restricted and simple life, form the groundwork of those remarkable productions, the Servian songs.

These songs are a kind of common national property, no individual having ever claimed to be their author. They were first collected in 1816 by Wuk Stefanowitch, who was secretary to Prince Milosch, and became known in Europe through the exertions of eminent German men of letters. Goethe wrote a critique upon them; J. Grimm philosophically explained them, and Herr Gerhard and Fräulein von Jakob each gave an excellent translation of them. The English public are indebted for their knowledge of them to Dr. Bowering, who attempted a translation of them, knowing as little (*i. e.* nothing) of the Servian language as he did of Poland and Russia, with the anthologies of which latter he has also favoured us. As regards England, therefore, these songs share the fate of many other continental matters, supposed to be well known in this country, that is, scarcely known at all beyond their name. As it was, however, through these songs that the Servian people again entered within the pale of European civilisation, we feel bound to say something concerning them. But our task is difficult, and Goethe himself failed, as we think, to do them justice, owing to his ignorance of the social habits of the people, the outline of which the foregoing extracts have furnished us.

The Gusl, a musical instrument much in favour with all Slavonian poets, is to be met with in every house in Servia, and these songs are always sung to its accompaniment. During the winter evenings when the family are gathered round the fire, and the women are occupied in spinning, he of the company who is best able begins his song. Aged men too, as a recreation after labour, sing to their young sons, who receive thus their first instruction in the ways of the world. Neither is it considered dishonourable to the Igumen (the superior) of a monastery to sing to his gusl, though this species of singing is rather a reci-

tation with the monotonous accompaniment of the single-stringed instrument, the sound of which falls usually on the last syllable of a verse. The heroic song is sung principally at great meetings, and also at inns, where gambling being a thing unknown amongst them, it forms their sole amusement. On solemn occasions professional singers, generally blind men, take the lead, and often move their hearers to tears. Even those Servians who have embraced Islamism still acknowledge the power of their poetry, and Christian and Mohammedan parties have often one and the same song, with the sole difference that each confers victory upon his co-religionary hero. Some Mohammedan Servians once saved the life of a Christian singer, because of the pleasure they took in his songs. Thus poetry unites the whole Servian nation, though separated by religion. On the mountain where boys tend the flocks, in the valley where the reapers gather in the corn, in the depth of the forest, the traveller hears alike the echo of those songs, ever the solace of the men in all their various occupations. And what is the burden of those songs so closely interwoven with the existence of the people? They are nothing but a spiritual reproduction of the actual condition of the nation, and without the knowledge of this it is impossible to understand them. They are, too, a part of that universal poetry in the existence of which Goethe was a firm believer, and the tenour of universal poetry is nothing else than truth itself, only viewed through some special prism of the human mind. These songs may be divided into two kinds; the one embracing the lyrics, or songs proper, and the other historic songs, neither of which can be truly appreciated except when both are viewed as constituting one single national poem. Of the first we may remark that they are not inferior to the best of the French songster Beranger, and have the further merit that they never offend the rules of decency. The song first carries us to a home scene, but it does not stay long with the cultivator "who has black hands but eats white bread." It dwells more willingly with the aged man whose white beard waves venerably; whose soul when he comes from church is in such pure tune that it resembles the breath of flowers;—and it lingers about the affections by which families are reared and maintained. It delights in the joy of the maiden, who plays and dances, and is as a flower. It follows her rising affection from its first budding to the moment when she intrusts it to a wreath cast by her into a stream—to the moment of her union with the chosen one, which is portrayed with surpassing beauty. But the song does

not conceal from view what lurks behind the blessed union, and it tells how the mother now gives to her child the wreath which she formerly cast into the stream to expand there, and how the child throws it on a heap of dirt. Also how she quarrels so intolerably with her mother-in-law, that the swallow congratulates the cuckoo that she is not compelled to listen to their disputes. One characteristic feature is a comparison drawn between certain of the affections. The lover gaining the preference over the brother, and the brother over the husband.

The jealousy of the wife against her sister is carried even to murder. The sanctity of the already mentioned adoptive brotherhood is represented as so great, that two such brothers slay a Turkish maiden beloved by both, that she may not sever the tie between them. The events of life are all painted so truly and so vividly that we see them, as it were, lying beneath us as in a bird's eye view.

The heroism celebrated by the Servian song is only that of robbers, for such only was known prior to the late revolution. Robbery is justified as being carried on against the Turks, the infidels, full of deceit and rich through evil practices. "Robbery," says the song, "has amassed their treasure—let robbery take it back. The robber dwells on the confines of the land, and is like the eagle soaring in the air." The thousand perils encountered by the robber are strongly imaged. The rocks behind which he watches—the cave where he hides till he almost perishes by hunger, and whence he issues forth to victory—all is minutely described. It is usual to introduce him first in the act of seizing his gun, which holds here the same place as did the bow of antiquity, and taking unerring aim at his victim. Besides these horrors, the songs yet contain something better. The master cares for his captive, and leads him out of the dungeon that he may inhale fresh air, and warm himself in the sun, and then dismisses him to his home, with no other surety for his ransom than God, as the song tells us. The following is a beautiful trait: The young wife, led to her spouse's home, refuses to dismount until he delivers to her the keys of the prison, that she may set at liberty the captives. Sentiments in which extremes combine, such as of the old father, who, when the head of his son's murderer is brought to him, exclaims, "Blessed to me this day, and for ever!" and then dies in peace, are drawn in all their naked truth. Such is man generally in this stage of existence, and such the Servian also;—such the hero—such the bard!

In the historic songs, the history of the na-

tion has been preserved with remarkable truth and vitality. Of the early times there are indeed no traces; but all that refers to the reign of Duzzen, to his death, the minority of his successor, and the factions to which the country fell a prey, has been strictly recorded. Finally, there arises from the royal family the national hero, Marko Kraliewitch, who fears nothing and none save the true God. He takes the supreme power from the uncles of the legitimate owner, and restores him to his rights; and certainly a hero cannot be more truly represented. For this act he receives blessings and curses, and both are fulfilled. This leads to a further development of the drama.

Marko was warned that his country should serve the Turks; and the second cycle of the songs, called *Lasaritza*, records the fall of Servia. The defeat of the Servians, revealed in a dream to Milosh, one of the most generous amongst the heroes of the house of Lasar, was announced by a heavenly messenger to the King, who, in consequence, withdrew previous to the battle. The valour of the combatants and the death of the fallen are beautifully pictured.

Marko, to whom the third cycle of the songs refers, was not present in the battle, but the cause of his absence is not told. He is represented as a mysterious being, unlike ordinary men. He lives 160 years, as does also his horse, to which he gives wine instead of water out of the bowl from which he himself drinks; he rides on a dragon, and neither sword nor axe can harm him. Even a Wila, who had killed a companion of his, is vanquished by him, and can only induce him to set her free, by promising him her friendship, and her assistance in all times of need. The strange part of the song is, that after having endowed him with such wonderful qualities, it next represents him as serving the Turks. We cannot follow our hero through the prodigious details of this his service; let it suffice to say, that he alternately becomes the deliverer and the master of the sultan, whom, however, he must ultimately serve. Goethe, puzzled what to make of this extraordinary personage, satisfied himself with likening him to the Grecian Hercules, or the Persian Rustan; but there seems little doubt that the Servian nation personified herself in this Marko, and with remarkable fidelity to historic truth. One poem of admirable simplicity and irresistible pathos, tells how the invulnerable was at last killed by God—"the Killer of Old." Others represent him as still alive; and relate that when Marko perceived, for the first time in his life, the sure aim of a gun levelled at him, he retired into the forest, where

his sword is still suspended, and his horse feeds on moss. When the sword shall fall, and the horse want moss, Marko will awake and return. Herein we have a fine figure of the condition and hope of the nation. It is evident from the foregoing imperfect sketch, that when, on the one hand, a nation is daily outraged in her most sacred sentiments by her conquerors, and on the other preserves a living recollection of the whole past, both parties must, sooner or later, come into violent collision, through not a blind, but a rational, necessity inherent in all human affairs. Such a state of things is like the smouldering spark, that may in a moment burst forth and envelop all around in a terrific blaze. Such a moment, too, arrived sooner than was expected either by the Turks or the Servians.

One element of an insurrection on the part of the Servians was the heyducks, or robbers, whose heroism we have seen praised in the songs. Whosoever knew his life to be menaced by the Turks, fled to the mountains and became a robber, whose occupation was to intercept convoys of money on their way to Constantinople; yet as this stigma sullied their trade in the eyes of the people, they might only co-operate in, but could never originate, an insurrection. A more immediate element lay in the discord of the Turks. Many janissaries had possessions in Servia, and were no less dangerous to the Pasha of Belgrad, than their brethren to the sultan at Constantinople, since, not satisfied with oppressing the rajas, they endeavoured to overrule the spahi, and to possess themselves of all power. Fifteen distinguished spahi were murdered at once by them, under their chief, Deli Achmet, and their crimes were still on the increase when the war with Austria broke out in 1791.

A remarkable feature of that war was, that numerous Servians joined a body of their countrymen organized by Austria, and once more fought against the infidels, and learnt the use of arms. After the conclusion of peace, Ebu Bekir, the Pasha of Belgrad, combined both with the spahi and the Servians against the janissaries, whom he contrived to banish by a firman, after murdering their chief. The property of the victims was confiscated; and they retired into the adjacent provinces to seek for assistance. They soon found a protector in Passvan Oglu, of Widin, who being then in open revolt against the sultan, and having collected a band of 10,000 men, taken from the dregs of society, readily consented to join the janissaries against the Pasha of Belgrad; but the latter, with the support of the spahi and the rajas, to whom he furnished arms, resisted successfully his enemies. This success was unavail-

ing; for the Porte, following the advice of the mufti, declared that it was contrary to the law of the prophet to despoil the faithful of their property in behalf of the rajas, made peace with Paasvan Oglu, and ordered the pasha to receive back the janissaries. The latter, shortly after, revolted against the pasha, murdered him, and took possession of Belgrad, at the same time requesting the sultan to send them another pasha, as the late one was a bad Turk, who favoured the rajas, and had received his appointed reward.

Meanwhile four janissaries usurped the supreme power under the name of Dahi, following perhaps the example of Dai of the Barbareks, and left to the newly-appointed pasha, Assan Oglu, little more than the mere name of his dignity. They introduced an administration of their own into the towns and villages which they intrusted to men taken from the rabble. It was now the turn of the spahi to fly, and some idea of the general and extreme oppression exercised by the usurpers may be formed from the petition addressed to the sultan by the Servian knese.

"We are already plundered of everything by the dahi, so that we are obliged to make our very girdles of mere bast,\* still the oppressors are not satisfied, and will have our very souls, religion, and honour. No husband is secure of his wife, no father of his child, no brother of his sister. Convent and church, monk and priest, all have been outraged. If thou art still czar, come and deliver us from the evil-doers; or if thou wilt not rescue us, at least tell us so, that we may determine either to fly to the mountains and woods, or end our lives in the rivers."—p. 57.

As if the sultan had only threats for his subjects, he made no reply to the Servians, further than by intimating to the dahi, that should they persist in their conduct, he would send against them an army, though not of Turks, since it would grieve him to see the faithful in strife with the faithful; but composed of men differing in religion and race, and it should be done unto them as had never yet been done to any Turks. The dahi deliberated whether he meant Russians or Austrians, and finally came to the conclusion that no other than the Servians could be meant. They resolved in consequence to exterminate all such as possessed any kind of influence in the country, and in February of 1809, they carried into effect this barbarous design upon their unsuspecting victims, with the exception of those who escaped into Aus-

tria. As entire secrecy was preserved as to who were destined to die, universal terror spread over the land, and the poorest individuals also feared for their lives. The young and the strong embraced the profession of Heyduks, and, except old men and children, none were left in the villages to meet the Turks.

The germ of a deep-rooted hostility between both parties thus reached maturity, and both now stood arrayed in arms, the Turks as janissaries, and the Servians as heyduks. The latter lost no time in rousing the country. Descending towards the Danube and the Sava, Servia divides into three parts, of which the middle, called Shumadia, is the largest. The tract which is separated by the Morava on the right, and by the Kolubava on the left, constitutes the two other provinces. In each of these, the insurrection broke out under different chiefs; namely, in Schumadia, under Crni Georges, called by the Turks, Kara Georges, formerly a heyduk; and in the two others, under Jacob Nenadowitch, Milenko, and Peter Dobrinatz. The Servians soon became masters of the whole land, compelling the Turks to shut themselves up in strong places. The Servians then said amongst themselves, 'Every house has a chief; the nation also must know whom she is to follow;' and in a general assembly, Kara Georges, who had lately so much distinguished himself, was proclaimed chief of the nation, though without sovereign power, several chiefs of equal authority being associated with him. At first he declined, giving as an excuse, the hesitation of his speech, owing to which he was unfitted to make long discourses, but must kill on the spot whomsoever should oppose him; but on being assured that such prompt severity was precisely what was needed, he accepted the charge. The character of this remarkable man—a strange mixture of the sublime and the ludicrous—deserves to be better known, were it only as being a mere psychological phenomenon. Herr Ranke thus speaks of him:

"Georges Petrowitch Kara, or Crni, the black, was the son of a peasant called Petroni, and was born in the village of Wiszewzi, in the district of Kragujewatz, between the years 1760 and 1770. In his early youth he removed with his parents higher up the mountain to Topole. At the very beginning of the commotions which arose in the country in 1787, on the expectation of an invasion of the Austrians, even before this occurred, he took a part which influenced his whole subsequent life. He saw himself constrained to fly, and, as he would not leave his father behind, he carried off with him all his

\* *Bast*. Unnoticed as a word by Johnson.—"Lime-tree bark made into ropes and mats." (Bailey.)

possessions and his cattle, and went towards the banks of the Sava. The nearer they approached this river, the more sad did his father become, and he often counselled his son to return. Once more, and in the most urgent manner when they beheld the Sava before them, he said, 'We will humble ourselves and we shall obtain forgiveness. Go not into Germany, my son; so may my bread prosper to thee, go not.' Georges remained inexorable; the father also at length became equally resolute, and said, 'Cross over, then, alone; I will remain in this land.'—'How,' replied Kara Georges, 'should I survive after the Turks shall have slowly tortured thee to death? Better that I should kill thee on the spot. He seized his pistol, shot his father, and caused a servant to give the finishing stroke to the dying man. When he came to the next village, he said to the people, 'Bury for me the old man who lies yonder, and drink a death-cup to his soul.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"He was a very singular man. He would often sit whole days without speaking, biting his nails. Sometimes, when he was spoken to, he shook his head and made no answer.

"When he drank wine he was talkative. When once cheerful, he would lead a dance. He heeded not pomp and magnificence; in the time of his greatest prosperity, he was always seen in his old blue trowsers, in a much worn short pelisse, and in his well-known black cap. Even his daughter, during the time that her father exercised princely authority, might be seen carrying her vessel of water like the other maidens of the village; and yet, strange to say, he was not insensible to the charm of gold. . . . He used to follow the plough, and cultivate the ground; he had spoilt his Russian orders whilst fastening on the hoop of a cask.

"It was only in battle that he showed his warlike disposition. When the Servians saw him coming—he was easy to be recognised, being a man of high stature, broad shouldered, and his countenance rendered striking by a large nose—they ever took courage. He used to leap from his horse, for he preferred fighting on foot."—pp. 115—117.

He was so illiterate that he could not even write. He was just, impartial, but severe even to barbarity; when he condemned his only brother to death, whom he loved much, he forbade his mother to weep. At times he was generous and mild to excess.

The dahi having made several unsuccessful attacks on the Servians, the latter next proceeded to assault the fortresses, took them one after another, and finally laid siege to Belgrad. The attention of the grand vizier being at length drawn to this war, carried on, as he was told, by the Servians for the sultan, he despatched Bekir, Pasha of Bosnia, with 3000 troops to put an end to it in conjunction with them. When Bekir appeared before Belgrad, the dahi fled, but the Servians would not be satisfied without their heads should be delivered to them. Thereupon

the pasha told them to return to their homes and ploughs, as all was at an end. But it was not yet even *le commencement de la fin*.

It was hard that the Servians who had not taken arms from any love of innovation, but merely to put down an usurped power dangerous to the Porte, should return to their former condition without any guarantee for their future security. Abandoned by the sultan to the fury of his Turks, now in possession of Belgrad, which commands the whole country, they, in 1804, besought Russia to interfere in their behalf, and in April, 1805, were told that they should make their complaints at Constantinople, where attention would be paid to them. The result was, that the Porte despatched some delegates to Servia to make peace; but as these had no power to grant the request of the Servians that they should be permitted to retain their arms, and to garrison fortresses, an order was issued to Asis, Pasha of Nish, to disarm and chastise the rebellious rajahs.

The Servians, on their part, were well prepared to receive the pasha, whom they defeated in several battles, and compelled to fly back to his pashalik. This, however, was comparatively an easy beginning; for in the commencement of the year 1806, the sultan sent against them the Pasha of Bosnia, Bekir, and Ibrahim of Scutari, each with 30,000 men. The country was placed in extreme jeopardy, from which it was rescued solely by Kara Georges, who, on that occasion, showed himself truly great. When the other chiefs desponded, he, with an inconsiderable force, took his station at Miszar, near Szabatz, where for two days he made a most heroic resistance against the Turks. The latter were astonished, but did not lose their hope of victory. They caused the Servians to be told, 'You have held out well for two days. We try once more, and then it shall be seen who is to possess this land.' They were so confident of success, that they allowed the people of the neighbourhood to look on the battle from the trees, that they might see how the heyduks would be punished. But the third day rose only to witness the complete overthrow of the Turks, and the flower of their army was cut off, not excepting the Seraskier himself. The Servians managed their fire so well, that, as they said, every bullet went right into the flesh. No less glorious was the stand made by Peter Dobriniaatz at Deligrad against Ibrahim, who vainly attacked him with his whole army during six days. The Turks sued for peace, and the country was saved for the moment. We witness once more the triumph of an European over an Asiatic race in this strug-



gle of a population of eight hundred thousand against a great empire, and see the wonders of Marathon repeated, *si parva magnis comparari licet*.

The conditions proffered by the Porte were extremely favourable. It offered to the Servians the exclusive possession of the country, and the administration of their own affairs, reserving only that a Muhasil should reside at Belgrad with one hundred and fifty Turks to represent the sovereignty of the sultan. The Servians accepted them without hesitation; but strange to say, the Divan refused to ratify the treaty, actuated to this, no doubt, by the unbending Mohamedan law, which demands the absolute subjection of the rajas, who consequently cannot bear arms. A thing once begun demands its completion, and the Servians, without waiting for the ratification of the treaty, proceeded to attack the fortresses which had been the immediate cause of the war. They took all of them, one after the other, and finally, Belgrad, in December, 1806. The massacres which they then committed, disgraced their insurrection. Contrary to their express promise, all the Turks, without regard to sex or age, were slaughtered during two days, and their property pillaged. Even Soliman Pasha, whose safe retreat had been guaranteed, was massacred together with his 200 janissaries. The same horrors took place elsewhere. No Servian song records this transaction. The aged knese only shook their heads, and said that things went wrong, but dared not say so publicly, lest they should lose their lives. The breach between the two nations thus became absolute, which the Servians never intended when they first took arms; but it was ordained, as we have said, that the original mutual hostility should bear its fruit in its appointed day.

Another result of the insurrection which the Servians did not at first contemplate, was the change of the simple constitution of the land into a military oligarchy, the several chiefs who had distinguished themselves in the war having assumed a sovereign power as Hospodars in their several districts. Though a senate (*sowiet*) was formed, consisting of twelve members, this did not obviate the new evil, the senators being mere tools in the hands of the hospodars, under whose influence they were elected. The country was, therefore, torn by domestic factions, to which may be attributed the failure of the campaign which the Servians made in 1809, with the grand design of uniting Bosnia, Kraina, and Herzegowina, i. e. the whole of the Slavonian Christian population. The adage, *Concordia parva res crescunt, discordia maxima*

*dilabuntur*, was fully verified in this instance. Even the following year, 1810, the Servians, who so lately vanquished such disproportionately superior forces of the Turks, now resisted the latter with extreme difficulty, and only by the support of Russia, then at war with the Porte. The Russian general Kamensky, made use of a remarkable expression when he issued an address to the Servians, calling them brethren of the Russians, descendants from the same stock, and professing the same religion. The ill success of the late war was the cause that Kara Georges, attributing it to internal disunion, and to the weakness of the government, possessed himself of unlimited supreme power. He acquired the right of appointing the chiefs of the districts, as well as the ministers of state, and became himself a monarch in the little monarchy. Two of his greatest opponents were banished, and the most influential men in the country were powerful only as they united with him.

The lately-acquired independence of Servia was partly acknowledged by the Porte, if we are to judge by the offer made in 1811 by Kurshid Pasha to recognise Kara Georges as an hereditary prince, provided he would allow the Turkish troops to march through Servia against the Russians. Soon after followed the treaty of Bucharest in 1812, in which express mention was made of the Servians who thus entered the compact of European policy, and a promise was given that all their former requests should be granted. But no sooner was Russia, the mighty friend of the Servians, hard pressed by Napoleon, than the Porte forgot her promises and demanded of the Servians unconditional submission. They again flew to arms, and we shall see what resistance they were able to make under the absolute rule of Kara Georges.

No effort was wanting on his part to arouse the people to a sense of their imminent danger, and he reminded them of the object for which they had fought nine years, "every one fighting not for himself alone, but for his religion and for the heads of his children." With prayers and repeated exclamations of "Amen," he concluded his address: "May God send courage into the hearts of the sons of Servia! May he crush the enemy who have come to destroy our true religion!" Thereupon every one armed and marched to encounter the Turks, who in larger numbers than usual were advancing through Bosnia and Nish. Knese Sima on the Dwina, and Mladen on the Morawa, stood opposed to them each with 10,000 men, and the brave heyduk Weliko protected with 3000 troops

the strongholds on the Danube, whilst Kara Georges occupied a station at Jagodina in the rear with a reserve, to afford assistance where it should be wanted. The Turks, 18,000 strong, marched first against Weliko, who was compelled to shut himself up at Negotin, where he made a most desperate resistance. He was a hero, though of the only kind that Servia was at that time capable of producing. When the Russians told him that he should not call himself a heyduk, because that meant a robber, he replied that he should be sorry if there were any greater robber than himself. In fact he was so fond of plunder that he would risk his life for a few piastres, and what he gained he would give away. He was full of cheerfulness, courage, and sincerity, so that a man might trust him with his life, though not with his secrets. He loved war for its own sake, and prayed for it for Servia so long as he should live. The Turks pressed him hard at Negotin, battering down one tower after another, and finally the highest, in which he was stationed. He did not lose courage, and now lived in a cellar. All the lead and tin to be found in the place was melted into bullets; and even spoons and lamps were converted to the same purpose. Once, when all the ammunition was expended, he charged the cannons with gold pieces, and repulsed the enemy. He applied in vain for help both to Kara Georges and Mladen, the latter answering, "He may help himself! Ten singers sing his praise at table—none sing of me: let him hold on alone, the hero!" And so he did, until one morning he was shot dead on the ramparts by a Turk. With him fell the town, and the Turks advanced, meeting with no resistance, and perpetrating their usual cruelties. The two other chiefs would neither combine in mutual defence, nor yet did either dare to meet the enemy, but retreated, their troops disbanding all the time. Kara Georges, whose presence used to animate the soldiers, never showed himself in the field, thus betraying the trust of supreme power; he was seen here and there, busied, it is said, in burying his treasures, and resolved to retire into Austria, that in better days he might reconquer the country by the assistance of some foreign power. Finally, both he and the other chiefs took refuge in Austria,\* leaving the Turks undisturbed masters of the country. And fine masters they were! The apparently incomprehensible blindness

of the Servian chiefs, by which the fruits of all former struggles were lost at once, may be accounted for by the spirit of egotism and envy which crept into their hearts after the massacre of Belgrad and the pillage of Turkish property, by which some became immeasurably rich. This proved a poison which withered the moral energies of the nation; and her present misfortune was but a natural result of those deeds of evil which did not fail to bring forth their fruits. It was a punishment which the Servians deserved. After a severe probation, Providence sent them a deliverer in Milosh, a man whose character had hitherto remained unsullied.

When the other chiefs fled across the Sava and urged him to follow them, Milosh answered, "What would my life be to me in Austria? The Turks will sell into slavery my wife, my children, and my old mother! Rather let me die like many others!" He then retired into the district of Brusnitza, where he lived, bent upon further resistance to the Turks; but as at their approach a general discouragement seized on all minds, he consented to surrender his arms and to appease the people, on condition that he should be appointed supreme knes of Rudnik. The Turks at Belgrad disputed who should present Milosh to the pasha, by whom he was received with marks of joy, and a pair of pistols and an Arabian horse were presented to him. "Behold," said the pasha, presenting him to his suite, "my dear knes and adopted son. He is now all modesty and meekness; but many a time have I been compelled to take to my heels before him. Only lately has he fractured my arm. There, my son, didst thou bite me!" "This arm, O pasha, shall be covered with gold!" said Milosh. Thus was peace again established in the country. But what peace! An army of executioners, composed of ferocious Albanians, spread over the land in order to disarm the population, murdering, pillaging, and outraging the sex, without regard to station. When it was remarked to the pasha, that such government of the country was not to the advantage of the sultan, he answered, "That, even so, he did not strictly execute his orders; and that he even still spared the land!" The consequence of these cruelties was, that in 1816, a partial insurrection broke out; but Milosh, considering it premature, hastened to put it down, and was the first to inform the pasha of it, asking pardon for the guilty, which the other promised to grant. Nevertheless, about 200 men, belonging to the most distinguished families, were executed before the walls of Belgrad; and as even the life of Milosh was in imminent danger, he no long-

\* In 1817 he returned from Austria, to make a diversion in favour of the Greek insurrection; but as the Servians would have nothing to do with the Greeks, he was murdered, and his scalp sent to Constantinople.

er hesitated, but resolved to take up arms. A few details respecting the career of this remarkable man, will no doubt be interesting to our readers.

"Milosh may be numbered amongst the original leaders whose power emanated from themselves. From the very beginning, he, together with his half-brother, Milan, had been powerful; his descent was as follows:—His mother, Wishnia, had been first married in Brusnizza to Obren, to whom she bore Milan. She married secondly Tesho, in Dobrinie, in the district of Ushitze; and here she had several other children, and, about the year 1780, Milosh. But neither of her families were remarkably wealthy; and her sons were obliged to seek service with strangers. Milan was the first who became independent in Brusnizza, and by degrees grew prosperous. Milosh, who at first, as herdsman, had driven the cattle of others to the Dalmatian markets, now entered his brother's service. They were so closely united, that Milosh was also called after Milan's father, Obrenowitch, although his own had given him another name. Their affairs prospered. In the year 1804, when the insurrection broke out, they might be looked upon as men of consideration. Just at the beginning, the dahi rose; and Milan, through his own energy, became the chief of Rudnik, Poshega, and Ushitze. In the mean time, as he preferred the habits of peace, Milosh conducted the warfare for him.

"The flight of the other chiefs, in 1813, caused the consideration in which he was held throughout the country to increase greatly. All the nation fixed their eyes on him. The Turks were obliged to shun, and yet to pay him more deference than they wished. So long as their power was tolerable he supported them; again when it became intolerable and menaced himself, he resolved to rise in arms. He had promised his adoptive brother, Musselim Aschim Bey, to warn him in times of danger."—pp. 188, 189.

Milosh fixed on Palm Sunday, 1816, for the outbreak of the insurrection in the district of Rudnik, of which he was the knez. Early in the morning he showed himself to the people in the church of Tukowo, with glittering arms, and holding in his hand a Voivode's flag. "Here am I," said he; "you now have war with the Turks." The enthusiasm was great; even old men, usually timid, animating the others to revolt; but the danger, also, was greater than ever before, owing to the overwhelming superiority of the Turkish troops. The first bands of insurgents being easily dispersed by 10,000 of the enemy, the general distress seemed so great, that some deliberated whether they should not kill their wives and children, and retire as heyduks to the mountains. Milosh alone remained unmoved by fear; and having taken a station on the mountain Liubiz, on the left bank of

the Morawa, he intrenched himself there behind ramparts, drawing the Turks into an opposite plain. A curious kind of warfare was then carried on.

"Now, whilst the Albanese went out on skirmishing expeditions and men-hunting, the others, concealed in clefts of the mountains, and sometimes monks with the armed servants of the cloisters, followed them by stealth, and lay in wait for them in favourable places. It sometimes happened that the pursued, in their terror, together with their pursuers, dashed into the river, where they were engulfed by the rapid waters, which carried away women, children, and Albanians, until some fisherman found the bodies and made them a grave on the shore. Whosoever showed himself with a buruntie of the Pasha, who offered pardon, was killed without mercy, whether Turk or Servian.

The Servians fought well in their intrenchments, but their loss of men was so great, that, to deceive the enemy, they put garments upon pikes on the ramparts. One of the ramparts having been carried, they awaited momentarily, and full of alarm, the last attack. One evening, when they were in the greatest anxiety, a female slave came from the Turkish camp, and told them that there was an unusual bustle, but whether the enemy were preparing for attack or retreat, she could not tell. The Servians prayed to God that the latter might be the case, and made ready for battle. The next morning they perceived the Turks in full retreat, carrying away their booty. This the Servians would not suffer, but pursued the Turks, and routed them completely, taking all their artillery and baggage, besides a great number of prisoners. These Milosh ordered to be treated with extreme kindness, which caused the women to say, that they were treated like mothers and sisters, and that the religion which commanded this must be a true one. It was indeed a great victory won by Milosh, and the whole country might be considered as free from the Turks, with the exception of the districts commanded by the fortresses of Karanowatz and Poszarewatz. Both these soon fell into the hands of Milosh; though not until after the greatest efforts on his part. He overcame difficulties from the conviction that in each battle everything on his part was at stake, as may be seen from his message to the Turkish commander: "Wala!" said Milosh, "I know not whether thou hast not another way than this to oppose me; but I am sure that I have no other than to fight with thee to death." After this he told his officers, that such as chose might return home, for such as would stay should march at the head of their bands, and should one attempt to fly, he would kill him on the spot.

With such energy did he fight for five long days before he could drive the Turks out of the above-named places. Even then the war was not yet ended, the Pasha of Bosnia, Kurshid, having advanced into the country with a considerable force. Milosh boldly went to meet him, and defeated him entirely at Dublie, and took him prisoner, though he subsequently dismissed him, after offering him some valuable presents. Thus used Milosh to complete his victories by acts of magnanimity, for which he was amply rewarded. The pasha, in return for his kindness, advised him not to mix with any foreign power, that so he might become prince and lord of the country. It was fortunate that the jealousy of the Pasha Maraschti Ali, who advanced from another quarter, deterred this latter from combining with Kurshid; their disunion saved Milosh, and they both separately proposed to him a treaty of peace. Milosh first visited the latter in his camp, but could not come to any agreement with him, the surrender of arms being insisted on. Kurshid felt himself strongly tempted to deliver Milosh prisoner, and thus to put an end at once to all difficulties, and would have done so, but that a venerable Turk, Ali Aga Serttcheama—the same into whose hands Milosh surrendered arms in 1813—having promised him on his honour a safe retreat, opposed Kurshid, and said to Milosh, “Fear nothing so long as thou seest me and my thousand delias. For the future, however, trust not any one, not even me. We have been friends, and we part now forever.”

The other pasha showed himself more tractable, and consented that the Servians should remain in possession of their arms, and a message to this purpose was sent to Constantinople. The firman sent in answer, at the request, it is said, of Russia, who demanded the execution of the treaty of Bucharest, made use of this formula:—‘As God has intrusted to the sultan his subjects, so does the sultan intrust them to the pasha. By a magnanimous conduct the latter will fulfil his duty.’ On receiving it, the pasha proceeded at once to Belgrad, where he received Milosh and his followers, in the midst of fifty bimbashas, agas, and begs, all sitting silent on the floor and smoking. The pasha rose and said, ‘Are you Servians, subjects of the sultan?’ Milosh replied, ‘We are.’ And the question and answer was asked and given three times, after which the Servians were admitted to the honour of tobacco and coffee.

It was then agreed that the Turks should keep the fortresses, and the Servians the open country, themselves having the entire direction of all affairs, except that it was decided

that justice should be administered in common by the two nations. The question for the last time was, whether the Porte would sanction this agreement between the pasha and the Servians. It would not, and perhaps could not, so long as the old Mahomedan law, which dooms to servitude a conquered people, remained in vigour. The Porte, therefore, would not sanction the agreement by which the Servians were placed on an equality with the Turks, for such a concession would have implied further a radical reform in the constitution of the empire. The Servians on their part would yield nothing, and boldly reminded the Porte of the treaty of Bucharest, and even raised their demands. The country thus assumed a singular aspect, the ancient possessors of power being confined to the fortresses, and their former slaves being now masters and owners of the land. Both parties were armed, and ever ready to fall upon one another, and this state of things continued for twelve years. To Milosh, besides the great merit of having been the liberator of his country, belongs that also of having preserved Servia during that period in peace and independence. He was virtually the monarch of the land by the sole force of his personal merit and character, until the year 1827, when, on the 27th of January, his countrymen formally acknowledged him as such. About a thousand individuals of rank and influence signed on that day a petition at Kraguiewatz, in the name of the absent people, by which they prayed the sultan to give them a native metropolitan and an hereditary prince in the person of Milosh Obrenowitch. In another document, they prayed Milosh to become their prince, promising that this dignity should continue for ever in his family. When, on the following morning, they presented to him the two documents, Milosh touched them with his forehead, in token of respect, and then expressed his thanks by kissing those who stood near him, whilst the others were satisfied to kiss the border of his dress.

Upon these two documents we may remark in general that they merely offered an opportunity to the Porte to grant with a good grace, that which Servia had long since possessed in reality. The independence of the latter may be said to have existed since the first shot was fired by the Servians; and all the subsequent wars should be viewed as so many unsuccessful attempts made by the Turks to destroy it. The assertion of their independence by the Servians with arms in their hands, was only a simple manifestation of the intense national vitality alluded to before; it was like the eruption of a volcano,

and the flames were not quenched for full thirty years, owing solely to the narrow policy and the prejudices of the Porte. Even at the time we speak of, she was loth to recognize the rights of the Servians, though she tacitly acknowledged their independence, since on the outbreak of hostilities with Russia, in 1827, she demanded of Milosh permission for her troops to pass through Servia to the Danube, offering to pay double the usual price for all that her soldiers might require; but the request was not granted. On the other hand, Milosh showed much political sagacity by resisting the clamours of a party in Servia, who urged him to join Russia in the war against Turkey. After that war had terminated successfully for Russia, the latter made at Akjerman and Adrianople some favourable stipulations in behalf of the rights of the Servians, though it was their consciousness that the best guarantee of these rights lay in their swords, which had hitherto preserved them, and which ultimately induced the Porte to make concessions. By a firman in 1831, Milosh was recognised as hereditary Prince of Servia, but it was not until the close of the year 1833, that in virtue of a hattı sherif, the country was ceded to her native inhabitants. The tenour of the said hattı sherif amounts virtually to a declaration of the sovereignty of the Servian nation within her own boundaries, whilst it forbids the Turks to buy land or build houses out of Belgrad, and orders all Turkish landholders to sell their property and to leave the country within five years from the date thereof. The Servians are only to pay an annual tribute of 2,300,000 piastres, and to suffer the residence of a pasha, with 150 Turks at Belgrad, as a sign of their acknowledgment of the sultan's supreme authority over the land.

The Servians now required to be led on by an intelligent government, that they might reap the fruits of their victory, and that the wounds inflicted by war might be healed up through advances of all the arts of peace and of moral improvement, which should develop and further consolidate the work of national independence. Unhappily, Milosh was not the man to secure to them the advantages of such a government. The saying of the sage of antiquity, that no man should be called happy before his death, applies particularly to Milosh. He whose career had till then been that of a true hero, was incapable of resisting the passion of vulgar minds, and he took to accumulating riches in order thereby to ensure his power. By his attempts to create monopolies, and to sell the common right of industry, he is said to have made a

fortune of several million piastres, independently of the sums laid out for the purchase of his large estates in Wallachia. Patriotic men, amongst others Wuk Stefanowitch, the same who published the songs, were banished for remonstrating with him on his arbitrary and tyrannical measures. No hope remained of a change for the better, except by imposing on the absolute will of the prince the check of a constitution; and this he himself granted in 1839, being no longer able to withstand the general demand of the nation. The re-organized senate according to the new constitution immediately called on Milosh to account for certain sums of the public money, of which he had privately disposed; but he, accustomed for so many years to meet with servile obedience, and encouraged to persevere in his line of conduct by the diplomatic agents of some foreign states, bade defiance to the senate, and retired to Semlin, situated in the Austrian territory. On this occasion, the Servian people showed much good political sense, for having perceived the factious spirit of opposition which prevailed in the senate, they at once sent a deputation to invite Milosh back to Belgrad. He returned, but only to accelerate the catastrophe. Following the advice of foreign consuls, he appealed, but without success, to the soldiery, for support against his opponents. Only the commander of the prince's band, a German by birth, succeeded in raising 800 mutinous men, with whom he marched on Belgrad. This ruined the cause of Milosh with the people. He was forced to order the rebels to lay down their arms, and amongst these was his brother Prince Jovan. From that moment Milosh, impressed with the fear of a judicial inquiry which might lead to disagreeable results, seems to have thought only of saving both his person and his treasure. He took an affectionate leave of his wife and son, and went to live in Wallachia as an exile, much regretted by the nation who owed him so much, but who had also paid him well. Last summer, Milosh, at the request of the emperor, made his appearance at the court of Vienna, where, by the magnificence of his costume, he eclipsed even Prince Esterhazy.

After the retreat of Milosh, his eldest son, Milan, though in a dying state, was recognised as prince, so highly were the advantages of a regular succession appreciated by the nation. After Milan's decease, his brother Michael occupied the vacant throne, and during his minority a regency was established consisting of his uncle Efraim Obrenowitch, Wukasz Pereksicz, and Abraham Petronowitch. Some of these, however, as well as the principal ministers of state who had op-

posed Milosh, availed themselves of their influence to curtail the power of the prince and accumulate wealth, resorting also to foreign influence, in order to secure these objects to themselves. The better portion of the Servians, disgusted at such proceedings, went in June of the year before last, in large numbers, and armed, to Belgrad, demanding of the young prince, either to throw off the yoke which lay heavy upon them all, or to recall his father, as one tyrant was better than six. They requested him to banish all the regents except his uncle, and to transfer the seat of government from Belgrad, which remained under foreign influence, to Kragujevatz. The prince after some deliberation complied with both requests, and the two regents remained at Belgrad under the protection of the pasha. An appeal was next made by both parties to the Porte, who to her honour, and well advised for the first time during the whole Servian affair, approved of everything done by the national party. The prince was besides recognised as independent of all guardians. Under his pacific reign, which promises to be long, we may reasonably hope that Serbia, by following the career of industry and progressive social improvement, will become the centre of civilisation for the other Christian Slavonian population of Turkey; and this hope is also partly founded upon the hattı sheriff of Gulhane, securing to the Christians their rights; though the recall of Koshrew Pasha, the mortal enemy of all reform, which took place last year, is calculated to fill us with ill-boding presentiments. This fear is, however, groundless, probably, considering that the triumph of evil is short-lived, and that good is sure of being ultimately victorious; and of this we have a living proof in the case of Serbia. Every friend of humanity may hope that the day is not far distant when those countries, celebrated in the days of the Romans for their culture and their wealth, will again flourish in civilisation more than they ever did before. England has it especially in her power to bring about that desirable state, by taking in exchange for her goods from the Servian states the same raw materials which she now receives from Russia,—timber, iron, copper, tallow, hemp, flax, corn, and wood; not to mention wine, dried fruits, and silk; which latter, if duly cultivated, may be obtained almost to any extent. The country offers besides excellent means for export, being situated on the Danube, the mouth of which, now monopolized by Russia, who checks all trade by her arbitrary imposition of heavy tolls on vessels, we have no doubt will soon become free and open through the remonstrances of

our present ambassador at Constantinople,—a point of controversy which we trust will be immediately determined by energetic instructions on the part of our government. England will thus become enabled to coerce Russia both by Prussia and Serbia, on the Black Sea as well as the Baltic.

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ART. II.—*Die Deutsch-Russischen Ostsee Provinzen.* (The German Baltic Provinces of Russia.) Von J. G. KOHL. 2 vols. Dresden and Leipzig. 1841.

RUSSIA has her capital on the Baltic, and possesses provinces there sufficient to form a very respectable kingdom, even should all the rest of her empire be severed from the rule of the czars, either by a natural or a political convulsion. The Roman empire was once by its own weight broken into two unequal parts; perhaps the same fate may be reserved for Russia, when all the genuine Russian nationality may rally around the kremlin at Moscow, while St. Petersburg may become the capital of a new German or Finnish state; for the country around St. Petersburg, and more particularly along the Baltic, though subject to Russia, has hitherto held itself aloof from the other parts of the empire; and the few Russians that have established themselves there, are still looked upon rather as colonists, or temporary residents, than as permanent denizens of the soil. Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, and Finland, all enjoy political privileges, that have long been a subject of heart-burning and envy to the rest of the emperor's subjects. They have their parliaments and their municipal rights; and of these there are none to which they attach more value than the right of excluding all native Russians from their cities. Little colonies of Russians have indeed been growing larger and larger in the suburbs of many of these cities; and in the case of Riga the Russian suburbs have already become powerful enough to inspire the German city with serious apprehensions; nevertheless, the old spirit of the Hapsa\* still inspires the descendants of the gallant burghers, who knew so well, during the middle ages, to guard their rights against the oft repeated aggressions of their noble and knightly

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\*For a detailed account of the Hanseatic League, which played so distinguished a part in the middle ages, see an article in No XIII., Art. 6, of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

neighbours; and Riga has therefore maintained her privileges under her Russian sovereigns, with the same sturdiness and the same success as against the Knights of the Sword, the Palatines of Poland, and her martial Swedish sovereigns.

In no part of Europe have the civil institutions of the middle ages been preserved with less of modern admixture than in the Russo-Germanic provinces on the Baltic. Successively they have become the trophies of Swedish, Polish, and Russian conquests; and under each succeeding conqueror, the inhabitants of these provinces, by their adherence to their ancient institutions, have preserved their nationality, and retained a degree of freedom often envied and admired by the other subjects of the prince to whom they happened at the time to render their allegiance. These institutions alone stand now between the Livonian and his Russian master; and the value of the bulwark is too deeply felt to be hastily abandoned. In speaking of rights and freedom, however, we must be understood to confine our remarks to the burghers of the cities and the nobles of the land; for it would have been difficult for any conqueror to have aggravated the degraded and oppressed condition of the Livonian and Esthonian serfs; indeed, it is only since their subjection to the Russian sceptre, that the hope of better days has begun to dawn for them.

Upon the early history of these provinces, the researches of antiquarians have been unable to throw any light. Of legends and fables there is indeed no lack; but of the events that led to the first immigration of the Lives and Lettes into these remote regions, not even a hint can be obtained from the popular traditions that are still preserved among the peasantry. That the Lettes, particularly, are a race wholly distinct from those by whom they are surrounded, is the only fact that can now be satisfactorily ascertained. Their language exhibits no resemblance to that of the Finns, the Slavonians, or the Teutones. Some have traced or imagined an affinity with the Sanscrit; and from this circumstance, and the frequent occurrence of oriental images and allusions in their old national ballads, it has been inferred that the Lettes must have been of Indian origin. The author of the work before us adopts this theory as all but an undeniable axiom; but it is difficult to comprehend how an emigration from Hindostan to the shores of the Baltic can ever have really occurred.

All we can now know on the subject is, that this peculiar race must have found its way to the banks of the Dwina at a very remote period. When, 800 years ago, the country was first explored and conquered by the adventurous Germans, the Lettes were found living in the same state of isolation in which they still continue. Their lands and liberties were wrested from them by the foreign invader; nevertheless, they neither adopted his manners nor his language, and even his religion had to be forced upon them by long and sanguinary persecutions. The Lette peasant and his German lord have passed together under the sovereignty of the Pole, the Swede, and the Russian; still no amalgamation has taken place. The original race, in their state of bondage, preserve, in their ballads and traditions, the memory of the independence enjoyed by their ancestors eight centuries ago; and time has but little softened the hatred inspired by the first intruders who possessed themselves, by the sword, of the dismal swamps and gloomy forests of the Dwina. The tie even of a common creed has not sufficed to amalgamate the conquering with the conquered race; connexions by marriage are almost unknown among them; slavery, in its worst form, has kept alive the feeling of hatred on the one side, and of contempt on the other; and to this mutual estrangement may, in a great measure, be attributed the obscurity into which all the early annals of the country have sunk.\*

At an early period of the middle ages, the country along the Baltic, from the Oder to the Peipus Lake, was conquered by various German adventurers. The original inhabitants, though surrounded by nations that had embraced the doctrines of the Gospel, had maintained their wild independence and their idolatrous worship, and appear to have lived under the government of a hierarchy, in which some writers have imagined that they had detected a close resemblance to the Brahminism of ancient India. The pagan Prussians and Lithuanians would, under any circumstances, have been objects of aversion to the Christians of Germany and Poland, among whom the zeal inspired by recent conversion had lost but little of its

\* The population of the three provinces is estimated at 1,500,000. Of these, Mr. Kohl supposes, about 1,350,000 are of the ancient Lettish and Esthonian races; 75,000 are of German descent, including the whole of the nobility; 45,000 are Russians; 20,000 are Swedes, living upon smaller isles of the Baltic; the Jews are supposed to amount to about the same number.

first fire, and who no doubt looked upon the subjection of their heathen neighbours as a work equally expedient in a temporal, and laudable in a spiritual point of view. The ancient chronicles of Poland would lead us to believe, that in all the border wars with the Prussians and Lithuanians, the pagans were invariably the aggressors; and these have transmitted to us none of their early records, by which the sweeping charges of their enemies might, in some measure, have been mitigated. We are not, however, on that account, bound to receive with implicit faith the partial narratives of Polish historians; for it is more than probable that mutual aggressions embittered the hostilities to which religious animosity and conflicting interests gave rise; and when at length a Polish duke found it necessary to demand foreign aid for the protection of his lands, we may take it for granted that either his own conduct or that of his immediate predecessors had gone far to provoke the aggressions which had all at once assumed so menacing an aspect.

The German knights, in Palestine, under the enterprising grand master Hermann de Salza, had suddenly started up from their humble origin into considerable political importance. During the siege of Acre, some pious German knights afflicted to behold the sufferings to which the wounded of the Christian army were consigned, by the unfeeling neglect of their leaders, associated themselves for the purpose of administering such relief and succour as it was in their power to afford to the unfortunate objects of their sympathy. The manner in which these valiant and humane Germans acquitted themselves of the self-imposed task, justly excited the admiration of the Christian camp; and, on the fall of Acre, more convenient hospitals were assigned for the reception of the sick and wounded, and their superintendence was permanently placed in the hands of the German knights, who now formed themselves into a religious order, bound by the severest rules to a life of poverty and toil, and seemed but little to prepare them for that opulence and political power to which they were so soon afterwards enabled successfully to aspire. The candidates for reception into the German or Teutonic order were to be of noble birth and natives of Germany. Their vows of chastity were retrospective as well as prospective. The knight who had once led a bride to the altar was disqualified, and could never hope for admission to so asce-

tic an order, however honestly he might be disposed for the remainder of his life to renounce the sweets and the bitters of wedlock. When at length the novice was admitted to take the vows that made him one of the knights hospitaliers, he pledged himself to obey implicitly all the rules of the order, and all the commands of the grand master. The worldly goods of the newly-admitted knight became the common property of the order, and from that moment he could never again be the owner of anything beyond the habit that he wore, and the sword with which he vowed to defend the Holy Land, against its infidel possessors. To the defence of the Holy Land, to attendance on the sick, to prayer and to penance, the future life of the knight was to be exclusively devoted, and there is reason to believe that these severe rules were religiously observed by the early knights, to whom their order bound itself to furnish no other food than bread and water, no luxury beyond a bed of straw, no raiment beyond the prescribed habit, and no distinction beyond the arms that were to be wielded in battle against the Pagan.

Humble as was its origin, and severe as were its rules, the Teutonic order did not long confine its action to the narrow sphere assigned to it by its founders. Under Hermann de Salza, their fourth grand master, the German knights had already become powerful enough to be courted by popes and emperors, and on one occasion Honorius III. and Frederick II. agreed to remit the settlement of their differences to the arbitration of Hermann, who, strange to say, seems to have given a decision satisfactory to both disputants, at least one with which both professed themselves satisfied, since both parties testified their approval of his verdict by rich gifts and distinguished marks of respect. Under him a Landgrave of Thuringia renounced his sovereignty, to assume the habit of the Teutonic order, and many of the proudest nobles of Germany showed themselves emulous of the landgrave's example.

To these gallant knights, now famed throughout Christendom, for the sanctity of their lives, and for their indomitable courage in battle, the Poles turned for succour against the incessant attacks of their Prussian neighbours. Duke Conrad solicited the aid of Salza, and wisely offered a good price for the services of which he stood in need. The city of Culm, with a large dependant territory, was ceded at



once in perpetuity to the order, and all conquests obtained in pagan land were to be held undisputed sovereignty by the German knights. The ambitious grand master lost but little time in availing himself of so tempting an offer. A number of adventurous knights were sent to the aid of the distressed Poles, and a provincial master was appointed to superintend the interests of the order in Prussia, where the conquests of the knights were rapid, and where what was once conquered was seldom lost again. Castles and other strongholds arose in all parts of the country, and their territories on the Baltic soon constituted the most important of the possessions of the Teutonic order.

In 1234 they received an important increase of power. Another order of German knights, the Brothers of the Sword, founded by Albert, Bishop of Riga, in 1204, for the conquest and conversion of Livonia, had availed themselves of the captivity of Valdemar, King of Denmark, to obtain possession of a large portion of his newly-conquered territories in Esthonia. No sooner, however, had Valdemar obtained his liberty, than the Brothers of the Sword became conscious of their inability to cope with so powerful an antagonist, and they, therefore, sought to strengthen themselves by an alliance with their warlike countrymen, who had been so successful in taking and keeping the lands of the idolatrous Prussians. The Livonian order was accordingly incorporated with that of the Teutonic knights. The possessions in Livonia became the property of the united order, in which, of course, the feeble body was lost in the more powerful, and the grand master of Livonia became a provincial master of the Teutonic order, which thus, in less than fifty years from its first institution, had acquired an extent of territory, and a political importance, that contrasted singularly with those vows of poverty and humility which were still imposed on all who entered their community. With Valdemar, it is true, the knights deemed it prudent to conclude an honourable peace, by which the king recovered possession of his Esthonian lands, with permission to take as many more as he could from the idolators; but the son of Valdemar had none of the enterprise and energy of his father, and sold his Esthonian dominions, including Narva, Reval, and other cities, to the knights, for the paltry sum of 19,000 marks of silver.

The grand master of the order, the vir-

tual sovereign of this mighty empire, continued to reside in his hospital at Acre, till the capture of that city by the Saracens in 1291, when the heads of the order retired to their estates in Hesse. It is singular that they should not at once have transferred their residence to their dominions on the Baltic, and still more singular that such a step should have been postponed for fifteen years; but the anomaly of a great empire governed by a prince who resided as a mere abbot in a foreign land, could not but soon be felt, and in 1306 the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights removed to Prussia, assumed the active sovereignty of the country, and established the seat of government at Marienburg.\* The Livonian dominions continued to be administered by a provincial master, under whom a swarm of German adventurers possessed themselves of nearly the whole of the landed property of the country, and reduced the native population gradually to a state of serfdom more abject than ever existed either in

\* The Teutonic order continued to increase in wealth and power till about the beginning of the 15th century. Various causes contributed to its decline, the chief of which were the growing power of Poland, and the luxury to which the knights abandoned themselves. An idea of the extent to which they must have carried their luxury and ostentation, may be obtained from a perusal of some of the sumptuary laws passed by the grand masters, for the regulation of these devotees to poverty, humility, and penance, or of the "gay bachelors," as they are more appropriately termed by the sprightly and clever authoress of the "Letters from the Baltic." By one of these sumptuary laws it was enacted, that a simple knight should not in future maintain an equipage of more than six horses, nor a commander more than a hundred. In their quarrels with Poland in the 15th century, the knights, for the most part, had the worst of it, lost a great part of their territory, and much of what remained to them they were obliged to hold as a fief of the Polish crown. The knights thought it a great stroke of policy, in 1511, to elect Albert of Brandenburg as their grand master; but this election proved the ruin of their order. They expected Albert would have had influence enough to obtain their lands back from Poland, but Albert thought more of the interests of his own family than of those of a worn out order of knighthood. He embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and converted the dominions of the order into an hereditary duchy, and so laid the foundation of the present greatness of the royal house of Prussia. The greater part of the knights imitated the example of their grand master, and renounced the Roman Catholic faith. The few who refused to embrace the doctrines of Luther, retired to the estates of the order in Germany, where they resided in comparative obscurity till Bonaparte put them out of all further pain by abolishing the order, and giving the estates to those among the German princes whom it was his object to enrich without any personal sacrifice on his own part.

Russia or Poland. The Russian government has recently obtained the abolition of serfdom; but the habits of centuries are not to be destroyed in years; the peasants of Livonia have gained but little by their nominal enfranchisement, and the land and all the power and influence which the possession of land must carry with it in an almost exclusively agricultural country, remains the property of the descendants of those foreign adventurers who first conquered and enslaved the native race.

While the German knights and nobles were thus possessing themselves of the lands of the natives, another body of Germans were establishing themselves on the sea-coast. In 1158 some Bremen merchants, on a voyage to Wisby, a port in the island of Gothland, were driven out of their course by a storm, were carried safely round the Prince of the Blue Mountain, the dangerous promontory at the northern extremity of Courland, were blown without any serious mishap over the shoals and rocks of the Gulf of Riga, and were at length landed safe and sound at the mouth of the Dwina, in the land of the Lives, a country at that time no better known to what was pleased to look upon itself as the civilized portion of the world, than was the land of the Red Indians to the contemporaries of Columbus. These Bremerers proceeded in the way in which civilized discoverers have but too usually acted towards the simple aborigines of new countries. At first the strangers obtained the cession of a small island near the mouth of the river; they then built castles, and gradually obtained a footing in the land, that justly excited the jealousy of the natives. These now attempted to expel the dangerous intruders, but the attempt came too late. The German traders were well aware of the important advantage of a commercial station at the mouth of such a river as the Dwina, and when they could not outwit the natives by superior cunning, they reduced them to servitude by open violence. Their conduct was perfectly justifiable, according to the code of morals then in force; and even in modern times the treatment by Europeans of the uninstructed races of newly-discovered countries has scarcely been of a nature to allow us to pass a severe judgment on the German colonists of the twelfth century. They did not exterminate the Estonians, but merely reduced them to servitude, and took possession of their lands, offering

them the blessings of Christianity in return. It is hardly matter of wonder that the efforts at conversion of such apostles were long inefficacious. The natives continued to cling to their idols and sacred groves as the last remnant of their paternal inheritance. The Gospel, by its own unaided efforts, would probably have made its way much more rapidly without the interference of the merchants of Bremen, or that of their noble and knightly compatriots of the fraternity of the sword.

One of these Bremen traders, of the name of Meinhard, became the first bishop of Livonia; he was succeeded by Berthold, who, in his turn, was followed by Albert. They were all three fitted by talent and intrepidity for the difficult task of founding a new colony; but the most enterprising and energetic of them was Albert, who, in the year 1200, founded the city of Riga, about two (German) miles from the mouth of the Dwina, and, about the same time established the religious order of knighthood, of which mention has already been made, the Brothers of the Sword,\* who gradually possessed themselves of the whole of Livonia, and drove into the fold of the Church, as many of the poor Lettes and Lives as could be frightened away from their idolatrous practices by the terror of the sword, and of the purgatorial flames with which they were threatened in this world as well as in the next.

Such is a brief sketch of the first settlement of the Germans in these provinces, where their descendants have retained what their stout ancestors so boldly conquered. The nobles in the land, and the burghers in the towns, are still thorough Germans, in language and in habits, while the peasantry continues to be composed of the native race. Two or three of the noble houses of Livonia trace their descent from ancestors that dwelt in the land before the German conquest; but the members of these families are all completely Germanised, and retain no mark of their native origin but the names transmitted to them by their forefathers.

The first bishops appear to have ruled in Riga with undisputed sway, but their successors gradually lost their authority, as well over the burghers of the city, as over the powerful order founded by Albert. The citizens succeeded in organ-

\* *Schwerdtbrüder* is the name by which they were known among their own countrymen. In French works on chivalry they are frequently spoken of as the *Porte-Épées*, or *Épéiers*.

izing, for their government, a municipal constitution, taking that of Bremen as their model, and the knights proceeded in a short time to elect a grand master, whom they invested with an authority wholly independent of the episcopal see. The bishops of Riga, by way of strengthening themselves, obtained the archiepiscopal dignity from Rome, but the knights were not disposed to yield to the archbishop what they had withheld from him under a less lofty title, and even the papal mandate was more than once disregarded by these sturdy members of the church militant. This period of Livonian history is filled almost exclusively with an account of the struggles and disputes between the order and the archbishop. The burghers of Riga sided on these occasions, mostly, with their metropolitan, but the knights, in their castles, and in possession of the whole open country, derided the puny efforts to assert an authority for the enforcement of which the means were altogether wanting.

Riga had its armies and its consuls that marched out more than once to do battle against the knights, and there were within the city military orders and armed fraternities, on which the monkish chivalry affected to look down with great disdain; but the burghers, though generally beaten in battle, never allowed their municipal liberty to be encroached upon, and their old constitution still continues to govern them, though, since then, the city has been for half a century a Polish, for a century a Swedish, and now, for 132 years, a Russian city. When Riga capitulated to the Russians in 1710, the privileges of the city were guaranteed, and the Empress Catherine is the only Russian sovereign that has attempted to violate the terms of the capitulation. There is no part of this capitulation to which the burgher of Riga, at the present day, attached more importance, than that by which it is stipulated, that no Russian shall be permitted to establish himself within the city. The Russian colony, however, which has grown up in the immediate suburbs becomes every day more menacing to the Germanism of the old imperial city. Those of the suburb complain bitterly of their exclusion from the town, and there are not wanting at the Russian court people who urge the emperor to do away with the privileges of the German cities, privileges which the native Russian has indeed good reason to envy, but which it ought rather to be his

object to extend to other portions of the empire, than to obliterate or curtail. The cities, however, are not without their friends at court. Livonia and Esthonia have long furnished the ablest men to the civil as well as to the military service of Russia. The German names with which the senate and army are crowded, are mostly borne by the younger sons of the noble houses of the Baltic provinces. These men hold many of the most important offices of the empire, are constantly about the person of their sovereign, and are able to ward off many a blow that might otherwise be dangerous to the immunities of their native provinces.

The old city of Riga, properly so called, reminds the stranger on his first arrival, of the antique forms and shapes crowded together in many of the old imperial cities of Germany. The houses are high, the streets narrow, crooked, and gloomy, and the whole population is packed upon a space of ground less than a verst in diameter. With the exception of two tolerably open spaces, there are few parts of the town accessible to the sun, and there are streets and lanes in which he has not been allowed to show his face for centuries. The atmosphere often feels like that of a cavern, and a somewhat lively imagination might easily fancy the whole city a curious piece of carving in a rock, through which a multitude of narrow winding passages had been cut at an enormous cost of labour. Many of the houses are of surprising solidity, and some of them have, probably, seen a score of generations of owners. Every thing about the place wears a venerable air of antiquity. There are families still residing in the place, who trace their pedigrees, through a succession of burghers, to some of the original colonists that came over with Bishop Meinhard. The old town-house (*Rathhaus*) stands intact, and from the balcony in front of it, every year, on Michaelmas-day, after divine service, at which the senate and the municipality attend in state, the chief secretary, in the presence of the two senior burgo-masters, reads to the assembled citizens the *Baurspake*, the antique code of the city, a code which, highly as it may be valued by the good people, they hold but on sufferance, for it can scarcely be denied that one imperial ukase would suffice to sweep away all the constitutional privileges of the favoured provinces.

The suburbs form a complete contrast to the city. The houses, the streets, the

people, nay the very language, are as unlike as possible. Everything within the walls breathes of antiquity and solidity; but no sooner have you passed the massive fortifications, than you feel as though you had stepped out of the Germany of the middle ages into the modernised Russia of the nineteenth century. The streets, in the true Russian fashion, are broad, smart, and of interminable length. The houses, mostly of wood, are painted white or yellow, with green or red roofs, a profusion of pillars, a pompous exterior; but, as to the comforts to be found within them, let those pry whose curiosity tempts them to the feat. In these suburbs the population is almost wholly Russian; it is composed of labourers and mechanics of various grades and callings, but among them are many wealthy merchants, who have their correspondents in all parts of the interior, and act as the agents and brokers of the German houses within the city. These Russian merchants, wealthy as many of them have become, are for the most part serfs. Many of them came to Riga with no other capital than a pair of willing hands, and are now the owners of millions. They live like princes, but on the doors of their palaces may be read inscriptions something like the following: "Paul, the son of Peter, the thrall of Scheremetieff;" and a word from their lords may summon any one of them from his luxurious mansion to the most menial drudgery to which caprice may consign him. Immense sums are frequently offered by these wealthy serfs as the price of freedom, but though few Russian nobles are known to abuse the power which the law gives them, by plundering these rich slaves, it is but seldom that the wished-for manumission is obtained. The noble who enfranchises a serf is looked upon with an unfriendly eye by those of his order. The man who is the owner of wealthy serfs, enjoys consideration among his equals, on the ground of the power which he possesses in consequence, and this power flatters the pride of the master, even where he has not the least intention to abuse it. "Go where you will," says the lord to his serf; "earn money how you can and where you can, but continue to be one of my people, and send me your *obrock*\* regularly." The serf, it is true,

has many ways of placing his property out of his master's reach, and the manumission denied to entreaties, and for which large sums have been offered in vain, may be obtained by stratagem. There is, or lately was, in one of the Riga suburbs, a rich merchant who had repeatedly but vainly solicited his freedom, and at last bribed a nobleman to assist him in compassing the wished for end. The merchant's master was tempted to play high. When the master won, the merchant paid his agent's losses, justly calculating that the luck would turn sooner or later. It did so, and the object for which the merchant had made so many sacrifices was at length accomplished. The estate on which he was *gleba adscriptus* was staked upon a card, was lost, and the capitalist obtained his freedom in return for the money it had cost him to ruin his inflexible lord.

The daily increase in the population of these suburbs is a source of constant and just anxiety to the Germans of the city. The burghers are far from increasing in the same proportion, as many of them leave the place every year to seek their fortunes in the army, and in the civil service of the crown. Indeed many people in Riga maintain, that the German population is declining, or at best stationary. The Slavonian suburbs, meanwhile, are constantly and clamorously knocking at the city gates, and complain, not without a semblance of justice, of their exclusion from the municipal privileges of the burghers. In Reval, Libau, and the other German cities on the Baltic, a similar struggle is going on, but nowhere do the suburbs assume so formidable an aspect as at Riga. The German Lutheran population of the city amounts to about 30,000 souls; in the suburbs, nearly 20,000 Russians may be said to form a besieging camp, with fresh reinforcements pouring into it daily. The Russians demand to be placed on a footing of equality with the townspeople; to vote in the election

ability of the serf to turn his talents to account. Four or five pounds sterling annually (from 50 to 100 rubles) will be paid to his lord by a peasant who has acquired sufficient knowledge to be able to work as journeyman at some mechanical trade. Even boys of fourteen or fifteen will be often found travelling in the interior of Russia with their fathers and elder brothers, when on inquiry it will be found, that even these children are obliged to purchase, by an annual payment of 50 or 60 rubles, the privilege of a temporary absence from their native village, in search of a more profitable field for the exercise of their industry.

\* The *obrock* is the tribute which a serf is bound to pay yearly when away from the estate to which he belongs. The lord of the estate fixes, of course, the amount of the *obrock* according to his own will and pleasure, and according to the supposed

of magistrates, and to be eligible themselves to the dignities of senator, burgo-master, &c. The Germans, on their side, say that these are things beyond a Russian's comprehension, and to admit a Russian into the corporation would at once substitute, for the republican institutions of the old imperial city, all the despotism of a Russian government town. The burghers appeal to the capitulation of 1710. The Russians ridicule the fuss made about what they look on merely as a musty piece of parchment, and by dint of perseverance they have already neutralized some of the stipulations which it contains. One of these was that no Russian should hold so much as a stall within the gates, nor till within the last twenty years were they allowed to do so. At present they hold hundreds. Nothing, however, has tended more to encourage the pretensions of the suburbs, than the appointment, a few years ago, of a bishop of the Greek church to reside at Riga. The bishop naturally sympathises with his countrymen, and feels very little respect for the prejudices of the Lutheran heretics, whom he would not be at all sorry to see taking their departure from the scene of his spiritual labours. The late bishop, indeed, allowed his zeal to carry him so far, that serious and sanguinary riots were the consequence, the exact nature of which it is not easy to divine from the few imperfect explanations that were allowed to transpire through the medium of the German press. The government, however, deemed it prudent to remove the over-zealous prelate, and another has been appointed in his stead. Should the Russians eventually gain their suit, and obtain admission to the corporate offices, the whole aspect of the city will be changed. The Germans will probably retire in a body, will abandon the management of their public affairs altogether, and the magistrates will then become as servile to the governor, and as accessible to bribery, as they are in the other cities of the empire. It is probable, however, that the burghers will fight the battle sturdily for many years to come, and there is no knowing what events may be yet in the womb of time, to rescue the Germanism of Riga from the justly-dreaded *Russification* with which it is threatened.

While this struggle is going on among the great, there is another which proceeds among the journeymen mechanics of the two nations. In Riga the old cor-

poration-laws, by which the several trades are governed, still bear a close resemblance to the legislation of the German cities in the middle ages. Such a system, however, is entirely at variance with the customs of Russia, where every mechanical trade is free; where every man may use his own discretion whether he shall take to the making of shoes, the building of houses, or the painting of posts; and where every man is left to choose and change his calling, just as he pleases, and as often as he pleases. A Russian arrives at Riga in search of work, and he is annoyed, and not without reason, to find himself controlled by a multitude of vexatious regulations, of which he never dreamt in the interior of Russia, and which he cannot but look upon as at once unjust and absurd. Take the following as a specimen:

"A Russian mason shall be permitted to undertake repairs in the suburbs, with the exception of vaulted cellars and chimneys in such buildings as are more particularly exposed to the danger of fire, such as breweries, distilleries, &c., but he shall not be qualified to undertake any work of the kind within the city.

"A Russian potter is allowed to mend old stoves within the city, but not to set new ones. In the suburbs, however, he may set new stoves, but he is to do so subject to the superintendence of the German corporation of potters.

"It shall be permitted to Russian carpenters to build even new houses in the suburbs, provided the cost of labour in the erection does not exceed 500 rubles banco, and provided also, that the foundation, the cellaring, and those parts more particularly liable to fire, shall be constructed under the superintendence of a master belonging to the corporation of masons."

There are a multitude of similar regulations in force, but these may suffice to give an idea of the constant skirmishing between Russian and German journeymen, that must be going on in the cellars and about the stoves of Riga.

We have said that in the times of chivalry, the burghers of Riga (and the same remark applies to most of the other cities) had also their orders and military fraternities, and some of these have continued in existence down to the present day. Among these, that of the Black Chiefs, or *Schwarzen Häupter*, once quite as formidable a body as the name would seem to imply, has degenerated into a kind of Bacchanalian club. The Black Chiefs, like the military orders of the day, were to be all bachelors, though they contracted no obligation to remain so for the rest of their lives. They bound themselves to defend the town against all enemies that

should attack it; but in peaceable times these city champions were not unfrequently themselves the first to disturb tranquillity, and in all intestine disputes, an evil from which few cities were free in the middle ages, the Black Chiefs were certain to play a prominent part. In those times all the towns of the provinces had their Black Chiefs, but at present the association exists only in Riga and Reval, and consists of the young men of those two cities, who meet together merely for convivial purposes, are exceedingly exclusive in the admission of new members, and, as a matter of course, retire from the club when they marry. In all public processions, the Black Chiefs continue to hold their place, as one of the regularly constituted bodies in the state.

Among the trading cities of the Baltic, Riga is by far the most ancient, and its imports and exports are larger than those of any other Russian port, with the exception of St. Petersburg, which owes its great commercial prosperity to the extraordinary privileges with which the partiality of its sovereigns has endowed it. Riga stands at the mouth of a splendid river, which, with its tributary streams, presents a natural inland navigation of nearly a thousand English miles. Corn, linseed, hemp, flax, tallow and timber form the chief articles of export. For the growth of wheat the climate of these provinces is but little suited, but the Riga rye is celebrated throughout all those countries where black bread forms the staple diet. The hemp of Riga is no less famous, and the magistrates of the city, in order to preserve the character of the hemp, do everything in their power to prevent the inferior qualities from being brought into the market. For this purpose a corporation, known to merchants under the name of *Braker*, are appointed, who examine every parcel of hemp before it can be offered for sale, determine its quality by assigning it to the first, second, third, or fourth class, and turn back whatever is not thought sufficiently good for the market. A similar tribunal for the adjudication of hemp and flax exists at St. Petersburg, but the hemp-judges there, like all Russian judges, have the reputation of being of easy access to golden arguments, and even the Riga *braker* are said to have become a little *Russified*. "Thirty or forty years ago," says Mr. Kohl, "the mark of a Riga *braker* enjoyed such celebrity throughout the whole commercial world, that even in Spain a bale

of hemp or flax bearing the official stamp passed from hand to hand without further examination, every merchant readily paying for it the price corresponding with the mark that it bore."

Timber has been an important article of export from Riga for centuries, and still the forests of Volhynia, and of the other provinces watered by the tributaries of the Dwina, show no signs of exhaustion, but continue to furnish England and Holland with the finest firs and pines in the world. The merchants of Riga buy the wood while it is yet growing among the marshes of the interior; and for this purpose they employ a class of men known under the denomination of *tree-climbers*, who go and examine the trees for their employers. The climber, when he finds a tree that suits his purpose, measures the length and thickness, puts his mark upon it, and having concluded the bargain, orders it to be cut down. This is done at the merchant's risk, who has no redress if on the arrival of the wood at Riga, the climber is found to have been at fault with respect to the quality. The tree-climber, it may be supposed, must be well paid for an office which requires judgment, and causes a considerable degree of personal fatigue. To climb a large tree, and determine its value, entitles the man to a fee of eight or ten silver rubles, and it is generally two years afterwards before the tree has performed its tedious journey to the harbour of Riga, and enabled the merchant to estimate the value of his agent's judgment.

The most important part of the trade of Riga is carried on with England. Three-fifths of the exports, on an average, are bound for English ports; and of the twelve or fifteen hundred foreign vessels that arrive in the course of the year, more than half generally carry the British flag.

Before we leave Riga, we must say a few words about two popular festivals that are annually celebrated, and which are in themselves calculated to excite a lively interest, independently of that for which they stand indebted to the antiquity of their origin. These are—the Feast of Flowers, and the Feast of Hunger-Sorrow. The Feast of Flowers is celebrated on St. John's day (24th June); but this is merely the effect of accident, this day having been set apart as one of rejoicing, long before the name of St. John was known in these provinces. The pagan *Lives* and *Lettes* worshipped the Goddess of Joy, of Spring and of Flowers, under the

name of Ligho. On the return of spring, her festival was celebrated. The entire population of the country decorated themselves with flowers, assembled about the lakes and the rivers, offered sacrifices to the goddess, and spent the whole of the ensuing night in dancing, singing, and carousing. *Au fond*, the day is celebrated much in the same way now as it was a thousand years ago. The only difference is, that Ligho's day happens to coincide with St. John's day (a feast retained by the Lutheran Church), in consequence of which the whole affair has been, in some measure, Christianized; and in all the songs appropriated to the occasion, the names of Ligho and St. John are mingled in edifying confusion. Indeed, St. John is treated in a more free and easy style than the heathen goddess, his name being usually shortened into the familiar brevity of Johnny—"Ligho, Johnny, Ligho," being the burden of the thousand and one ditties that resound throughout the three provinces on this seemingly so happy night. Young and old; nobles, burghers, and peasants; all appear on this day to throw reason and sobriety overboard, and to abandon themselves to noise and gaiety. The very houses and cattle are hung with flowers and green branches, the floors of the rooms are strewn with leaves, and the dancing, singing and drinking, which commence early in the day, are in general most religiously protracted till an early hour on the ensuing morning. It may easily be supposed that on such an occasion, a city of 50,000 inhabitants must require a very ample supply of flowers and green branches. From many miles around Riga, hundreds of peasants come pouring in, at peep of day, with their wreaths and nosegays, and one of the prettiest fairs that can well be imagined is thus formed, adding greatly to the effect of the scene. The rose, at that season particularly abundant, is the favourite flower; and more than one gardener of the vicinity is supposed to sell upwards of 4000 roses in the course of the day. Stalls and shows of every description arise in the market-place, and in the evening, the whole town is lighted up in the gayest manner, while many parties go singing through the streets, and gondolas, with bands of music, are gliding joyously over the bosom of the majestic Dwina.

The Feast of Hunger-Sorrow falls in the month of August. It is kept up, as tradition says, to commemorate the raising of a protracted siege, which occurred

in the early history of the town, and during which the inhabitants suffered dreadfully from famine. The anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, is still celebrated by a public feast given to the poor. All who are hungry and sorrowful are on that day to be regaled at the cost of the city. Public tables are laid out under tents, where every comer is welcome to sit down and feast sumptuously for at least one day in the year. In private houses dinner-parties are the order of the day; and acts of kindness to the poor are deemed by the Riga burghers the most suitable tribute to the memory of their gallant ancestors. This holiday has been greatly enlivened of late years, since a Russian town has sprung up outside of the city gates. It happens, that on the same day (6th August), the Russians celebrate one of their favourite festivals, namely, the "Consecration of the Fruit." Before this day, the genuine Russian thinks that apples, pears, plums, &c., must not be eaten; but when the day of the consecration has arrived, they abandon themselves to the enjoyment of these delicacies without the slightest reserve, though even then they have scarcely had time to ripen in these northern regions.

Not far from the mouth of the Dwina, nearly in the centre of the gulf of Riga, lies the little island of Rouno. In all the other islands of Livonia and Esthonia, the peasantry, like those on the continent, have been reduced to slavery by their German conquerors; but in Rouno there are neither serfs nor lords. The inhabitants, a simple-minded community of freemen, enjoy under the Russian sceptre a degree of liberty little inferior to what they could hope for under the wildest democracy. They pay annual tribute to the emperor; and this payment (about 1000 silver rubles) exonerates them from every other burden. No Russian is known to have ever set foot on their land. Their Lutheran pastor, and a German justice of the peace, are the only two individuals recognised as entitled to exercise any authority over the islanders. It is difficult to imagine a community in which the principle of liberty and equality can be more completely carried out. The inhabitants are evidently of Scandinavian origin. They speak the Swedish language; but there exists no record to mark the period at which the island was first colonized by the Swedes. How they have kept themselves distinct for so

many centuries from the native races of Livonia,—how they have failed to excite the cupidity of the several conquerors by whom the neighbouring provinces have at different periods been overrun,—are questions to which it would now be difficult to return an answer.

Rouno is surrounded on all sides by extensive sandbanks, and on these are caught the chief portion of the fish consumed by the good citizens of Riga. The summer fishery, however, forms but a secondary object with the islanders, who look to the winter for their real harvest. The gulf of Riga is every winter rendered innavigable by the masses of ice then floating about in it, and which are prevented from driving out to sea, by the islands that lie as a barrier at the entrance to the gulf. In severe seasons these masses freeze together, and the whole gulf then presents an unbroken field of ice. At the extreme point of Courland, Domesnäs, an accumulation of ice takes place every year, and often extends to the opposite island of Oesel, but to the west of these points the sea always continues open. On the borders of these ice fields are the favourite haunts of the seals, particularly towards the close of winter, when the sun begins to diffuse a little warmth, but before it has become powerful enough to dissolve the solid mass by which the waves are still held in check. At this period it is that the fishermen of Rouno start upon an expedition, on the result of which they place their main dependence for the rest of the year. If the gulf is completely frozen over they proceed in sledges, but this is a facility only enjoyed in very severe winters; in general they go out in small undecked boats, in which they often brave wind, weather, and ice, for months together. On these occasions they lay in a two months' stock of provisions, and take a solemn leave of their wives and families, as men who are going on an expedition of extreme danger. They mostly shoot the seals with rifles, though, if they can get near enough to the fat stranger while he is taking his nap on the ice, they despatch him with clubs and harpoons. All these articles are of their own manufacture, even their rifles, which are said to be admirably made, and as each man is generally the father of his own gun, he is familiar with its tricks, and rarely fails to *turn up* his game. Many of these daring fellows are at times swept into a watery grave; but they are familiar with the dangers which

they have to encounter, and, therefore, for the most part return in safety, and well laden with spoil, to their island home. When the little homeward-bound fleet is discerned on the edge of the horizon, the news flies like wildfire from one end of Rouno to the other. The women, the children, and the old men assemble on the strand and welcome the returning heroes with the discharge of fire-arms, and other tumultuous demonstrations of joy, and by the time the boats reach the shore, a grand banquet has been prepared, in which the whole population of the island participate, and at which they may be fairly excused, after the dangers, hardships, and separation of several months, if their gaiety is not restrained within the bounds which prudence might be likely to prescribe. This expedition is always undertaken on joint account, and the produce, when realized, is divided according to the boats and stores which each has contributed. In the same way the corn, sugar, coffee, tea, and similar articles of luxury, are almost always purchased on joint account, and afterwards distributed among the several families on the island.

The system of jurisprudence in Rouno is as primitive as the rest of its social organization. Heinous crimes are of very rare occurrence, and when they do occur, the offender is delivered up without ceremony to the authorities at Riga, to deal with him according to their good pleasure. The only judicial punishment which the inhabitants themselves enforce, is banishment from the island. When they are dissatisfied with the conduct of one of their community,—if, for instance, he is an habitual drunkard, or cowardly and lazy when the seal-hunting expedition is about to start,—he is first taken to task and admonished in due succession by his relatives and the pastor, and if, after a time, he should not reform, the heads of the different families meet together and pronounce a sentence of banishment. The delinquent is then put into a boat, and carried over to the continent, where he is set on shore to seek his fortune, but to Rouno he must never think of returning. Some years ago the governor of Riga thought proper to interfere in the case of a drunken vagabond, whom his fellow islanders had expelled from their community, and whom the governor ordered them to suffer to return. Finding that the governor was likely to enforce his commands, a deputa-



tion of the islanders was sent to St. Petersburg, where they were admitted to an interview with the emperor, to whom they explained their traditional customs and privileges, and obtained from him an assurance that they should be allowed to live as their forefathers had done. Physically and morally, the people of Rouno are superior to the Livonian and Esthonian peasantry. There are even schools on the island, and the majority of the children are taught to read and write the Swedish language.

Our little episode about the island of Rouno has detained us longer than we intended from the interior of the country, to which we will now hasten to turn our attention, and the first object that attracts us, is the university of Dorpat, the very existence of which is an anomaly in a country like Russia, where the institutions of the country, and the whole system of government, seem at variance with the notion of a university based on the principles of those of Germany. Dorpat, or Derpt, as it is called by the Germans, is known to the Lettes under the name of *Terpata*, and to the Russians under that of *Yurieff*.\* The town was originally a Russian colony, founded in the tenth century, but it was afterwards taken by the Brothers of the Sword, and thoroughly Germanised. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was a wealthy and populous place, a member of the Hanseatic League, and rivalled Riga in power and opulence. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were its troublous times. More than once the city was razed to the ground, and the whole of the inhabitants led away into captivity. The last calamity of this kind happened after the capture of the place by Peter the Great. The city, however, arose each time from its ashes, and has of late years, through the favour of the Emperor Alexander, recovered some portion of its former importance. The population is supposed, at present, to amount to about 12,000; in the fifteenth century it is said to have exceeded 40,000. Of the old city not the slightest vestige remains, with the exception of the ancient cathedral, the remnants of which have been

appropriated to the purposes of the university.

The university of Dorpat, founded by Gustavus Adolphus, in 1632, has participated in the troubles and reverses of the city. In 1656 the town was taken and destroyed by the Russians, and the professors had to fly for their lives. In 1667 the university was re-established, but, having been driven away again by the Russians in 1699, was removed to Pernau, whence, in 1710, on the approach of the Russians, the professors fled to Sweden, with their library and museum. In 1802 it was re-established and amply endowed by Alexander, since when it has gone on increasing till, in 1841, the number of regular professors amounted to forty, and the students to 600; of these, 243 were Livonians, sixty-eight Esthonians, 107 Courlanders, 128 Russians, four Finlanders, twelve Poles, and eleven foreigners. The professors are all Germans, with the exception of the professor of Russian literature, and a young Russian who fills the chair of surgery. Since its re-establishment the university of Dorpat has not been able to educate for itself a single professor, nor has it greatly distinguished itself either by scientific discoveries, or by any eminent literary productions. Compared with the universities of Germany, that of Dorpat sinks into the shade; but compared with the other five universities of Russia, it rises like a colossus among pigmies. A young man who has passed his examination at Dorpat is received throughout the empire as a finished scholar, and the high character of this seat of learning contributes greatly to that astonishing influence which the three Baltic provinces exercise over the whole of Russia. The nobility supply the emperor with generals and statesmen; the burghers of Riga and Reval send forth colonies of merchants and speculators to St. Petersburg, and to the remotest parts of the empire; and Dorpat supplies all Russia with physicians and private tutors. There is not a town of any importance in the whole empire where a doctor from Dorpat may not be consulted, and in the wealthiest houses of St. Petersburg it is generally to a graduate of Dorpat that the education of the children is intrusted.

The professors are well paid. They receive, in general, twice as much money, and have only half as much to do, as their brethren at the universities of Germany. They live also in much greater harmony with one ano-

\* Almost all the towns in these Russo-Germanic provinces have more than one name. Reval, for instance, has also the Russian name *Kolyvan*, the Lettish name *Dannepills*, and the Esthonian name *Talline*. The German name, however, is alone used in all the official documents of the Russian government.

ther than is generally the case in Germany, where there is usually more activity and emulation, which, in their turn, give rise to jealousies and disputes. In Dorpat, this is never likely to be the case. There, one professor only is appointed to each department of learning and science, who, when once he has got his place, is in little danger of being dethroned by the superior merit of a rival, and knows, that after having served the university for a certain number of years, he will be allowed to retire on a liberal pension, to spend the remainder of his days in learned leisure in Germany, in Italy, or whithersoever his own predilections may direct him.

The liberal provision made for them by the Russian government makes the professors indolent. There are forty professors at Dorpat, and there are at least eighty professors and teachers at the gymnasia, or grammar-schools of the several towns, and yet it is but rarely that any literary work of more importance than a complimentary poem, a sermon, a directory, or a price-current, issues from any of the printing-presses of the three German provinces. During the first nine months of 1840, according to Mr. Kohl, 120 *works* were published; eighty-four in the German, seven in the Latin, seven in the Russian, eighteen in the Lettish, and six in the Esthonian language. The Latin productions were dissertations composed by Dorpat professors; the Lettish and Esthonian were chiefly prayer-books and religious tracts; and among the German publications were collections of songs, copies of verses, reports of savings banks, and bible societies; scarcely one was of a character to excite any but a merely local interest.

Six newspapers are published in the provinces, namely, one at each of the following places: Riga, Revel, Dorpat, Pernau, Mitau, and Libau. There are six or seven periodicals, of a light literary character; and there is one, the *Inland*, of Dorpat, which makes some pretensions to science, and has published many valuable articles in illustration of the history and statistics of Russia.\*

\* Several chapters of Mr. Kohl's work are devoted to an account of Narva and Revel, and of his journey through Esthonia to St. Petersburg; but those cities, and the manner of travelling, are so admirably described in the "Letters from the Baltic," that we are the more disposed to refer our readers to that work for information, as we wish to preserve the remainder of the space that can be given to the present article, for an account of the social condition of the interior, which, though slightly sketched in the work just alluded to, is pictured in a more finished manner by the author more immediately before us. The "Letters from the Baltic"

The traveller who passes along the high-road to St. Petersburg, is apt to conceive a more unfavourable idea of the country than it deserves. He sees nothing but a succession of forests and marshes, with the occasional variety of a sandy waste, and here and there a solitary house of no very inviting exterior, or a boorish animal that walks on two legs, and disguises the form that nature gave him, by covering his own skin with that of a sheep. The country seems flat and foggy; the vegetation monotonous. A severe winter occupies fully one-half of the year; a spring can scarcely be said to exist; the summer is short and oppressively hot, and the autumn gloomy, rainy, and dirty. The climate, upon the whole, is an intermediate step between that of Russia and that of Germany, the extreme dampness being its least agreeable characteristic. The northern winds, that in Russia arrest the course of every stream within their reach, are moderated very materially by the influence of the Baltic, ere they arrive in these provinces. When, in St. Petersburg, all has long assumed the aspect of a Siberian winter, Livonia and Courland are still deluged with rain, and the whole country still wears the appearance of an endless and bottomless swamp. In October and November the rain, though seldom heavy, is almost incessant, and the existence of the sun during those two months may fairly have been a matter of doubt to the ancient pagan inhabitants of the country. Many of the swamps, that owe their being to this extreme moisture of the climate, are dangerous of approach throughout the greater part of the year, and there are said to be some which it is not safe to cross even in the severest winter. Some of the marshes have been drained, but there are others that have hitherto defied all the ingenuity of man. In some of the moors, the mossy fibres are found in one entangled mass, to the extent of twenty or thirty feet below the surface. These act as a sponge to absorb and retain the moisture,

are the work of a lady who went over to visit a married sister resident in the interior of Esthonia. They are written in an easy and graceful style, and inspire the reader with all that interest which a well-composed personal narrative rarely fails to excite. She saw, indeed, but the surface of society, and was too much occupied by the hospitable attentions of her kind relatives to have time to study the causes of those social phenomena, of which she has presented so able and so vivid a picture. Her descriptions of what may be called the "high life" of Esthonia are excellent: of the people, in the proper sense of the word, she saw but little; but this must almost always be the case with lady travellers. None will enjoy her book more than those who have made themselves acquainted with the substance of Mr. Kohl's.

and a drain cut through such a moor carries off only the water close to its sides. Indeed, where, under favourable circumstances, an owner has succeeded in draining one of these moors, he has seldom been remunerated for his trouble, the mossy weeds springing up in such abundance as to make it impossible to grow either grass or corn upon the ground. Some of these swamps cover a space of more than twenty English square miles. Esthonia is the driest of the three provinces, Livonia decidedly the most marshy.

This dampness of the soil is so general, that there are few parts of the country in which it is not found necessary to intersect the corn-fields with drains. The roads must everywhere be formed by embankments, from which the snow is often drifted away by the wind, making travelling, at times, very disagreeable in winter, when it is only with great difficulty that the sledges can be dragged over the bare dykes.

The lakes are numerous but seldom picturesque, their banks being mostly formed by reedy swamps or gloomy forests; but these inland waters are tenanted by an abundance of fish, and enlivened by myriads of water-fowl of every kind. The phenomena of swimming islands are of frequent occurrence in a Livonian lake. The astonishing depth to which the roots of the moss descend, form a close net-work that keeps the soil together, and holds it in a state of buoyancy on the surface of the water.

A rich vegetation covers these islands, which the peasants often fasten to the shore with ropes, and then drive their cattle there to graze. When the spongy mass has imbibed too great a quantity of moisture, it sinks and disappears; but after a while the subaqueous vegetation, by the gas which it engenders, becomes buoyant, and returns to the surface.

The lakes and swamps play a prominent part in the early history of the country, where, owing to the flatness of the land, they constituted the only natural means of defence against hostile aggressions. An island in a lake was, in those days, always a favourite site for the erection of a town or a castle; and though circumstances have changed, the seats of the nobility are still often found to occupy the spots chosen by the feudal ancestors of the present possessors.

A large part of the country is thus naturally withdrawn from the cultivation of man; nevertheless, the Baltic provinces, upon the whole, must not be supposed to be unproductive. There is no country where rye, barley, and flax thrive so well, and agriculture is in a far more advanced state than in any

other part of Russia. For many centuries, indeed, the German provinces on the Baltic have been the chief granary of Europe, and their forests have supplied the navies of the world with their most valuable materials. The system of agriculture, however, is so different from anything to be met with in western Europe, that it will be necessary to enter a little into detail to make the matter intelligible to our readers.

With the exception of the immediate vicinity of the towns, the whole land of the three provinces is parcelled out into large estates, of which there are said to be about 2,500, of an average extent of about fourteen English square miles, or about 9000 acres. An estate (*Gutsherrschaft*) of the average size generally contains about forty groups of peasants' cottages, (*Bauregehöfte*), and about 500 inhabitants. There are estates which extend to 200, to 400, and even to 1000 English square miles, with 500 groups of cottages, and 10,000 inhabitants; and there are others with only five or ten groups of cottages upon them, and 50 or 100 inhabitants; but, on the whole, property is more equally divided than either in Russia or Poland. In the German provinces the principle of primogeniture prevents the land from being partitioned, and tends, at the same time, to prevent a number of estates from accumulating in the same hands. Where, however, two or three estates happen to fall into the possession of the same owner, they are seldom united together, but are kept completely distinct, and administered by different stewards and agents. The existing division is, with very few exceptions, the same that has prevailed since the first conquest by the Germans; and many of the feudal distinctions between the different estates have been preserved to the present day. Two adjoining estates often present striking contrasts in the manners and costume of the peasants, and even in their moral and physical character; for it is no uncommon thing to hear that the people on one estate are notorious throughout the country for their knavish propensities or their brutality of manners, while those on the next property are famed, far and wide, for the integrity of their dealings, and their civilized deportment. In this there is nothing surprising, when we recollect the state of abject bondage in which the peasantry were kept till within the last few years. The proprietors of the soil were extremely jealous of any intercourse between their own serfs and those on neighbouring estates. Inter-marriages were rarely permitted; and sometimes the landlord would take a fancy to prescribe some distinctive costume for his own

people. Different systems of treatment will also affect the characters of the peasantry. One proprietor establishes schools, and knows how to unite a good system of discipline with a kind and equitable demeanour towards his vassals; while, on the very next estate, perhaps, everything is in complete confusion, and the peasants fleeced and oppressed in every imaginable way.

The organization of each of these 2500 estates is nearly the same. At the side of a lake, on a slight eminence, or on the bank of a stream, stands the owner's chateau, called by the Lettes *muisha*, by the Esthonians *mois*, and by the Germans *hof*. This *hof* consists generally of twenty or thirty large buildings, including houses for the accommodation of visitors, others for the stewards and agents of the owner, together with stables, mills, distilleries, spirit-shops,\* barns, and other outhouses; so that the whole forms a very respectable village, and in America would be looked on as an infant city. Around the *hof* lies the *hofesfelde*, or the land of which the owner himself superintends the cultivation. The *hofesfelde* usually comprises the best land; and if the estate be small, the owner will probably keep the whole of it in hand. On the larger estates, also, the owner makes the *hofesfelde* as large as he well can; or where the extent of his possessions makes a subdivision necessary, he partitions his estate into six, eight, or ten parts, each of which is called a *beihof*, and has a certain number of peasants assigned to it. To each group of cottages a piece of ground is attached, which is cultivated for their joint account, one of the peasants being answerable to the landlord for the rent, which is almost always paid in labour or in kind. Each of these groups of cottages forms again a little community in itself, having its own rye-field, its barley-field, its flax-field, its little wood, its own cattle, and a common for grazing.

When the country was first conquered by the Brothers of the Sword, the land was divided into three equal parts. One-third became the property of the order, one-third was reserved for the bishops and priests, and the remaining third was distributed among the German adventurers who had assisted in the subjugation. The lands of the church and the order were, in

the course of time, frequently alienated. What remained of them after the dissolution of the order and the reformation of the church, became the property of the crown, or was assigned for the endowment of the Lutheran churches. At present, the crown and the church together own less than a third of the land, and very nearly two-thirds are in the hands of private owners. Some estates belong to the *Ritterschaft*, or provincial parliament, and a few estates of no great extent belong to the corporations of the towns. According to the nature of the tenure, the estates are classed as—crown estates, private estates, *pastorals-güter* or church estates, *ritterschaft* estates, and city lands.

The crown estates are mostly farmed out, at a rent much below their real value, to those who have sufficient interest at court to obtain such favours. Such a grant from the crown, for a stipulated period of years, is called an *arrende*, and many a man becomes an object of envy to his acquaintance, when they learn that he has been fortunate enough to obtain a good *arrende*. The church estates are generally managed by the incumbent of the living, who is sometimes quite as great a man as the patron to whom he owes the preferment. The value of different livings varies, of course, considerably; but, generally speaking, the Lutheran clergy in the Baltic provinces enjoy a fair provision.

Rye and barley form the chief food of the lower classes; and in comparison with these, every other produce of agriculture sinks into insignificance in the estimation of the Livonian landlord. Some wheat is grown in the provinces, and even in Finland; but only as an article of luxury, and very rarely for export. Potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other descriptions of produce, in which the gardener may be said to be at issue with the farmer, receive but little attention. Near those towns, in whose suburbs the Russians have established colonies, large fields of cabbages are sure to mark the progress of the Slavonian race; but the Lette and the Esthonian care for little else but their rye bread and their barley porridge.

Artificial grasses, or indeed any other descriptions of food for the cattle than nature has provided, are rarely dreamt of. A few landowners may here and there have attempted such an innovation; but they are only exceptions that prove more strongly the generality of the rule. The cattle are small and meagre, and, like the

\* Every landlord retains for himself the monopoly of retailing spirits to his tenants, and the spirit-shop often affords an important addition to his revenue.

people of the country, obliged to content themselves with little. If the season be good, man and beast find abundant means to satisfy their hunger; and if it be bad, they get on as well as they can, and comfort themselves with the hope of better times next year.

In no country, perhaps, is farming carried on upon so large a scale as in the Baltic provinces of Russia. A rye-field of 500 or 600 acres, or a meadow of nearly as many thousands, is nothing uncommon. On many estates will be found forests of thirty or forty English square miles in extent: herds of cows are kept to supply milk and butter to the family at the *hof*; and the horses maintained for luxury and labour would suffice to mount a squadron of cavalry. A hundred hands are employed where, in England or Germany, a dozen would be thought amply sufficient. The building of a house reminds a stranger of the life and bustle of an anthill. Small and great, young and old, men and women, all are busy hammering and tearing away, till the new tenement stands complete. If a wood is to be cleared, 400 or 500 workmen turn out at once, chopping, and sawing, and digging at the roots. At harvest-time a hundred scythes will be seen at work in the same field, while a hundred pair of female hands follow to bind the sheaves, and fifty waggoners at a time may be seen wending their way homeward with the golden ears. Haymaking proceeds on the same wholesale principle; it would sometimes be hopeless to attempt counting the carts that come laden from the marshes; but often the hay is left on the wet ground where it was cut, till the winter snows allow it to be carried home in sledges. The stewards and superintendents, in the mean time, may be seen cantering about on horseback, and directing the operations of the little army of labourers. Where the drivers relax in their vigilance, the labourers relax in their diligence. On the spot to which the superintendent's eyes are directed, all is bustle and exertion; everywhere else the little swarm are preparing for renewed efforts by a temporary cessation from labour. Their implements are rude and primitive. The harrow consists of a few young fir-trees fastened together, with some of the stumps of the branches remaining; yet this, according to their own account, answers better than any of the improved harrows which some proprietors have attempted to introduce from abroad.

The peasants, for the most part, receive no payment for their labour. They are ordered together when any work is wanted to be done, and the sticks of the drivers are used with very little reserve, where forcible arguments are thought necessary to overcome the natural sluggishness of a slave. The law indeed has manumitted the serf, and if he choose to quit the estate, and carry his labour to the nearest town, his landlord has no power to prevent him; but the majority must remain on the land, where they depend so entirely on their landlord for subsistence, that his power has been but little curtailed by the legal change in their condition. "To see the merciless manner in which the stick is used in the field," says our author, "one is tempted to wonder that Heaven's blessings should be so richly bestowed on the labour."

The summers are short and warm, and the corn ripens with astonishing rapidity. The green plant that springs in May from the soil, falls in July already before the scythe. As an infinity of work has now to be done in a short time, day and night are occupied alike, and with little intermission, by the husbandman. The mowing, in the opinion of most of the Livonian agriculturists, ought always to be done at night, when the damp dew prevents the grain from becoming loose and falling from the ear. It were a pity, indeed, to lose the beautiful summer-nights of a Livonian harvest, when the heat of day is tempered, but by no means subdued, while the fields resound with the songs of the women, and work of every kind goes on more briskly than by day.

The feast of harvest home is celebrated at the *hof* by a banquet, to which the whole population of the estate is summoned, when brandy and beer are supplied without reserve, and the young peasants dance away the night to the music of fiddles and bagpipes. On some estates, where the population is counted by thousands, the festival assumes the character of a fair, and no little preparation is wanted to satisfy the appetites of so numerous an assemblage of hungry guests. Oxen are roasted whole, soup and porridge are cooked in boilers of enormous dimensions, and potatoes, herrings, cheeses, apples, &c., are heaped together in huge piles, that each may help himself to his own liking. The peasants delight exceedingly in these merrymakings, at which the character of the people may be studied by a stranger with advantage. This feast is called *Tal-*

*kus* by the Esthonians, and *Vakke* by the Livonians. The etymology of these words is of very ancient origin. *Talk* signifies a labour undertaken, not for wages, but for a feast; something like the "frolics" that occur so frequently in the thinly-settled parts of North America. Before the conquest by the Germans, the original inhabitants of these provinces were in the frequent habit of calling their neighbours together to any labour that required an unusual number of hands, and the workmen, when the task was over, were rewarded for their voluntary aid by a feast and a dance.

After harvest, there commences for the agriculturist of these northern provinces an operation unknown to the farmers of the rest of the world. Whether owing to the dampness of the climate or to some other local cause, it is considered necessary to secure the rye by half-roasting it. This is done in large buildings constructed for the purpose, with stoves sufficiently powerful to raise the temperature to 120 or 140 degrees of Fahrenheit. This dries the corn effectually, facilitates the process of thrashing, secures the grain against the attacks of the worm, and is supposed to give to the rye of Riga, that hardness and durability to which it owes much of the favour that it enjoys throughout the mercantile world. This custom, which dates back to the time antecedent to the German invasion, must cost the landowners of the three Baltic provinces several millions of rubles annually, for fuel, and for the building and repairing of the barns in which the corn is dried.

On a few estates, English thrashing-machines have been introduced; on others, improvement has reached only to the flail, which in most parts of England is now discarded as out of date; but in the majority the system of thrashing is of a much more primitive kind, the operation being performed by a huge roller with projecting pegs which is dragged over the corn by horses. In some places the corn is thrashed out simply by horses, as in the Scythian steppes, and in some even by men dancing about on the corn to the accompaniment of a vocal chorus. To separate the corn from the chaff, the Livonian relies wholly upon the winds of heaven, and when these withhold their aid the work must be postponed from day to day till they relent; this they are seldom long in doing, for there are few countries more amply supplied with windy weather of every variety.

During winter half the population is occupied in the conveyance of goods of one kind or other. Corn and timber are taken to the towns, and firewood is cut and carried home. In summer many of the forests are inaccessible owing to the marshy nature of the soil, which must be hardened by the frost before the workmen can venture upon it. The snow, moreover, when it has lain a few days, and been beaten into a smooth mass by successive sledges, presents a railroad, constructed as it were by the hand of Nature, over which the heaviest goods may be transported with surprising facility. A mild winter is therefore a real calamity to all classes. The peasant can obtain no fuel for his stove, and the landlord, unable to send his rye to Riga, sees himself deprived of his accustomed revenue. The inhabitants are indeed at the mercy of every season, and if any one fails to perform its expected work, serious distress is the certain consequence. Should June be dry, the hay harvest is certain to fail, and the cattle will then die by thousands of famine in the ensuing winter. Should spring be unfavourable to the barley-fields, hunger and want may be looked for as inmates of the peasant's cottage, for his barley porridge is his daily meal, and it is only on few estates that he has as yet been taught to provide against its absence, by planting potatoes, turnips, and other esculent roots. A failure of the rye harvest, however, is the crowning calamity; the landlord is then without money and unable to meet his engagements, and the peasant is often reduced to the last stage of suffering by the absolute want of food.

The degraded state of vassalage in which we find the native races living, under their German conquerors, appears to have been the gradual effect of circumstances, rather than the result of any legislative institution. The Germans do not appear to have ever passed a positive law to reduce the peasantry to personal bondage, nor have the antiquarians of Dorpat been able to ascertain the precise period at which the system of serfage came into operation. It is evident, however, that as soon as the Germans felt themselves secure in their conquest, they made themselves the exclusive lords of the soil, and admitted no Lette or Esthonian to any office of trust or power. The conquered races did not at once tamely submit to this confiscation of their lands, and frequent insurrections took place, which, as they always terminated in the triumph of

the steel-clad knights and their warlike followers, had only the effect of aggravating the condition of the oppressed peasants. Many severe regulations were introduced from time to time, by way of guarding against future revolts; the German lords gradually began to exercise an inquisitorial power over the domestic relations of the peasant; and as the latter was utterly defenceless, having neither temporal nor spiritual redress against a tyranny strengthened by military organization and backed by the thunders of the church, he descended gradually deeper and deeper in the social scale, till he sank to one, even lower, if possible, than that held by the negro slave in the southern states of North America. The efforts made to soften this state of bondage are of nearly as old a date as the bondage itself. Already, in the thirteenth century, we find papal ordinances enjoining a more humane treatment of the peasantry, "in order that their condition as Christians may not be worse than it was when they were still servants of the devil." The conquerors were more than once threatened by the pope with the loss of their privileges, "if they persisted in imposing burdens on the Lettes, and in reducing them to servitude;" and at a later period, those who constrained their vassals to marriage were menaced with excommunication. The clergy sought at the same time to lighten the load of the peasantry, by increasing the number of holidays, on which no forced labour was to be exacted. The extent to which oppression was carried may be judged from an ordinance, which, from its having been several times renewed, would not appear to have been very closely observed, namely, that no peasant should be sentenced to death by his lord, except in the presence, not only of certain judicial officers belonging to that and some adjoining estate, but also of the elders among the people themselves. The pious and valiant knights themselves, shamed no doubt by the conduct of some of their own body, enacted statutes enjoining a milder treatment of the natives, but these statutes are couched in terms much too general to have been susceptible of a practical application.

It was not till after the dissolution of the order, and the occupation of the country by foreign powers, that the remonstrances in favour of the oppressed peasants began to be couched in a more energetic tone. The kings of Poland, particularly Stephan Bathory, showed themselves

zealous in the cause of humanity; but their hands were tied, to a great extent, by the original treaty which ceded the provinces to Poland, in which the preservation of all their rights and privileges was guaranteed to the nobles. Nevertheless, something they were able to effect, by numerous manumissions, and by an improved treatment of the people attached to the crown lands. Stephan Bathory had it in contemplation to deprive the nobles of the power of inflicting corporal punishment. He was desirous of substituting fines for the cruel flagellations to which recourse was had so often and so capriciously; but his humane design was defeated by the clamour of the peasants themselves, who seem to have stood less in dread of the stick than of pecuniary amercement. They were willing to continue to bear the ills they had, rather than fly to others they knew not of. Bathory conceived the idea of uniting the nobility themselves in a plan for the improvement of the condition of their peasants, but after his death the benevolent scheme slumbered for a while, till it was taken up again when the country fell into the power of the Swedes. Charles XI. worked out the idea into a law *project*, which, however, proceeded no farther, till under the Russians the *project* assumed a legislative reality. One step towards the desirable goal has at length been made, but much, very much, remains to be done. The Livonian peasant is no longer indeed by law a slave, but his condition is still a disgrace to civilisation.

Under the Swedes, the administration of criminal justice was first taken from the nobility, and assigned to magistrates appointed by the government, and these magistrates were directed to travel through the country, and listen to the grievances of the people. By the establishment of public schools, and of the university of Dorpat, Gustavus Adolphus necessarily lightened the condition of the peasants by humanizing their lords, and had it not been for his premature death, his benevolent plans would probably have been carried out to a much greater extent. The successors of Gustavus Adolphus persevered in their efforts at reform, and Charles XI., there is every reason to believe, would, if he had lived long enough, have brought about the emancipation of the Livonian serfs; but the wars in which, under Charles XII., the Baltic provinces were constantly involved, effaced every vestige of the improvements that had so laboriously been

effected, and when the provinces passed under the Russian sceptre, it was so much the interest of Peter the Great to conciliate the nobility, that no attempt was made to interfere with them in the administration of their estates; so that under him and his immediate successors everything returned pretty nearly to the state in which it had been during the worst of times. The Lettes and Esthonians were prevented from attending the schools established by the Swedes, the nobility resumed the exercise of criminal justice on their own estates, and such was the complete humiliation of the peasants in consequence of the devastations of war and pestilence, that even the servile insurrections which had been of so frequent occurrence in the earlier history of Livonia, ceased during the greater part of the eighteenth century. It was only when the impetus given to all Europe by the first events of the French revolution began to extend itself to the borders of the Baltic, that the peasants, driven to despair, or excited by the spirit of the time, rose against their tyrants, and it became necessary to make a great military display before the insurgents could be put down again.

The revolt had been quelled, but not without a fearful waste of human life; and the nobility, of their own accord, now applied themselves earnestly to the consideration of the just grievances of their vassals. While the convention was sitting at Paris, the assembled nobility at Riga were deliberating on the extent to which it might be prudent to carry their contemplated reforms; but the excesses that shortly afterwards followed in Paris terrified the noble reformers, and the nineteenth century arrived before any step had really been taken towards the improvement so much needed and so diligently discussed.

In 1802 another insurrection took place under a leader known by the name of "Poor Conrad," whose achievements obtained for him the denomination of the Lettish Bonaparte. His followers were soon put down by the artillery of the Russians; but the attention of the Emperor Alexander, who had just succeeded to the throne, was thus called, at the commencement of his reign, to the wretched condition of the Livonian and Esthonian peasantry; and finding that the deliberations at Riga led to no result, he determined to take the affair into his own hands, and appointed a commission at St.

Petersburg, to inquire into the matter, and to suggest such remedies as might be thought practicable. It was not, however, till 1817, that the great scheme of emancipation was matured, and as only a certain number (one-fourteenth) of the peasants were to be annually emancipated, it was only in 1831 that the last serfs became nominally free labourers in the Baltic provinces. It must not, however, be supposed that the present condition of a Livonian freeman bears any analogy to that of an agricultural labourer in France or England. The peasant has acquired the right of leaving the estate on which he was born, and of wandering whithersoever he pleases, on giving six months' notice of such intention to his lord; but this liberty is accompanied by the drawback, that the lord can, by a similar notice, compel the peasant to leave his native place, which was not formerly the case. There is no likelihood that any but a very severe landlord will be abandoned by his peasants, who have every inducement to remain with their friends and relatives, and even where the peasant expresses a wish to remove, the owner of the estate has a thousand means in his power of preventing the realization of the design. There are few persons that do not require occasional assistance, in the way of seed, corn, timber for the repair of their cottages, &c.; so that when a man, whom it is at all desirable to retain, attempts to leave the estate, a heavy bill can easily be made out against him, and the claim, which it would be difficult for him to dispute, must be satisfied before he can depart. On the other hand, the landlord, having now the power of relieving himself of every peasant whom he does not think it worth while to retain on the land, may often make the poor man's liberty an instrument of great oppression to him. The Lettish peasants, accordingly, are often heard to complain of the operation of the new law. They have lost all that claim on the kindness of their lords which they formerly might prefer. They were wont to call the owner of the estate their father, however ill he might often execute his parental duties; "but now," they say, "we have lost our father, and kept our lord." When the peasant now attempts to appeal to the kindness of his landlord, he is often met by the remark, "Remember, you are not my children now."

Nor can the peasant be said to have really become a free labourer. The cus-



toms of 1817 were adopted as a guide in drawing up for each estate what is called a *Gehorchstab-He*, in which the amount of labour, which each man should be bound to render to his landlord, was defined with precision. On each estate a tribunal (*Gemeindegericht*) was instituted to protect the interests of the tenants; but it is of course next to impossible to prevent this court of justice, though composed of individuals chosen from among the tenantry themselves, from being entirely dependent on the landlord. Before the peasant can really become a freeman, the right of acquiring landed property must be conceded to him; but of such a concession there does not at present appear the most remote prospect; such a thing even as a limited lease to a peasant, of the cottage he lives in, is a thing unheard of. The social condition of other provinces of Russia is opposed to any very sweeping changes in this portion of the empire, and a general improvement in the relations between the peasants and their lords throughout the dominions of the czar, must precede any further advance of the Livonian or Esthonian towards freedom. Alexander did intend to extend his Livonian reform to Lithuania, but the scheme never ripened. It is in Poland, probably, that the next attempt will be made to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry, with a view to provide a check on the power of the Polish nobility.

With all its drawbacks, the modicum of freedom conceded to the Lettes has not failed to bear blessed fruit. The number of schools has everywhere increased, and nearly everywhere have the means of instruction been placed within the reach of the rising generation. A clergyman of the name of Wolter is named as the individual who imparted the first great impulse to the system of popular education, that has of late years made such astonishing progress throughout the three provinces. This gentleman discovered promising talents in a young peasant of the name of Bergmann, and had him sent to Prussia to qualify him for a teacher. On his return, Bergmann, who fully justified the good opinion of his patron, was furnished with all the necessary means for organizing a model school, which soon acquired a well-merited reputation throughout the country. Mr. Wolter's philanthropic example met with imitators. Many benevolent landlords placed young peasants under the

care of Bergmann, who soon found himself at the head of a normal school for the education of Lettish schoolmasters. Since then, Mr. Wolter has induced the *Ritterschaft* of Courland to vote funds for the permanent establishment of a seminary for the education of teachers, which was opened in 1840, and to which the anxious hopes are turned of all who interest themselves in the regeneration of the Lettish race.

As the social improvement of the people advances, the distinction of races will in a great measure disappear, and the Lettes and Esthonians will become more and more Germanized. The young teachers educated at the seminary will contribute to this gradual change. The native dialects are too barbarous, or at least are deemed so, to become a fitting medium for the instruction of the people. In the improved village-schools, accordingly, German will be the only language taught; and as German is the language of the higher and middle classes, the peasant will be naturally pleased to see his children acquiring it. A circumstance occurred a few years ago, that will contribute to this *Germanization*. The government commanded that every Lette and Esthonian should assume a family name. Surnames till then had been unknown among them, and a peasant was usually known only by his baptismal name and that of the village he lived in. Thus, John living at Kinte, was called Kinte's John; and if there were a number of Johns in the same place, they became known by some personal or characteristic peculiarity, as, "Tall John," "Fat John," "Squinting John," "Lying John," "Good John," &c. As *glebae adscripti*, such appellations were quite sufficient; but when, in consequence of their manumission, many of the peasants wandered away to the towns, the want of names was often felt as a serious inconvenience, and an order was therefore issued, directing every one to provide himself with so necessary a distinction. The poor people were in many places grievously puzzled by the task so unexpectedly imposed upon them. Some contented themselves by permanently adopting the name of their village; but, in most instances, the German landlord was entreated to relieve his tenants of the embarrassment of the choice; and some thousands of Lettish peasants were provided off-hand with the names most current in Germany, such as Krause, Müller, Meyer, Bergmann, &c.

These new appellations are indeed but little used among themselves, except in their official relations with the officers of the government; and many a peasant finds it difficult, on the spur of the moment, when questioned on the subject, to remember his own family name. The authoress of the "Letters from the Baltic" gives a humorous account of the difficulty which many of the gentry experienced in finding names to satisfy the people on their estates. Many wished to adopt the names of their landlords; but the aristocratic pride of the old German nobles forbade such a profanation.

We have hitherto spoken of the *three* German provinces; but, in point of fact, there were originally *four* provinces. Ingermanland, when conquered by Peter the Great, was as much German as Livonia; but the privileges and institutions of Livonia and Esthonia were secured first by the capitulation of Riga, and afterwards more solemnly by the peace of Nystadt. Ingermanland, on the contrary, was Peter's by right of conquest; it came unconditionally into his possession, and he treated it without the least reserve, distributing many of the lands among his Russian favourites, thus preparing for that *Russification* of the province which has since taken place. The very names of the estates were changed, the German institutions were abolished, and Russian substituted. The German proprietors disappeared more and more; and at present the very name of Ingermanland has vanished from the map, the whole province having been absorbed in the Russian government of St. Petersburg. The whole political existence of the three remaining provinces now reposes on the capitulation of Riga and the peace of Nystadt, without which Livonia and Esthonia would long since have sunk into the condition to which Ingermanland may be said to have been degraded. By the terms of those two great charters of Germanism in Russia, the cities were secured, as we have stated, in the enjoyment of all their old corporation laws, and in the use of their language on all official occasions, and the provinces were allowed to continue under the administration of their local parliaments, in which every possessor of a noble estate has a seat and a vote. Some of the stipulations of the treaty have been set aside. By the peace of Nystadt, the advantages of a free trade were promised to the German provinces; but this promise has been evaded, and

heavy duties imposed upon every article of commerce. The provinces were to have been exonerated from the duty of furnishing recruits to the Russian army; but this is a privilege that has long ceased to exist. The Empress Catherine, indeed, would have swept away the last vestige of a distinction between the German provinces and the rest of the empire; but Paul repealed the ordinances of his mother, and no attempt has since been made by a Russian sovereign to imitate the treachery of Catherine. The German laws continue in force; and the Russian code has little or no influence in Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland.

The nobles of Esthonia and Livonia are divided into three *Ritterschaften*, the islands of Oesel, Dago, &c., having a *Ritterschaft* or parliament of their own. Each *Ritterschaft* meets once every three years, at Riga, Reval, or Arensburg. The questions which they are allowed to discuss relate to internal improvements, the regulation of schools, the appointment to a number of public offices, the propriety of petitioning the emperor, and the election or admission of new members to the *Ritterschaft*. The last is, perhaps, that of their privileges to which they attach the highest importance; for, by admitting a stranger, they confer on him the rights of nobility, without which no one is competent to purchase an estate within the province.

The more value the Germans of Russia attach to their institutions, the greater is their constant anxiety lest those institutions should, sooner or later, be swamped by the constantly encroaching elements of a Russian population. We have already described the formation of the Russian suburbs round some of the cities; nor must it be supposed that the interior of the provinces has remained entirely free from the admixture of Russian elements. Nothing contributes more to this than the Russian law on the subject of mixed marriages. No attempt is made by the government to constrain the conscience of its protestant or catholic subjects, and the Greek church has never been distinguished by any remarkable zeal to gain over proselytes; but the Greek church is extremely jealous and watchful in providing against the defection of any of its members, or of the children of any of its members. The children of a father or of a mother who has once received the communion according to the rites of the Greek church, are

the property of that church; and a protestant marrying a Russian must be prepared to bring up his children in the national faith. This law extends to the Baltic provinces as to every other part of the empire; and in the enforcement of this law, the Russian church acts with the greatest rigour and intolerance. There are not many Livonian nobles who would not consider a marriage with a Russian lady as a misalliance; but the Russians have no such prejudice, and the civil and military officers stationed in the Baltic provinces are constantly on the look-out for German wives. The younger sons of the nobles look to the public service of Russia as the most promising road to fortune: and sometimes, when recalled to the paternal estate by the death of their seniors, or by any other cause, they return with Russian wives. Each of these mixed marriages, if it have issue, lays the foundation of a Russian and not of a German house; for the member of the national church is necessarily a Russian, and is looked on in no other light by his neighbours. In this way a number of Russian families have already become domiciliated among the nobles of the Baltic provinces, and some of the noblest and oldest houses are already divided into the Russian and the German branch. The pride and jealousy of the Germans, however, throw many impediments in the way of such an amalgamation; and the Russian nobles, though they increase, increase but slowly in numbers. The superiority which the old Livonian arrogates to himself over the upstart Russian, and over the Russianized German, has, moreover, the effect of driving the latter out of the provinces. The noble is thought to have lost caste by a marriage with a Russian; and feeling this, he mostly sells his paternal estates, and removes with his family to one of the governments of the interior.

Another source of uneasiness to the German population is the regulation by which of late years it has been required that all public officers, teachers at public schools, and all clergymen, should make themselves acquainted with the Russian language. This they are required to do, but no step has yet been taken to enforce the law, which is likely to remain a dead letter for many years to come. The last ukase on this subject fixes the 16th of December, 1846, as the day on which every public man is to know Russian; but even were the good people of the Baltic pro-

vinces disposed to study the national dialect, there are no teachers at hand to instruct them. Hitherto, the emperor has made little or no progress in his attempt to establish the Russian language. Few of the Livonian nobles, few even of the merchants of Reval and Riga, are able to converse in Russian, and a Russian officer stationed in the Baltic provinces must be content to play the part of a mute in society, unless he has brought some knowledge of German with him.

In the work, the title of which stands at the head of this article, there are some interesting chapters on the ancient poetry and legends of the Lettes and Esthoniens; but to enter on this subject would carry us beyond the limits within which we must necessarily confine ourselves. On a future occasion we may take the subject in hand, and it is one that very well deserves to be treated by itself. In the mean time we shall conclude our hasty sketch of the social condition of these interesting provinces, by referring those who are desirous of more detailed information, to the volumes of Mr. Kohl, who might serve as a model to all writers of books of travels. He studies the people among whom he sojourns, and has the talent to communicate the result of his studies in the most attractive manner possible. Nor can we conclude without once more expressing our obligations to the clever authoress of the "*Letters from the Baltic*," to whose amusing pages we have more than once had occasion to refer in the progress of the present article.

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ART. III.—*Correspondance inédite de Henry IV., Roi de France et de Navarre, avec Maurice-le-Savant, Landgrave de Hesse; accompagnée de notes et éclaircissements historiques, par M. DE ROMMEL, Directeur des Archives de l'Etat et de la Bibliothèque publique à Cassel, &c. Hambourg: Frederic Perthes. Paris: Jules Renouard & Co. 1840.*

THE name of Henri IV., king of France and Navarre, awakens in the mind a train of the most varied associations. He was in every respect no ordinary man, and the incidents of his eventful life were such as do not befall ordinary men; accordingly every circumstance connected with him is full of the deepest interest. Remarka-

ble in his descent—in his parents—in the events of his early days—in his once warm attachment to the reformed faith—in his lamentable and unhappy apostasy from it—devoted to be one of the victims of the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, yet saved from that to fall afterwards by the hand of a priest of the religion he had sworn himself to embrace—removed apparently almost beyond hope from the throne of France, yet eventually becoming one of her most illustrious monarchs, and the founder of another race—unrivalled in political science among contemporary sovereigns, themselves of no common talent—unequalled in personal grace—bravest among the brave—most eager in the pursuit of dissolute indulgences, yet rarely, if ever, neglectful of the business of his station—devoted to pleasure, yet attentive to the welfare of his kingdom—fond of war, yet studious of peace—idle in his habits, yet maintaining a more extensive correspondence than any other crowned head—and, most singular of all, attaching to his person not only the gay and the abandoned, but also the wisest and the best—his whole character presents one vast and inexplicable antithesis.

Before touching upon the correspondence which M. de Rommel has brought to light, we purpose to lay before our readers some account of the immediate ancestors of Henri; who, although abundantly deserving of notice for their own intrinsic merits, are most generally forgotten in the greater splendour and celebrity of their descendant's name.

On the death of Francis Phœbus, so called from his beauty, the kingdom of Navarre descended in 1483 to Catherine, his youthful sister, daughter of Gaston de Foix, prince of Vianna, and Magdalen daughter of Charles VII., king of France. At that time the kingdom consisted of six provinces—five in Spain, and that which was called lower Navarre, in France, immediately adjoining the Pyrenees. Catherine, contrary to the wishes of her nobles, who were desirous of an alliance with Castile, united herself to Jean d'Albret, a young nobleman possessed of extensive domains adjacent to the French portion of her kingdom. The match was in every way unfortunate: in disposition Catherine was violent and ambitious, while Jean preferred a life of literary leisure to the cares and anxieties of a kingdom. Ferdinand the Catholic, anxious to have the Spanish part of Navarre

added to his own dominions, and aware of the indolent character of the king, and of the unpopularity of Catherine, easily found a pretext for a war. Louis XII., of France, with whom the King of Navarre had made a strict alliance, was at that time at variance with Pope Julius II. Ferdinand declared that in consequence of this alliance, Jean d'Albret had been denounced as an enemy to the church, and had been excommunicated. Pretending to avenge the quarrel of the pope, he sent an army under the command of the Duke of Alva, who soon overran and conquered the territory; compelling Catherine and Jean to take refuge in their dominions on the French side of the Pyrenees. "Jean d'Albret," said Catherine to her unfortunate husband, when flying from their kingdom, "you were born, and Jean d'Albret you will die. Had I been king and you queen, we had been reigning in Navarre at this moment."\* They made one faint and fruitless effort to recover their kingdom during the regency of Cardinal Ximenes. Broken in spirit, their health gradually declined, and neither of them long survived the loss of their crown. Jean died, June 23, 1517, and Catherine followed, February 12 of the next year. Their bodies sleep side by side in the cathedral-church of Liscar, in their own dominion of Bearn.† Henry II. succeeded to the scanty remnant of Navarre which remained, retaining the title of king. His wife, the grandmother of Henri IV., cannot be passed over without a somewhat longer notice, on account of the influence which she exercised in favour of the professors of the reformed religion. Marguerite of Angoulême (as she ought perhaps properly to be called, in order to distinguish her from the wife of Henri), the favourite sister of Francis I., on whom he constantly bestowed the endearing titles of *ma mignonne*, and *la Marguerite des Marguerites*, was born at Angoulême on the 11th of April, 1492. Brought up at the court of Louis XII., she became celebrated at a very early age, not only for her extensive and general information, but especially for her skill in languages. To a knowledge of Italian and Spanish, the fashionable ac-

\* Garibay, t. iii., lib. 29, c. 28. Martyr, Epist. cccxc., relates that a confidential secretary of king John of Navarre was murdered in his sleep by his mistress.

† Prescott, History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. iii. p. 434.

quirements of the times, she added an acquaintance with Greek and Latin ; and according to some of her biographers, she is said to have taken lessons in Hebrew. This probably was at the time when the promoters of a reform in the church pressed upon their converts the usefulness, if not the necessity, of being able to read the Scriptures in their original tongues. At the age of seventeen she was married to Charles, duke of Alençon, a prince very much her inferior in education, character, and worth, who died, leaving her a childless widow, in 1525. Shortly before this event, the doctrines of the Reformation, spreading from their cradle in Germany, had obtained a footing in several parts of France. The condition of society, and the conduct of the clergy, greatly favoured its progress. The lower orders despised and hated the priests for the profligacy of their lives, for their open and undisguised indulgence in debasing vices, and for their utter indifference to everything which did not contribute to their own ease and aggrandisement. In sickness and in sorrow, when the consolations of religion are most needed, none could be derived from the ministration of men whose whole lives were in direct opposition to the lessons which they pretended to inculcate. The higher classes, disgusted at the general ignorance of the clergy, and at the absurd and contradictory doctrines set before them, too frequently became altogether practical unbelievers, or contented themselves with an occasional observance and participation in some of the more imposing ceremonies of their religion. Others, influenced by baser motives, viewed with envious and longing eyes the wealth of the clergy, which had become inordinately great, and were ready and desirous for any pretext which would enable them to obtain a share in the spoliation which they might expect to accompany any change in the Church. One of the first objects of the reformers was to encourage, both by precept and example, an assiduous study of the dead languages. It was to the Scriptures, not yet wholly translated, that they appealed for the divine origin of the doctrines which they preached. It was from that source alone they could rescue the pure faith of Christianity from the mass of corruption with which a want of knowledge on the one hand, and a lust of power on the other, had gradually encumbered it. They knew ignorance to be the fruitful parent of

every error, and therefore directed their earliest efforts to its removal. They were aware, too, that the lofty and assumed pretensions of the Romish priesthood could only be laid low by proving to the world that what was declared to be founded on the word of God, had no claim to such high authority, but was merely a superstitious observance invented and framed by man. No wonder, then, that an alarm was sounded, and that the study of the sacred languages should excite the greatest consternation among the clergy of the church of Rome. They saw their power would be shaken, and their influence greatly diminished, if not utterly destroyed ; and therefore loudly denounced the new study to be sacrilegious, branded those who favoured it with the opprobrious epithet of heretics, and used without scruple every influence they possessed to stop the growing search. The great lawyer, Conrad Héresbach, asserts that he heard a monk publicly and authoritatively declare, "that a new language had been discovered, called Greek, against which it was necessary to take great heed, as it was the parent of all heresies—that he had seen in the hands of many a work written in that language called the New Testament, a book full of contradictions and wickedness. As to the Hebrew language, all who should learn it would soon become Jews."\*

Francis I. despised and disregarded the virulent clamours of those who opposed the study of these languages, and resisted every solicitation which was made to induce him to use his power to put to silence those who taught them. What influence his sister had in obtaining this passive protection to the reformers we know not ; but we are sure, from other parts of her conduct, that it must have been considerable. She had prevailed on Guillaume Parui, bishop of Senlis and confessor to the king, to translate "The Hours" into French ; which he did, says Bayle, "après avoir rongné une partie de ce qui estoit le plus superstitieux." She shook the Romanist cause still further by employing at Paris Roussel, a doctor of

\* "On a trouvé une nouvelle langue que l'on appelle Grecque : il faut s'en garantir avec soin. Cette langue enfante toutes les hérésies : je vois dans les mains d'un grand nombre de personnes un livre écrit en cette langue ; on le nomme *Nouveau Testament* ; c'est un livre plein de ronces et de vipères. Quant à la langue Hebraïque, tous ceux qui l'apprennent deviennent Juifs aussitôt."—Gail-  
lard, *Histoire de François premier*, tome vii., pp. 293, 294. Paris, 1769.

the Sorbonne, and two Augustin monks, Bertault and Courault, three excellent preachers, "annonçant la vérité un peu plus hardiment qu'on n'avoit accoustumé." About the same time, or somewhat earlier, Guillaume Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, assisted by Jacques Fabri and Guillaume Farel, preached to the inhabitants of Meaux a purer doctrine than had hitherto been promulgated. For two years this zealous preaching continued unrestrained, if not unknown beyond the immediate neighbourhood, and the artisans of Meaux became some of the earliest, as well as the most devoted, followers of the reformed religion. In 1523 that city became the scene of the first religious persecution in France; and when many of their teachers either yielded to the threats which were held out, or fled from their opponents, the carders of wool, and the manufacturers of cloth, proved the sincerity of their belief by enduring all rather than forsake the doctrines which they had embraced; and chose imprisonments, scourgings, and even death in preference to apostacy or flight. In 1525 Jean le Clerc, an artisan of Meaux, indignant at the worship which the ignorant among the Romanists paid to the images of the Virgin and the saints, became a determined iconoclast. For the zeal with which he pursued his purpose, and for the mischief which he did, he was publicly whipped, branded with a red-hot iron, and driven from the city. Following the same course at Metz, he was there imprisoned, and afterwards burnt.

This taking place in one of the provinces was probably unknown to the rest of France, and consequently caused no sensation; but when on the day of Pentecost, 1528, it was discovered in the city of Paris that an image of the Virgin, erected in the Rue des Rosiers, had been removed from its niche, dragged through the mud, and broken in pieces, the rage of the people knew no bounds. They had listened with pleasure to all the charges which had been made against the priests and the monks, because they were held in contempt and dislike, but far different feelings were excited by such an insult to that which had been for ages an object of deep and sincere, though erroneous veneration. The one was an attack upon men for whom they had no sympathy, the other was esteemed a blow at their religion, and they felt it accordingly. Francis, who had hitherto sided with the reformers in all the disputes which had

taken place relative to the learned languages, made common cause with the people at the outrage which had been committed. He directed an image of silver to be made of the same height as that which had been broken, and on the 11th of June, 1528, accompanied by all the princes of the blood, the great officers of the crown, the foreign ambassadors, a number of bishops, and the clergy of the city, he placed it with great pomp in the niche which the former statue had occupied.\*

In the year preceding this event, the widowed Marguerite d'Alençon became the wife of Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre, and in 1528 gave birth to Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri IV. Settling quietly in her little kingdom, she directed her powerful energies in connection with her husband to the welfare and improvement of her subjects. Agriculture, commerce, literature, and the fine arts were cherished and encouraged. Her court in the mean time became an asylum for the persecuted Huguenots. Bérquin and Dole were, by her means, for a while saved from the tortures of the stake. Calvin found there a protection which he in vain sought elsewhere from the persecution of the parliament and the Sorbonne. The stern ascetic was grateful to his protectress, and scrupled not to affirm, "quod Deus (illâ) usus fuerit ad regnum suum promovendum." The shelter thus openly and safely given to so many illustrious persons of the reformed party, together with her own undisguised opinions, soon aroused to action the ill-will and hatred of the Romanists. This hostility was further increased by the publication of a devotional work entitled "*Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*." This poem, for the composition was in verse, was well calculated to inflame the Romanists. It manifested an acquaintance with the sacred writings far more extensive than in their opinion was fitting for any one who was not of the priesthood. The quotations indeed from all parts of the Scriptures were so numerous as to leave no doubt of the assiduity of the royal authoress, and proved that she was one of the reformed church, not from feeling only,

\* "En 1545 cette statue d'argent fut volée, on en mit à la place une autre qui n'était que de bois. Les protestans l'ayant brisée en 1551, l'évêque de Paris en substitua une de marbre, qui fut placée encore en grand cérémonie."—*Gaillard, Hist. de François premier*, t. vi., p. 434.

but from conviction. Greater offence, however, was behind: the work made no mention of the intercession of saints, nor was there any allusion to purgatory. To attack its doctrines or its arguments would have been dangerous, because of the discussion which must have ensued; to suffer it to pass altogether without notice would have had the appearance of agreement. Some plan, therefore, was to be devised which would condemn the work without compromising the authority of the sacred writings. The means of doing this, and of stopping the circulation of the work, they thought were in their hands. It had been decreed by parliament that every work should bear the name of its author on the title-page; and further, that if the subject was connected with divinity, it must, before publication, receive the approbation of the Faculty of Theology. The book was declared to have violated both these requirements. With respect to the latter there could be no doubt; for if the Queen of Navarre had waited for the approbation of the Faculty of Theology, her work would never have been printed; and as to the former, it was true that no name actually appeared on the title-page of the first edition published at Alençon in 1531, though the authorship of it was perfectly well known.\*

These two failures, in compliance with the decree of the parliament, enabled the Sorbonne to place it in their list of suspected books, with an ulterior view, no doubt, of branding it with their censure. So highly, however, was it esteemed, and so much was it sought after, that it was reprinted in Paris in 1533, with her name, and, besides other editions, was published at Lyons in 1538, 1547, and 1549. Its fame was not confined to France, for in 1548, a translation into English prose appeared in England, and which boasted for its translator no less celebrated a person than our own Elizabeth, then in her sixteenth year. A work, written by one queen and translated by another, will naturally excite the curiosity of our readers; we will therefore give a short extract both from the original work, and from the translation.

\* The whole title is as follows:—"Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse, ouquel elle recognoist ses fautes et péchez, aussi ses graces et bénéfices à elle faictz par Jesu-Christ son espoux. La Marguerite tresnoble et précieuse s'est préposée à ceux que de bon cueur la cherchoient. à Alençon, chez maistre Simon du bois, M.D.xxxj."

"*Marguerite de France, par la Grace de Dieu, Royne de Navarre, au Lecteur.*

"Si vous lisez ceste œuvre toute entière,  
Arrestez vous, sans plus, à la matière:  
En excusant la rhytme, et le langage,  
Voiant que c'est d'une femme l'ouvrage,  
Qui n'a en soy science, ne sçavoir,  
Fors un desir, que chascun puisse voir  
Que fait le don de Dieu la Créateur  
Quand il lui plaist justifier un cœur.  
Quel est le cœur d'un homme, quant à soy,  
Avant qu'il ayt receu le don de foy:  
Par lequel seul l'homme a la congnoissance  
De la bonté, sapience, et puissance.

"*Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse.*

"Ce qu'ont promis mes amis au baptesme,  
Et que depuis j'ay confermé moymesme.  
(Qui est sans fin de vostre passion  
Sentir en moy mortification,  
Estre tousiours avecques vous en croix  
Ou vous avez cloué, comme je crois,  
Et rendu mortz la mort, et tout péché,  
Que souvent j'ay reprins, et detaché)  
Rompu je l'ay, dényé et faulcé  
Aiant sy fort ma volonté haulsé.  
Par un orgueil plein d'indiscrétion,  
Que mon devoir et obligation  
Estoit du tout oublié par paresse.  
Et qui plus est, le bien de la promesse,  
Que j'euz de vous le jour de mon baptesme,  
Et votre amour, j'en ay fait tout de mesme.  
Que diray-je? encores que souvent  
De mon malheur vous vinsiez au deuant.  
En me donnant tant d'aduertissementz  
Par parolle, par foy, par sacrementz:  
M'admonnestant par prédication,  
Me consolant par la reception  
De vostre corps trèsdigne, et sacré sang:  
Me promettant de me remettre au rang  
Des bienheureux en parfaite innocence:  
J'ay tous ces biens remis en oubliance:  
Souvent vous ay ma promesse rompue:  
Car trop estoit ma pauvre ame repue  
De mauvais pain, et damnable doctrine:  
En déprisant secours et médecine:  
Et quand aussi l'eusse voulu querir,  
Nul ne congnois qu'eusse peu requerir:  
Car il n'y a homme, ny saint, ny ange,  
Par qui le cœur jamais d'un pecheur change."

"*A Godly Medytatyon of the Christen Soule, concerning a love towards God and hys Christe, compyled in Frenche, by Lady Margarete, Quene of Nauere, and aptely translated into Englysh by the ryght vertuouse Lady Elyzabeth, daughter to our late Souerayne Kynge Henry the viij.*

#### THE PREFACE.

"If thee do thoroughly read thys worke (dere frynde in the Lorde), marke rather the matter than the homely speache thereof, consyderynge it is the stodye of a woman, which hath in her neyther connyng nor scyence, but a feruent desyre that yche one may se what the gifte of

\* Les Marguerites de la Marguerite.

God the Creatour doth when it pleaseth hym to justyfy a hart; for what is the hart of a man, concernynge his owne strengthe, before he hath receyved the gifte of faythe. Therby only hath he knowledge of the goodnesse, wysedome, and power of God.

"The promyse which my fryndes made when I was baptyzed is such, that I alwayes, through faythe in thy passyon, shuld fele the mortyfycacyon of my fleshe, and dwelle alwayes with the in the crosse, where thou wert fast nayled (as I believe) and yelded death dead, as I also shuld yelde all synne. Thys have I often tymes taken downe agayne, untied, and set at large; I have broken, denyed, and falsified my promyse; and through pryde I have lift up my wyll in suche a manner, that through slouth, my dewte towards the was forgotten. And that moche more is, as wele the profyte or value of thy promyse, whych I had of the in the daye of my baptesme, as also thy sauynge love and promyses folowynge, I have all alyke neglected. What shall I say more? Albeit that often tymes thou perceyvyng me wretched and unhappy, hast geuen me so many warnynges in fayth and in sacramentes, admonyshynge me by preachynges, and comfortynge me by the receyvyng of thy worthy bodye and sacred bloude, promysynge also to put me in the nombre of them that are now adourned with perfygth innocencye. Yet haue I all these hygh benefygthes throwne into forgetfulnessse. Often tymes haue I with the broken couenannte. And partly for that my poore sowle was to moche fed with euyl breade or dampnable doctryne of hypocrytes. I despyed such socoure and ghostly physyck in God's worde as wolde haue holpe me. And if I had bene wyllynge to loke for it, yet knewe I at that tyme no teachers conuenient, for there is neyther man, saynte, nor angell, for whome the harte of a synner without thy sprete wyll change."

The well-known affection of Francis for his sister was for some time a curb to her enemies. But, in 1533, the college of Navarre publicly represented in their theatre in Paris an allegorical piece in which Marguerite was the principal character. She was depicted as transformed into a monster of cruelty on being presented with a copy of the New Testament translated into French.\* This open insult deeply enraged the king, who declared his intention of putting under arrest, and punishing most severely both the authors and the actors in this scandalous performance. Marguerite, however, desirous of

closing, rather than widening the breach between the Romanists and Huguenots, and unwilling to be the cause of what might be deemed persecution to the former, prevailed upon her brother, though with difficulty, to abandon his intention. Nay further, she endeavoured, in conjunction with the king and Du Bellay, to heal the differences between the two parties, and, if possible, to conciliate each.\* Unhappily the attempt was fruitless. The latter years of this excellent princess were passed in the active discharge of every duty; cherishing and protecting the protestants, encouraging learning, carefully educating her only child Jeanne, or, in the words of one of her biographers, "n'oubliant aucun service, et ne méconnaissant aucune vertue." She died 21st of December, 1549. There is one production bearing the name of Marguerite de Navarre which, in giving an account of her, ought not to be passed over in silence, viz., the *Heptameron*. It is a work so utterly at variance not only with her other writings, but with her whole character and the tenour of her life, that doubts as to her being the authoress scarcely afford matter of surprise. Croix-du-Maine in speaking of it says, "Je ne sçay si laditte princesse a composé le dict livre, d'autant qu'il est plein de propos assez hardis, et de mots chatouilleux." Sorel positively denies that she was the authoress, and many others have expressed the same opinion with equal firmness.

Our own countryman Hallam appears to coincide in some degree with this opinion. "The French novels ascribed to Margaret, queen of Navarre, though free in language, are written in a much less licentious spirit than any of the former, but breathe throughout that anxiety to exhibit the clergy, especially the regulars, in an odious or ridiculous light, which the principles of their illustrious authoress might lead us to expect."—*Literature of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 433. Thinking of her only as the staunch friend of the reformed religion, and as the exemplary mother of Jeanne d'Albret, we should not hesitate to agree with those who doubt the authorship; but we must bear in mind that though her life was free from reproach, yet, when the wife of the Duke d'Alençon,

\* "Ils représentèrent au collège de Navarre une pièce allégorique, où une femme quittoit sa quenouille et son fuseau pour un livre d'Évangile traduit au François, qu'une farie lui présentait. Cette femme étoit alors une furie elle-même, l'esprit de controverse, d'aigreur, de tyrannie la saisissoit, elle devenoit insensée, et cruelle."—*Gaillard, Hist. de François premier*, t. vi., p. 443.

\* "Le pape Adrien VI. avait pour elle tant de considération, qu'il la pria de seconder le désir qu'il avait d'apaiser entre les princes chrétiens les dissensions qui affligeaient l'Europe et l'église."—*Biographie Universelle*.



the exercises of religion did not so much occupy her as in later years. There was a rage too, at the time, to imitate the tales of Boccaccio, and among many competitors Marguerite of Navarre is the only person whose fame as a novelist rivals the elegant but licentious Italian. Some allowance must be made for the manners of the age in which she lived, when subjects were openly discussed and language used even in the highest and most polished circles, which, if broached or uttered in the present day, would call forth the angry and indignant blushes of the fair hearers. Nay it is well known that the conversation even at the court of the virgin queen of England only a few years later was such as would not now be tolerated in society much lower than that of royalty. The writer of the life of Marguerite in the *Biographie Universelle*, in speaking of these very tales, goes so far as to say "son style est même plus décent que celui de quelques sermons du temps, tels que ceux des Barlette, des Maillard, et des Menot." The first known edition of the work was not published till ten years after her death. As this is reckoned by bibliomaniacs *inter rariores* or even *inter rarissimos*, we will give the title entire,\* and such extracts from the "dedication" and the "privilege du roi" as set forth the authorship too explicitly to admit of a doubt. Brunet, *Manuel du Libraire*, says, "Quoique le titre de ce livre semble attester l'existence d'une édition antérieure à celle-ci, nous n'en connaissons pas de plus ancienne." Quérard in his *France Littéraire* gives no authority for his assertion, but states "La première édition de l'Heptameron parut en 1558 sous le titre d'His-toire des Amants fortunés." The dedication is as follows :

"A trèsillustre et trèsvertueuse princesse, ma dame Jeanne de Foix, Royne de Navarre, Claude Gruget, son très humble serviteur, désire salut et félicité. Je ne me fusse ingéré ma dame vous présenter ce livre de la feue Royne vostre mère, si la première édition n'eust obmis ou celé son nom, et quasi changé toute sa forme, tellement que plusieurs le mesconnoissent : Cause, que pour le rendre digne de son auteur, aussi tost qu'il fust divulgué, je recuilly de toutes parts

les exemplaires, qui j'en peu recouvrer escrits à la main, les vérifiant sur ma copie—toutesfois, je m'assure que vous le recevrez bien, pour le veoir par ceste seconde impression, remis en son premier estat : car (à ce que j'ay peu entendre) la première vous desplaisoit : non que celuy qui y avoit mis la main, ne fust homme docte, qu'il n'y ait prins peine, et si est aisé à croire, qu'il ne l'a voulu desguiser ainsi, sans quelque occasion : néanmoins son travail s'est trouvé peu agréable. Je le vous presente donc, ma dame, non pour part que j'y pretendu, ains seulement comme l'ayant démasqué pour le vous rendre en son naturel." "Nostre cher et bien aimé Gilles Gilles, marchand libraire—nous a faict dire et remonstrer, qu'il a (avec grands fraiz, peine et labeur) recouvré, et faict rédiger par ordre les comptes et nouvelles, autrefois mises par escrit, par notre trèschère et trèsamée tante, la feue Royne de Navarre : lequel livre ja auroit esté imprimé."

Jeanne d'Albret, daughter of the lamented Marguerite, was, if possible, more attached to the reformed religion, and more zealous in its service even than her mother, but during the lifetime of her father could not be of much real benefit to its professors. When very young she was demanded in marriage by the Emperor Charles V. for his son Philip. Her parents and the nobles of Navarre were anxious for the match in order that they might recover their Spanish dominions, which, in the event of the marriage, were to be restored to them. But Francis, seeing too clearly the danger of introducing so powerful a monarch into any part of France, strongly opposed the alliance, and kept Jeanne strictly guarded at Plessis-le-Tours.\* Fearing some interference and anxious to prevent the very possibility of such a marriage, he hastened, notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends, to affiancé her to Guillaume de la Marck, duke of Cleves.† The bridegroom was sent for with all despatch, and the ceremony was performed at Châtellerault on the 15th of July, 1540. So grand and varied were the entertainments on the occasion that De Sponde asserts the coronation of Charles V. was attended with less expense. "The king gave a magnificent wedding-feast," says Sleidan, "at which were present the pope's nuncio, the ambassadors of England, Portugal, Venice,

\* L'Heptameron des Nouvelles de Trèsillustre et Trèsexcellente Princesse Marguerite de Valois, Royne de Navarre, remis en son vray ordre, confus au paravant; et dédié à trèsillustre et trèsvertueuse Princesse Jeanne de Foix, Royne de Navarre, par Claude Gruget, Parisien. A Paris, par Benoist Prevost, rue Fremantel, à l'enseigne de l'Etoile d'or près le cloz Bruneu.—1559.

\* "Jeanne estoit la seule héritière de nostre Henry et Margueritte, laquelle estoit nourrie en France au Plessis-à-Tours, d'où ne lui estoit permis par le roi François son oncle d'en partir, craignant que son beau frère la donnast en mariage à Philippe fils de l'empereur."—*Olhagarry. Histoire de Foix, Beau et Navarre*, p. 503. Paris, 1609.  
† Brother to Anne of Cleves, the rejected wife of Henry VIII.

and Saxony:" adding also, "the emperor's ambassador had excused himself." The extreme youth of the bride, who was only twelve years and a half old, rendered the marriage one of ceremony only, though Francis took such steps as appeared to him to render it indissoluble. He insisted "que l'époux, en présence de témoins, entrât dans le lit de l'épousée. Tout ce que la reine de Navarre put obtenir pour sa fille, fut que des matrones entourassent le lit pendant tout le temps qu'ils y seroient ensemble, en sorte que cette prétendue consommation ne fut qu'une vaine cérémonie." (*Sismondi*, vol. xvii., p. 84). The bridegroom returned to Germany alone, and the young bride remained with her parents. In 1543 the Duke of Cleves sent a herald to Francis I. to demand his wife, at the same time informing the king that circumstances constrained him to break off the alliance which had hitherto existed between them. Francis replied that such being the case he should not think of interfering with the king and queen of Navarre respecting the disposal of their daughter, and recommended the duke to make his application to them. The marriage was shortly afterwards declared null, and the Duke of Cleves wedded a daughter of Ferdinand, king of the Romans. In 1548 she became the wife of Antoine de Bourbon. The first fruits of this marriage were two sons who died young,\* and under circumstances which seem to have awakened some suspicions in the mind of her father Henri d'Albret, who, on learning her approaching third confinement, sent for her to Pau. Jeanne, who was at Compeigne in Picardy, of which province her husband was governor, complied with the summons, and on the 15th of December, 1553, gave birth to Henri IV.† All

\* "Les deux jeunes époux eurent dans les trois ou quatre premières années deux fils, qui moururent tous deux au berceau par des accidents assez extraordinaires. Le premier parce qu'il gouvernait, qui était frileuse, le tenoit si chaudement qu'il s'estouffait de chaleur; et le second, par la sottise d'une nourrice, qui s'en jouait avec un gentilhomme; comme ils balloient l'enfant de l'une à l'autre, ils le laisserent tomber à terre, dont il mourut en langueur."—*Préface Histoire de Henri le Grand*. Olhagary makes it the fourth child which lost its life through the nurse. "Loys Charles qui mourut fort jeune par l'imprudence de ses gouvernantes."—*Généalogie de Foix*, &c.

† "Henri d'Albret vivait encore: la naissance de cet enfant le transporta de joie. On dit qu'il avoit recommandé à sa fille de chanter en accouchant, pour ne pas faire un enfant pleureux et rechigné; que Jeanne eut le courage d'accomplir le vœu de son père, qu'il emporta l'enfant, le frotta d'ail, et lui fit boire du vin, afin de lui former un

her earthly hopes and views seemed from this time to be centred in her son, and in the exercises of her religion. The retirement to which she devoted herself and the apostasy of the many caused her to cherish it still warmer, and to favour its professors with greater zeal. Her husband, too, whose time was spent either in frivolous pursuits, or in disgraceful intrigues, appeared to have forgotten her altogether. She was well aware too of the infirmity of his mind, and how little he was in reality attached to the religion which he professed, and how readily he might be prevailed upon to yield to the seductions of a court perfectly unscrupulous as to the means employed to win the Huguenots to its side. One writer, in speaking of him, says, "ce prince changeait de religion et de parti presque avec la même facilité qu'il passait d'une maîtresse à une autre." In 1561 he was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, a dignity which seemed to give him an almost equal power with the proud and haughty Catherine. An elevation which he owed neither to his talents, nor his worth, and to which in all probability he would never have been raised, had not his apostasy been anticipated. It was thought, too, that his renunciation would be followed by that of many others; while at all events, if persuaded to the change, he would be removed from his noble-minded wife, whose well-deserved influence with the Huguenots must then necessarily be much diminished.

Antoine de Bourbon, from his known vacillating character, had little weight with his co-religionists. He was jealous of the superior affection which was shown to his brother, the Prince de Condé; which he felt as a personal affront, and was annoyed and indignant that many of the Huguenot chiefs should quit his alliance and attach themselves to Catherine and the Romanists. These symptoms of discontent were carefully observed, and it was resolved to take advantage of them to detach him from his party. The management of this business, which required considerable address, was intrusted to one of the most wily politicians, the quick-witted and worldly cardinal of Ferrara. Unwilling to put himself prominently forward, he em-

tempérament robuste."—*Biographie Universelle*, t. xx., p. 95. The words which he is said to have uttered have been preserved. "Noste Donne deou cap deou pon, adjouda mi en aqueste heure: i. e. Notre Dame du bout du pont, aidez moi à cette heure."

ployed as his agents Philippe Lenoncourt, bishop of Auxerre, and François d'Escars, two men of utterly worthless character, but personal favourites of Antoine de Bourbon. These first spoke to him of the Spanish portion of the kingdom of Navarre, which he claimed in right of his wife, and showed him that he never could obtain it by any other means than as a gift from Philip II.; this, they further urged, Philip might be induced to do, provided he himself performed some eminent service to the Roman Catholic cause. The attack was skilfully made, de Bourbon had shown the strongest attachment to the title of King of Navarre, empty as it was, and the bare thought of being a king in reality, made him listen eagerly to their proposals. The way being thus prepared, he very shortly afterwards entered into a secret negotiation with the cardinal of Ferrara, Prospero Santa Croce, the pope's nuncio, and Chantonnay. The latter, indeed, never for a moment acknowledged him as possessing any right to the crown of Navarre, nor ever addressed him by any other title than that of Duke de Vendôme. He soothed the duke's impatience by telling him that though Navarre could never again be his, yet Philip, moved by zeal for religion, would bestow upon him the kingdom of Sardinia, from which he might easily extend his conquests over Tunis and the coast of Africa. A richer bait, however, than this was held out to win him. It was hinted that a divorce from his wife Jeanne might easily be obtained on the ground of her being a heretic. In the event of which, supported as he would be by all the varied and powerful influence which could be used in his favour, he might, with every chance of success, aspire to the hand of Mary, dowager queen of France, queen regnant of Scotland, and presumptive heiress to the throne of England. These alluring and flattering prospects entirely gained him; he began from that time to detach himself from his old and faithful friends, and surrendered himself, without reserve, to the machinations of the opposite party. Their triumph was soon complete, the King of Navarre soon avowed openly his change of religion. In order to give what he wished to be considered proofs of his sincerity, he sent his wife to Bearn, and separated her from her son,\* from whom

also he removed his former Protestant tutors, and replaced them by Roman Catholics. He himself hastened to Paris in order to make a public display of his apostasy, and on the 21st of March, 1562, formed one of the grand procession which crowded to Nôtre Dame on Palm Sunday. About six months after this, we find him, attended by the constable de Montmorency and the Duke de Guise, besieging Rouen, which was one of the strongholds of the Huguenots. The Prince de Condé had intrusted the defence of this city to Montgomery, who, with about 800 veterans in addition to the citizens, maintained a determined, though almost hopeless resistance. A reinforcement of 500 English troops, sent over by Elizabeth, arrived on the 9th of October. On the 15th of the same month, the King of Navarre received a wound in the shoulder from an arquebuse, which was the more dangerous from the inability of the surgeons to extract the ball. In the mean time the siege was prosecuted with such vigour, as to make the capture of the town certain. The Duke de Guise, unwilling to expose one of the largest emporiums of commerce in France to the pillage of his troops, offered terms of honourable capitulation. The Huguenot clergy opposed all terms of surrender, declaring that Heaven would work a miracle, if human means should fail in preventing their falling into the hands of the Romanists. They imparted their fanaticism to the citizens, and the merciful intentions of De Guise were frustrated. Three mines had already been sprung under the walls, large breaches were made, and on the 26th of October the assault was ordered. Montgomery and the English soldiers escaped by water. The city was taken, and for the long space of eight days the horrors of pillage and the licentiousness of the soldiery raged without control. Notwithstanding the pain of his wound, the King of Navarre insisted upon entering the captured town, and a kind of litter was prepared for him; but finding himself become worse, he was transported by water to Andelys. During his feverish wanderings, he talked to the courtiers who surrounded his bed of lingering pain, of the lemon-groves of his expected kingdom of Sardinia, and of the golden sands of its rivers, till on the 17th of November, 1562, thirty-five days after he received his wound, his dreams and

\* Before this separation took place, she enjoined him by every argument likely to influence his tender years, never to quit his religion, but to lose

everything, to suffer everything, rather than abandon it.

sufferings were terminated by death. His mistress, Caroline de Rouet, formerly one of the ladies of honour of Catherine, soothed and ministered to him to the last.

Immediately on the death of her husband, Jeanne demanded her son, with whom she continued to reside at Bearn, watching over the interests of her kingdom, and carefully bringing up Henri in the faith which she herself professed. In 1567, at the request of the states of Bearn, she published an edict for the establishment of Calvinism in her dominions. In 1569, at the beginning of the third civil war, when the Huguenots were almost in despair at the death of Condé, which had taken place in the disastrous battle near Jarnac, Jeanne hastened to them to Saintes, whither the army had retreated, bringing with her a reinforcement of men, and a sum of money raised by the mortgage of her jewels and part of her lands.\* She was accompanied by Henri, then fifteen years and a half old, and she presented him to the assembled troops as one who henceforth was to be considered as a champion and defender of their cause, and whose life was to be devoted to its protection and advancement. She harangued the chiefs and soldiers with an eloquence inspired by the enthusiasm which she felt; she spoke boldly of the hopes she cherished, and the full confidence she entertained that divine assistance, if needed, would be afforded them, and swore by her soul, her honour, and her life, that she would never forsake nor abandon the holy cause.† In 1571 proposals were made to her for the union of Henri with Marguerite, the sister of Charles. The motives which induced the crafty Catherine and her brutal son to press this match seem uncertain. They might hope to lull the suspicions of the Huguenots, or they might indulge the expectation that Henri, like his father, could

be won over to the Roman Catholic party. Policy alone would not influence the Queen of Navarre when the interests of her religion appeared at stake, and Jeanne would come to no decision upon this important point without first consulting the most able protestant theologians on the lawfulness of a marriage between two persons of opposite religious belief. The answers were not uniform; but they were sufficiently favourable to cause her to proceed to Paris to arrange the necessary preliminaries. The manner in which she was treated, the behaviour of Catherine, and the horrid profligacy of the court, are best described by her own indignant words in a letter to Henri on the 8th of March, 1572.

"Il me faut négocier, tout au rebours de ce que j'avois espéré, et qu'on m'avoit promis: car je n'ai nulle liberté de parler au roi, ni à Madame (Marguerite), seulement à la reine-mère, qui me traite à la fourche.—Quant à Madame je ne la vois que chez la reine, lieu mal propre, d'où elle ne bouge, et ne va en sa chambre qu'aux heures qui me sont malaisées.—Voyant donc, mon fils, que rien ne s'avance, et que l'on me veut faire précipiter les choses, et non les conduire par ordre, j'en ai parlé trois fois à la reine, qui ne fait que se moquer de moi, et au partir de là, dire à chacun le contraire de ce que je lui ai dit; de sort que mes amis me blâment, et je ne sais comment démentir la reine; car quand je lui dis: Madame on dit que je vous ai tenu tel et tel propos, encore que ce soit elle-même qui l'ait dit, elle me renie comme beau meurtre, et me rit au nez, et m'use de telle façon que vous pouvez dire que ma patience passe celle de Griselidis. Au partir d'elle j'ai un escadron de Huguenots qui me viennent entretenir, plus pour me servir d'espions que pour m'assister. . . Je m'assure que si vous saviez la peine en quoi je suis, vous auriez pitié de moi, car l'on me tient toutes les rigueurs du monde, et des propos vains et moqueries, au lieu de traiter avec moi avec gravité, comme le fait le mérite.—Je crains bien d'en tomber malade, car je ne me trouve guère bien.—Elle (Marguerite) est belle et bien avisée, et bonne grâce, mais nourrie en la plus maudite et corrompue compagnie qui fut jamais.—Votre cousine, la marquise (l'épouse du jeune prince de Condé), en est tellement changé qu'il n'y a apparence de religion en elle; sinon d'autant qu'elle ne va point à la messe; car au reste de sa façon de vivre, hormis l'idolatrie, elle fait comme les papistes; et ma sœur la princesse (de Condé) encore pis."\*

\* In the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, Caligula E. vi., fol. 90, there is a curious document in French, signed Pelletier, which contains an inventory of jewels and trinkets belonging to the Queen of Navarre, the Prince of Condé and the Admiral, which were mortgaged to Queen Elizabeth. The inventory is dated June 12, 1569. On the 19th of July of the same year, *ib.* fol. 91, there is a letter, apparently all in the handwriting of Jeanne, dated from Rochelle, thanking Elizabeth for the assistance which she had given. In the same volume, fol. 59, there is also another letter from Jeanne to Elizabeth on the deplorable state of the protestants, dated from Rochelle, October, 1568.

† D'Anbigne, t. i., p. 282.

\* "I must conduct this business in a totally different manner from what I had hoped, and from what I was promised, for I have no opportunity of speaking to the king, nor to Madame (Marguerite), but only to the queen mother, who treats me most cruelly.—As to Marguerite, I never see her but in the presence of the queen; a very inconvenient place, which she never quits, and retires to her

After expressing a wish that he should marry and remove his wife from the licentiousness of the court, she adds,

"Ce ne sont pas les hommes ici qui prient les femmes, ce sont les femmes qui prient les hommes: si vous y étiez vous n'en échapperiez jamais sans une grande grace de Dieu."

After various delays the marriage articles were signed by Jeanne on the 11th of April, 1572. In June she again repaired to Paris, when the fiendish hypocrite Charles loaded her with attentions and caresses.

"Il l'appelait sa grande tante, son tout, sa mieux aimée. Il ne bougeait jamais d'auprès d'elle, à l'entretenir avec tant d'honneur et de révérence, qui chacun en étoit étonné. Le soir en se retirant, il dit à sa mère: Et puis, Madame, que vous en semble, jouai-je pas bien mon rollet? Oui, lui répondit-elle, mais ce ne rien qui ne continue.—Laissez moi faire seulement, dit le roi, et vous verrez que je les mettrai au filet."<sup>†</sup>

chamber only at such hours as do not suit me. Seeing, then, my dear son, that there is no advance in the matter, and that they are desirous of making me hurry over everything, instead of conducting it orderly, I have spoken three times to the queen about it, who only laughs at me: and besides this, she tells every one the opposite to what I have said to her; so that my friends blame me, and I know not how to contradict the queen; for when I say to her, Madame, it is reported that I have made such and such a proposal to you, although it was her own self who said it, she denies it plumply, and laughs in my face, and treats me in such a manner, that you may truly say I have more patience than Griselda. And in addition to the annoyance which she gives me, I have a crowd of Huguenots who come to talk with me, but more to act as spies than to give me any assistance. I am sure that if you knew the trouble in which I am, you would pity me. I am treated with continual unkindness, and am harassed by vain and foolish propositions, instead of the business being carried on with the seriousness which it deserves.—She (Marguerite) is handsome, graceful, and shrewd, but has been brought up in the most abominable and debauched society possible. Your cousin, the marchioness (the wife of the young Prince of Condé), is so changed by it, that there is no appearance of religion in her, save thus far, that she does not go to mass; but as to the rest of her mode of living, except idolatry, she does the same as the papists; and my sister (the Princess of Condé) still worse."

\* "It is not the men here who entice the women, it is the women who entice the men; if you were here, you would not escape without God's good grace."

† "He called her his great-aunt, his all, his best beloved. He did not stir from her, and talked to her with so much attention and respect, that every one was astonished at it. In the evening, when he retired, he said to his mother, 'Well, madame, what do you think of it? do I play my part well?'"

"'Yes,' replied she 'but it is nothing unless it lasts.'

"'Only leave me alone,' said the king, 'and you will see that I will bring them all to net.'"

Jeanne d'Albret, however, was too dangerous a person to the Roman-catholic party to be permitted to remain long at the court: her presence was a check upon the murderous plans which were now fast ripening; and her vigilance could hardly have failed to detect something of what was going on; she must therefore be removed. The resolution once taken, an agent was soon found; and a creature of Catherine's, a Florentine perfumer, of the name of René, undertook the diabolical office. He effected his purpose by means of a pair of gloves strongly impregnated with a subtle and powerful poison, and after an illness of a few days, Jeanne d'Albret died. The king pretended great grief; and every possible honour was paid to the corpse of the victim. Rumours of her having been poisoned began to be spread abroad; and to silence these it was commanded that her body should be opened. The physicians and others who attended the examination, pronounced that no trace of poison could be discovered, but that her death was occasioned by an abscess in the side, which had burst inwardly. He must have been a bold man indeed who would have ventured to give any other opinion than that which would have removed all obloquy from the king.

It is possible, indeed, that natural causes may have brought about her death; but when the names of Charles and Catherine are connected with the removal of any one who was in the way of their plans, or in any degree obnoxious to them, we must fear the worst. René, too, was one of the butchers in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and boasted of his share in the death of Jeanne. So perished the mother of Henri IV., of whom D'Aubigné says, "elle n'avoit de femme que le sexe; l'âme entière aux choses viriles, l'esprit puissant aux grandes affaires, le cœur invincible aux adversités." Had her life been spared, the after-conduct of her son might have been far different. Shortly after her death we find that Henri communicated the event to Elizabeth, and requested the continuance of her friendship and protection. This letter is among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, Vespasian, F. vi. 102, and as we believe it has never been published, our readers, perhaps, may be pleased with its insertion. The whole is in Henri's own handwriting. "Madame, après la retour de mon cousin le Maréchal de Montmorency s'offrant la présente voyage de M.

de Champernon, je n'ay voulu faillir vous ofreir la présent pour me ramenteuoir en vostre bonne grace et continuant au mesme désir et affection qui la fene royne ma mère vous a tousjours rendu, vous supplier très humblement, madame, me vouloir departir vostre amitié et bienveillance que luy avez tousjours démontré, et delaquelle nous avons congneu les effectz en tant de sortes que jamais m'en sentiray redeuable, ce que je tesmoigneray en tout à qu'il vous plaira me commander pour vous obeyr et faire service quand j'en auray le moyen de pareille voulonté, que je prie Dieu après mes très humbles recommandacions à vostre bonne grace vous donner, madame, une santé très heureuse et très longue.—*Paris, Juillet 15, 1572.*\*\*

In the mean time, the preparations for the marriage of Henri were continued; the dispensation granted by the pope was not satisfactory on all the points which had been stipulated for by the Protestants, and which had been promised by the court; both parties, however, agreed to merge all minor difficulties, and to proceed with all haste to the ceremony. Marguerite was at this period eighteen years old, beautiful and accomplished; but it is to be feared already tainted by the unblushing profligacy which on every side surrounded her. She manifested the greatest repugnance to the match, declaring, wherever she dared to do so, that she loved the Duke de Guise, had pledged her faith to him, and would marry him, and him only; and expressing the strongest aversion to Henri, whom she looked upon both in politics and religion, as the enemy of her lover. The threats of Charles compelled her to comply. On the 18th of August the ceremony was performed with great magnificence by the Cardinal de Bourbon; but the feeling of the people was most

significantly developed when the Huguenots marched into Paris, completely armed; and also when the King of Navarre and his suite evinced considerable repugnance to hear a mass, and the murmurs of the incensed multitude followed them the whole distance from Nôtre Dame to the Louvre. "It was observed," says D'Aubigné, "on this occasion, when the cardinal demanded of Marguerite whether she would take the King of Navarre for her husband, she made no reply; and that Charles, observing this, put his hand upon her, and caused her to bend the head, which was taken as her consent, and which was the only consent she gave." Such a commencement of a married life promised neither happiness, comfort, nor fidelity. Both parties were soon wearied of each other; they lived together for a little time, and then separated, till at last a divorce was obtained, and Henri married again. The massacre of St. Bartholomew followed soon after; and no language can be sufficiently strong to express the detestation which is due to the cold-blooded treachery and cruelty which attach to every contriver and agent in that unprecedented act of perfidy. It is but fair to give Catherine of Medicis the full benefit of all that has been urged in her behalf by her modern champion, Signor Alberi.—See *F. Q. R.*, No. 51, Art. 7. It is also right to add, that she actually proposed—among other reforms—to the pope, Pius IV., the suppression of the worship of images, to give the communion in both kinds, to sing the Psalms in the common tongue, and to abolish the festival of the Holy Sacrament. She was then a reformer, though, it is to be feared, simply a political reformer.

We must pass over this and all the other important and interesting events which occurred at that period, and come to the consideration of M. de Rommel's publication. The letters published by that gentleman embrace a period from the 15th of October, 1592, to the 6th of March, 1609; they are ninety-two in number, forty-five of which are from the king, and forty-seven from the landgrave, in addition to which there are four documents connected with the subjects of the letters. To satisfy us of the authenticity of the correspondence we have a certificate signed by himself and Charles Bernard Nicholas Falkenheiner, Doctor of Philosophy, one of the keepers of the royal archives, that these letters are exact copies of original pieces preserved in the archives

\* "Madame,—Next after the return of my cousin, the Marshal de Montmorency, the present journey of M. de Champernon affording me the opportunity, I was unwilling to fail in laying before you this present letter, in order to keep myself in your remembrance; and continuing in the same desire and affection which the late queen, my mother, always manifested towards you, to entreat you with great humility, madame, to be willing to impart to me your friendship and kindness which you always showed to her, and of which we have known the effects in so many instances, that I shall always feel myself your debtor on account of it, which I will testify in everything in which you shall be pleased to command me to obey, and to do service whenever I shall have the power; and I pray God, after my humble recommendations, to grant to your majesty a long and prosperous health."

of Hesse, and with which they have been carefully compared. This certificate is further attested by the signatures and seals of several officers of state; thus leaving no reasonable doubt but that they really are the production of the two illustrious men whose names they bear. No alteration from the originals has been made; the orthography, with all the variations common to the age, has been strictly preserved; the only addition has been that of accents and stops. The letters of the king are all signed by himself, but bear the countersignature of the secretary of state for foreign affairs.\* Those to the date of 1594 being countersigned by M. de Revol; from that time to September, 1606, by M. de Villeroy; and from that year to the king's death, by M. Brulart. From 1607 the correspondence was carried on in cipher; but attached to these ciphers, in many instances, there were ancient and authentic translations, which have been used by M. de Rommel; while, in some cases, the cipher itself has been preserved, where the meaning could not be discovered. The letters of the landgrave are arranged from minutes or outlines, for the most part in his own handwriting, or, when that is not the case, in the writing of his secretaries; the originals, if they still exist, must be among the documents preserved in France.

M. de Rommel's work is preceded by a very well-written and clever introduction, of which we shall give a brief analysis; such being necessary in order to show the origin of the connection between Henri and Maurice le Sage.

The landgraves of Hesse and the kings of France trace their origin from the same great ancestor. Louis le Barbu, founder of the house of the landgraves of Thuringia, who were also counts of Hesse, was descended from Charlemagne. His heiress, Sophia, married one of the ancient dukes of Brabant, himself of the same distinguished race; from this marriage came Henry, first landgrave of Hesse. This double descent was, as it were, renewed by the marriage of William II., father

of Philip le Magnanime, with Yolande, daughter of Frederick II., duke of Lorraine. Something more, however, was necessary to form the basis of a political alliance than this distant relationship; and the religious movement of the sixteenth century, joined to the widely-ambitious views of the emperor Charles V., made the then landgrave, Philip le Magnanime, anxious to ally himself with the reigning monarch of France. While the dominions of the other princes of the empire had become lessened by repeated divisions, Philip had not only preserved his original possessions unimpaired, but had considerably increased their extent, and had become the most powerful and most influential among these princes. Warmly attached to the reformed religion, he was the unyielding and undaunted opposer of Charles V., and for nearly half a century maintained a great authority over all the affairs of Germany. Having become the head of the Protestant party, and being in strict alliance with the Elector of Saxony, and even with the catholic Duke of Bavaria, he opened the first negotiation with Francis I. of France, as soon as that prince had declared himself against their common enemy. Francis had been an unsuccessful candidate for the imperial crown; which circumstance, beyond doubt, would lead him from personal feelings attendant upon his disappointment to take a more ready part against his more fortunate rival.

Ferdinand, the brother of Charles V., had been elected to the crown, and a fear existed, not indeed without strong foundation, that an attempt would be made to keep the succession in the Hapsburg family. This point was pressed with great earnestness by the German princes; and on the election of Ferdinand a coalition was made between Francis, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Elector of Saxony, and the Duke of Bavaria, on the 26th of May, 1532. No open pretext for war arose till Ferdinand, in the name of the emperor, seized upon the rich duchy of Wirtemberg, and drove out the legitimate prince, who took refuge with the landgrave Philip. All appeals to the emperor, founded upon the injustice of the seizure, being unheeded, war was at last determined upon, and, aided by the succours of the king of France, Philip defeated the Austrians, and restored the Duke of Wirtemberg to his possessions, who became from that time a warm supporter of the protestant interests. The prominent part which

\* We noticed in our last number that a collection of the letters of Henri IV. is about to be published under the auspices of M. Villemain. There are still in France and other nations more than 1500 which have never been printed. At the close of this article we purpose giving a list of those which are contained in the British Museum, distinguishing between those which are all in Henry's handwriting, those which are merely signed by him, and such as are copies.

Philip took in the re-establishment of the duke procured for him the title of *le Magnanime*. After the victory, the alliance with the King of France was renewed at Bar-le-Duc, pecuniary assistance was promised on his part, and the most important points, both of general policy and religion, were agreed upon. Francis, however, influenced by the councils of Cardinal de Tournon, and wearied with a contest in which his opponent was too frequently successful, abandoned the cause which he had for a while supported so firmly and so warmly. The landgrave and the elector, thus forsaken by their ally, yielded to a necessity which they could not withstand, and Charles V. became sole master of the empire. In the capitulation which was made, assurance had been given for the personal safety of the landgrave; to strengthen this assurance the guarantee of two electors of the empire, Maurice of Saxony and Joachim of Brandenburg, had been added. Both the one and the other, however, were openly set at naught; Philip was thrown into prison, where he remained five years in continual danger of his life from the violence of the religious fanaticism of the Spanish party. His eldest son, William le Sage, failed not to urge upon the two electors the disgrace and dishonour which must rest upon them, if they failed to fulfil the guarantee which they had given. Influenced at last by these just reproaches, they determined upon the deliverance of the landgrave. An alliance with Henri II. of France was resolved upon, the princes and Jean de Fresses, bishop of Bayonne, the ambassador of France, met at Friedewald, in an old chateau buried in the forests of Hesse. During their deliberation a heavy storm came on, and the building wherein they met was struck by the lightning. This occurrence terrified the assembled princes, who looked upon it as a most disastrous omen; the bishop, however, quieted their fears by a recital of some analogous case in ancient history, in which the result had been most favourable. He so far succeeded in reassuring them, that the treaty was signed the same day, the 5th of October, 1551, and was solemnly ratified at Chambord, by Henri himself, on the 15th of January in the following year. The immediate consequences of this important alliance were, the release of the landgrave, the overthrow of the power of Charles V. in Germany, and the first assurances of religious liberty. Philip reassumed the gov-

ernment of his dominions, but, on account of his promise to the emperor, interfered very little in the religious affairs in Germany. He attached himself to the rising house of Bourbon, and till his death, which took place in 1567, cherished a warm friendship for Jeanne d'Albret and the young Henri, whom he looked upon as the stay of the reformed religion in France.

William le Sage continued on terms of friendship both with Charles IX. and Henri III. Respected by the chiefs of the Huguenots, and held in high estimation by the court, he used his utmost endeavours to become a mediator between the parties, and strove to obtain from Charles and Catherine de Medicis, a solid and sincere peace for the Protestants; urging them also to follow the example of their co-religionists in Germany, and to moderate somewhat of their pretensions. Spanish influence, and the excited passions of Catherine and her son, rendered every effort abortive. So nearly, however, had he carried his point, that in the month of June, 1572, he had persuaded Augustus, elector of Saxony, the elector Palatine, John Cassimir, and the Duke of Brunswick, to conclude an alliance with France for mutual support, both with troops and money. The horrid and treacherous massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the August of the same year, put an end to these negotiations, which, had they been completed, might have produced lasting and beneficial effects upon the peace and welfare of Europe. The unparalleled perfidy and barbarity of Charles alienated the German princes, who naturally feared everything, and who could place no confidence in one who had shown himself so lost to every principle of mercy and of justice. Notwithstanding the deep aversion which the landgrave felt for Charles, and the death-blow to the protestant hopes which the murder of so many of the party had caused, William, from motives of deep policy, was obliged to conceal his resentment. Philip II., equally ambitious as his father, aimed at universal dominion; his power was almost overwhelming, quite sufficient to conquer any single continental foe, formidable to any combination, while the utter destruction of the protestant faith was known to be the dearest object of his wishes. Fully aware of the danger which a union of the French and Spanish nations would produce, William concealed his disgust at the events which had lately taken place in France, and still continued an



ally of Charles, whose reiterated assurances of protection to the reformers the landgrave appeared to believe.

Influenced by motives of fear and hatred to the Spanish cause, he used his interest among the nobles of Poland to procure the crown of that country for the Duke of Anjou, Charles's brother; and treated him magnificently on his way to assume it. When Henri III. became king of France, and in 1577 began the fifth religious war, William exhorted him by every motive both of policy and of right feeling to abstain from such a procedure, but in vain. All intercourse between them was, on the part of the landgrave, confined to the affairs of the empire; though he occasionally reminded the king that the only mode of preserving the welfare of his own kingdom, and of securing the respect of foreign princes, was faithfully to adhere to the promises which he had made to his protestant subjects. The landgrave, from some cause, appears to have had a presentiment of the fate which awaited Henri III.; for in a letter to that monarch written a few weeks before his murder, but which did not arrive till after the event had taken place, he warned him to take heed of "*les têtes rasées.*" On the accession of Henri IV. every obstacle to an alliance with the protestant princes was removed. Himself in avowed attachment and in open communion with the reformed church, and long looked upon as its warmest and most chivalrous champion, the hopes of the party revived. Not only was a general pacification and protection anticipated, but fond expectations were raised that France, partly reformed, would, when a reformed monarch was upon the throne, become eventually entirely so. Urged by Henri de la Tour, Jacques de Bongars, and other noblemen, ambassadors from the king, and moved more especially by the adhesion of Elizabeth of England, the landgrave sounded the protestant princes of Germany, who without delay entered into a secret treaty at Cassel to furnish Henry with money and soldiers. The parties to this treaty were the elector palatine, the princes of Hesse, Saxony, Brandenburg, Wirtemberg, Brnnswick, Mecklenburg, Holstein, and the King of Denmark.

The intrigues of Spain, and the deaths of the elector of Saxony and the elector palatine, delayed the execution of the treaty, which was of such vast importance to Henri, whose finances were at the lowest ebb. The landgrave, from his own

resources, lent the king a hundred thousand florins, and procured a like sum from some of the German towns: he gave also considerable reinforcements to the army which entered France in 1591, under the command of prince Christian d'Anhalt. The fullest reliance had been placed upon the assurances given by Henri, through his ambassadors, that all edicts against the adherents of the reformed religion had been cancelled, and that the subsidies required by him were to be employed solely to the firmer establishment of his authority at home, and to the extension and support of religious liberty. It was unhappily too soon discovered that the assertions of the king were irreconcilable with his conduct. Notwithstanding the open denunciation of the pope, both against his person and his crown, Henri kept up such relations with the court of Rome as could not, when known, be viewed without suspicion. The protestant princes of Germany withdrew the subsidies which seemed to them to be applied to a far different purpose than that for which they were intended, and by so doing, however justifiably, they perhaps hastened the disastrous course adopted by the King of France. The death of the landgrave saved him from the pang such conduct must have caused. The first letter in the collection of M. de Rommel is from Henri to Maurice, on the death of his father, expressing his regret at the event, "*pour la perte qui je y ai faite d'ung très bon amy,*"—he further speaks: "*De ma part je l'ay congneu tant affectionné en tout ce qui s'est présenté par delà pour mon service, et en ay resseny de si bons effects, que la souvenance m'en demeurera à jamais.*" In July, 1593, the king made his abjuration, and the landgrave writes to the elector palatine to express "*son étonnement d'une telle nouvelle, et, bien que les lettres venues de Paris ne puissent plus laisser désormais aucune doute sur l'abjuration du roi, il n'ose croire encore à une telle inconstance, à une telle defection.*" The motives of the king for this sad step were given in a communication, written in Latin, made to the protestant princes by M. de Fresnes, his ambassador. We must not keep back an extract from a letter written at this period by Catherine, the king's sister, expressing her own determination in language worthy of the daughter of Jeanne d'Albret: "*Je vous supplie,*" said the future Duchess of Lorraine, "*que quelque chose que l'on vous dise,*

vous ne croyiez que je veuille changer de religion; car avec l'aide de Dieu, j'en ferais un si exemplaire confession que nul ne doutera que je ne sois résolu d'y finir mes jours, que j'estimerois bien malheureux, si j'abandonnois Dieu pour les hommes. Faites-moi le bien, je vous supplie, d'en assurer tous les gens de bien." The apostacy of Henri is too fruitful a subject to dwell upon; its effects we have no doubt may easily and clearly be shown to have been more lasting and more disastrous to France than is generally imagined. Henri abandoned his religion to secure his crown. He could boast, indeed, his legitimate descent and his indefeasible right of inheritance; still the league were determined never to acknowledge him; he had been excommunicated by the pope, and the Duke of Mayenne had proclaimed the Cardinal de Bourbon king, as Charles X. The Roman Catholic party, the largest in France, demanded a Roman Catholic king, and Henri had no human prospect of success but by means of a conversion, which, though not bearing much semblance of sincerity, the nation thought fit to accept. The fatal example was soon followed by many of the higher rank of French Protestants. One after another was reconciled to the dominant church for the sake of advancement, and if the change did not take place in the fathers, it did in the children, and though the Reformation had nearly divided France, very few great families continued to profess the reformed faith when the edict of Nantes was revoked.

In 1602 the landgrave, at the repeated and earnest solicitations of Henri, undertook a journey to Paris; a very curious and interesting account of which, and of his interviews with the king, is inserted by M. de Rommel. We shall give a short compendium of it, as it shows the state of France and the characters of Maurice and Henri better than anything else. Great pains seem to have been taken to keep the journey a secret, as we find that the persons who composed his suite did not set out with him, but joined him separately and at different times and places. Setting out from Cassel on the 30th of June, 1602, the landgrave passed through Frankfurt, Worms, Spire, Bretten, the birth-place of Melancthon, Stutgard, and Tübingen. At the latter place, according to the custom of the times, he took part in a theological discussion in the presence of the whole academy. At Bâle, keeping up his incognito, we find that his knowledge of the English language enabled him to

pass for an Englishman; from this place he went to Montbéliard, intending to traverse Burgundy, but a large body of French troops being there, he changed his plans and went towards Switzerland. He describes his journey most minutely. The inns at which he could procure only milk and cheese—the burning of a witch at Nidau—the visit to the cathedral at Fribourg, to see the paintings of Albert Durer—his conversation at Yverdon with the celebrated chemist Perrot, who generously imparted some of his secret discoveries—his interview with the father of the Calvinists, Theodore Beza, then at the advanced age of eighty-three—all seem to claim an equal share of his notice.

Geneva was greatly admired; the purity of the worship, the beauty of the spot, and the vigilance of the police, so delighted him, that on his departure he left a copy of Latin verses expressive of his admiration. He afterwards testified this in a more solid form by sending ten thousand crowns to assist the Genevese in the fortification of their town. The grateful inhabitants named one part, which looked towards the lake, the Bastion of Hesse.

In journeying through the southern parts of France, he examined, wherever he went, the antiquities, the architecture of the public buildings, collections of medals and of natural history: visiting the learned and the great; at one time contenting himself with the hut of a fisherman—at another, being the honoured guest of the governors of provinces and cities—at another, passing his time in conversation with itinerant musicians, discussing with them the principles of their art, in which he himself, no mean composer, had great skill.

At Vienne, he was conducted to the former residence of Pontius Pilate. At Marcellin au Faucon, he found the wine superior to any he had before tasted; but M. de Rommel, anxious to remove any suspicion which such a remark might cause, assures us in a note, p. 57, that "le landgrave fut considéré comme un modèle de sobriété (ainsi que de chasteté). Il avoit même fondé un ordre de la tempérance." There is nothing new under the sun, but we should hardly have looked for the first temperance society in the annals of Hesse; that which was founded by Maurice-le-Savant was "principalement pour les princes et seigneurs d'Allemagne."

Journeying towards Marseilles, he was much struck with the number of plants there growing in wild luxuriance, which,

in his own dominions, were cultivated with great care; he particularizes *saliunca*, *rosmarinum*, *cistus mas et foemina*, *tamariscus*, *asparagus*, *rhamnus niger*, &c. At Avignon he was recognized, and the religious fanaticism of the inhabitants prevented his examining the neighbourhood. At Marseilles he remained some time admiring the port "alors rempli de soixante grands vaisseaux, sans compter plus de cent navires et les autres embarcations." But before the anniversary of St. Bartholomew, he left the place to avoid the invitation of the Duke of Guise, governor of the province, who celebrated "ce jour de funeste mémoire par une course de bagues, des danses et des festins." At Carcassone, where he was shown some bows and arrows formerly belonging to the Goths, he was much pleased at a manufacture of combs, made from the box-wood, remarkable, he says, for their elegance, and of which he made large purchases. At Bourdeaux and at Poitiers he examined all the objects of antiquity with great care; at the former place he amused himself by playing on the large organ which enriched the church of St. Andrew and St. Michael; at the latter "il séjourna quatre jours, se livrant aux plaisirs de la danse, de la voltige, du cheval et des armes, mais se plaisant surtout à faire sa partie avec quelques virtuoses sur le chalumeau et les cornemusettes, instrumens que Henri IV. préférait aussi à tous les autres." Passing through Châtellerault and Tours he reached Blois, where he visited the castle in which the Duke of Guise was murdered, and attended also the representation of a French comedy founded upon the history of Samson. M. de Rommel informs us in a note that the landgrave was himself the author of many dramatic pieces composed in different languages; these were played at his chateau at Cassel by English actors, then considered the best in Europe (p. 61.) Continuing his journey by Orleans and Chartres, he stayed a few days at Fontainebleau, and about the 30th of September arrived at Paris. After a previous conference with Villeroi, he at last obtained an interview with the king, with whom he at different times discussed matters of the deepest importance, both to themselves and to the princes of the empire. With Villeroi he broached matters which formed the subjects of conversation with the king. The election of a King of the Romans, and the dispute relative to the bishopric of Strasbourg,

were the two grand points. "Cependant," says the landgrave, "je ne manquai pas de passer encore au troisième point de mes projets, savoir: le remboursement des sommes autrefois prêtées, en lui rappelant que nous étions créanciers du roi; ajoutant que notre affection pour le roi devoit considérablement diminuer, s'il continuait à payer, à flatter, à ménager si ouvertement les autres créanciers, savoir: l'Angleterre, les Pays-Bas et les Suisses, tandis qu'il nous laissait crier, solliciter et même implorer, ne nous donnant que de belles paroles. Villeroi écoutant avec patience et souriant, m'assura d'abord que l'Angleterre n'en ayant pas encore besoin, le roi ne lui avait jusqu'ici rien payé." Whatever M. de Villeroi might say respecting England not wanting the money due from Henri, we know that Elizabeth was one of his most importunate duns, and many letters of her and his still exist in which the one requests payment, while the other seeks excuses to defer it. The avarice of Elizabeth was almost proverbial; "elle est plus couarde de mettre main à la bourse, qu'elle n'eust eusté de la mettre à l'espée, si elle eust esté homme.\*" Yet on the accession of Henri she supplied him at one time with twenty thousand pounds in gold, and four thousand men under the command of Willoughby. In the Cotton MSS. Caligula, E. ix., fol. 211. b, there is a note in the handwriting of Burleigh, containing an account of the monies due from Henri; and in the Harleian MSS. there is a letter from Elizabeth† on the subject of the debt, which, as it has never been printed, to the best of our knowledge, we give entire.

\* Egert. 336.

† Matthieu, in his *Histoire de France*, &c., vol. ii., p. 47, has the following curious account of the reception of the Duke de Biron, the latter part of which shows the credulity of the worthy author. After mentioning that the Count d'Auvergne "eut la faveur d'entrer au cabinet de la royne, pendant qu'elle s'habilloit. Faveur si rare que jamais prince ny grand seigneur d'Angleterre ne s'en vanta. Mais les caresses qu'elle fit au Duc de Biron estoient infinies, ayant chanté, joué de l'espionette, et dansé pour l'amour de luy, et le contentement qu'elle recevoit en sa venue.—La royne ayant fait veoir au Duc de Biron plusieurs preuves de sa grandeur, et son affection, luy monstra un estrange exemple de sa justice. C'estoit les testes de plusieurs grands seigneurs qui avoient pensé à troubler son estat, et entre autres celle du Comte d'Essex, pour la punition duquel sa justice avoit vaincu son courage et forcé toutes ses affections."

"The count d'Auvergne," he says, "had the privilege of going into the queen's private chamber while she was dressing—a privilege so great, that no English prince or nobleman could boast of it. But the marks of favour which she showed to the

*From Elizabeth to Henry IV. Harl. MSS. 760.*

"l'reshault, très excellent, et très puissant Prince, nostre très cher et très ayme bon frere, et cousin. Les propos derniers de vostre ambassadeur en response à la proposition que par le nostre nous avions fait faire et reiterer à vous et à vostre conseil sur le remboursement des grands deniers dont vous estes respondant, nous semblent si esloignés de toute apparence d'estre de vous, que n'estoit que nous le congnoissons par les preuves qu'avons de luy en aultres negoces ester gentilhomme d'entendement et d'integrité, nous eussions pensé qu'il rapportoit plustost quelque mention du sien que chose qui fust de vostre instruction. Car non seulement ses propos portoient ung contradictoire absolu à soy mesme, qui nous avoit peu auparavant tenu tout aultre langage, mais aussy contenoient une incongruité et descouvance bien grande à l'amitié qui est entre nous et au respect que nous avons merité que l'on aye de nous, fust ce en chose de plus grand moment que cecy.

"Car passant en silence la variation des allegations de temps à aultre on nous a proposées à nous esconduire, comme en premier lien les assignations des costumes et droicts des villes faictes à elles mesmes. Puis le reglement des mises de vos revenus establi pour un an, qui ne pouvoit estre enfreint. Apres le payement des Suisses, et doute de la guerre de Savoye, (que nous estoient toutesfois aultant d'arguments à nous faire soubgonner que la volonté que l'on monstroït à nous satisfaire, n'estoit que mal assurée) et ce que pour le dernier l'on mist en avant, que nous eussions à declarer quelle somme nous contenteroit pour ung payement present, encores qui ce fust au rebours de toute pratique en matière d'obligation, mesmes entre personnes privées, de nous mettre à la modification de nos deniers qui sommes creditier. Toutesfois nous fusmes contentes de laisser conter et point estimer que l'on se fust resolu de s'y arrester. Mais de venir après à nous insinuer d'aultres excuses, quelle raison d'en avoir patience. Car si nous la voulons si longue que manquants à ung roi trèschrétien prétensions d'employement necessaire de deniers et ne sera que escorner nousmesmes d'une plus grande stupidité que ne comporte nostre hon-

Duke de Biron were boundless, having sung to him, played on the spinet, and danced,\* for love of him, and for the pleasure which she received from his company.

"The queen having shown the Duke de Biron many proofs of her grandeur and her affection, showed him also a singular instance of her justice. This was the heads of many noblemen who had tried to cause a disturbance in her kingdom; and among others that of the earl of Essex, in whose punishment her justice had conquered her passion, and mastered all her affection."

Matthieu was a Jesuit on terms of great intimacy with Henry; his work was published during the lifetime of the king, and was dedicated to him.

\* Elizabeth was proud of her dancing, in which she is said to have excelled. "The Duke of Nevers was honourably entertained by her majesty: she danced with him, and courted him in the best manner: he, on the other side, used many complements, as kissing her hand, yea and foot, when she shewed him her leg."—*Stanhope*.

neur dont ayant quant à nous, un sentiment si vil, comme est de raison, nous vous prions de considerer si la vostre ne souffre en ceste façon de faire, estant si fort esloignée soit des reigles de l'équité commune, soit de la conjunction étroite qui est entre nous, vous qui estes obligé de si bon droit, retardant à nous faire raison du nostre ayant tant d'occasion de vous en requerir. Qui quand vous aviez semblable occasion à faire preuve de nostre amitié, ne nous faillistes de nos moyens, bien que n'y fussions obligées que de pure bienveillance à vostre estat. Car vous ne pouviez vous ignorer que nous n'ayons à présent les memes causes de vous presser (pour le faix trèsgrand de depens que nous avons) que vousmesmes aviez lors de nous rechercher. Et tout le monde aussy sçait que si en vos bésöins nous eussions voulu nous servir d'excuser, il ne nous pouvoit manquer de trèsusites et fort apparentes pour faire l'espargne de mes deniers. Ausquelles considerations quand nous pensons ententivement et ensemble jettons nostre oeil sur vostre jugement, qui par experience devez avoir le mal qu'apporte d'estre despourveu en ses opportunités, nous ne pouvons croire que de vostre naturel sortent ces estranges delays. Ainsy que vous vous serez laissé aller au conseil de quelque maleveillant pourtant nous ne doutons que quand vous verrez par ceste cy que nous en sommes touchées d'ung ressentiment tel que merite l'erreur que l'on vous fait faire, vous veuillez par d'aultres longueurs vous exposer à la ceusure de ceulx qui rememorants les choses passées entre nous en feront peuliesre ung jugement tel qui apporterait à vos procédures plus de scandale que ne desire veoir approcher de celuy à qui elle vult tant de bien, celle qui vouldroit n'estre à jamais aultre que

"Vostre bien et affectionnée sœur,

"ELIZABETH, R."

In addition to which, immediately before the signature there is in Elizabeth's own handwriting the following, "l'argument de ces lignes me rendent sy estonné d'estre si estrangement tracté que, plus ne diray que je ne le merite ayant tousjours esté voire bien, &c. A ma court de Grenewich le vingtième jour de Juillet, 1600."

In the first conference after having spoken of the more immediate objects of the interview, the landgrave says that the king,

"Me conduisit alors au jardin, où il me donna occasion de remarquer combien il portait encore d'intérêt à la cause de la religion [réformée.] Après avoir discoursu de la chasse, du jeu de dés et autres choses semblables, il monta enfin à cheval, m'assignant à Saint Germain le second rendezvous. Le 5 Octobre (the third interview,) le roi me regut dans son cabinet, et discourut d'abord, selon sa coutume, de ses classes, de ses amours, de ses guerres et autres choses, ce que j'écoutai, ne répondant que peu de mots." After other matters,—"Quant à la religion (réformée,) le roi s'ouvrit dans cette occasion très amplement, m'assurant plusieurs fois avec grandes protestations, 'qu'il était encore dévoué à la religion (réformée.) et que même il avait le dessein d'en faire de nouveau, avant sa fin, une confession publique, ajoutant qu'il sentait une

véritable affection pour de maison de Hesse, et que je devais certainement compter sur lui, car en cas de peril, il perdrait plutôt sa couronne que de manquer à me secourir. Nous nous séparâmes bien tard.”—p. 79.

On the 14th of October the last conference took place, and on the 16th before the landgrave's departure from Paris, the king sent him “un superbe bijou destiné pour mon fils aîné Othon.” “C'est sans doute,” says M. de Rommel, “l'épée précieuse conservée encore, sous le nom de Henri IV., dans le musée de Cassel, mais dont le fourreau fut dépouillé, sous Jérôme Napoléon, des pierres dont elle était ornée. On y conserve aussi un buste en cire de Henri IV. qui passe pour très ressemblant.”—p. 67.

The conduct of the Duke de Bouillon forms a frequent topic in many of the letters. The duke, indeed, was a source of great anxiety to Henri, as well as to the protestant German princes. He had been implicated in the conspiracy of Biron, and had retired to his vicomté of Turenne: the king wishing to believe him innocent, commanded him to come to Paris and justify himself, but instead of obeying he retired to the palatinate.

“Mais, mon cousin, ce qui me déplaît et afflige le plus est d'avoir trouvé mon cousin le Duc de Bouillon meslé en ces affaires. Car j'eusse creu que tout mon royaume ensemble y eust participé plustost que luy, pour l'avoir toujours chéry et aimé plus que nul autre de mes serviteurs; avoir cest honneur d'estre premier gentilhomme de ma chambre, officier de ma couronne, et aujourd'huy le premier et plus ancien mareschal de France; l'avoir aussi marié à l'héritière de Sedan, maintenu et protégé en la succession d'icelle contre tous ceux qui y avoyent interest; et l'avoir recognu si prudent et advisé en toutes ses actions, que je n'avois serviteur, duquel je fisse plus d'estat d'estre secondé et assisté en toutes mes affaires, que je faisois de luy. Et vous diray que la bonne opinion que j'avois de luy pour les raisons susdites, et les preuves que j'avois faictes de sa valeur, sagesse, et fidélité, avoit pris telle racine en mon âme, qu'elle n'a pu estre encores, je ne dirai effacée, mais seulement par ces accusations esbranlée. C'est pourquoy j'ay voulu luy escrire la lettre de la quelle je vous envoie présentement ung double, que je luy ay envoyée par l'ung de mes vallets de chambre confident, à la quelle s'il satisfait, comme par raison et honneur et pour son propre bien il doit faire, il esprouvera que je lui suis bon maître. Mais aussi, si contre mon espérance, le commandement que je luy fais, et le conseil que je luy donne par la dite lettre, il en use autrement, comme il fera une grande bresche à sa reputation, je vous assure que j'en seray très marry, et qu'il me mettra en grande peyne pour le combat qu'en recevra mon esprit; car comme d'ung costé je ne puis ny veulx manquer à ce que je dois à la conservation de mon royaume et à la seureté de mes enfans et de ma propre personne, assalis

ensemble par ceste conspiration, ce me sera aussi ung indicible crève cœur d'estre contrainct de persécuter ma créature. Mon cousin, croyez, je vous prie, que j'evisteray ceste nécessité, tant que ma dignité et la seureté de ma couronne et de mes susdits enfans me le permettra; ce que je me promets estre approuvé, loué et favorisé par tous mes bons amys et alliés, quelque affinité et proximité qu'ils ayent avec le dit Duc de Bouillon; auquel aussi ils ne pourroyent prester faveur et assistance, hors celle que méritera son innocence, et pour la justification d'icelle (laquelle en ce cas me sera tousjours très agréable,) sans violer nostre amitié et la justice: chose que je vous prie de bien faire entendre et remonstrer aux princes mes dits amys et alliés d'Allemagne, afin qu'ils ne laissent surprendre à d'autres conseils, bastis sur fondemens contraires à nostre amitié, à la vérité et équité, en attendant que je les face informer plus particulièrement de l'une et de l'autre par personne que j'ay dellibéré envoyé par delà exprès pour les visiter, et les assurer de la continuation de mon amitié et bonne voisinance, ainsi que je vous dis, estant par deça que je voulois faire.”—pp. 82, 83, 84.

\* “Le duc, à cause de sa seconde femme, fille de Guillaume I. d'Orange Nassau, était beau-frère du Prince Maurice d'Orange, ainsi que de l'Electeur Palatin Frédéric IV.”

† “But, my cousin, what vexes and distresses me the most is to have found my cousin, the Duke de Bouillon, mixed up in these affairs. For I should have thought my whole kingdom would have taken part in it rather than he, for I have always favoured and loved him more than any other of my servants; he had the honour of being first gentleman of my chamber, an officer of the crown, and now the first and oldest marshal of France. I also gave him the heiress of Sedan in marriage, supported and protected him in the sad inheritance against all those who were interested about it; and I knew him to be so wise and prudent in all his actions, that I had no servant in whom I placed more confidence of being seconded and assisted in all my affairs than I did in him. And I will say to you, that the good opinion which I had of him, for the above-mentioned reasons, and for the proofs which I had of his bravery, wisdom, and fidelity, had taken such root in my mind, that these accusations have not been able to tear it up, but have only shaken it. It is for this reason that I determined to write him the letter, of which I now send you a copy; this I have forwarded to him by one of my confidential valets-de-chambre, to which if he gives a satisfactory reply, as he is bound to do, both by reason and honour, and his own benefit, he will find that I am a kind master to him. But if, contrary to my hope, he acts in opposition to the command which I have laid upon him, and the advice which I have given him in the said letter, as he will do a great injury to his character, so I assure you that I shall be much vexed at it, and that he will put me in great pain on account of the wound which my feelings will receive; for, as on the one side, I neither can nor will fail in what is due to the preservation of my kingdom, and the safety of my children, and of my own person, all attacked by this conspiracy, so also it will cause me a great heart-ache to harm one whom I have raised to such honours.

“Believe me, my cousin, I entreat you, that I

After great forbearance on the part of Henri, and many attempts for reconciliation made on the part of the landgrave and the protestant princes of Germany, the Duc de Bouillon obstinately refused to make concessions to the king. At last, in the spring of 1606, Henri marched with troops to besiege the duke in his castle at Sedan. These preparations alarmed him, and he yielded to the terms proposed. All the passages in these letters, and there are many, which refer to the duke, prove the great unwillingness which Henri had to proceed to extreme measures, and how anxious he was to be reconciled, provided he could do so consistently with his own honour and dignity. He had pursued the same conduct towards the unfortunate Biron, whom he would have saved if it had been possible.

In the letter which Henri wrote to the landgrave immediately after his return to Cassel, we find him mentioning, with great delight, the birth of his second child, a daughter, and the favourable health of his queen. The dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII., had been born in the preceding year. This second marriage had long been deferred, in consequence of the unwillingness of his first wife, Marguerite, to consent to a divorce: the grand obstacle was Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom the king had expressed his determination to marry; Marguerite, knowing this, declared she never would consent "pour mettre en sa place une femme de si basse extraction et de si mauvaise conduite."—*Sismondi*, vol. xxii., p. 31. The latter part of Marguerite's cause of objection was too true, but the charge of low birth is without foundation. Her grandfather, Jean d'Estrées, was one of the most illustrious houses in Picardy; he was, in his youth, page to Anne of Britany—afterwards fought with Francis I. at Marignan and Pavia,

will avoid this necessity as much as my own dignity, and the safety of my crown and of my children, will allow; and I promise myself that my conduct will be approved, commended, and supported by all my good friends and allies, whatever relationship or connexion they may have with the aforesaid Duke de Bouillon; to whom also they can give neither favour nor assistance, except that which his innocence will deserve, and for the justification of the same (which in that case will always be pleasing to me), without doing an injury both to our friendship and to the cause of justice: a point which I beg of you to explain and represent to the princes of Germany, my friends and allies, in order that they may not suffer themselves to be deceived by other counsels based upon foundations contrary to our friendship, to truth, and to equity; waiting till I give them more particular information by a person whom I have determined to send from hence for the purpose of seeing them, and of assuring them of my friendship, and also that I may inform you of what my intentions are."

who made him captain-general of artillery. In the latter capacity he was present at the siege of Calais, in 1558, to the reduction of which he mainly contributed by his skill in directing the cannon. He is also said to have been the first gentleman of his province who embraced the protestant religion, and had service publicly performed at his chateau at Cœuvres. What is singular, and not generally borne in mind, is, that Gabrielle, on the mother's side, was descended from the same ancestor as Henri, viz., John Count of Vendôme; she tracing her line from Jacques de Bourbon, a natural son of John. Her tragical death removed the only obstacle raised by Marguerite; and in 1600 Henri married Mary de Medicis, daughter of Francis II., of Florence, and Jeanne of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I. At the coronation of Henri and Mary many events occurred which were considered as omens foreboding the violent death of the king. Mary, in her dream, saw the brilliant gems of her crown change into pearls, the symbols of tears and mourning. An owl hooted until sunrise at the window of the chamber to which the king and queen retired at St. Denis on the night preceding the coronation. During the ceremony it was observed, with dread, that the dark portals leading to the royal sepulchres beneath the choir were gaping and expanded—the flame of the consecrated taper held by the queen was suddenly extinguished, and twice her crown nearly fell to the ground.

The remaining letters contain information on many important points connected with the favourite scheme of Henri of forming a general European alliance, and of the particular interests of the German provinces and the low countries, all of which show the great political talents of Henri and his ministers. The best thanks of the literary world are due to M. de Rommel, for the care which he has taken in the publication. The correspondence is continued, without interruption, to the time of Henri's assassination, when he, who had prodigally exposed his life in countless battles, fell by the murderer's knife, "en plein jour, au milieu de sa ville capitale, dans un carrosse où huit de ses serviteurs étoient."<sup>9</sup> From one end of the kingdom to the other the greatest consternation and woe were excited. All his faults and vices were forgotten; he was remembered only as the gallant and the brave. His noble bearing, and his free yet dignified courtesy were dwelt upon only to add poignancy to regret. Amid the tears and lamentations of his subjects, the body of the

• TAVANNE.

murdered monarch was deposited in the royal vaults of St. Denis—there, it was fondly imagined, to rest undisturbed till the consuming hand of time should crumble the cathedral itself into dust. But within two centuries a class of beings were found whom modern folly would fain amalgamate with Protestantism; whereas the French Revolution has nothing to do with Protestantism whatever—the outbreak of licentiousness and the revival of pure morality being wholly distinct, the one the dissolution of all religion, the other the resuscitation of its purest form. From their brutality the sanctity of the tomb was no protection, and their insensate enmity to royalty was carried even beyond the grave.

In 1793, Barrère moved in the national convention that the graves and monuments of the kings in St. Denis, and all other places, should be destroyed. The lead of the coffins was to be melted into bullets to fire against the enemies of the nation. The motion was gladly received, a decree was passed by acclamation, and the work of destruction soon commenced. The grave of Henri was among the first that was violated. Upon opening the coffin the features were discovered perfect. Some tow, saturated with an aromatic essence, had been introduced into the cavity of the brain, and so great was the pungency of the odour that it caused considerable inconvenience to those who surrounded the body. A soldier standing by who had heard, or read perhaps, of the victories of Ivry and of Arques, cut off with his sabre a portion of the beard, and putting it upon his upper lip, exclaimed, "Désormais je n'aurai pas d'autre moustache! Maintenant je suis sûr de vaincre les ennemis de France, et je marche à la victoire." The body was soon removed from the coffin and set up as a mark for the diversion of the mob: a woman, cursing the corpse because it had once lived a king, knocked it down by a blow on the face; after which it was left for a time exposed to the brutal indignities of the rabble, till at last the common pit prepared for the bodies which should be disinterred, received all that remained of Henri le Grand.

The letters of Henri IV., in the British Museum, range over a period from 1572 to 1603. Twenty-two of these are autograph, eleven of which were sent to Elizabeth. We know how exacting she was of personal attention, which is probably the reason why so large a portion are found addressed to her. We know, also, that Henri was continually urged by his friends to write to her more frequently; an attention which she richly merited, on account of the interest which

she took in everything which was of importance to him. To Burleigh, who was his warm friend in every difficulty, we have five autographs. The letters to Elizabeth are mainly expressions of want of assistance—of thanks for it, when rendered—of excuses for conduct which had met with the disapprobation of his royal friend and correspondent—one or two, merely complimentary, containing assurances of esteem and regard—and a few on the subject of depredations which had been made by the English. To Burleigh he expresses himself warmly for the good services rendered to him; but to him, as well as to the other persons addressed, the matter is chiefly political. Among the Burney MSS., we find one to Joseph Scaliger, and two to Casaubon, all three with the sign manual.

The list which follows does not contain so many letters as are to be found under the name of Henri IV. in the various catalogues of MSS. in the British Museum. In those catalogues, letters of Henri III., Henri, prince of Condé, and others, have been assigned to Henri IV.; nay, in one instance, we find a letter assigned to him, which was written two years before he was born. In our list every letter has been carefully verified. There are also many documents, relative to his times and reign, which we have not noticed, as the catalogue is confined to his letters only, and to copies of his letters.

*In the following catalogue, the letter A, placed after the date, denotes an autograph letter; S, denotes one with the sign manual only; C, denotes a copy.*

To ELIZABETH, A.D. 1572, July 15, S, Cott. Mss., Vespasian F. vi., fol. 102.—1589, July 9, A, Cott. Mss., Vespasian F. iii., fol. 84 b.; August 23, S, Cott. Mss., Galba E. vi., fol. 407; no month, A, Cott. Mss., Galba E. vi., fol. 283; no month, A, Cott. Mss., Galba E. vi., fol. 411.—1591, May 21, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 358, slightly injured by fire; June 13, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 359, slightly injured by fire; June 19, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 362, slightly injured by fire.—1592, March 18, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. xii., fol. 354, slightly injured by fire; May 1, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 396 b.—1594, November 14, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 212.—1595, April 18, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 214.—1596, May 31, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 355, slightly injured by fire; no month, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 333, slightly injured by fire.—1597, August 18, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 418, slightly injured by fire; October 25, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 451.—1598, September 3, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 530 b.; October 7, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 148, fol. 253; December 13, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 148, fol. 256.—1599, August 6, S,

Lansdowne Mss., vol. 148, fol. 88.—1602, July 2, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 169, fol. 151.

LORD BURGHELEY, 1580, March 2, S, Cott. Mss., Galba E. vi., fol. 4.—1582, July 23, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 35, art. 53.—1583, December, A, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 38, art. 59.—1584, April, A, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 42, art. 24.—1585 November 8, A, Cott. Mss., Galba E. vi., fol. 283.—1586, January 23, S, Cott. Mss., Galba E. vi., fol. 286; February 27, S, Cott. Mss., Galba E. vi., fol. 286.—1587, December 14, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 53, art. 31.—1588, January 15, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 59, art. 3; August, A, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 57, art. 32.—1589, May 10, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 60, fol. 62; May 14, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 60, fol. 63; August 13, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 313, slightly injured by fire; September 27, A, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 60, fol. 69; October 20, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 60, fol. 70; November 30, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 60, fol. 72.—1591, March 4, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 365, slightly injured by fire; June 19, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. viii., fol. 75.—1593, March 29, S, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 78, art. 65.—1594, April 7, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 234, slightly injured by fire.—1596, January 22, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 234.

EARL OF SUSSEX, 1580, April 13, S, Cott. Mss., Titus B. vii., fol. 319; no date, S, Cott. Mss., Titus B. vii., fol. 407.—SIR F. WAL-SINGHAM, 1585, February 26, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 277, slightly injured by fire; March 12, S, Harleian Mss., vol. 376, fol. 5.—1586, August 28, A, Harleian Mss., vol. 1582, fol. 114.—THE PARLIAMENT AT PARIS, 1535, October 11, C, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 45, art. 17.—TO THE SORBONNE, 1585, October 10, C, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 45, art. 17.—DU PLESSIS, 1586, September 23, A, Cott. Mss., Nero B. vii., fol. 380.—BACON, 1586, September 23, A, Cott. Mss., Nero B. vii., fol. 383.—EARL OF LEICESTER, 1586, no month, A, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 298, slightly injured by fire.—SIR H. STAFFORD, 1590, May 6, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 279, slightly injured by fire; 1591, March 4, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. vii., fol. 255, slightly injured by fire.—DUKE DE LONGUEVILLE, 1590, March 14, C, Cott. Mss., Galba D. vii., fol. 86 b.—SIR H. UNTON, 1591, August 15, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. viii., fol. 10.—1592, March 28, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. viii., fol. 533.—BARTON, 1592, September 30, copy in English, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. xii., fol. 354, slightly injured by fire.—DE BEAUVOIR, 1593, May 16, C, the original was written in cipher, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 128, slightly injured by fire.—JOSEPH SCALIGER, 1593, April 20, C, Burney Mss., vol. 371, fol. 132.—JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND, 1594, September, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 272; November 7, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 274.—JAMES I. OF ENGLAND, 1603, June 2, S, Harleian Mss., vol. 1760, fol. 26.—1605, March 6, S, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. xi., fol. 218, slightly injured by fire; March, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. xi., fol. 291; September 27, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. xi., fol. 265, slightly injured by fire.—ANTONIO PERES, 1595, April 30, C, Cott. Mss.,

Caligula E. x., fol. 408; August 26, C, Birch Mss., additional, 4115, p. 143.—THE STATES GENERAL, 1595, Sept. 7, C, Cott. Mss., Galba D. xi., fol. 186.—1597, Feb., C, Cott. Mss., Vespasian F. v., fol. 398.—BIDOSSAN, 1595, November 9, C, Birch Mss., additional 4114, p. 95.—EARL OF ESSEX, 1595, December 4, C, Birch, Mss., 4114, p. 170; December 28, C, Birch Mss., 4114, p. 207.—DUKE DE BOUTILLON, 1596, September 7, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. ix., fol. 358; November 18, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. x., fol. 150.—ISAAC CA-SAUBON, 1599, January, S, Burney Mss., vol. 367, fol. 129; 1600, August, S, Burney Mss., vol. 367, fol. 130.—THE ELECTOR PALATINE, 1603, July 7, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. x., fol. 408.—MYROM, 1603, September 1, C, Cott. Mss., Caligula E. x., fol. 294.—DE FLERS, no date, A, Harleian Mss., 4449, fol. 25, 26.—BUZENVAL, 1587, July 20 and August 3, S, the latter in cipher, Lansdowne Mss., vol. 53, art. 26.\*

ART. IV.—1. *Mémoires de Monsieur Giquet, ancien Préfet de Police, écrits par lui-même.*

2. *Mémoires tirés des Archives de la Police.* Par J. PEUCHET.

THERE is nothing extraordinary in the fact of any institution whatsoever being changed in process of time, not alone in character, but in object also; for it is an occurrence that is daily taking place before our eyes. Corruption creeps into these as into man's other works, and the instances are very rare of any institution, like freemasonry, only undergoing an alteration for the extension of the sphere of its beneficence, and the assumption of purer and higher purposes than it had in view at its first foundation. We will not, therefore, venture to call the fact extraordinary, that in various countries the institution of police, the first great object of which was the protection of the honest and industrious by the active vigilance of the law, should have deviated before the end of the last century into a means of oppression and tyranny. It is however really extraordinary, that in

\* In our catalogue of the manuscript letters of Henri IV., which are contained in the British Museum, we accidentally omitted to mention a collection of seventy-four, all in his own handwriting, addressed to his chancellor, M. de Belleyve. Additional MSS. 5473. They were discovered in the archives of the Bastille. The Abbé Rive printed a short dissertation on them, in which he says, "Le sujet de notre (recueil) qui n'a jamais été ni imprimé, ni vu des savants, roule sur plusieurs matières intéressantes—les abus dans les finances, les monnaies, &c., les dettes de l'Etat, et les moyens de les éteindre, tant dans les pays étrangers qu'envers ses sujets: quelques unes concernent le commerce des cendres et l'échange en Hollande, des toiles contre les laines d'Espagne, l'exportation des soyeries, &c."



any land, as was the case with France, the depravation of the whole system of police should be so great as to leave, after the great earthquake of the first revolution had shaken the whole fabric to the ground, but a mass of false views, wrong principles, and dangerous attributions, out of which it was impossible to pick one sound and solid stone wherewith to form the basis of a new edifice. That it was so, may soon be shown; and yet out of the rubbish of what went before, together with materials still more rotten and unsafe, thrown up by that earthquake, France has persisted in framing her new system of police, as the memoirs of M. Gisquet most clearly demonstrate.

In no European tongue that we know of has a really scientific essay upon police been produced—no, not even in English, though the mind of the reader may very likely revert to two or three clever works upon the subject; and though it must be admitted that we have treated it more scientifically than most other nations. We at least have never forgotten the great end and object of police, and have aimed at it throughout simply and directly, though probably we might have arrived at it more surely if the fundamental principles of the science had been more definitely stated. In other countries, however, almost without exception, the end has either been absolutely mistaken, or combined with so many other objects totally foreign to it, as to leave the real purpose of the institution but a very small place. These fundamental errors have been followed by errors of detail, both in execution and design: the theory has been vicious, and the practice not less so. Our excellent friends, the Germans, who systematize everything, have made it a study, but have wandered wide of scientific principles, and for the very best of all possible reasons: because, properly considered, police is the institution of a free people, for the purpose of practically affording to all men the promised protection of the law. The object to be aimed at is general security: the danger to be eschewed is encroachment upon rational liberty.

But let us see what is M. Gisquet's view of the general question: we shall have to notice some of his opinions in regard to details hereafter.

"The mission of the police," he says, "is to protect persons and property, to watch over the security of all, and consequently to sweep away injurious causes,\* to ensure the execution of the laws, and to prescribe every measure of order required by the public interest."—*Mémoires de Gisquet*, vol. i. p. 3.

\* "Faire disparaître les causes nuisibles."

A somewhat comprehensive definition we may well pronounce it, and one capable of containing anything which the most oppressive power might wish to place amongst the functions of the police; but we must hear our author still further, when we shall find the attributions claimed more definite, but not less extensive and dangerous.

"Amongst all civilized nations the laws have forbidden murder, arson, robbery, and almost all the acts treated as crimes or offences by our codes. A magistracy charged with the punishment of culprits has been found necessary, therefore, in every regular society; but the laws have not been able to embrace in their arrangements a crowd of cases, and of incidents which, though certainly of a less serious character, are none the less prejudicial to the well-being of the governed. On this account at all periods, in all countries, and whatever has been the form of government, the laws have wisely confided to an authority analogous to our municipal power the task of supplying, as the good father of a family, the defect in legislation."\*—*Ibid.*

But we must beg leave to deny both the premises and the inference. Without wishing to pronounce a fulsome panegyric upon our native land, we may be permitted to say that in this happy country—the only country perhaps in the world where civil liberty is rightly understood—there is no authority, there is no need of any authority destined to supply "*le silence de la législation*," because there is scarcely a conceivable case upon which the law is silent. We may boldly take upon us to say that there is no public functionary whatsoever, from the secretary for the home department—who comprises in his attributions all those that ought justly to be intrusted to a *préfet de police*—to A, No. 42, now walking down the Strand, who is entitled to act either against the law, beyond the law, or without the law. If he does, he is punishable by the law. The very supposition that in any state there is a power which is charged "*de suppléer, en bon père de famille, au silence de la législation*," implies that certain men are authorized to make laws for certain cases independent of the great legislative body; an anomaly incompatible with the first principles of civil liberty. Such a doctrine might be very well under a form of government where any one man could venture to say "*L'Etat c'est moi!*" but cannot be tolerated where there is a pretence of freedom. A very great and serious doubt may arise whether an elected legislative body have a constitutional right to depute any other body of men to frame and carry into effect laws, or regulations tantamount to laws affecting the

\* "*Le soin de suppléer, en bon père de famille, au silence de la législation.*"

whole community, in order to meet any circumstances whatsoever, without each of those laws or regulations being submitted actually to the consideration of the legislature. But into that branch of the subject we are not called to enter: suffice it that no such authority is even tacitly intrusted to the police in this country, and that in all its branches, acts, and functions, it is merely the servant and agent of the law.

What, then, it may be asked, is no discretionary power intrusted to magistrates? Certainly none in judging of crimes or misdemeanours of any kind. The law defines clearly every offence: the magistrate either absolves or convicts, or if he has not jurisdiction from the nature of the charge, he sends the accused for trial to a superior tribunal. His only discretionary power is in regard to the amount of punishment in certain cases of conviction, and even to that the law affixes an exact limit, beyond which he cannot travel. Even against the power of conviction for minor offences, without trial by a jury, and the power of committal for the judgment of a higher court, the law has taken such precautions, and provided so many safeguards, that it is scarcely possible the private passions or follies of a magistrate should produce any act of flagrant injustice. But enough of this, we trust, if there really be such a "*silence de la législation*" in France as to justify the authority which is claimed for the police, that silence will soon be broken by a clear definition of offences, and just discrimination of punishments, so as to take away the necessity or the pretext for an irresponsible power most dangerous to the civil liberties of any people where it exists.

Of the necessary functions of the police of a great state, we shall have to say a few words hereafter. At present we will follow M. Gisquet, who, in affecting not to 'do a bit of erudition,'\* as his expression may be very closely translated into the vulgar tongue, brings Athens and its Archons on the stage in a note. It is true his erudition is somewhat meagre, for he satisfies himself with saying, that 'the Archontes at Athens joined to their more extended powers the functions of municipal magistrates.' He might have gone further, and said that from the very nature of the Athenian commonwealth, the establishment of a good police was one of the chief objects of jurisprudence in that country. It was, in fact, a necessity of the condition of the Athenian people; and so intimately were the details of police blended with the whole system of government, that we find

scarcely one officer in the whole countless multitude of the Athenian magistrates who had not some of the functions of Bow-street attributed to him. The Archon or Eponymous himself often enacted the part of Mr. Hall, when he fines a gentleman five shillings for being drunk. The Basileus examined into cases of murder, and committed the prisoner for trial at the assizes of the Areopagus; and the Thesmothetæ were the whole court of aldermen. The Astynomi took charge of the police of the streets, and kept a wary eye upon fiddlers and ballad-singers, and the Toxoti were a regular constabulary force under the Lexiarchi or police sergeants. But we will not dwell on this part of the subject: the police system of France will never derive any elucidation from that of Athens, and that of Athens will never derive any from Monsieur Gisquet. The only man, perhaps, who would have given a grand and fine view of Athenian law, is now gone for ever; and we regret to say, that the unrivalled picture of Athens, her arts, her commerce, and her institutions, which his hand did draw, is closed by a prohibition against its ever being published. Great, indeed, is the loss to the world, but greater still that the same prohibition was affixed by the incomparable Lord Stowel to his other papers also; and that arguments, illustrations, and decisions, many of which would enlighten and convince the most obstinate upon subjects even now in dispute and obscurity, are thus hidden for ever. For ever is indeed, we trust, too stern a word; and we cannot but suggest to the noble personage who has those invaluable papers in charge, that, without violating the injunction of the deceased, they might be given to the trustees of the British Museum as a source of reference upon many important occasions, with the same prohibition against publication under which they are at present held. Since the time when we were permitted, during several nights of high intellectual enjoyment, to examine those records of a wonderful mind, no less than three disputes, involving questions of vast importance to England, have occurred, in settling which, opinions that we saw in those papers would have been invaluable. Will the executors of Lord Stowel suffer the country thus to be deprived of a great benefit?

To return to M. Gisquet, however, with many apologies for this excursion, we will not follow our author through his sketch of the police history of France from Clovis to Louis Seize. It is, indeed, nothing more than a thin catalogue of acts and magistrates; but we must not make this a matter of re-

\* 'Faire de l'érudition.'

proach to M. Gisquet, as it was his own memoirs he sat down to write, and not that more interesting work, "A General View of the Rise and Progress of French Police." We may have to show by a few anecdotes of other times, what was the state of the police amongst our Gallic neighbours before the Revolution; but at present we will go into some of the details of late years, in which the admitted facts read a pellucid commentary upon M. Gisquet's history of the functions of the municipal power. It will not be necessary to say much of the ex-prefect himself; for, though his book is written in defence of his own conduct, it is the system which it displays that really merits attention. Perhaps Monsieur Gisquet may have been somewhat hardly treated, and he assures us that he has; but the public is not very strong in its sympathies, and it is less likely to weep over the injuries which the ex-prefect of police displays, than to laugh at the picture *éminemment Français* which he draws of himself. We cannot refrain from giving this portrait, which is as follows:

"I believe myself to be frank, sincere, disinterested; that I take pleasure in doing good, and often even beyond the limits of my means; that my tastes retain all the simplicity of the habits of a middle station; that my disposition, though susceptible and choleric, is incapable of disguise; that none is more faithful in his affections than I am; that I love to deny myself for my family and friends; that, far from seeking high station and honours, I only feel happy in an humble and obscure situation, preferring a peaceful life and the sweets of friendship to the attractions of power. I will add, that my heart is exempt from bitterness; that I have never known hate, nor preserved long, even legitimate rancour against those who have injured me."—*Gisquet Mémoires*, chap. v.

Verily, if all men were like M. Gisquet, there would be no need of *prefects of police*; but that many are the very reverse of this fair portrait, is proved by every page of his "Mémoires." After speaking of himself as above cited, and having poured forth a good deal of anger upon journals and journalists, M. Gisquet proceeds to narrate some of the events of his early years, and then passes in brief review the acts of the Bourbon dynasty after its restoration. Some of his observations upon the policy of the princes who preceded the famous revolution of 1830, are sensible, though none of them profound; and we must leave all this portion of his work, as well as his notice of the revolution of July, in order to arrive at the period when our author appears upon the stage in all the dignity of his official functions.

M. Gisquet was appointed prefect of police on the 26th of December, 1831, after having occupied for some time a post in the office of which he now became the head—first, as secretary general, and then as *préfet par intérim*.

Having dwelt with some natural complacency upon the circumstances attending his appointment, he goes on in a pellucid manner to give a general view of the state of the public mind at that extraordinary and difficult epoch at which he was called on to direct the great engine of the French police, and we cannot help pointing out that a spirit of order and methodical arrangement was the grand characteristic of this gentleman's administration; which spirit finds its way into his "Mémoires," and renders the whole details peculiarly clear and definite. On his view of the five classes in which he ranges the population of Paris, and on the political parties in which its various parts distributed themselves, we shall not dwell at this moment; for the functions of the French police are clearly divided into two great branches, political and civil, and it is with the latter that we wish principally to deal; though we may be obliged to touch upon the excuses that are offered for extending the sphere of police interference to objects and purposes far beyond its just and natural limits. It is as a civil and not a political agent that we would desire to regard M. Gisquet, but we are well aware that we shall find it very difficult to separate the two characters; and he himself says, "It is almost superfluous to explain that my mission was essentially political." (Chap. xiv.)

In the first place, however, we must pause to give an abridgment of his account of the prefecture of police as organized under him in the end of December, 1831; for we find that when he was placed at its head a purification was found necessary, on account of a number of incompetent persons, for whom private interest had obtained places in that establishment. "Thus," he says, "the halt and the old were charged with services which required vigour and agility; the short-sighted were employed in inspections, where it was necessary to see clear; and agents hard of hearing, *where the business was to listen*."—(Chap. xvi.)

After he had reformed these abuses, the number of officers attached to the prefecture of police,—without comprising the whole immense force of town-sergeants, inspectors, agents of the night-rounds, all, in short, designated in this country by the term of *police force*, as well as the inspectors of hotels and furnished lodgings, and the secret agents or

spies,—without comprising any of these, the number of officers, clerks, &c., amounted to no less than eleven hundred and forty! What an awful picture does this give of that state of society which can require so many men to devote their whole powers, merely to direct the engine by which it is kept in order. But when we take this staff of eleven hundred and forty, with all the brigades of town-sergeants, inspectors, agents of the night-rounds, and spies, together with the military patrols, (which M. Gisquet also mentions,) we cannot but ask ourselves, Is all this necessary? Are the people of Paris so turbulent and so lawless as to require all this tremendous force to repress and correct them, or is the fault in the system?

We will now, however, look a little more closely into the prefecture of police and examine some of the details, where, though we may find a good deal to excite surprise, and a good deal more to call for reprobation, we shall perceive also several provisions from which England might take a lesson, and a spirit of order and regularity which is by no means incompatible with the spirit of civil liberty that reigns in all the institutions of this country.

At the head of the establishment is, of course, the *préfet de police* himself, in whose peculiar cabinet or office are nineteen clerks. The business especially transacted in this office comprises, according to M. Gisquet, the following heads:

‘The opening, analyzation, registry, and distribution to the various inferior offices to which they have references, of all despatches, letters, and documents, the number of which amounts upon the average to more than two thousand *per diem*—The correspondence of the prefect with ministers and public officers on political affairs—The formation and classification of the dockets relating to politics—The making a digest\* of the report sent in by the secret agents—The preparation of a biographical repertory of all persons who have figured in political affairs—(This report did not exist before my administration, and at the time of my retirement it already comprised more than twelve thousand names)—The correspondence and administrative measures concerning foreign refugees.”—*Gisquet*, chap. xvi.

The next sentence we must put down in Monsieur Gisquet's own words; for though we have tried to give a bald and literal translation of the passages quoted, no English words could do justice to the modern French of the following, in which he sums up the other labours of his own particular office. “Et en

*général, tous les travaux bureaucratique ayant un intérêt gouvernemental et qui ne sont pas dans la spécialité des bureaux.”* Oh, shade of Molière!

Monsieur Gisquet then proceeds to state a great change that he made in the arrangement of affairs on entering upon his functions. Before his time all the papers, reports, &c., except those addressed immediately to the bureau of the prefect, were at once distributed amongst the other officers in the prefecture to which they naturally belonged; the subordinate agents dealt with the various cases brought to their notice as they thought fit, unless in matters of such difficulty that they found it necessary to submit them to their superior, and many minor abuses took place, besides the capital one of the prefect being kept in ignorance of much that was taking place under the sanction of his name. Monsieur Gisquet was the first who required that all the correspondence and reports should pass through his own office, so as to ensure a general knowledge of all the information that the police acquired each day, and of the particular affairs that occupied each of the subordinate offices in the prefecture.

The office of the secretary-general of police contained twenty-nine clerks, and its labours were principally directed to the regulation of the great establishment itself, and the choice, promotion, and dismissal of the officers employed; but besides these, the examination of the statutes of anonymous societies, the direction of the municipal guard, and of the large body of government firemen, the superintendence of all public spectacles and ceremonies, theatres, gaming-houses, public criers, bill-stickers, with everything relating to religion (that is to say, of course, as far as the police was concerned), to the “administration” of stamps, to the sale of gunpowder, and to the pursuit of deserters, were all assigned to the office of the secretary-general.

The next two offices are called the first and second divisions; the one carried on by a hundred and three officers of different ranks, the other by fifty-two. We cannot pause to detail all the various objects to which these two offices directed their attention. Suffice that they were in general of a municipal character, and came more legitimately under the operation of the police than many other matters intrusted to that of France. We must notice, however, a few of these objects, which either are free from all supervision in England, come under the superintendence of other powers, or have special officers appointed for their regulation. Amongst those cited by Monsieur Gisquet, as peculiarly under the charge of the first and second divisions, are

\* The word is *dépouillement*, for which I cannot find an equivalent.

suctions, brokers, rag-gatherers, scale-makers, women of the town, their registry, and health, prisons, and houses of detention of all sorts, the delivery and visa of passports, permissions to remain in France and to bear arms (similar to our game licences), hotels, and lodging-houses, public markets, weights and measures, the dead-house of the Morgue, the navigation and the baths on the Seine, steam-boats, wood, charcoal, and coal yards, wine-sellers, brewers, the exchange, the cleaning and lighting of the streets, the care of the public edifices, public vehicles of all kinds, public necessities, sewers, aqueducts, wells, and fountains, fires, waggonage, and public health and salubrity of the city, the professions and trades of physicians, surgeons, midwives, druggists, herbalists, and patent medicine venders, mineral waters, epidemics, vaccine, cemeteries, disinterments. Now many of these objects come indirectly under the eye of our own police, and many, as we have observed before, are superintended by distinct functionaries, such as the board of sewers, &c.; but the police of France puts its hand upon every thing, and all these various matters are treated of and regulated by two particular offices in the prefecture of police. Some, undoubtedly, are no subjects for police investigation and regulation; but we cannot but think that others might well be placed under the superintendence of our own municipal power. No one would wish to see the base and tyrannical system of passports introduced into this country, a system efficient only for evil, and so inefficient for good as to be falling into very general disrepute, even on the continent;—a system by which a man is prevented travelling twenty miles in his own country without being stopped and questioned, and forced to exhibit a formal certificate that he is recognised as an honest man by the police. But few we believe will deny that the prevention and extinction of fires might well receive more attention from the police of London, or that it would be better to reorganize the whole system and borrow some hints from our neighbours as to the best means of remedying a great and growing evil in our metropolis.

We must interrupt the course of our remarks for a short time to say something more upon this not uninteresting subject. The extinction of fires in Paris is entirely under the direction of the police, but it is intrusted to a particular branch of that establishment, comprising a large body of men, instructed and disciplined for the purpose. These firemen are termed *sapeurs-pompier*s, and are organized upon a military system, with officers and subalterns, as in a regiment. We must quote

a word or two upon the arrangement and expense of this corps from the work we have placed second at the top of this article, being the only words that we shall probably extract from a production which is one of those daily disgraces to the French press, in which the more than apocryphal scandals of past times are raked out of long-condemned sources, mingled with a great deal of very dull and doubtful matter of a later date, and dressed up in the most licentious and disgusting garb for the depraved appetite of the debauched. The last volume of the six contains some small information which may be depended on, and such are the words that we are about to quote.

“The formation of the corps *sapeurs-pompier*s had for its principal object to remedy the danger of fire. This corps has a military organization, it is lodged in barracks placed in the four principal points of Paris, and thirty posts are spread through the different quarters of the town in such a manner that in case of fire there is always at hand a sufficient number of men to give immediate aid, and stop the progress of a considerable conflagration. The accounts of this corps are kept under the inspection of the prefect of police, by a military intendant who follows, in this respect, the laws and ordinances given for the administration of the corps of the army. The increase of expense (to the police) which results from this organization is amply compensated by the important and daily services, in preserving the inhabitants, that are rendered by this corps, which besides, by its composition, is an important auxiliary in maintaining public tranquillity in case of disturbances. We have shown that the total expense of the corps of *sapeurs-pompier*s, personal and material, for the year 1826 was 439,998 francs: i. e. about 17,599*l.* 10*s.*”—*Peuchet, Memoires*, vol. vi., p. 304.

This is certainly a great expense, and we believe that in London the desired results might be produced as effectually for a less sum; but supposing that such were not the case, and that all things considered, the greater extent of the city, the more combustible materials of the houses, and the higher price of provisions, &c., the annual cost of such an establishment in our own metropolis would amount to 18,000*l.*, would not the object be worth the outlay? We cannot help thinking that it would. Let us remember the number of fires which take place between the months of September and April, their desolating extent, the immense mass of valuable property each year destroyed, the public buildings that have fallen a sacrifice, and we believe that—doing all justice to the courage, activity, and skill both of our firemen and our police, who are deserving of the highest praise—it will still be admitted that we want a well-organized establishment for

discovering and stopping the progress of fires in the metropolis. We believe that the amount of property saved by a more effective system would amply repay the outlay of even 18,000*l.* per annum, and that the far more important object of saving human life might thus be attained not only without cost, but with an actual gain in mere money by the property rescued from the flames. As we are, as a nation, strongly disinclined to anything like organisation, and have certainly found great advantages in many branches of our polity to result from the stimulus given to emulation by trusting to desultory efforts without the interference of government in any of those undertakings that can be carried on by individuals or companies, it is probable that some difficulties which do not exist in France would be found to oppose the establishment of such a body as the *sapeurs-pompieri* in this country. Among the first objections started would be the difficulty of levying the expenses upon the persons really benefited. Men would say, "It is true a hundred thousand pounds may be saved every year or more, by the expense of eighteen thousand, but how will you make the people whose property is rescued acknowledge the benefit and pay the cost? Will you have a commission of salvage to estimate the amount of service rendered, as in the case of vessels saved from shipwreck, together with all the additional expenses, law-suits, and trouble, consequent thereupon?" No! no such thing is necessary, especially while fire-insurance offices exist. They are the bodies that would most materially benefit in a pecuniary point of view, and a very small duty upon each policy to be paid annually—a duty that would hardly be felt either by insurer or insured—would amply pay the whole cost of the establishment.

This is one of the points in regard to which we think that the French police, with all its evils, may offer useful hints to our own government, and we do hope the time is not far distant when those hints will receive attention. The consolidation also of many branches of the public service, now left to act disjointedly, we cannot but believe might prove beneficial both in increasing efficacy and diminishing expense, and we imagine that several matters not at present considered as at all within the attributions of our police, might very well, according to the strictest reading of the legitimate functions of that institution, be ascribed thereunto. However, we dare not enter further upon the subject at present, knowing the great susceptibility of our countrymen in regard to the much misunderstood question of centraliza-

tion—a term so often misapplied, that if one were to propose to remove the hackney-coach-office even next door to the chief-police-office, there would be many persons found to cry "Centralization!" at once.

Besides the several offices that we have mentioned as forming parts of the great police establishment of Paris, there is an architectural department and a council of salubrity. The latter consists of eighteen physicians, practical chemists and druggists, chosen from among the most expert in Paris. It meets at the prefecture of police every week, and takes into consideration all questions relating to the public health of the capital. This is certainly an excellent institution in itself, though it may be a question with some persons whether its objects come properly within the functions of the police. We cannot but think that they do; for if general security be the great end of all police regulations, the public health must of course form a very important feature therein. Indeed we know of no land where, at some time, and under some circumstances, the public health is not brought under the superintendence of the police: and if such be the case, the more regularly and systematically it is done the better.

The medical police of all great cities has indeed become a matter of deep consideration and great importance in almost every state in Europe, and because it is attended to in a very minor degree in England, and that in a very irregular manner, we must not conclude that it is unworthy of better regulation. The health of our prisons, the health of our poor, is attended to with some degree of care; but the general health of the people, and the means to be employed for removing all noxious causes, and promoting every measure of salubrity, are yet without the attention they deserve. Central boards are established in times of pestilence, means are taken for preventing the extension of infection when disease is already raging, but no well-organized system for preserving the health of the capital at all times, without interfering with the civil liberty of the subject, or spying into the sanctuary of domestic life, has yet been devised. Everything in this case, too, is left to desultory efforts; for the nation possessing more mechanical genius than any other in the world, revolts strangely at the idea of applying the principles of mechanism to any part of her polity. Before we quit this subject of consideration let us remark, that one of the chief objects of the medical council of the French police is to inquire into all fabrics and manufactories which are supposed to be dangerous to the health either of the persons

employed therein, or of the neighbourhood in which they are situated; and to devise means of rendering them less so. The mere statement of this fact is enough to suggest very important considerations to the minds of our readers, without our pursuing the topic further.

After speaking of a few other offices, not necessary to mention here, the ex-prefect proceeds to conclude his enumeration of the departments under the general control of himself and his successors, by naming the section of municipal police, comprising a president, vice-president, eight clerks, and twenty-four peace officers (who must not be confounded with the functionaries bearing the same name in England), besides all the brigadiers, town-sergeants, inspectors, &c.; "the number of which," he says, "I shall abstain from mentioning, out of consideration for the public interest." He afterwards adds, "It must be well understood that the secret agents are over and above all that I have specified."

It will strike the reader at once, from the brief picture now given of the French police, that the great mistake in principle which we pointed out in the beginning of this article was not exaggerated, and that this immense mass of political agents and spies, is an evil of a frightful extent, derived in regular descent from days before the first revolution. The Bastille was indeed destroyed, but the system that filled it and other prisons under the kings of the *ancien régime* remained in full force; arbitrary power passed from the hands of monarchs to demagogues, but the jealousies and suspicions of arbitrary power produced the same results; the demagogues were trodden under the giant feet of a mighty and magnificent usurper, but the despot needed the same host of spies that had been requisite to the hereditary despots of the past and the anarchical tyrants whom he had succeeded. His fall replaced the old dynasty on a tottering throne, and clinging to all the memories of former years, it was not likely to abolish the only part of the ancient system that had survived the deluge; and now that a new revolution has once more shaken society to its foundation, the very broken and disjointed state of all institutions affords a pretext, if not a reason, for still suffering an establishment which is said to be the only safeguard against the fall of the whole fabric. Men fear to cut away the ivy which has aided to destroy an old building lest the walls, partly supported by that which once injured them, should fall in utter ruin on the heads of those who would repair them.

France has yet to learn practically what civil liberty is. Her ideas of political liberty are perhaps almost anarchical: but the chief value of political liberty is as the safeguard of civil liberty, and if she uses that great share of the former which she actually possesses with discretion and calmness, she will attain the latter in full perfection. If, on the contrary, she continually stretches out her powerful arms to grasp at shadows, she will waste her efforts upon empty air, and never attain the substance of that which she desires. The list of persons employed actually in the prefecture of police in the days of M. Gisquet, comprised eleven hundred and forty officers, besides the army of inferior agents, civil and military, secret and open, patrolling the streets of Paris. We have asked a few pages back if this enormous body be really necessary. Every reader can now answer the question for himself, for Monsieur Gisquet has shown that not one-half of these functionaries are employed upon the legitimate objects of police. The very existence of half the bureaux, and half the official posts, depends upon the mistake that police consists in ruling not protecting the people. Having now said as much as we can venture to say, for fear of fatiguing our readers, upon the organization of the French police, we must turn to its operation, taking M. Gisquet principally for our guide, and proposing, if we find room, to say a few words hereafter upon the effective police force actually employed in Paris, and its distribution.

A few of the very first ordonnances of M. Gisquet, will be sufficient to show not only the peril of civil liberty, but its absolute nullity in a country where such a system of police exists, sanctioned by the law; and the acknowledged motives of one of those ordonnances, though both the admitted and concealed motive were just and proper, considered separately, may serve to prove how objects, good in themselves, may become iniquitous by the means employed to attain them. The first decree which we find the new prefect issuing in the end of 1831, regarded the hotels and lodging-houses of Paris. The regular visitation of these abodes by a police agent, was not, it seems, sufficient to satisfy the superintending curiosity of the government. Several of the revolutionary laws, we are told by M. Gisquet, "had fallen into desuetude," and "the consequent irregularity presented serious inconveniences, especially in times of political agitation, when it is of importance that the floating portion of the population may be submitted to the investigations authorized by law."—*Gisquet*, chap. xix.

"These considerations," he continues, "brought forth the ordonnance which I published, 19th of November, 1831, by which all the inhabitants of Paris indiscriminately were enjoined to make a declaration to the commissary of police of their quarter, within twenty-four hours, specifying every person lodging in their houses, even gratuitously, under pain of incurring," &c., &c., &c.—*Ibid.*

The winter of 1831-2, was a disastrous one in Paris. The first results of a great change were in all their pernicious force; political factions raged unrestrained, civil order could scarcely be maintained, the desolating effects of the convulsion of 1830 upon public credit and upon private resources, had thrown thousands out of employment, while the necessities of life had become enormously dear, and a threatened famine aggravated all other evils. The weather was cold, rainy, and tempestuous, and Monsieur Gisquet determined to do something to support a part of the starving population. But how did he set about this laudable object? Not by public subscriptions; not by the aid of government supplies. No! He was prefect of police, and he ordered all the citizens of Paris to make gutters to their houses. It was a very necessary and convenient provision for the French capital, which had lately adopted the English fashion of affording a flat pavement at the side of the street for the comfort of foot passengers. On this pavement, before the edict of M. Gisquet, all the rain-water and melted snow from the tops of the houses was wont to discharge itself; and had the government, which constructed the *trottoirs*, provided a sum for furnishing the house-gutters and troughs, the measure would have been unexceptionable. But the prefect of police, with a view to support the indigent without troubling the finances, ordered each householder of Paris to provide those articles for his own house, and so vigorously did he force his ordonnance into execution, that before the end of six months, twenty thousand houses out of the forty thousand, which the capital then contained, were provided with the prescribed appendages. No pity was felt for the poor householders, though the average expense for each house was between four and five hundred francs, and thus a sum of from fifteen to twenty millions was spent amongst the workmen, *by order of the prefect of police*. Some proprietors, however, contended that Monsieur Gisquet had no right to tax the landlords of Paris at his own will to the tune of fifteen or twenty millions, and carried the matter into the courts. The Edile made a

vigorous and successful struggle for the power he assumed, and the Court of Cassation put his interpretation upon the law of August, 1790, "which places in the hands of the municipal authority *all that concerns the safety and convenience of passage in the streets, quays, squares, and public ways.*" The law itself is certainly vague and sweeping enough, but the interpretation thereof was still more sweeping and dangerous, and the court virtually allowed a claim on the part of the police to consider the above-cited words merely as the title to a whole chapter of laws, to be enacted afterwards by prefects of police, for the regulation of the streets of Paris, even to taxing to an immense amount the citizens for whatever might be considered "the convenience of circulation," to use Monsieur Gisquet's own words. Doubtless the court judged sanely and discreetly according to the maxims of French law; but the matter would have been looked upon very differently in this country. Monsieur Gisquet, indeed, says, "It could not be otherwise;" and after citing the law of 1790, adds, "They could not deny me the right of suppressing a thing essentially destructive to the convenience of circulation." Even here, with such a law before us, we should not have denied his right to suppress the nuisance; but we should, it is presumed, have denied him the right on his own authority of taking the money to suppress it out of the pockets of the householders. That one man should have it in his power without the consent of any representative body to tax the capital city of his country, on any pretence, to the amount of eight hundred thousand pounds in one year, is so monstrous, that it is scarcely credible—and yet such is *police* in France—such the natural results of a system founded upon a total mistake of the legitimate objects of the institution. It seems to us from the mutual inflictions of the governors and the governed in the neighbouring country, that both parties are willing to practice the advice of Horace:

"Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri."

But it is upon the shoulders of each other that they try experiments, not their own.

It is but fair, however, to Monsieur Gisquet, and to the police of which he is the advocate, to mention the state of Paris about the time of his entering upon office; a state which would justify, if anything could justify, the concession of such immense powers to the municipal authorities. Besides the poverty and misery of the lower classes, the dearness of provisions, and the want of em-



ployment, which followed the last revolution, the political factions of the French capital seemed to consider that all check was removed, and that they might exercise their virulence in whatsoever manner and to whatsoever extent they pleased. In the chapters of the ex-prefect's work devoted to the years 1831 and 1822, we find plot after plot of Bonapartists, Carlists, and republicans, each more absurd and reprehensible than another, and yet sufficiently serious to affect public order in a very high degree, and endanger the lives and property of the peaceable citizens. We find numerous public journals defending the conspirators and assassins who took part in these plots; we find lawyers pleading their cause, not as mere advocates, but as partisans; we find juries acquitting them or treating their crimes with more than forbearance. A regular system of conduct was organized by the fautors and protectors of the plotters. Before their trial, if we are to believe M. Gisquet, and we do believe him, a general outcry was raised in their favour, and against the police which had arrested them. They were represented to be the most loyal, innocent, and virtuous persons; it was asserted that the whole conspiracy was a scheme of the police for entrapping political enemies; and after the journals had thundered in this style for some time, the advocates took it up in court, and tried to make out the same case to a predisposed jury. As soon as the trial was over, however, affairs assumed a new face, whether the accused was condemned or acquitted; his party then boldly avowed and gloried in his guilt: if acquitted, he was feasted and honoured as one of the apostles of the sect; if condemned, he was cried up and pitied as a martyr, and new plots succeeded on those that were overthrown. Thus, in a few short months, Lyons was seized and kept for several days by the people; a plan was organized for setting fire to Paris in various quarters, a Bonapartist plot was discovered and frustrated, the towers of Notre Dame were set on fire by incendiaries, and several police agents were killed and wounded in extinguishing the flames and arresting the criminals; and a Carlist conspiracy for seizing the palace, being frustrated in the very act of execution, several hundred of the parties were apprehended.

The legitimate operation of the police in preventing such lamentable crimes, and bringing the guilty to justice, nobody can impugn; but that the French police goes far beyond that object, in many ways, has already been shown. That a system of decrying and pointing public indignation at the police was steadily followed and carried out by the most

unjust means, few can doubt; but no one can doubt either that, even with so excitable a people as the French, that system would not have been half so successful, if the French police had not been furnished with attributes essentially incompatible with civil liberty.

Nothing, perhaps, in former days, or at the present moment, has brought more odium on the police of France, than the system of espionage which has always formed its right arm. Any one who will look through the authentic memoirs of the latter days of Louis XIV., and of the whole reigns of Louis XV. and XVI., or examine the works of good authority which give us a picture of the *ancien régime*, will find that this system of espionage extended to every rank and class of society; that, from the prime minister himself down to the lowest valet-de-chambre (and we cannot conceive that degradation can go farther than a low valet-de-chambre of those days), each man had a spy at his elbow; and indeed there is even reason to suppose that the monarch upon his throne was not exempt from the surveillance of the police, and that his words and actions were very regularly reported to his lieutenant-general. We would recommend our readers to look into the *Tableau de Paris*, and study the various items in that extraordinary work, which refer directly or indirectly to the police of the reign of Louis XV.; and also to examine some of the many accounts of the different prisons of France, especially the Bastille, if they would have an idea of the universality of espionage in those ages. We shall content ourselves here with naming one class of spies, whose operations were laid bare on the fall of that famous prison, so long both the object of fear and horror to the French nation. These were the keepers of infamous houses of every class and degree. We find, in a work published periodically for some time after the destruction of the Bastille, and in which there is every reason to place confidence, called *La Bastille Devoilée*, some of the regular-written reports of these persons, addressed to a high magistrate, whose name we do not know, but to whom they write as "*Votre Grandeur*." Of course we cannot enter into the details of these curious but disgusting documents, which are not less fitted to afford materials for calculating the statistics of debauchery than to throw light upon the old police of France. There is one passage, however, which we can venture to translate, and which will serve as a good specimen of the minute information of all that took place in Paris which was furnished to the police. In the journal of one of these ladies we find the following:

"18th July.—M. Veron, jeweller, who showed me an apple, tolerably large, made of card, covered with gold and well painted. The stalk of the apple was of diamonds, and round it was written, in letters formed of diamonds, '*I give it to the most beautiful*;' and at the top of the apple was a rose in diamonds. I was not able to draw from him the name of the lady for whom this present was intended, nor that of the gentleman. He only told me that he was a man who came often to his house in a hackney-coach, and without any servants; that he was a very rich nobleman; that he had not found him at home to get money, he having gone into the country to Chateau, of which place he was lord. If your greatness knows that gentleman or the ladies whom he visits, you will discover his mistress, at the sight of the trinket."—*Bastille Dévoilée, Troisième Livraison*, p. 159.

"The whole ministry of France, says another work, (*Le Diable dans un Benitier*), "was nothing but a great police. '*Sartine and Espionage*,' '*Le Noir and Detection*,' '*Receveur and the Wheel*,' '*Amelot and Lettres de Cachet*,' were the watchwords in every place calling itself a public office."

In another work, called *Memoires sur la Bastille*, full of valuable matter, though somewhat debased by the violent tone of the compiler, we find a curious and impudent alternative proposed by a spy to Louis XIV. himself and Madame de Maintenon. A man of the name of Vinache, engaged, there is reason to believe, in coining, had contrived to persuade the people of Paris that he possessed the secret of the transmutation of metals. One of his assistants, named Saint Robert, was employed as a spy upon him, and denounced his real occupations to Madame de Maintenon, and through her to the king; but in doing this, to use the words of the work in which these facts are detailed, "He exacted of Madame du Maintenon the alternative, that if the government would not make use of his information, they should allow him to reveal to Vinache that he was suspected; as in that case, to a certainty, Vinache would reward him with a hundred thousand livres at least."—*Memoires sur la Bastille*, tome ii., p. 62.

Many instances even more striking than the above of double espionage might be cited, in which the *mouchard* gave to the police intimation of a crime, and to the criminal intimation that he was discovered, thus drawing a recompence from each; but what could be expected from the tools employed in such ministry, but that those whose trade was to betray their companions would betray their employers also. When some one reproached D'Argenson with filling all the offices of police with rogues and vagabonds, he replied, "Find me honest men who are willing to do such work, and I will put them in the place of those I now employ."

Such was the estimation of the police of Paris under the ancient regime, and the reader may form some idea of the general system of obtaining secret information in those days. It is necessary now, however, to inquire whether that system has been greatly ameliorated; whether it is purer, more dignified, less demoralising at present than in the worst times of old. We will let Monsieur Gisquet speak for himself, as he devotes a whole chapter to this interesting part of the subject. The title of the chapter indicates the contents, and the ex-prefect proceeds as follows:

The title of this chapter may perhaps give uneasiness to many persons who have trusted to my discretion. I hasten to relieve their minds; my statements shall be sufficiently guarded to pull off no mask. I only desire to explain the mechanism of this essential part of the police.

"I shall not endeavour to refresh the reputation of secret agents. Public opinion marks them with universal reprobation. I must say, however, that it would be unjust to carry this view to too great an extent."

He goes on to state that in many cases secret information is given to the police by the most honourable people, and upon the most laudable motives. He then gives a number of instances in which evils and crimes were denounced, as must be the case in every country, without any mercenary or interested motive. We should have had a clearer view of the case, indeed, if Monsieur Gisquet had kept the item of espionage clear and distinct from the general one of secret information. From these disinterested intelligencers, however, he proceeds "to another order of informers."

"A thousand different means," he says, "serve to put the prefect of police upon the traces of plots set on foot by the enemies of public order; and often in society, a simple conversation, a remark made by a person who does not know all its bearings, furnishes a precious insight. One may well say that everybody enacts the police-agent as Monsieur Jourdain made prose—without thinking of it. Whatever be people's rank or habitual reserve, they may let a word or two escape them which lead to the track of some secret intrigue."

Still we must observe that there must be some one to watch and take up those words, otherwise they would fall to the ground as they were uttered. Monsieur Gisquet exemplifies his doctrine in this respect by citing four very ordinary conversations, which led him to important discoveries; but those conversations must have been carefully listened to and reported to him; and the very insignificance of the words shows how closely

watched is the tongue of every Parisian even in good society. All this, however, is but skirmishing round the real point of attack, and at length Monsieur Gisquet acknowledges the vast system of espionage that exists in the following terms:

"Whatever be the multiplicity of cases in which chance and fortuitous circumstances afford fruitful indications\* to the authorities, it is indispensable that the police should have secret agents as auxiliaries. What is a secret agent? It is a person who, by his social position and his connexions, is more or less in a condition to know and to communicate to the police those things that it requires to hear. Numerous reasons may make a person resolve to descend to this sad part; the first and the most general is the want of money. The number of individuals of both sexes whom great necessity has reduced to offer me their services, is without doubt much greater than is supposed. There were some whose situation was really deserving of interest, and whose conduct might be considered to a certain point excusable from the nature of the sentiments which dictated it."

Monsieur Gisquet proceeds with an illustration, representing the father of a starving family, in the depth of distress, and supposing that he makes some discovery for which he can gain a little money from the police. He then asks,

"Would it be better for this man to league himself with robbers, or to put an end to the existence of his family and himself?"

Certainly not, we answer, but that is no defence of a system which adds another evil temptation, as an alternative, to those that existed without it.

"I have seen more than a hundred persons," continues Monsieur Gisquet, "who, in coming to offer to serve the police, were led by considerations, not less serious—not less conclusive. I have seen poor women who had sold even their wedding-rings, and who were resolved to destroy themselves if I refused their propositions. People will say, perhaps, that in such cases it was alms one ought to have given to these unhappy beings; and it was alms that I did give them. But when they had come to the end of a first and a second, or a third relief, the desire of obtaining a continuation thereof, or of displaying their gratitude towards me, stimulated their zeal to furnish me with information. Many, without being in so deplorable a state of extremity, become agents for want of employment, or want of the means of following any business or profession. Others seek the profits that accrue from this kind of service in order to acquire

a moderate competence. Others, more despicable in every point of view, men of violent passions, gamblers overwhelmed with debts, already ruined in credit and reputation, put themselves also in a somewhat large number at the beck of the prefecture of police. Others in a condition still more abject, the lowest creatures of immorality, look upon being comprised amongst the number of agents, almost as a title of honour."

Can any satire be more bitter than the simple statement of Monsieur Gisquet himself regarding the agents of his former profession. But, not contented with the numerous classes just cited, he goes on to say,

"Besides these, many men, engaged in consequence of their political opinions in the intrigues of some faction, undeceived after short trial; irritated against accomplices whose remarkable bad faith, fearful language, and sanguinary schemes, offended them; indignant also at the acts of roguery whereof they were the victims, found the means of at one blow satisfying their resentment and making a profitable speculation, in transmitting their intelligence to me. It is amongst this class of men that I have generally met with my most useful agents. The Society of the Rights of Man has furnished me with many of them. It seemed to me sometimes that people caused themselves to be admitted into it and laboured to acquire credit therein, for the purpose of rendering the greater service to the prefect of police. The plot of the *Rue des Prouvaires* (a legitimatist conspiracy) procured me also some thirty legitimatist agents. The disappointment of having succeeded so ill in that conspiracy gave a number of the affiliated the idea of serving a government that they could not overthrow.

"I have had also in the character of secret agents some persons who occupy a distinguished rank in the world. It is well to have them in all classes of the population; but those belonging to good society are obtained with difficulty, and often require their assistance to be paid for above its utility."

It will be seen by the above account that modern France is not far behind ancient France in the organization, objects, and extent of *espionage*. But there is still more to be said. If the difference already seems little, Monsieur Gisquet makes that little less, for he now introduces us to a police beyond the police.

"Besides the enlighteners, the indicators, or the revealers"—we have translated these terms as literally as possible because they are significant—"employed by the police, the heads of the government desire sometimes to have agents who frequent the gilded saloons, are admitted into brilliant parties, and mingle with all that is notable and illustrious. This class of auxiliaries constitutes a sort of aristocracy amongst the police agents; but what rare and happy condi-

\* "Apportent à l'autorité des indications fructueuses."

tions must be united ! with how many *precious* qualities must he be endowed who seeks to fill this thorny mission. The privileged men whose wit, whose taste, and whose social position call them to the elevation of this part, are truly exceptions."

With what true *gusto* and enthusiasm does the ex-prefect dwell upon these illustrious few ! and then he proceeds to give a portrait, from some unpublished memoirs, of a phoenix of spies in the high line ; but, unfortunately, without giving the date of his appearance amongst us poor mortals. We shall therefore abstain from quoting his description, and turn over a few pages to a passage where, after informing us that the *marquis* of whom he speaks was employed by the king himself, he goes on to notice the sort of comet spies that, coming from the higher regions, are whirled from time to time amongst the lesser stars of the regular planetary system of the Quai des Orfèvres—not without deranging some of them in their orbits, it would seem.

"People have often talked," he says, "of the simultaneous existence of more than one police, even under the existing government ; but in that, as in many other things, they have reasoned without knowing the facts, either exaggerating or perverting them. It is true, however, that the prefect of police had not in his hands the whole of the secret agents : they meddled with police also at the office of the minister of the interior : *they have meddled with it a little at all periods in a still more elevated sphere.* In fine, there are some superior branches of administration to which reports are casually addressed. This state of things offers a good and a bad side. The advantage is in the augmentation which takes place of the means by which power obtains intelligence : the inconvenience is to open several doors to intriguants to mislead some portions of the government regarding facts, instead of furnishing them with clear and certain lights."

After giving some curious details of the complications to which this system of police gives rise, and of the evils that thence accrue, Monsieur Gisquet proceeds to tell his readers that

"The sort of competition established in the direction of the police, had nevertheless another object. The matter was to watch the superior officers of the administration, for purposes not necessary for me to point out. I have myself often received visits from persons who evidently came to amuse me with any other business than that which brought them."

He then points out how false, distorted, and exaggerated all the views of such personages must be, and ends by saying,

From all this, I conclude that the breaking

up of the police into several centres of direction, is a deplorable custom, and that the sort of inquisition exercised upon persons intrusted with power weakens the force of unity and the confidence necessary between the various members of the same administration. Not to omit anything in the number of moral infirmities of which I sketch the picture, I must also say that there are other people to whom I hesitate to give the name—not very flattering, indeed—of police agent. These parasites swarm around power, and are only occupied in devising new arts of extorting money. The facts about to be related may give some general idea of this class of labours."

Of all the examples given, we shall borrow but one, which unites the traits of a character in the French metropolis, well worth studying, with some inevitable results of the system of police pursued in the neighbouring country.

"A certain baroness," says Monsieur Gisquet (chap. ii., vol. ii.) "whose husband had been attached to the service of the old royal family, boasted the most sincere devotion towards the new dynasty. She sent me, periodically, very unsubstantial reports, only remarkable from the grace of the narration, and received from time to time an order for a trifling sum out of the secret service money. The insignificance of her notes had made me resolve to discharge her ; but the baroness was tenacious, and would not resign the advantages of the part she had played. Independent of her importunate visits, she overwhelmed me with information borrowed from the newspapers ; or else invented some innocent tale, never failing to claim the reward of her pretended services. When she had at length completely exhausted my patience, she devised a new pretence for returning once more to the charge. It was about the end of October, 1832, a period at which the government were aware that the Duchesse de Berri was concealed in the environs of Nantes. Our baroness averred by writing and by word of mouth, that she knew the place of the duchess's concealment, but could not make up her mind to betray such a secret without the promise of a great reward, and the small sum of a thousand francs paid at once upon account. Although I had very little confidence in her veracity, yet the statements of the baroness were made with so much assurance, the names of several legitimatist personages, from whom she said she had obtained this intelligence, were chosen with so much skill, and moreover, her former situation gave her really such means of discovering the secrets of the party, that I could not cast away the chance of rendering eventually an important service to the government. The sum exacted, then, was sent to the baroness, and the next day she announced to me that the Duchesse de Berri was concealed under the name of Madame Bertin, in a château near Arpajon. I knew positively that the mother of Henry V. was hidden at Nantes, or within a circle of a few leagues from that town. The news transmitted by the

baroness, therefore, was simply a lie fabricated for the purpose of swindling."

Besides this baroness, we find, a few pages further on, a Countess de B——; and throughout the work of Monsieur Gisquet, a number of persons of a superior rank and education are mentioned amongst the communicants of the police. We wish these facts to be particularly marked and remembered, though we must at present proceed to collect from different parts of the work the plan of M. Gisquet's dealings with his spies, and some other particulars respecting them.

"The agents," he says, "made their reports to me in writing or by word of mouth. They wrote when the affair was not urgent; but in certain cases, where a delay might be prejudicial, they sought a pretext for making their way to me. When it was impossible for me to receive them myself speedily, a single clerk of my cabinet was directed to hear them; and, thanks to my precautions, he did not know, the best part of the time, to whom he was talking. I was as anxious as my agents themselves that they should remain unknown both to each other and to the officers of the prefecture. They signed their reports with a cipher or false name, which I assigned to each, and of which I only had the key."

We find that these agents were paid from the secret service money voted by the chambers, and Monsieur Gisquet asserts that the portion of the sum so voted, which defrayed all the secret expenses of the police, did not quite amount to eleven thousand pounds (English) per annum. We doubt not Monsieur Gisquet's statement in the least, but it might be a curious inquiry what became of all the rest of the sum voted by the chambers for secret services—a sum amounting to no less than from ninety-six to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds per annum—what portion of this sum went to defray the police within police which the ex-prefect mentions? what portion to the diplomatic police exercised in the various courts of Europe?

It is not to be supposed that Monsieur Gisquet could terminate a chapter giving such a complete display of the internal affairs of the prefecture, without entering into a defence of the system which he carried on, though he did not originate it; and a long and laborious defence he makes. We have not room to quote any part of this defence, which is ingenious and skilful enough, but which loses sight continually of that mighty object, civil liberty, which we in England feel to be one of the best guarantees, and indeed the surest foundation of

social order. To prevent crime of any kind is undoubtedly one of the great objects of a lawful police—an object to which the detection and punishment of the criminal are but accessory. But justice recognises no tortuous ways of arriving at her objects; her march is direct and straightforward, and in pursuing it, she undoubtedly reaches her ends with more certainty, as well as greater dignity. That the political state of France and various other countries may, by the turbulent passions excited in the strife of parties, engender more frequent crimes, and require more activity in their repression, perhaps may be admitted; but it would be well to inquire whether a system of police totally subversive of civil liberty has not some share in producing the evils that it pretends to remedy, and whether it is indeed effective in preventing crime. We have little doubt as to the one fact, we have many doubts as to the other. The numerous attempts upon the life of a wise and good king, which have taken place continually in the very face of all this host of spies, officers, and agents, without detection beforehand, without prevention at the time, as well as the vast amount of actual crime and vice in the French metropolis, show clearly how ineffectual is the system that we condemn, as a means of repression. We have not, indeed, distinct proof that its operation is to increase crime in a direct manner, but no one can doubt, who reads the details given by Monsieur Gisquet, that it must so act indirectly. We would apply to the whole system of police, with a small variation of terms, the reproach which M. Gisquet himself urges against the espionage carried on in regard to the different branches of administration, and would say, "The sort of inquisition exercised upon persons in all ranks and stations weakens the force of moral responsibility, and the confidence between all honest members of the same community."

What, in fact, is the picture of Paris offered by this work? every class of society, every party, every saloon watched by spies of different ranks and kinds (see vol. ii. pp. 20, 30, 31); the most casual words, the most innocent expressions, the badinage of an evening party, the gossip of a dowager, the frivolities of a coxcomb, listened to and reported to the police (see vol. ii. pp. 23, 24, 25, 26); every public office spied upon by others—even the prefecture of police itself, the fountain of espionage, visited and examined by the secret agents of other authorities on various false pretences (see vol. ii., p. 38); every minister carrying on an inquisition into the conduct of his fellows;

higher personages still—for such is clearly the insinuation—pursuing the same system towards all; and to complete the whole extraordinary display, ministers, officers, chiefs, and subordinates, all deceived, cheated, and plundered by the vile tools they employ in a vile trade (see pp. 43, 44, 45, 46). Where is mutual confidence under such a system? Where is honourable candour and generous openness? Who can trust his neighbour? Who speaks before his own servant? Who looks upon any man as his friend? If one expresses a private opinion upon politics, if one wears a waistcoat of a particular colour, one risks being inscribed amongst the twelve thousand that appear in the “*Repertoire biographique de tous les individus qui ont figurés dans les affaires politiques*,” mentioned by Monsieur Gisquet (vol. i., p. 222). If one changes one's lodging one is reported to the police; if a friend comes to visit us from the country we are forced to notify the wonderful fact to the commissary of the quarter. There is a restraint upon every action, there is a watch upon every word; we know not whether the spy is at our door, in our house, or at our table; but we feel that the police is everywhere, not to protect so much as to watch us; not for us so much as against us. There is every difference between wise precaution and unjust suspicion, and to treat a man as an enemy is too often to make him one. We fear that this may be the case in France. Monsieur Gisquet does not disguise that a general and very natural horror of the police exists among the people: may not some portion of that detestation extend to the government that employs it?

We have read his work attentively, we have studied the detailed account he gives of the police of France, and the defence that he makes for it. With the individual actions and characters of the persons employed we have nothing to do; but the whole system we do not scruple to pronounce most vicious, highly demoralizing to the community in which it exists, and having a direct tendency, we believe, to disunite rather than consolidate the various elements of society, to render every institution unstable, and to shake the foundation of all rational government.

We have thought fit to append these remarks to the chapter in Monsieur Gisquet's work referring to secret sources of information; but before we conclude our notice of his whole work we must pause for a moment upon that branch of the police service in France which we in England recognise as the most legitimate in its ends and operations. This is called in France “the brigade of security,” and to it are attributed almost all the

functions of our own police force. It was originally organized, we believe, by the famous Vidocq, whose memoirs we should have joined in our examination with those of Monsieur Gisquet had they not offered more the details of roguery than those of police: but Monsieur Gisquet, after his accession to office, judged it expedient to make a great change in the arrangements of this branch of the public service, and he asserts that the results have shown the alteration to have been an improvement. Strange as it may seem to say so, there was a great fund of philanthropy in the character of Vidocq, and much truth in his peculiar theory that few men, however bad, are irreclaimable. His views on this point are clearly explained by his own words:

“The profession of robber would not exist as a profession if the unhappy beings whom justice has once condemned were not marked with shame, vilified, maltreated. Society compels them to congregate; it creates their union, their habits, their will and their strength.”

It was with such feelings that Vidocq, after having passed through the adventurous career of a French plunderer, having tasted often of the galleys, but avoided the extreme penalty of the law, became, by an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, chief of the brigade of security; and in that capacity he undoubtedly displayed great skill, integrity, and success. It was natural enough that Vidocq should act upon the vulgar proverb which was realized in his own person, and, when in power “set a thief to catch a thief;” but we judge differently, in regard to his conduct, from M. Gisquet, who seems to suppose that his habit of employing almost entirely persons who had been made acquainted with justice by the least pleasant letter of introduction, proceeded from the fellow feeling which is reported to make us wondrous kind. In the first place Vidocq knew that such agents must be better acquainted with the habits, manners, and haunts of the persons against whom they had to act than any others could be; and that consequently, if by any means they could be rendered faithful, they would bring advantages to the execution of their duties which none but themselves could command. He knew that he could render them faithful; and he also believed, that by employing a large body of men, who had hitherto lived by infringing the law, in the task of maintaining it, he should at once free society from a great portion of those that actually preyed upon it. Nor have we any reason to believe that he was disappointed in his expectations.

When Monsieur Gisquet, however, took his seat in the prefecture of police, Vidocq had already quitted the stage, and the means

he had left behind having become less manageable in less experienced hands, presented most of the inevitable evils of his system with less of the benefits. Monsieur Gisquet judged, and judged rightly, that a better and more respectable force might be organized; but we cannot feel sure that the course he pursued was either prudent or just. After recalling Vidocq into activity for a few months he discharged him once more; and at once decided upon dismissing from the service of the police every person who had suffered punishment for any offence whatsoever. The whole brigade of Vidocq, with, few, if any, exceptions,—many of them men who, since they had obtained a fixed employment, had conducted themselves with perfect propriety,—were cast idle upon the world again. The motive assigned by Monsieur Gisquet for this very sweeping act was, that “a desirable morality might be established in all branches of the administration.” A *desirable morality*, after all that has been said of the spies and secret agents, the treacherous swindlers, whom Monsieur Gisquet has displayed as by turns betraying their friends, their masters, and their party, and cheating even the police itself! Certainly, to see the use occasionally made by Frenchmen of the word *morality*, we might believe that ethics are but a dream. The next step of Monsieur Gisquet was altogether an unexceptionable one; hitherto the men composing the brigade of security were totally independent of the prefect of police; receiving their nomination in the first instance, and their salaries afterwards, from the chief or captain of the brigade, the whole of the expenses of the body being charged upon the secret-service money. All this was at once done away with by the new prefect: the brigade was recomposed of men of good repute, principally old soldiers, we believe; each was appointed by the prefect himself; the salaries were definitively settled, and carried into the public account of the prefecture, and an orderly and responsible body was formed and disciplined upon good principles for the protection of the peaceable citizens. Nothing could be better than these measures as far as they went, and a strong similarity will be observed between this force and our own establishment, which, notwithstanding a few errors that require correction, and a few oversights which may easily be amended, shows altogether, when compared with the old system, one of the most beneficial changes that have taken place in our times.

Monsieur Gisquet, however, did not stop here: he found that the new police, having no relations whatever with the men against whom they were called upon to act, might

be serviceable in protecting property and preventing crime, but were unavailable in detecting criminals, or tracing all the tortuous proceedings of the rogues of a great capital.

“From the beginning,” he says, “I perceived the utility of assigning a particular fund for granting recompences to *indicators or revealers* who only have to deal with the chief of the brigade; and who do occasionally for the *police of security* what the secret agents do for the *political police*.”

He goes on to say, that these gentry are either persons in communication with robbers, or robbers themselves, who are led by the certainty of a high reward to betray their accomplices; and in order to afford them that certainty, he spread abroad amongst them, as much as possible, the promise of large recompences for services rendered to the police. It would seem that there is not so much *honour among thieves* as one might have expected, for these means were found to be very efficacious. But Monsieur Gisquet went further still. Besides the indicators, who were only accidental or occasional instruments, there are, he tells us,

“other individuals in almost constant relation with the brigade of security, and who serve as auxiliaries to the inspectors of police for the watching of robbers, for the pursuit of the authors of any crime committed, and to observe and follow suspected individuals. The auxiliaries are paid in proportion to their services on the same scale, and in the same manner, as the *revealers*. They are employed according to their capabilities.”

We will give one instance of the skill of these agents, and the accurate judgment which their experience enables them to form from any slight indications.

On the night of the 5th of November, 1831, the cabinet of medals in the royal library was broken open and robbed of its most precious contents. On visiting the spot, Monsieur Gisquet found that the robbers had entered a neighbouring house, proceeded through an empty room on the fifth story, over the roof of the old building of the treasury, and along a leaden gutter, to a part of the library, whence, by climbing up the slates to a height of eight or nine feet, they had reached the garret window of a room just under the roof. They had then opened a number of doors with false keys and picklocks, till at length, proceeding direct to their object, they reached the great hall. The cabinet of medals, separated by a strong oaken door bolted within, and a glass-door from the great hall, had now to be entered, and their purpose was speedily effected by an auger and a hand-saw. They made their exit and carried off their booty by

one of the great windows looking into the Rue de Richelieu, and when Monsieur Gisquet arrived at the library with his agents, a dark lantern and a peculiarly fine and compact cord were still on the spot. The agents and auxiliaries proceeded by the prefect's orders to examine the door which had been forced and the implements with which the crime had been committed, and they at once informed their chief that they only knew three men in all France capable of having executed such a robbery. 1st, Fossard, a convict condemned to hard labour for life, but who had escaped from Brest; 2d, Drouillet, one of Fossard's friends, who had been condemned to the galleys for twenty years but pardoned; and 3d, Toupriant, supposed to be in England. The two first proved to be the robbers, and were subsequently condemned; the first to hard labour for life, the second to the same punishment for twenty years.

One fact regarding this curious transaction we cannot pass over in silence, though it is time to terminate this long article. After his arrest, which took place by mere accident, Fossard continued to deny the crime with a determined calmness which was more likely to prove convincing, inasmuch as being already an escaped convict, and the robbery not bringing his life in danger, he could but little aggravate his punishment by confession. Under these circumstances, M. Gisquet, eager to recover the invaluable medals and antiquities which had been stolen, did not scruple not only to offer the criminal a commutation of his sentence, but also a large pecuniary reward if he would acknowledge his guilt and restore the stolen property. We fear that justice in England would have pursued a sterner course. However, Fossard persisted in denying his guilt, and as there appeared no means of proving it, he was sent to Brest to undergo the execution of his former sentence. He had not been many days in that port when he had the audacity to write two letters in the *argot*, or slang tongue of France, to two of his friends, desiring them to send him a sum of twenty-five thousand francs, and pointing out to them a church which he thought might easily be robbed. He moreover fixed the day for the attempt, and promised to be upon the spot at the time appointed. By various means better information was eventually gained, and a part of the stolen objects recovered; but alas, before this result was obtained, many of the medals had lost the character which gave them their antiquarian value, and only appeared in the shape of ingots.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining conviction in this instance, and the perfect ignorance of the police regarding the first

steps of the robbers: notwithstanding numerous other cases in which we find that all Monsieur Gisquet's acuteness and that of his agents was put at fault by audacious criminals, the ex-prefect contends that his system works better for the detection and prevention of crime than that of Vidocq. We may be permitted to doubt the fact, though we cannot but feel that the substitution of a body of men of good repute to watch over the safety of the capital, in place of a body of convicted felons, gave a certain degree of dignity to an institution to which every addition of respectability, however small, was of no light importance.

The discovery of criminal purposes is undoubtedly a legitimate object of a good police; but how to arrive at it by legitimate means is one of the most difficult questions of a difficult inquiry. We do think our system in this country might be improved in this respect, and we are inclined to believe that we have lost something by the change from the old Bow-street officer to the new police force, both in that point and in the detection of criminals after commission; but we know that the loss has not been in any degree equivalent to the gain, both in the maintenance of general order and the prevention of crime. We do not by any means despair of seeing the benefits of the old system without its faults grafted upon the new; for we know that the time for all steady and rational, though not hasty and rash, improvement is now arrived, and that anything which can be done will be done by the hands now intrusted with power.

It may not seem impertinent here, however, to suggest one or two alterations which might be attended with much advantage. The police of prevention, as we may be permitted to call it, is organized upon the very best footing: it is the police of detection that we are deficient in; and perhaps, if, in addition to that large force which we have watching the streets day and night, a certain number of persons were appointed exclusively to direct the operations necessary for the detection of criminals, each having a certain district under his superintendence, we might avoid for the future those difficulties and embarrassments which had well nigh frustrated the ends of justice in a late lamentable case of murder. Besides the police of the metropolis, the establishment of order and security in country districts may well call the attention of government, as we all know that the present system of parish constables is most inefficient. Some counties have adopted a rural police, some have not, and some are very much dissatisfied with it where it has been



put in force; but we cannot help thinking that infinite advantages would result from the appointment in all parishes of a regular constabulary force proportioned to the extent of the district, to be placed under the direction of the local magistrates, and paid by a legally levied rate.

In our remarks upon the "Mémoires" of M. Gisquet we have merely dealt with the general subjects to which those memoirs refer, without giving any attention to that gentleman's personal interest in the various questions brought under review. That he has been somewhat hardly treated we believe, both by the press and by others; and that he has felt that harsh treatment keenly, is evident from every page of his work. It is very natural to suppose that any man writing what is in fact a defence of his administration, may take more credit to himself than is due, and allow less to others; but though we cannot often agree in Monsieur Gisquet's views, and see occasionally contradictions in his reasonings, we remark a spirit of order, and a high sense of the duties and responsibilities of the station he held, which could not fail to render him a very useful officer. The publication of his "Mémoires" has been, we believe, and we fear will be, very detrimental to himself. No man's memoirs ought to be published till he is dead; and the public man who prints them during his own life generally places himself among the dead from that moment—at least, as far as public existence is concerned. To society in general—and we think more especially in this country—the publication will be greatly beneficial; for we have now a clear idea of what the French police really is, and we have seen the best defence that can be made for it. That defence is well calculated to clear the eyes of any Englishman of all predilections in its favour.

The literary merit of the work it is by no means necessary for us to enter into; but its clearness, its regular distribution, and the spirit of order observable in the manner that every subject is treated, are of course pleasant to the reader, and strongly characteristic of the author's mind.

Should the reader wish to inquire more deeply into the organization of the French police, and the rules that govern it, he will find a vast fund of useful information in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Police*, by Messieurs Elouin, Trébuchet, and Labat, a work in two volumes, published in 1835. In any case let him avoid the work called *Archives de la Police par Peuchet*, which contains details of gross and infamous debauchery beyond description revolting and disgusting.

Neither can any reliance be placed on the statements of historical facts, as we shall proceed to show as briefly as possible. We shall not content ourselves with pointing out the puerile absurdities of some of the tales—of twenty-six murdered men's heads kept in a cupboard on twenty-six plates of silver by a band of robbers; of borrowed lights at the height of a man's head, made apparently on purpose, in the chambers of ladies of intrigue, that valets might look through and report all that passed, &c. &c. &c.; but we will take one story, and point out, in the space of two or three pages, errors so gross, in regard to matters which every tyro in French history knows, as to give the book its true character at once. The author, after informing us that he is going to quote from *some papers found in a pasteboard case, which had been forgotten, behind one of the busts in the hall of passports*, (does he mean undiscovered through the whole French revolution?) proceeds to say that the Cardinal de Richelieu, wishing some information regarding Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, had "brought into play two men, greatly celebrated at that epoch, and whose memory is not yet extinct, both men of wit and intrigue, the physician Bois Robert and the Marquis de Bautru."

Poor Bois Robert, in the author's hands, has acquired a new dignity. No physician ever he practised. Every one knows, but this author, that he was first a soldier, then a merry ecclesiastic, much attached to Richelieu, and endowed with many of the best benefices in France. What has misled the author into this unfortunate mistake, is probably the following old anecdote:—Richelieu, who enjoyed Bois Robert's wit and humour, even in his most melancholy moods, having on some offence banished him from the court, was taken ill a short time after; and Citois, the cardinal's physician, after prescribing for him, told his patient, in handing to him the prescription, "All our drugs, my lord, will do you no good, unless you add a drachm or two of Bois Robert."

This piece of ignorance in the author is not the only one; for shortly after, he fixes the marriage of Charles I. of England and Henrietta of France in 1627, when there is scarce a schoolboy who does not know that the marriage by proxy took place in May, 1625, and was consummated in June of the same year. This mistake is of some importance, inasmuch as we are assured that the first paper found in this *pasteboard case* *i.e.* *behind one of the busts at the prefecture* was the report of Bautru and Bois Robert, in regard to all that took place between Bucking-

ham and Anne of Austria at the very time of this marriage. The paper is given at full by Monsieur Feuchet and in it Bautru is made to say, that full twenty long years before (*i. e.* before May, 1625), a young Englishman, "Sir Hamilton, finding himself without a second in an affair of honour, his friend having broken his leg the very morning that the meeting was to take place, very courteously entreated me to go out with him." Now Bautru was born in the latter part of 1558, so that he must have been sixteen at the time of this imaginary duel. This *Sir Hamilton* is so much obliged to Bautru (of sixteen) for going out and getting himself wounded in his behalf, that he promises spontaneously to do anything that he asks him. Twenty years after, he goes back to France with the Duke of Buckingham, and in compliance with his promise betrays all the secrets of his master the ambassador. Bois Robert likewise finds another British acquaintance: he also is attached to Buckingham, and he also betrays him. This is all really too bad; and the eternal blunders, such as introducing Baradas as the favourite of the king at the time of Buckingham's visit, when he never was near the king's person till after the death of Chalais, which happened long after, show that these papers *found behind a bust in the hall of the prefecture* must have been put there by somebody very ignorant indeed of French history. The work is altogether unworthy of further comment, and we shall only express our wonder that a government which possesses and exercises so extensive a power over the press in political matters should be so impotent or so indifferent, where public morality is concerned, as to suffer the sale of a work which depicts even the minute details of scenes exceeding in foulness and turpitude the darkest abominations of Rome in her decrepitude.\* Let no one hope much from any system of police so long as the press is silenced in the free expression of political opinion, but suffered to sap the very foundations of social order by befouling the mind, corrupting the heart, and destroying the moral sense of the people.

#### ART. V.—*The Rhine.* By VICTOR HUGO.

It has been rather the fashion of late in France for the poet to take upon himself the profession of statesman in addition to

his own peculiar one; as anybody knows who has read the memoirs of the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, or the speeches which M. de Lamartine is continually in the habit of delivering in the Chamber of Deputies.

And, as might be expected from persons of their genius, it is not on subjects of mean detail or dry domestic economy, that they waste what the French papers call their *parole riche et puissante*, but they look to vaster themes on which their eloquence may dissert, and especially delight to speak on questions of foreign policy. On Turkey, on Poland, on the designs of Russia, on the noble and touching reminiscences which make Greece a sacred country; on Spain, storm-stricken, endeavouring to right itself in the tempest; on Egypt and Palestine, especially, this sort of statesmen love to discourse: when such countries are in distress they *font entendre* words of sympathy and consolation, and no doubt the countries so apostrophized must be very much flattered and relieved by thinking that René has a word in their favour, and Jocelyn a tearful eye fixed upon them.

The above-named nations being patronised by MM. de Lamartine and Chateaubriand, crowded as it were already, Monsieur Victor Hugo has looked to other lands where his vast genius might find room to reign, and has discovered the River Rhine. Over this large and fertile district, from Cologne to Strasburg (nay possibly on the Dutch banks too, for why should anything less than the ocean stop him), Victor Hugo, then, has established his sway, and he has chosen his ground with some adroitness too, for it is clear that the other two *Rois de la Pensée*, Lamartine and Chateaubriand before mentioned, can have no business in this territory, which both, in their quality of legitimate statesmen, have consented to sign away. It is all Victor Hugo's, he may do with it as he likes. He looks at it from some towering pinnacle of thought, and says—It is a fair country and good to conquer—it has stately towns and castles, meadows and goodly vineyards, the people look happy, but they are not—I see they are not—they are pining to become Frenchmen,—I will go among them and conquer them, with the mild sword of genius I will penetrate them. I will appear before their strong places, and by blowing a little on my trumpet, behold! their walls shall fall down: I will ride into my cities preceded by loud shouting me-

\* We more particularly allude to a scene in which the regent Duke of Orleans is represented as an actor, but there are many others.

taphor clad in rich attire and scattering similes for largesse among the people. If they must rebel I will hammer them down with historic facts, and crush them with such battering-rams of argument, that they must needs fall down and obey! And so he has gone and taken possession of the Rhine, the two volumes of *Lettres à un Ami* are like bulletins of the campaign, and a strange production at the close of them entitled "Conclusion," may be likened to a huge windy castle in the air, which he has erected and garrisoned, and which commands the conquered country.

It must be confessed that our lively neighbours across the channel are not chary of their praises to one another, and if we have occasion to wonder sometimes at the extraordinary opinion which M. Hugo entertains of himself, at least there are others who profess a still higher admiration of him. "During three days," writes one critic of the book, "three days of solitude and retirement he has been living and thinking in Victor Hugo's new work. Three days is but little time to understand it, not enough to appreciate it. And the article he publishes must not be considered as an account of the book, still less, *grand Dieu!* as a criticism, but simply as a first impression rapid but profound, felt rather than reasoned, of a journey made into a magnificent nature, into a fruitful history, into a noble poetry."

The literal translation of such fine words is always unfortunate in English, where words are used with somewhat more precision, and where such sounding phrases as *une magnifique nature, une noble poésie, une féconde histoire*, appear very bald indeed. Perhaps it would be a good precaution for imaginative writers to take in general, and whenever they have produced a sentence peculiarly dignified and sonorous, to try how it would look in another language, and whether the sense will still bear the transplantation. But our purpose here is not to instruct authors, so much as to apologize for not being able to render their thoughts properly. Both M. Hugo and his critics must suffer very greatly at the hands of a translator who has no means of expressing many of their beauties. The critic says that Hugo is one of the glories of the age, and that the age itself is so glorious that he wonders people do not glory in belonging to it; and nobly asks "Why one has not one's country in time as in space, why one is not a contemporary as one is a concitoyen?" Indeed there is no reason,

and why not add to one's harmless sum of pleasures by being proud of one's century, or anything else?

"As for M. Hugo," continues the critic, "his works are *the great street* [again the powers of translation fail]—the great street, which traverses the ideas, the interests, and the passions of our age. Henceforth we shall await with impatience, and receive with gratitude, every one of the manifestations of his thoughts. \* \* \* Let us speak of the Rhine at our ease, with faith and with joy; let us descend this royal river, this sovereign intellect. But how to begin!—how to recall all our reminiscences, sad or charming, smiling or severe! Shall we follow the thinker, the artist, or the archaeologist?—for the Rhine has a triple aspect: it is true, it is beautiful, it is useful. It goes from the past to the present; from the present to the future: it relates, it recalls, and it divines. Science in it translates itself into poetry—poetry into prophecy: history comments nature; and nature stammers *destiny*. Very often, when people have talked before us of *Nôtre Dame*, it has been asked, 'Which *Nôtre Dame*—the poet's or the architect's?' Now, when friends of an evening talk to each other about the Rhine, it will be said, 'Which Rhine—*THAT OF THE PORT, OR THAT OF GOD?*'"

We have then two volumes of new revelation; neither more nor less. M. Hugo is a poet, a prophet, a divinity, according to the critic's opinion; and indeed to judge him by his own, his critic is not very far wrong. A poet, *cela va sans dire*—a prophet he has been three or four times; and if not a divinity as yet, he has certainly a divine mission, and a series of qualities that are pretty nigh celestial. He says of himself and book,

"Some years since, a writer—he who pens these lines—was travelling for no other purpose, than to see the trees and the sky, two things that one cannot see at Paris.

"This was his only object, as those of his readers will acknowledge who may please to look through the first pages of his first volume.

"Wandering thus, on chance, as it were, he arrived on the banks of the Rhine.

"The sight of this grand river produced on him an effect with which, as yet, no other incident of his journey had inspired him—a wish to see and to observe for a fixed purpose: it settled the wandering train of his ideas, impressed almost a certainty of signification to an excursion which at first had been but capricious, gave a centre to his studies; made him pass, in a word, from revery to thought.

"The Rhine is the river of which every one speaks, and which no one studies: which every one visits and no one knows; which one sees in passing, and forgets as one travels on, which every eye has looked upon, and no intellect as yet has sounded. And yet its ruins afford food to imagination, and its destinies to serious reflection; and to the eye of the poet, as to the eye of the publicist, this admirable river, under the transparency of its water, gives glimpses both of the future and the past.

"Under this double aspect, the writer could not resist the temptation of examining the Rhine. To contemplate the past in monuments fast dying away—to calculate the future in the probable results of facts at present existing, was pleasant to his instinct as an antiquary, and his instinct as a dreamer. Besides, one day infallibly, perhaps very soon, the Rhine will be the great question of Europe. Why not look beforehand a little, and turn one's attention to the point? Even supposing that for the moment one were occupied with studies not less lofty or fruitful, but far as regarded space and time, one must nevertheless accept, where they present themselves, certain severe tasks of the brain. If he but live in one of the decisive epochs of civilisation, the mind of the man whom we call poet must naturally mingle with everything, with men and events, with history, philosophy, and nature. He must be able to examine practical questions as well as others, to render direct service, and to put his hand to the work if need be. There are days when every citizen ought to become a soldier, every passenger a sailor. In the grand and illustrious age in which we live, the man who has never drawn back before the laborious missive of the author, has imposed upon himself the law never to draw back: to speak to the intellect is to assume an intellect of one's own; and the honest man, he ever so humble, directly he has taken a duty upon himself, pursues it seriously. To gather facts, and visit things, with his own eyes; to appreciate difficulties, and, if possible, to point out their solution, such are the conditions of his mission to every one who will sincerely comprehend it. He does not spare himself; he tries, and he labours: he does his utmost to understand, and when he has understood, he does his utmost to explain. Perseverance he knows is power: this power he can always bring in aid of his weakness; and as the drop of water which falls from the rock, at length pierces the mountain, why should not the drop of water falling from a spirit, pierce the great problems of history?

"The writer then, who at present speaks, gave up his utmost devotion and energy to the great task that rose before him; and after three months of studies, in truth very various of their kind, it appeared to him, that out of the voyage which he had made as an antiquary and an inquirer, in the midst of this harvest of poetry and reminiscences, he possibly brought back with him a thought which might be directly useful to his country."—vol. i., p. 6.

It is a hard lot for prophets, and persons in that exalted rank which Monsieur

Victor Hugo holds, that they are not allowed to do things like other people, and must be great, and mysterious whether they will or not. Witness the well-known story of the prophet Mahomet, after tumbling down in a fit of epilepsy, which he did pretty frequently, he was obliged to say that his spirit was in heaven all the while his body was sprawling, hundreds of billions of miles off, in colloquy with angels. The prophet Hugo, in like manner, cannot perform any ordinary function of life, but he must find an extraordinary reason for it. He goes out to see the fields and the sky, and lo! the Rhine flashes upon him like an apocalypse—it impresses a "certainty of signification to his wanderings," and speak about the Rhine he must. For three months he wanders upon the banks, impelled hither and thither by the divine afflatus puffing within him, up rocks and towers, on board steamers, and in ruins: at ordinaries, where they serve a pudding in the middle of dinner, and make you eat sweetmeats with your roast mutton; no hardship nor danger stops him; on he must go till the season comes for him to speak.

'Take it for all in all, it is a hard life, a very hard, thankless life, that of a prophet. Rank you have, it is true; but you are never your own master. You go to take a quiet walk in the fields, and who knows but there is an angel waiting behind the hedge and brings your travelling orders? One advantage a prophet has, it is true, over other men, that whereas these before they "study" a people, must waste much time over dictionaries, learning the language,—the prophetic missionary masters the tongue at once, and by intuition. Hugo comprehends German, though he cannot read it or speak it any more than Chinese. If he did not comprehend German, how should he find out that the Rhinelanders are really most friendly to France, and that the left bank is French in fact? The people don't speak French—not even the waiters—but he penetrated at once into the soul of their language, and resolved the riddle of that barbaric jargon as well as if he had studied M. Ollendorff for a year. "To see the past on the Rhine," says he, "one has but to open one's window on the river: to see the future,—let me be pardoned this expression—*one must open a window in oneself*." A gentleman who has such gifts as these, can see more than most people, certainly;

and has no need to employ the ordinary way of observation.

Thus impelled and endowed the honest poet wanders along pursuing what he calls "his studies," which are neither more nor less than remarks made from coaches or steam-boats, and taken down of a night, and despatched in letters to a friend. Strange letters they are too, and strangely their author speaks about them. They are so genuine, he says, that he will not alter a single letter of the text, not even to change the word *métal* to *metal*: and presently you arrive upon whole pages of the most manifest interpolations; large robberies made from guide-books and history-books, laborious catalogues of dates, names, and parallels which no man could have made upon a voyage, nor kept in his memory, no not if he had ever so much of a window "to look into himself."

Every now and then the fancy seizes him to be particularly bashful and retiring, and we have him apologizing for the *moi* which intrudes itself so often in confidential correspondence, and which in these genuine letters he has felt it was his duty to retain. Fatal *moi*, how it offends a man of his modesty, one who thinks so little of himself, to be so continually saluted by the I, his own image and representative! He makes the most violent, amusing efforts to blush when he meets it, or dodges off into corners, or rushes to the other side of the way not to be obliged to look I as it were in the face. *Un poète qui passait, or celui qui écrit ces lignes, or l'écrivain qui parle*, the timid creature will go any way round about, rather than say I at once.

Well, different men have different ways of being modest, but we are thankful, that in spite of all his efforts M. Hugo is still M. Hugo, alive and in the flesh. Not the least bit of a prophet, we make bold to say, and with nothing extra-divine about him. His works, in spite of the critic, will never be taken for *celles de Dieu*: he is not as yet a mere essence, celestial intelligence that floats over the world invisible and can penetrate to the Absolute Truth of Things. At present he has a most undeniable *moi*: every man's *moi* is in truth a strange mixture of good and bad, and quite worth the examining, and M. Hugo's is perhaps more curious than many others. At least it is more amusing: though probably the poet in his own case is not aware of the amusement he brings, and that it is not merely his story

which interests us, but the wonderful contortions and strange physiognomy and admirable pomposity of the storyteller.

Is not individuality the great charm of most works of art? Let any two painters make a picture of the same landscape, and the performances of each will differ of course. This distance appears purple to one pair of eyes which is grey to the other's, one man's fields are brown and his neighbour's green, one insists upon a particular feature, and details it, while his comrade blurs it over. Fancy Cuyp and Rubens with the same scene of fields and sky before them, and one can imagine something of the manner in which each would represent it. Monsieur Hugo has a gallant Rubens-like pencil of his own, and sometimes dashes off a noble scene. One might carry such a comparison a good way, and fancy a number of similitudes in the very faults and mannerisms of each artist—a certain coarseness of detail, and swagger, as it were, of the brush—a gross and vulgar, grotesque figure placed in the midst of a fine poetic scene—we light upon such in the works of both continually; but very little is gained by making such comparisons, which are not true after all, and only sometimes ingenious. Every man has a manner of painting or seeing, or thinking, of his own; and lucky it is for us too, for in this manner every one's work is a new one, and books are fresh and agreeable, though written upon subjects however stale. If a company of authors chose to write down the circumstances of a voyage from the Bank to Clapham, no doubt they would each make a pleasant, novel, and instructive history;—pleasant at least to such persons who like to speculate not only on the subject but on the artist; and this latter is always new, at least he never lasts for more than threescore and ten years, and is perfectly different from all who follow or precede him.

Thus there are very few people who read the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, who have not gone over every inch of the ground which M. Hugo describes, who have not seen Champagne with their own eyes, Epernay and Rheims. Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne and Deutz, Frankfurt, Mayence, and the rest. But a man of such pains and such oddity becomes a very interesting travelling companion, and keeps one's curiosity perpetually awake. If the road and the scenery is tiresome,

at any rate the traveller examining them is always amusing;—that strange, grotesque, violent, pompous, noble figure of a poet, with his braggart modesty, and wonderful simplicity of conceit, his kind heart yearning towards all small things and beauties of nature, small children, birds, flowers, &c., his rich, flowing, large eloquence, and his grim humour. We have read his description of the multifarious duties and accomplishments imposed upon *celui qu'on appelle poète*. He is "to put his hand to the work," he is "never to draw back," he is a part of "his decisive century," a light for mankind, feeling all their wants and their passions; labouring, striving, struggling to understand, "and, when he has understood, to explain."—With this vast load of imaginary duties and perceptions on his back, our poet mounts the cabriolet or the coach-box, and sits there scowling *incognito*, wrapped up in the most majestic remarkable modesty. What a curious figure it is!—An atlas! bearing a bladder.

Having quitted Paris his adventures begin, and he tells you, in his simple way, not only what road he took, but why he did not take another road.

"J'ai donc pris par Meaux."

This oracular little sentence stands quite isolated in the midst of a great page, a blank ocean of paper (if we may be allowed so to speak) flowing on either side.

He went, then, by Meaux. He went in a cab—he likes "to travel in that way, to take long journeys by easy stages." Between Claye and Meaux, under the finest sky, and on the finest road in the world, the wheel of his cab broke. "But you know," says he to his friend, in italics, "that I am one of those men who *continue their journey*. Justement a diligence passed—a little diligence—the diligence Touchard.—It had only one vacant place (strange play of destiny!)—I took it, and ten minutes after the accident 'continued my journey,' perched on the imperial between a hunchback and a gendarme."

There is no talking with such fellows, and so our author begins to prattle to himself.

"You know, my friend, that when I travel, it is not events I seek, but ideas and sensations, and for these a little novelty in objects suffices. For the rest a small matter contents me. Give me trees and grass and air, a road before me and a road behind me, everything suits me. If the country is flat, I love a large horizon. If

the country is mountainous I love unexpected landscapes, and with one of these, the summit of every hill presents me. Just now I saw a charming valley. Right and left were pretty caprices of landscape:—large hills cut into various shapes by cultivation, and squares and plots amusing to see. Here and there were low cottages of which the thatches seemed to touch the ground; at the bottom of the valley a course of water marked to the eye by a long line of verdure, and traversed by a little old bridge of crumbling rusty stone at the point where the two ends of the road met. As I was looking a cart passed the bridge, an enormous German cart, swollen, packed, and corded. It looked like Gargantua's belly dragged by eight horses and four wheels. The road before me, following the undulations of the hill, was shining in the sun, and on it the shadow of a row of trees designed the black figure of a comb which had lost some of its teeth. Well, these trees, this shadow of a comb (which will make you laugh, perhaps,) this waggon, this whole road, this old bridge, these old cottages—all this pleases me and makes me happy. I am quite content with such a valley as this, with the sky above it. I was the only person in the diligence who cared for it or enjoyed it. The travellers yawned horridly."

The only man in the coach who cared for the combs, &c.—What a parcel of calous rascals they must have been in that diligence—that little diligence—in the diligence Touchard, in a word! They all yawned *horridly, rotonde, intérieur, coupé* and all, and no doubt that cursed hunchback wellnigh gaped his head off his little crooked shoulders. What? were these people not to be amused by a thing which amused a Victor Hugo?—The rogues, little did they think that a Victor Hugo was there, that though seated on the roof he could see every sleepy ignoramus inside, thirteen of them at the very smallest calculation—perhaps seventeen, and that "the poet's eye," "in a fine frenzy rolling," no doubt would roll round every one of them, and so fix them—there they are in his book,—yawning horridly to the end of time.

Perhaps the reader will perceive in the description some traces of what we have called the artist's Rubens-manner. Here, as in many other places, we find the little landscape beautifully coloured and brilliant, and disfigured by something brutal, such as we should take the broken comb, and the *Ventre de Gargantua*, to be. A little way farther on we have another such picture—an Alsatian family of emigrants pass the post in his wanderings. He describes brilliantly the Alsatian family with its waggon strangely loaded.

"It had for a team a donkey and a horse.

On the cart were sauce-pans, caldrons, old trunks, straw chairs, a heap of furniture. In front, in a sort of basket, three little children almost naked, and behind, in another basket, some hens. The conductor of the troop marched ahead, with a child on his back; a little way behind was a woman carrying a child too—*mais dans son ventre*. \* \* \* *Du reste*, these worthy people went on caring for nothing. The man was making a new lash to his whip, the children playing, the woman humming a song. Only the furniture seemed to have a strange out-of-place look which was dismal to see. The hens, too, appeared to me to have a proper sentiment of their misfortune.

"This indifference astonished me. Indeed I thought that country was more strongly engraven upon men. *Cela leur est donc égal à ces gens de ne plus voir les mêmes arbres?*"

A couple of passages in this little extract are untranslatable. The grossness of the first, and the impertinence of the latter. It is all one, is it, to *ces gens*, not to have fine feelings as Monsieur Victor Hugo of the French Academy has, not to care for their native country as Monsieur Hugo does for his. If they are hungry and can't get bread, good heavens! why can't they eat cakes, *ces gens*? Monsieur Hugo can—ah, Monsieur Hugo—be careful of your jocularities—you are at best but a poor hand at wit—your pleasantries are for the most part old—very old, and weak, and stale. If joke you will, gibe at the rich as a philosopher may, but do not sneer at the poor; keep your hand from such sorts of blows, giant as you are, and think of your sacred calling. However, it is unfair to grow angry with *celui qui a écrit ces lignes*; to do him justice his heart is humane and tender, it is only his taste which is bad; and his insolence not partial and confined to the poor, but general and systematic. He speaks of princes and citizens with quite as many airs as he has shown to the wretched Alsatian beggars, and the poor little hunchback on the coach-top.

*Revenons à notre bossu*—the author's sketch of him is grim and amusing, and after telling us how much taxes the hunchback pays, he goes off to a study of the character of his other companion, the gendarme, and gives some particulars of his history.

"In 1814, at Montmirail, he fought like a lion: he was a conscript. In 1830, in the days of July, he was a coward and ran away: he was a gendarme. This seems to astonish him, and does not astonish me in the least. A conscript, he possessed nothing but his twenty years, and was a brave man. A gendarme, he had a wife

and children, a horse of his own he said, and he was a coward. It was the same man, but not the same life; for life is a meat which depends upon the sauce of it. There is no man in the world so intrepid as a galley-slave: one does not hold by one's skin, but by one's coat. The galley-slave is naked and has nothing whereon to hang.

"Let us allow, likewise, that the epochs were very different. The atmosphere of the time affects the soldier like any other man. Whatever idea is blowing abroad chills or warms him as it does the rest. In 1830, it was a revolution that was blowing. He felt himself cowering and bending before this force of ideas, which is, as it were, the soul of the force of things—(*cette force des idées, qui est comme l'âme de la force des choses*.) Was there anything more likely to oppress him and weigh him down?—to fight for a set of strange ordonnances, for shadows that had passed across a troubled brain, for a dream, for a folly, to fight brother against brother, soldier against workman, Frenchmen against Parisian! In 1814, on the contrary, the conscript was fighting against the foreign invaders, against the enemy, for things which were perfectly clear and simple to him,—for himself, for everybody,—for his father, his mother and sisters; for the plough which he had just left, the old-home chimney smoking yonder above the thatch, for his land which he had under the very nails of his shoes, for his country still living and bleeding. In 1830, the soldier did not know what he was fighting for. In 1814, he did more than know it, he understood it: he did more than understand it, he felt it: he did more than feel it, he saw it."—vol. vi., pp. 11, 12.

Remark the grave sententious grimaces which our poet assumes, when he commences what he considers, no doubt, a process of reasoning. In mere description, his sentences are large, liberal, and diffuse: when he begins to doctrinize, they dwindle away into a wonderful sham conciseness, which apes all the forms of logic. In these neat, well-cut paragraphs he proves to you, first that the gendarme on the coach-box was a coward in 1830, because he had a coat and property, and a brave man in 1814, because he had no property but his skin. Thus, by a beautiful reverse of the argument, he shows you, that the conscript of 1814 was brave because he *had* a property, and that the gendarme was cowardly from no personal considerations, but because he was bound down by the tempest of popular opinion, and knew not how to make head against it. This is very likely close reasoning,—so close, so astonishingly close and *serré*, that one sentence absolutely knocks down and destroys the other: which is the conqueror? This is a point perfectly undetermined; but one might have been perfectly happy with either, were t'other

dear sentence away. And since one can't take them together \* \* \* but it is indecent to quote such a vulgar ballad-monger as Gay, *à propos* of the great lyric poet of the French Academy.

Thus reasoning and describing, *Celui* (as we had better call him at once) pursues his course. He stops to change horses, and you have a picture much more lively and faithful than that silly, fantastic, historical sketch above given.

"At a relay everything amuses me. We stop at the gate of a little inn, and the horses arrive with a jingling noise of iron. There is a white hen in the midst of the road, a black one in the hedge yonder, an old broken wheel lies in a corner, and some dirty children are playing on a heap of sand. Above my head, Charles V., or Joseph II., or Napoleon, are hanging up on an old iron gallows by way of sign—great emperors, no longer good for anything but to bring custom to an inn. The house is full of authoritative voices; in the threshold, kitchen-wench and stable-boys are performing idyls, *le fumier cajole l'eau de vaisselle*, and I take advantage of my lofty position on the imperial—to listen to the hunchback and the gendarme talking, or to admire some pretty little colonies of dwarf poppies, that form an oasis upon an old roof opposite."

At Epernay he encountered some more *coquelicots* in a field of turnips, which prevented him from séeing the great curiosity of the place, a cellar containing fifteen hundred thousand bottles of champagne. It is a pity we lost the description of that huge army of flasks, long-necked, with shining silver helmets, each with a devil within him—our poet in his love of personification might have made a brilliant history of the cellar. Three churches have been built at Epernay, M. Hugo says, "one in 1037, by Thibaut, count of Champagne—(of course he did not look in the guide-book for this remarkable fact, but had come prepared with the date in his brain), the second in 1540, by Pierre Strozzi, marshal of France, and Seigneur of Epernay, killed at Thionville in 1558: and the third, the present church, gives one the notion of having been built upon the designs of Monsieur Poterlet Galichet, a worthy merchant, whose shop and name are close by the church. The three churches appear to me to be *admirably resumed* and depicted by the three names, Thibaut, count of Champagne, Pierre Strozzi, marshal of France, Poterlet Galichet, grocer."

What a genius at finding similitudes M. Hugo's is!—only one of these churches has he seen, because, indeed, the others are out of sight, and yet he can find how each *admirably depicts* a man whom he never saw.

He has but to open the window in himself, and so to look inside and see the whole history. In the same manner, in travelling, he discovers all sorts of "singular symbolisms." Passing over the plains of Montmirail, he saw certain stones strewn over the ground, and casting huge shadows—these stones he compared to *gigantic chessmen*, typifying the game played by Napoleon against Blucher in 1814: at Varennes, where Louis XVI. was stopped in his flight, Victor Hugo found that the *plan* of the town was *triangular*. And strange to say, *the axe of the guillotine* is triangular—a singular symbolism, indeed,—and the poet might have increased it by remarking that the flying monarch had a triangular hat on his head.

And so our author rambles on—discoursing upon all that he sees in this queer braggart way—producing now and then a noble description of a scene or landscape, a pretty, fantastical, exaggerated sketch of a building, a rich and happy poetical expression such as the following, of a storm.

Here is a piece which strikes us to be in his very best manner.

"Le soir approchait, le soleil déclinait, le ciel était magnifique. Je regardais les collines au bout de la plaine qu'une immense bruyère violette recouvrait à moitié. Tout à coup, je vis un cantonnier redresser sa claie couchée à terre, et la disposer pour s'abriter dessous. Puis la voiture passa près d'un troupeau d'oies qui bavardait joyeusement. Nous allons avoir de l'eau, dit le cocher. En effet je tournai la tête, la moitié du ciel derrière nous étoit envahie par un gros nuage noir, le vent étoit violent, les cigues en fleur se courbaient jusqu'à terre, les arbres semblaient se parler avec terreur, de petits chardons, desséchés, couraient sur la route plus vite que la voiture, au-dessus de nous volaient de grandes nuées. Un moment après éclata un des plus beaux orages que j'aie vus. La pluie tombait à verse, mais la nuage n'emplissait pas tout le ciel. Une immense arche de lumière restait visible au couchant. De grands rayons noirs qui tombaient du nuage se croisaient avec les rayons d'or qui venaient du soleil. Il n'y avait plus un être vivant dans le paysage, ni un homme sur la route, ni un oiseau dans le ciel; il tonnait affreusement, et de larges éclairs s'abattaient par moment sur la campagne. Les feuillages se tordaient de cent façons. Cette tourmente dura un quart d'heure, puis un coup de vent emporta la trombe, la nuée allait tomber en brume diffusé sur les côtes d'orient, et le ciel redevint pur et calme. Seulement dans l'intervalle le crépuscule étoit survenu. Le soleil semblait s'être dessous vers l'occident, en trois ou quatre grandes barres de fer rouge, que la nuit éteignait lentement à l'horizon."—vol. i., pp. 48, 49.

We have not ventured to translate the above noble description into English; for it



would be a shame, as we fancy, to alter a single word in it; so complete does it seem to be. It bursts into the narrative, and is over in a page, like the event it describes. Several more such powerful descriptions will be found in M. Hugo's thousand pages. Here is one of a night scene at Soissons:

"As I returned to the inn midnight struck. The whole town was as black as a furnace, perfectly silent too, and, to all appearances, quite incapable of making any disturbance of a night, when all of a sudden a stormy clatter was heard at the end of a narrow street. It was the mail coming in. It stopped close to my inn, and I took the only empty place in the vehicle. Just as I was going to take my place, behold, in another little dark street arose such a strange noise, of voices crying, wheels clattering, horses stamping, that I asked for five minutes' law, and ran to the spot. Entering into the little street, this is what I saw. In the first place, a great wall, with that horrible chilling aspect that a prison wall always has—there was a little low door in the wall, which was open now, and armed with enormous bolts, as you could see. A few steps from the door, between a couple of mounted gendarmes, was a sort of dismal *carriole*, only half visible in the obscurity. Between the *carriole* and the door was a struggling group of four or five men, dragging towards the carriage a woman who was screaming frightfully. A dark lantern, carried by a man who himself disappeared in the shadow of it, threw a light upon this scene. The woman, a stout country-woman of thirty, resisted with all her might against the men, screamed, struggled, scratched, bit, and every now and then the light fell upon her wild sinister face, which was the very figure of despair. She had seized hold of one of the bars of the wicket, and clutched on to it with all her force. As I came up the men had made a violent effort, took her away from the wicket, and carried her at one bound to the carriage. The light of the lantern was full upon the vehicle, which seemed to have no other opening than some little round holes bored along the side-panels, and a door at the back, shutting outside with great bolts. The man with the lantern drew back the bolts, the door opened, and the interior of the *carriole* appeared all at once. It was a kind of box, without light and almost without air, and separated into two compartments by a thick board running down the middle. The outside door was so managed, that when closed it shut close upon the edge of this partition-board, and so rendered all communication impossible between the occupants of the two cells in the carriage. Their only furniture was a seat with a hole bored in it. The left box was empty, but that to the right was occupied; and there sat, half doubled up like a wild beast, and lying along the seat for want of room for his knees, a man—if you can call such an animal a man—a sort of spectre, with a square visage and a flat head, large temples and grey hair; his little, short, thick-set limbs, were half covered by an old torn pair of trousers, and a tattered cloth. The wretch's legs were bound

tight with a rope, which was tied knot upon knot: he had got a sabot upon his right foot, and the left was bound with bloody rags, from which you saw the toes protruding, horribly crushed and sore. This hideous being was eating quietly a piece of black bread. He paid no attention to what was passing before him: he did not stop even to see who was the woman they were bringing him for companion. Meanwhile, with her head flung back, struggling and writhing in the arms of the gaolers, she kept crying out, 'No, no; I won't, I won't—kill me first—I won't go in!' As yet she had not seen the other man:—all of a sudden, in one of her convulsions, her eyes fell upon the carriage and upon the horrible prisoner sitting in the shade. Then her cries stopped at once: her knees fell under her; she turned away shuddering in every limb, and had hardly the strength to say, as she did in a tone of anguish that in my life I shall never forget, 'Oh that man!'"

This is very clever; but, as the reader will no doubt perceive, not quite so true as the former magnificent passage of the storm. It is too circumstantial for truth; and it is quite impossible that a man, by the light of the dark lantern, should see some of the ornaments which are introduced into the piece; for instance, the seat *percée d'un trou*, and the *horribles doigts mutilés* of the prisoner lying in the shade.

The adventure finishes characteristically. At the screams of the woman the poet went up to ask what her crime was; whereupon one of the gendarmes, not the least knowing the tremendous author of "*Nôtre Dame de Paris*," demanded his passport. Great heavens! a gendarme demanding the passport of Victor Hugo!

The letters about France are, to our taste, far more lively and amusing than the correspondence regarding the Rhine. But in spite of his vows of the sincerity and genuineness of the work, there are interpolations in it so evident, that all the oaths and vows possible would never bring one to credit them. Thus, for instance, *à propos* of Champagne, which he is quitting, the poet is seized with a sort of remorse for having alluded to the old proverb of the *moutons* and the *Champenois*, which reflects considerably upon the intellectual capacity of the latter. So M. Hugo, having hurt the feelings of that great province, proceeds to make an apology, and gives us ten pages of closely-packed names and dates, showing how many heroes and great personages have had Champagne for a birth-place. "Champagne," says he, "has produced Amyot and La Fontaine, Thibaut IV., a poet who was almost a king, Robert de Gorbon, founder of the Sorbonne, Charlier de Gerson, who was chancellor of the university of Paris; Amadis Samin, the com-

mandeur de Villegagnon; two painters, Lautard and Valentin; two sculptors, Girardon and Bouchardon; two historians, Flodoard and Mabillon; two cardinals, full of genius, Henri de Lorraine and Paul de Gondi; two popes, full of virtue, Martin IV. and Urban IV.: a king, full of glory, Philip Augustus."

Will anybody tell us that a gentleman who professes to travel with no other books but Virgil and Tacitus, could sit down at an inn-table, and write to a friend such a series of names? Ten pages of such he dashes off in one letter, concluding with the population of Champagne in 1814, and fifteen years afterwards M. Hugo's friend has not only a poet for a correspondent, but a regular travelling-encyclopedia.

In another place our unconscionable poet absolutely tells us what he *didn't* see. Thus

"I left the town of Agrippa behind me, and did not see the old pictures of St. Mary-of-the-Capitol, nor the paved mosaic crypt of St. Gereon, nor the Crucifixion of St. Peter, painted by Rubens for the old half-Roman church of St. Peter, where he was baptized, nor the bones of the eleven thousand virgins in the Ursuline convent, nor the incorruptible body of the martyr Albinus, nor the silver sarcophagus of St. Cunibert, nor the tomb of Duns Scotus, in the church of the Minorites, nor the sepulchre of the Empress Theophania, wife of Otho III., in the church of St. Pantaleon, nor the Maternus Gruff in the church of Lisolph, nor the two golden chambers of the church of St. Ursula, and the *dôme* (the cathedral, probably), nor the Hall of Diets, nor"—&c. &c. &c.

Is this all in Virgil or Tacitus? or are we to believe that Monsieur Victor Hugo comes into countries ready provided with all these facts concerning their history and topography? or, finally, that he purchases guide-books, like other people, and robs them like other authors do? In the face of such extracts as these, Monsieur Hugo declares that "these letters were written *au hazard de la plume, without books*, and that the historic facts, or literary texts quoted in them, *are cited from memory*." (Preface xx.) What a prodigious swallow the poet's memory must have!

Before we come to the "conclusion" of the work let us seek one or two specimens more of the poet's descriptive powers and humour. A pretty story is that in the twentieth letter, of the three pretty young ladies whom, hearing them speak English, he addressed in that language as follows, "*Beautiful wiew!*" and the young ladies began to laugh at his bad English, and discovered him at once to be a Frenchman. Ah! in what disguise can a Frenchman hide himself, and is there any corner of the world in which we cannot detect him and laugh at him?

The bard falls in love with one of the laughing young ladies, and addresses to her some pretty fantastic lines, and, by the way, for a grave man of a grave age is of decidedly a warm complexion. What, for instance, are those descriptions of young ladies' dressing themselves, and of "vague desires" to be standing at the foot of a ladder when—we are sorry to say—when a pretty girl is at the top, (See, or rather do *not* see, vol. i., p. 124). Here is another of his loves, much more questionable than his admiration for pretty girls.

"One of the curiosities of Frankfort, one that will soon disappear, I fear, is the butcher's market. It occupies two ancient streets. It is impossible to see older or blacker houses, or to *lean over (se pencher) a more splendid mass of fresh flesh*. I can't tell what an air of *gluttonous joviality* these quaint old carved houses wear—the ground-floors of which look like enormous jaws always open and gulping down innumerable quarters of mutton and beef. Butchers *all bloody*, and *rosy* butcher-girls, chat *under garlands of legs of mutton*. A red stream, the colour of which a couple of fountains scarcely serves to alter, flows smoking down the street. At the moment I passed, the place was full of frightful cries. Some inexorable slaughter-house men, with Howdian countenances, were performing a massacre of sucking pigs. Servant-girls with their baskets were standing by and laughing. There are certain ridiculous emotions which a man ought never to betray, but I confess that had I known what to do with one little pig, which a butcher was dragging by its hind legs, and which went quietly, not knowing what was going to happen, I would have bought him and rescued him. A pretty little child, four years old, who saw me, was looking at the animal with compassion, gave me a look which seemed to encourage me in my plan. I did not do what that charming eye told me to do, I did not obey that gentle glance, and reproach myself for it now. A magnificent ensign with the butcher's arms, surmounted by an imperial crown, presides over and completes this butchery—a place worthy of the middle ages, and before which I am sure Calatagirone in the fifteenth century, and Rabelais in the sixteenth would have paused with wonder."

We quote this elegant extract, not so much for its intrinsic merit, and polite gentleman-like style, but because it really offers a very good characteristic of M. Hugo's works of fiction, and the secret as it were of his plan in constructing his romances and novels. Butcher's meat over which *il se penche* with an air of "*gluttonous joviality*,"—a little architecture of the middle ages—bloody butchers chatting with red-cheeked butcheresses under garlands of legs of mutton—sweet innocents! sweet mixture of love and raw meat! sweet flowers of poetry!—put in a massacre in the midst—children killed like pigs, or pigs like

children, the antithesis is equally tickling, and set off the whole by something innocent;—a little speck of white that shows wonderfully in the midst of the ocean of red.—Esmeralda is constructed exactly upon the plan of the butchery of Frankfort.

And yet the man is kind, although he talks like an ogre. It is only his art which is bloodminded; we dare swear he was sick, and shuddered at the disgusting sight as he should, and that he can eat no greater quantity of beefsteaks than another man. But thus it is to be obliged to keep up a character for being a giant. You must never speak but roar, you must put your emphasis upon stilts, swell your jokes to the most preposterous size—who the deuce was Calatagirone in the fifteenth century? One of M. Hugo's roars in the character of giant—Calatagirone!—fee, faw, fum; we never should have heard of the fellow had not his name been so loud and frightful.

We had marked the poet's lamentations regarding the *pour boire* as a good specimen of his natural humour, and a famous description of a country-inn kitchen, which is as rich and grotesque as the opening of the very best pantomime. But we have as yet the vast "conclusion" before us; and so must take leave of the traveller in order to listen to the politician. Say what one will against the former, and quarrel with him as one must—with his bad taste and egotism, his pompous airs and dogmatizing, and his constant tendency to exaggeration,—indeed he is still a very delightful companion. In the midst of his vagaries a man of genius always, and perhaps his company is only the more amusing because he mingles the noble and absurd together, and keeps his auditors always passing from laughter to admiration.

This "Conclusion," says the French critic before mentioned, who intends for the future to confound the Rhine of Victor Hugo with *celui de Dieu*, is to the work what the ocean is to the river. "L'Océan (says he) voilà l'océan! car ce beau Rhin que nous venons de parcourir et d'admirer ensemble, n'était qu'un chemin qui marche et qui nous mène à la mer. La mer c'est la Conclusion."

The conclusion of the Conclusion may be stated in half-a-dozen words. Walking one night near Andernach, absorbed in a reverie, "the full moon red and round like the eye of a Cyclops," looking down upon him, M. Hugo, the great French poet, marked the vineyards and the tobacco-fields, the *bergeronnettes*, (he would have passed over the *bergeronnettes* had they had the unromantic English name,) coming to drink at the pools and flying away to the willow beds, the

barges with triangular sails drawn by thirteen horses slowly lugging up the stream. He listened to the measured tramp of the steeds, the noise of the whips and bells; and one particular barge he remarked had inscribed upon the poop, the *austère et doux nom*, Pius.

It had not much to do with the subject; but it entered into his soul. He walked and walked, "Absorbed in the reverie in which all nature was plunged;" but as for how long a time he walked, he does not know. He may have walked for a hundred years, like Pecopin (see vol. ii.); he may have walked round the whole world, and so come back again; but the shining moon was in its zenith, the country was deserted, and of a sudden he found himself at the foot of an eminence, "crowned with a little obscure block," and he mounted the eminence, wading through heaps of beans freshly cut.

It is not too much to say, that Monsieur Victor Hugo, on that day, and by straddling across those beans, settled the fate of Europe.

The block of stone was the tomb of Hoche. "Hoche was, like Marceau, one of those great incomplete young men, in whom Providence, who wished that the revolution should conquer and France should dominate, made a prelude to Bonaparte. Incomplete proofs, attempts only half successful, that destiny flung away so soon as it had drawn out of the shade, the finished and severe profile of the *definitive man*."

*Dieu sait ce qu'il fait.* We have Victor Hugo's word for it. He alludes to Providence on fifty occasions, and shows a most intimate acquaintance with its mysteries and designs. He is not jealous of heaven, but speaks of it familiarly and on a footing of equality, though respectfully, as one great power would of another. It may be remarked, indeed, that almost all French writers are admitted to this privilege,—the Divine Name is always in their mouths, and used on the very commonest and meanest occasions of life. They have divine missions too, most of them—Lamartine has had celestial things revealed to him, and has seen heaven through his tears—Madam Dudevant intimates that she is a martyr (and we dare not say what more)—Laroux and Lamennais each come forward with revelations and prophecies to supersede old gospels; even such a man as Alexandre Dumas prefaces some filthy story of blood and lust, by hinting that it contains a holy mystery of which he is the heaven-sent expounder. Oh! sacred awful name of Providence \* \* \* but we are keeping Monsieur Hugo still gazing at the stone, still pompously explaining the designs of Prov-

dence, as he stands there moonstricken on the hill.

He says that after looking for a while at the stone, and peering into the vault, he heard a voice coming from it, which uttered these words, "IL FAUT QUE LA FRANCE REPRENNE LE RHIN,"—that is what the voice said to Monsieur Victor Hugo of the French Academy. What can one answer in reply to a message from heaven?

Let us hope, however, for the interest of humanity, and of at least five hundred thousand human creatures who must bloodily perish by gun and bayonet, in case this voice that M. Hugo heard out of the hole really were a celestial one—let us hope that there is some mistake on the poet's part, and that there was no such intimation conveyed to him. *Du reste* it is an old plan, that of hearing voices and having visions; and most of our readers remember the story recorded, we believe, by a "writer of the 17th century." Signor Guiseppe Molinaro (the Meunier of the French, the *μυλωνος* of the Greeks, the Molitor of the Romans, the Mühler of the Saxon nations), and quite as celebrated as M. Hugo's friend Calatagironne—Mr. Joseph Miller tells a story of an Indian Cacique, who, taking a fancy to a very handsome red coat and epaulets, or a pair of laced breeches (it matters not what), worn by an European settler, came to the settler, and said, "Brother, I have had a dream. I walked yesterday by the banks of the Ohio, and marked the wagtails dipping in the pools, and flying off to the willow-beds. The moon, round as the eye of a Cyclops, was glancing down upon me. I walked, I knew not how long, plunged in the universal reverie of nature, when a spirit came to me and said, "Tomahee Tereboo, lo, I come from heaven; and as a sign, I bring you the Englishman's breeches, for which your soul longeth."

Molinaro relates that the Englishman ceded the garment in question; but on the next night he had a vision. An angel told him that Tomahee Tereboo had given him a hundred thousand acres of land on the banks of the river, which the savage did; but perceiving the inutility of such visions, for the future Tomahee took care to sleep very soundly and quietly, and to have no manner of dreams. But to return to Monsieur Hugo's voice. The only wonder is, that when the ghost of Hoche was heard shouting, *France must retake the Rhine*, the echoes in the neighbourhood did not reply, *Let France come and try!*

To be sure M. Hugo would not have understood them. He does not know a single

syllable of German—of German politics, of German feelings, he is perfectly ignorant. He has been for two months on the Rhine, and fancies he has made discoveries—he says the people on the left bank are French, and how can he tell? If he had lighted on the ten tribes talking Hebrew by the river Sabbatikon, he would have interpreted their feelings just as well. He might hear the Rhinelanders, big and little, as every traveller in the country has heard them, within the two last years, shouting down the streets of every town on the left bank, *Sie sollen ihn nicht haben*; and the French academician is a sort of a man who would turn round and say, "Hearken to that melody: 'tis sung by patriots. All patriots are poets. *Sie sollen ihn nicht haben* means, the Rhinelanders of the left bank await their brethren of France."

The only argument that he has for declaring that the men of the left bank are Frenchmen—will it be believed the only argument?—is, that in the inns on the left bank you see pictures of Napoleon everywhere, whereas on the right bank you see Frederick. "The people," says he, "have still *la liberté de la muraille!*"

To which wise argument it may be replied, that the liberty of the wall proves nothing; that pictures of Napoleon are to be found at Moscow and St. Petersburg, that there is hardly a gentleman's house in England where a print of Napoleon is not to be found, and it will be absurd to argue that because the people admire Napoleon, who was not a Frenchman, they must be Frenchmen—and finally, it may be said, simply, that the poet's statement is quite untrue, and that you will find quite as many Fredericks and Napoleons on one bank of the stream as the other. To be sure, we have not counted—no more has Victor Hugo, but the great bard has thought it convenient on looking down the river, and examining the different wine-shops on its banks, and the pictures on the walls of the wine-shops, to shut his right eye.

He sets out, then, with the dictum that France must have the Rhine, and the conclusion is an historical disquisition embracing all the history of mankind since Charlemagne, and tending to show, as we imagine, that this arrangement must come about. It is intended by Providence, M. Hugo says, and then he begins to chop and to change countries and histories according to his system, to establish similitudes, parallels, symbols, types—heaven knows what. If he finds a queer old book that has, perchance, escaped the pastrycooks of former ages, he seizes upon a passage and thrusts it into the midst of a disquisition; a little scrap in any au-

thor that strikes his mind as mysterious or picturesque, he carries it off to his huge receptacle of phrases, and decks himself with it as a savage does with a bead or a button.

Here are specimens of his style of declamation and argument. He begins, in the simplicity of his heart, by gravely apologizing to the nations about whom he is going to treat, for being obliged to say some unpleasant truths concerning them. A morning paper has taken the trouble of translation off our hands.

"Before we proceed further, it behooves us to declare that this is but a cold and grave study of history. He that writes these lines understands the hatreds of nation to nation, the antipathies of races, the blindness of nationalities; he excuses them, but shares not in them. Nothing, in what has just been read, nothing in what has still to be read, contains a reprobation that can fall upon the nations themselves, of which the author speaks. The author sometimes censures governments, but never censures nations. In general, nations are what they ought to be; the root of good is in them; God develops it and makes it yield its fruit. The four nations themselves of which the picture is here drawn, will render notable service to civilization the day they acknowledge the common object of mankind as their special object. Spain is illustrious, England great; Russia, and Turkey herself, contain several of the best elements of futurity.

"We also consider it a duty to declare, with the profound independence of our mind, that we do not extend to princes what we say to governments. Nothing is easier nowadays than to insult kings. Insult to kings is flattery addressed to another quarter. Now, to flatter anybody in such fashion, whether upwards or downwards, is an idea that he who speaks here need not reject; he feels himself free, and is free because he knows he has spirit enough to praise, whenever there is occasion for it, whoever seems to him deserving of praise, were it even a king. He therefore says it openly and from a full conviction, never, at any period, and whatever epoch of history may be confronted with ours, never have princes and nations been worth what they are now worth.

"Let, therefore, no applications, wounding either to the honour of royalties, or to the dignity of nations, be sought for in this historical examination. It is, before all, a philosophic and speculative work. It exhibits general facts, and nothing more; general ideas, and nothing more. The author has no bitterness in his soul. He candidly awaits the serene futurity of humanity. He has hope in princes, and faith in nations.

"Let us now continue to examine the points of resemblance between the two empires which have alarmed the past, and the two empires which alarm the present.

"A first resemblance. There is something of the Tartar in the Turk, as well as in the Russian. The genius of nations always retains something of their source,

"The Turks, offspring of the Tartars, are

men of the north, who descended through Asia, and entered Europe by the south.

"Napoleon said at St. Helena, '*Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar.*' What he said of the Russian may be said of the Turk.

"The man of the north, properly so called, is always the same. At certain climacteric and fatal periods, he descends from the Pole and exhibits himself to the southern nations, then goes away, and returns two thousand years after, and history finds him again such as it had left him.

"Here is an historical painting which we have at this moment under our eyes—that is truly the Barbarian. His limbs, thick and short, his neck the same, a something hideous in all his body, made him resemble a monster with two feet, or those balustrades coarsely carved into human figures which support the steps of our staircases. He is quite a savage. He does without fire when he must, even to prepare his food. He eats roots and flesh cooked, or rather putrified, under his horse-saddle. He enters beneath a roof only when he cannot do otherwise. He has a horror of houses, as if they were tombs. He crosses valleys and mountains; he runs before him; he has learned from infancy to endure hunger, thirst, and cold. He wears a large fur-cap on his head, a woollen petticoat on his stomach, two goat-skins on his thighs, and on his back a mantle of rat-skins. He cannot combat on foot. His legs, made heavy by large boots, cannot walk, but nail him to his saddle, so that he makes but one animal with his horse, which is always nimble and vigorous, but small and ugly. He lives on horseback, makes treaties on horseback, buys and sells on horseback, drinks on horseback, sleeps and dreams on horseback.

"He ploughs not the earth, he cultivates not fields; he knows not what a plough is. He wanders for ever, as if in quest of a country and home. If you ask him of what place he is, he knows not what to reply. He is here to-day, but yesterday he was there; he was bred yonder, but was born further on.

"When the battle commences he roars tremendously; arrives, strikes, disappears, and returns like lightning. In a moment he carries and plunders the assailed camp. He fights close with the sabre, and from afar with a long lance, the point of which is ingeniously contrived.

"This is the Man of the North? By whom was he sketched?—at what period, and after whom? No doubt in 1814, by some frightened writer of the *Moniteur*, after the Cossack, at the time France yielded? No; this picture was taken after the Hun, in the year 375, by Ammianus Marcellinus and Jordanis, at the time Rome was falling. Fifteen hundred years have elapsed since, and the figure has reappeared, and the portrait still resembles.

"Let us note that the Huns of 375, like the Cossacks of 1814, came from the frontiers of China.

"The Man of the South changes, transforms, and develops himself—flourishes and fructifies—dies and revives again, like vegetation;—the Man of the North is eternal, like snow.

"A second resemblance. In Russia, as in Turkey, nothing is finally acquired by anybody, nothing is quite possessed, nothing is necessarily hereditary. The Russian, like the Turk, may, according to the pleasure or caprice of a higher power, lose his occupation, grade, rank, liberty, property, nobility, and even his name. All belongs to the monarch, just as in certain theories, still more insane than dangerous, which it will be vainly attempted to adapt to the French, everything would belong to the community. It is important to remark, and we submit the fact to the meditation of absolute democrats, that the characteristic of despotism is to level. Despotism establishes equality under it. The more complete the despotism, the more complete the equality. In Russia, as well as Turkey, saving rebellion, which is not a regular fact, there is no existence decidedly and virtually resisting. A Russian Prince is shattered just as a Pacha; the Prince, like the Pacha, may become a private soldier, and be in the army no more than a cypher, whose figure a corporal is. A Russian Prince is created like a Pacha; a pedlar becomes a Mehemed Ali; a pastrycook's boy becomes a Menzikoff. This equality which we record here without pronouncing an opinion on it, ascends even to the throne, and always in Turkey, and at times in Russia, couples with it. A slave is a Sultana, a servant has been a Czarine.

"Despotism, like demagoguery, hates natural superiorities and social superiorities. In the war it wages against them, the former shrinks not more than the latter from the deeds which behead society itself. To it there are no men of genius. Thomas More weighs not more in the scales of Henry Tudor than Bailly in the scales of Marat. To despotism there are no crowned heads; Mary Stuart weighs not more in the scales of Elizabeth than Louis XVI. in the scales of Robespierre.

"The first thing that strikes one, when one compares Russia with Turkey, is a likeness; the first thing that strikes one when one compares England with Spain, is an unlikeness. In Spain, royalty is absolute; in England, it is limited.

"On reflecting on it, one comes to this singular result: this unlikeness gives rise to a likeness. The excess of monarchism produces, as regards royal authority, and in considering it only under that special point of view, the same result as the excess of constitutionalism. In either case the king is annulled.

"The King of England, served on bended knees, is a nominal king; the King of Spain, also served on bended knees, is likewise a nominal king. Both are impeccable. A remarkable thing is that the fundamental axiom of the most absolute monarchy is equally the fundamental axiom of the most constitutional monarchy. *El rey no cal*, the king falls not, says the old Spanish law; *The king can do no wrong*, says the old English law. What is there more striking, when one explores history, than to find, beneath facts seemingly the most different, pure monarchism and rigorous constitutionalism established on the same basis, and rising from the same root.

"The King of Spain could be, without dan-

ger, just as the King of England, a child, a minor, an ignorant man, or an idiot. The Parliament governed for the one, the *Despacho Universal* for the other. The day the news of the capture of Mons reached Madrid, Philip IV. rejoiced much; pitying aloud *that poor King of France (ese pobrecito rey de Francia)*. Nobody ventured to tell him that it was to him, the King of Spain, that Mons belonged. Spinola, whilst investing Breda, which the Dutch admirably defended, detailed in a long letter to Philip III. the innumerable impossibilities of the siege. Philip returned him his letter, after inserting in the margin with his own hand the mere words '*Marquis, take Breda.*' Stupidity or genius only can write this. One must either know nothing or will everything—be a Philip III. or a Bonaparte. To such insignificance could a King of Spain fall, isolated as he was from all thought and action by the very form of his authority. The grand charter isolates the King of England in about the same way. Spain struggled against Louis XIV. with a silly king; England struggled against Napoleon with an insane king.

"Does not this prove that, in the two cases, the king is purely nominal? Is it a good, or is it an evil? This we also record, without pronouncing upon it.

"Nothing is less free than a king of England, unless it be a King of Spain. To both is said—'*Vous pouvez tout, à la condition de ne rien vouloir.*' Parliament binds the first; *etiquette* binds the second. Such is the irony of history. These two obstacles, so different, produce, in certain cases, the same effects. Sometimes the Parliament rebels, and kills the King of England; sometimes *etiquette* rebels, and kills the King of Spain—a strange parallel, but an undeniable one, wherein the scaffold of Charles I. has for its *pendant* the furnace of Philip III.

"One of the main results of this annihilation of royal authority, through causes almost contrary, is, that the Salic law becomes useless. In Spain, as in England, women may reign.

"There still exists more than one other point of resemblance between the two people which an attentive comparison teaches us. In England, as in Spain, pride and patience form the basis of the national character. That is, considering all, and saving the restrictions we shall point out elsewhere, an admirable temper which urges nations to great deeds. Pride is a virtue in a nation—patience is a virtue in an individual.

"With pride one rules, with patience one colonises. Now, what do we find at the bottom of the history of Spain as well as the history of England? Ruling and colonising.

"Just now we drew a picture, with our eyes fixed upon history, of the Castilian infantry. If you read it over again, you will find it also a picture of the English infantry.

"Just now we pointed out some features of the Spanish clergy. In England there is also an Archbishop of Toledo; he is called the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"If we descend into the slightest particulars, we see that as regards those minute imperious details of domestic and material life, which are,

as it were, the second nature of a people, the two nations, strange to say, are in the same way tributary to the ocean. Tea is to England what cocoa was to Spain—the habit of the nation; and, consequently, according to circumstances, an occasion of alliance, or a cause of war.

“Let us pass to another order of ideas.

“There has been, and still exists among certain nations, a horrible dogma, contrary to the internal feeling of the human conscience, and contrary to the public sense, which is the very life of states. It is that fatal religious aberration, erected into law in some countries, which establishes it as a principle and believes that in burning the body one saves the soul—that the tortures of this world preserve a human being from the tortures of the other—that Heaven is to be won by physical sufferings—and that God is but a great executioner, smiling from the height of the eternity of his hell, at all the hideous little punishments that man can invent. If ever a dogma was contrary to the development of human sociability it is that one. It is it that harnesses itself to the car of Jugghernaut; it is it that presided a century ago at the annual exterminations of Dahomet. Whoever feels and reasons rejects it with horror. In vain have the religions of the East transmitted it to the religions of the West. No philosophy has adopted it. For three thousand years past the pale light of those sepulchral doctrines, without attracting a single thinker, has vaguely reddened the foot of the monstrous porch of the agonies of India; a sombre and gigantic edifice which loses itself, half perceived by terrified humanity, through the bottomless darkness of infinite mystery.

“That doctrine kindled in Europe in the sixteenth century the funeral piles of the Jews and heretics. The Inquisition raised them—Spain stirred the fire. That doctrine still kindles in Asia, at the present day, the funeral piles of widows. England neither raises them nor stirs the fire, but she looks on as they burn.

“We wish not to draw from those *rapprochemens* more than they contain. And yet, it is impossible for us not to remark that a people that were fully in the path of civilisation could not tolerate, even from policy, those mournful, atrocious, and infamous follies. France, in the sixteenth century, rejected the Inquisition. In the nineteenth, were India a French colony, France would long ago have extinguished the Suttee.

Since, whilst noting here and there the unperceived, but real points of contact of Spain and England, we have spoken of France, let us observe that some are to be found in events apparently purely accidental. Spain had had the captivity of Francis I. England has shared in that glory or opprobrium—she has had the captivity of Napoleon.

“There are characteristic and memorable things which revert, and are repeated, for the instruction of attentive minds, in the deep echoes of history. The words of Waterloo—*La garde meurt et ne se rend pas!*—are but the heroic translation of the words of Pavia—*Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur!*”

See what it is to be a poet with a genius for similes! The reader of this long extract

may amuse himself with studying likenesses and unlikenesses, unlikenesses that are like and likenesses that are unlike; parallels that show a wondrous disposition to meet and to diverge. And in the name of all the Muses, for what purpose? Is the permission of the suttee in British India in the least like the inquisition in Spain? Has the captivity of Napoleon the slightest likeness to the captivity of Francis the First? Have Francis's words at Pavia any resemblance to the words which were *not* uttered at Waterloo? And suppose they have, what then?

And now we come to the very greatest discovery that has been made by a modern poet.

“In short, besides the direct *rapprochemens* that history reveals between the four nations which are the subject of this paragraph, there exists I know not what strange, and, as it were, *diagonal relations!* which seem to connect them mysteriously, and point out to the thinker a *secret similitude of conformation*, and consequently, perhaps, of destination. Let us mark two only here. The first is between England and Turkey: Henry VIII. killed his wives, as did Mahomet II. The second is between Russia and Spain; Peter I. killed his son, as did Philip II.”

Diagonal similarities! Let us thank the bard for teaching us that word: if it were but to have discovered diagonal similarities, M. Hugo has not laboured on the Rhine in vain. It is a great and noble method of argument, as thus—

Henry VIII. killed his wives,  
Mahomet II. killed his wives;  
Therefore Russia devoured Turkey.  
Peter I. killed his son,  
Philip II. killed his son;  
Therefore England devoured Spain.

The great immutable laws of zig-zag are thus established; and the discoverer cries, in delighted enthusiasm,

“Russia has devoured Turkey.

“England has devoured Spain.

“This is, according to our way of thinking, a last and definitive assimilation. A state devours another on condition only of reproducing it.”

Pshaw!—any one who wants to know how the last and definitive assimilation is contradicted, need only to look to the author's own account of the Turkish seizure of Greece. It did not reproduce it, says he, “A l'instant même, au seul contact des Turcs, la Grèce était devenu barbare. Le Grec en passant par la bouche des Turcs, en étoit retombé patois:—dérision amère des mots et des choses, dégradation et parodie, &c.” Greece disappeared, how did Turkey reproduce it! Then as to the assertion that England has devoured Spain, the author immediately and in the very next paragraph magnificently

contradicts himself, by showing that every other nation has had a much greater share of the spoil.

"It suffices to look over two maps of Europe, drawn at an interval of fifty years, to see in what an irresistible, slow, and fatal manner the Muscovite frontier invades the Ottoman Empire. It is the gloomy and formidable aspect of an immense rising tide. At every moment and on all sides the waves advance, and the shores disappear. The waves are Russia; the shore Turkey. Sometimes the billows recede, but they rise again, the moment after, and this time they go farther. A large part of Turkey is already covered, and it is still vaguely perceived beneath the Russian overflowing. On the 20th of August, 1828, a billow rolled as far as Adrianople. It retired, but when it returns it will reach Constantinople.

"As for Spain, the dislocations of the Roman empire, and of the Carolingian empire, can alone give an idea of that prodigious dismemberment, without reckoning the Milanese which Austria has taken—without reckoning Roussillon, Franche-Comté, the Ardennes, the Cambasis, and Artois, which have reverted to France—of the fragments of the ancient Spanish monarchy four kingdoms have been formed in Europe, even leaving out the kingdom of Spain properly so called, Portugal, Sardinia, the Two Sicilies, and Belgium; in Asia a viceroyalty, India, equal to an empire; and in America nine republics—Mexico, Guatemala, Columbia, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, La Plata, and Chili. Either by influence, or by direct sovereignty, Great Britain now possesses the largest portion of that enormous inheritance. She has almost all the islands that Spain had, and which almost, literally speaking, were innumerable. As we said in the beginning, she has devoured Spain just as Spain had devoured Portugal; and now, in casting the eye over the British dominions, one sees but Portuguese and Castilian names—Gibraltar, Sierra Leone, Ascension, Fernando Po, Las Mascarentas, El Cabo Delgado, El Cabo Guardafu, Honduras, Las Lucias, Las Bermudas, La Barbada, La Trinidad, Tobago, Santa Margaritha, La Granada, San Christoforo, Antigua.

Everywhere Spain is visible, everywhere Spain reappears. Even under the pressure of England, the fragments of the empire of Charles the Fifth have not yet lost their shape; and let us be permitted a comparison which expresses our thought—one recognises *the whole Spanish monarchy* in the possessions of Great Britain as one finds again the half-digested jaguar in the belly of the boa."

The whole Spanish monarchy! what the Milanese, Roussillon, Franche-Comté, Cambasis, Artois, Portugal, Sardinia, Sicily, and Belgium, are all these in the boa's belly, along with the South American republics?

By the way Spain itself is not included, which somehow in the flurry of the declamation has passed out of the poor writer's brain. It can't hold many things together, or remember its own creations too long, that ram-

bling, wool-gathering, big-browed poet's head. Brilliant images, and fine colours, and loud sounds pass through it, and dazzle and confound it; one thought follows another so brightly and quickly, that by the time he has done spouting a sentence he has forgotten its predecessor, and is already on a wild look-out for some new fancy. There is something almost affecting, in the way in which the simple creature produces his catalogue of names of the West India islands, that indeed are almost as long to count as the kingdoms and provinces which he has reckoned before. Ascension, Las Bermudas, El Cabo Delgado!—indeed they sound quite as fine as Sardinia, or Sicily, or South America. He gives the population of the islands somewhere else, but by this time they are quite whisked out of his brain. What does he care for a few figures? he has caught his simile at the end of the sentence, his jaguar in the boa's belly, and sits down for two or three seconds or so quite happy.

As for the Rhine, he has discovered that at the end of the war Russia and England, out of profound dissimulation, gave the *left bank to Germany*. And though to be sure, it cannot be denied, that this Rhine bank so given to Germany has been actually German for a thousand years: yet, says he, Charlemagne, Louis XIV. and Napoleon wanted to have it for France; in the old Carolingian maps it is written *Francia Rhenana*, and therefore it is France. (569.) The handing it over to Germany in 1815 was "a chef-d'œuvre of hatred, of deceit, of discord, and calamity if you will, but a chef-d'œuvre—*la politique en a comme cela*." (570.) "The kings said to one another, Here is the robe of Joseph." (France is *Joseph*—Bon Dieu! would any man but Victor Hugo have lighted upon the simile, or can we forget that this new Joseph had gone out pistol in hand and robbed the garment in question), "Here is the robe of Joseph, let each man take his share." (579.)

Joseph must have back his robe; and M. Hugo thinks that the matter may be arranged peaceably between France and Prussia, thus—"Hanover," says he, "to Prussia, and the Rhine to France! France and Germany will thus form *Europe*. France will take under her protectorate the smaller kingdoms of the south, Germany, the inferior states of the north; Russia will be pushed back into his snows; and England remain isolated in her seas."

If you want to know what France is (besides being Joseph)—"France is, in fact, the thought, the intelligence, the publicity, the book, the press, the tribune, the speech, the tongue of the whole world. (587.) Germany feels—France thinks. There were old republics, but they have gone, because



they were limited and special. France, for her part, stipulates for the people and all people: she has that which saves nations, unity; not that which destroys them, *egotism*. For her to conquer provinces is well; to conquer minds is better still. (603.) Charles I. died in his island, Europe took no notice: Louis XVI. perished, and the whole world was in a flame. (613.) The ancient republics have passed away:—in the day when France shall be extinguished, *there will be twilight on the face of the earth*. (606.) But no, there is no such danger. France will have her natural boundary, and be content. The highest intelligences, which at the present moment represent the politics, literature, science, and art of *the whole universe*, France possesses them, and France gives them to civilisation. Satisfy her, then; and above all, reflect upon this, Europe can never be tranquil while France is not content." (625.)

Here we have, in the poet's own modest words, the character and demands of his nation. And while he was making the latter, it must be confessed that the world ought to be somewhat grateful to him, for he only asks for a few hundred miles of extra territory, and might just as well have asked for Moscow and Cairo, for Spain and Canada, for every town or country which French robbers have overrun, or which have been sacked and ravaged by French fire and sword. The descendants of the Black Prince and Henry V., by exactly the same argument, might ask for their ancient inheritances, Gascony, Aquitaine, Normandy, and the kingdom itself. Did not Henry VI. possess it once? Nay, how long is it since General Müffling was governor of the capital, and the Germans masters of it? The Cossacks have just as good a claim to Paris as the French to Cologne. Seeing, then, the endless quarrels and inconvenience to which such discussions might give rise, would it not be better for Monsieur Hugo to exert his gigantic influence among his countrymen, and induce them to be contented at once, and with things as they are. Surely, according to his own showing, his country is pretty well provided for. He has his intellectual superiority; "his Pascal for a Pope; and what a pope!—his Voltaire for an Antichrist; and what an Antichrist!" His gods—his devils are better than those of any other nation: he has his religion and his irreligion to be proud of. Before the fame of his people all other reputations are futile: "it took Shakspeare 150 years to be known in France," as he says; and the reason was, not because French people are

absurdly ignorant, and proud of their ignorance, but because they have really such a superiority of their own, that they are satisfied with it, and naturally must be careless regarding humbler fame. All the world is instructed by them. "The politics, the literature, the art, the science of the whole universe," belongs to them.

Ah, JOSEPH (we love the appropriate name), be content with this peaceful monarchy—fly from vainglory as from Potiphar's wife. Be modest, Joseph, according to your nature, and you shall rule over the land; the other children of Jacob shall come bowing before you, and you shall receive them with meekness and kindness; laying up granaries of wisdom to feed the nations in times of want, and being the chosen and upright friend of all.

There is a great deal in M. Hugo's conclusion which we have been forced to pass over—the history of all the empires and republics of Europe—of the Spanish Armada, the Czar of Muscovy, the great Cham of Tartary, and Prester John; for all these things the reader is referred to the book itself, of which, unless it were transferred bodily to our pages, no one could form an accurate idea—perhaps not even then.

But the great discovery of the book is decidedly JOSEPH.

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ART. VII. — *Exposé de la Religion des Druzes, tiré des Livres religieux de cette Sette, et précédé d'une introduction et de la Vie du Khalife Hakem-Bi-Amr-Allah.*  
Par M. LE BARON SILVESTRE DE SACY.  
2 tomes 8vo. Paris, 1838.

THE land of Syria has been, from the earliest period of history, the theatre of the most important events and developments for the human race. Conquests, colonies, maritime power and enterprise, spurious creeds and divine revelation, have equally found their birth-place there, and stamped and sanctified the soil to human admiration. The bare statement of these heads is not foreign to our immediate subject; for it is only by keeping in mind these earliest points of history and tradition, that we shall be enabled to illustrate the present by the past, and prove the analogy between them.

The rude and imperfect triangle of Syria embraces in its outlines, north, east, and southwards, the contact of the once Persian, Arabian, and Egyptian kingdoms; while, on the western coast, it was approximated to Greece and Europe by the facilities of sea commu-

nication and the adventurous spirit of the Phœnician mariners. Of the Phœniciana, Syria is the latest, or only known residence; and portions of these, and of the Philistine, or Pali race, contested the dominion of the country with the chosen people of Israel. Notwithstanding the pure theocracy of the last, the Holy Scriptures bear ample evidence of their backslidings; and though the creed of the True God was preserved by their priesthood, and among the people generally, the frequent lapses of various families into idolatry, mark the strong tendency of man to amalgamation with his neighbours. If the Jews could so wander, despite the stern restrictions of their faith, as to admit the worst Gentile abominations into their practice, which occurred with Ahab and Jeroboam amongst others, it can be no wonder that the surrounding tribes, ignorant of the true God, should yet admit the rites or even superstitions of the chosen race into their own sanctuaries; nor that the mutual confusion of creeds thus originated, should descend to their posterity; and hence the mystical jargons and religious blindness that have ever marked Syria as Gentile, despite the origination of Christianity itself in her bosom.

The moral obscurity of Syria, thus engendered by superstition, was condensed and protracted by physical causes. Abraham and his descendants were agriculturists; the Phœnicians were cultivators as well as warriors, seamen, and builders; and the Pali were shepherds. The name of the land where all these settled has been among other etymologies derived, idly enough, from a rose, *suri*; it is quite as probable, from the foregoing premises, that it sprang from *sur*, a bullock: and from all concurrent testimony we know that the Egyptians under this form worshipped Osiris, as the Apis or young bull, as well as the Mnevis; the first at Memphis, the latter at Heliopolis. Osiris, we also know, taught them husbandry and the arts of civilized life. There is thus direct evidence that the bull was the symbol of the husbandman; and we may fairly presume that the name of the symbol became the epithet of the soil. The following passage will indicate most graphically the effect of this worship upon other nations.

"The temples, porticos, groves, gardens, and vestibules of the Egyptians are adorned with pillars and columns; the walls glitter with precious stones and elaborate carving; the shrines are splendid with gold, silver, and amber. India and Ethiopia supply them with rare materials. The adytum is veiled with golden tissue: but when you enter the recess of the temple, and expect to find something worthy of this preparation, a priest steps forward, chanting the

Egyptian psalm: no sooner does he withdraw the veil than laughter arises at the development of his deity. Nothing meets the eye but a cat, or crocodile, or native snake, or some animal fitter to burrow in the earth than to dwell there. The Egyptian god you behold in a beast, lying on a purple carpet."—Clem. Alex. *Pœd.* 3, 2. Lipsie.

The worship of the calf, whether the Apis or Mnevis, (Sir G. Wilkinson inclines to the latter opinion,) appears to have been the clear practice of Israel, and derived from Egypt; it is further apparent that it was also a type of Osiris, and that its statues were golden.

At the time of the Israelite Exodus, we are told, (*Exod.* c. xii., v. 38,) that "a mixed multitude went out with them." The word signifying mixed multitude" is *am*, Arab; and, possibly instigated by their example, though this is immaterial, the Israelites insisted on worshipping the golden calf, the obvious relic of Egyptian idolatry, (traced to Egypt in ch. xxxii. 4,) and these rites they renewed even in the days of Jeroboam; as we well know they also retained the lamentations for Thammuz, and the mysteries of the chambers of imagery, among the daughters of Zion,

"Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah." MILTON.

If we add to the foregoing sketch the historical fact, that king Josiah banished the calf-worship from the altars of Bethel, 620 years B. C., we shall see that, from the Exodus to this time, a period of 900 years, this last-named idolatry had occasionally prevailed among the Israelites themselves, though with them it was prohibited. Among the heathen nations there can be no reason for imagining it ever ceased entirely, even to the time of Mahommed; that is to say, for 1200 years later than Josiah's reign; since we find, from ancient writers, that among other Egyptian superstitions, the rites of Thammuz, in Syria, were inherited from Egypt; and shall see presently, that so late as the sixth century of the Christian era that country preserved and respected the tradition, if not existence, of this venerable worship of the calf. We further know, though darkly, that the idol abominations and bloody sacrifices of the Arabian tribes, so hateful to the Koran, were the same to a great extent, if not entirely, as the practices of the Edomites, Amalekites, &c., which the names and rites abundantly testify. Thus then, for 1800 years and more, the same superstitions prevailed openly in Syria itself, without reckon-

ing the duration of calf-worship in Egypt previously: and a creed of near 2000 years' duration is not likely to pass altogether from an ignorant, mixed, and trampled race.

The geographical position, too, of Syria exposed her in every age to warfare and conquest. The scattered and vanquished tribes would obviously flee to the mountains; and even where driven to embrace the religion of the conquerors, would secretly cling to and cherish their own superstitions, and this probably the more, inasmuch as each rival, though vanquished, tribe sought to distinguish itself even less from the common conqueror than from its neighbour in misfortune, by a strict adhesion to some distinctive traditional system. The physical history of Syria was thus, as we noticed, accessory to the preservation of its moral type. We see, in like manner, the traditions of Scandinavian belief retaining for a long time their hold in the north; and we need no argument to satisfy us that the worship of the golden calf was not likely, after so long an existence in Syria, to disappear suddenly, in the 408 years between Mahommed and Hakem-Biamr-Allah, the reputed Imam of the Druzi faith. We shall hereafter examine the proofs of identity with due reference to these preliminaries, geographical, physical, and moral; but we must first throw an eye over the political state of the Druzes at the present time.

The northern portion of Syria, from that section of its mountain range beginning nearly in latitude 33 N., is chiefly inhabited by the tribes that are generally, but erroneously, included under the name of Druzes, though these last are but one, and the most prominent, of several sects. The positions of those tribes are laid down with great exactness in Wyld's new and admirable map of Syria; where, beginning northward, the Anzaris occupy the country about the 35th degree of latitude; the Maronites, the western side of the mountains, and the sea-coast towards Beyroot, that is, beyond latitude 34; the Metualis, the parallel range of the country, eastward, between Libanon and Anti-Libanon; and the Druzes proper extend, from along these two heights and interjacent plain of Bekaa, southwards to the 33d degree of latitude generally; and from Tyre and the sea-coast, west, over the Haouran, towards Damascus, the seat of their emir, or Turkish governor. The population of the Druzes proper, reckoned forty years since at 120,000, is stated by the same, and, we conceive, undeniable authority, at 186,000 now. The Maronites are about 100,000; the Anzaris 22,000; and the Metualis and Yezdis, taken together, 17,000 souls. The Anzaris are,

from their name, evidently Persian, and preserve many traces of the Assassin race of the Caucasus: the Maronites and Melchites are Christians, and differ chiefly in using, the former the Syriac, the latter the Arabic ritual: the Metualis are loosely stated to be Mahommedans of the Omar sect, but are Shiabs in reality, a fact at which we shall cursorily glance: while the religious tenets of the Druzes, cautiously concealed by themselves, and thence invested with the usual attributes of mystery by others, form the subject of our present inquiry.

This article will fill up an hiatus in history left void by Gibbon, whose account of the Druzes is simply as follows:

"The religion of the Druzes is concealed by their ignorance and hypocrisy." (The illustrious historian of the "Decline and Fall" was in error in this statement; there are reasons that will be developed in the course of this article widely different from these for this concealment). "Their secret doctrines are confined to the elect, who profess a contemplative life, and the vulgar Druzes, the most indifferent of men, occasionally conform to the worship of the Mahometans and Christians of their neighbourhood. The little that is or deserves to be known may be seen in the industrious Niebuhr's *Voyages*, tome ii., p. 354, 337, and the second volume of the recent and instructive *Travels of M. de Volney*."—vol. vii., p. 214.

The Druzes, occupying a territory of about 100 square leagues, afford above 1,100 souls to each league; and this amplitude is attributed by Volney to their freedom and simple habits. They are cultivators of the soil, and after discharging the Turkish tribute and the rent, each man is proprietor of his own land, in freehold. The men meet at evenings in the courts of their sheikhs' dwellings to converse and smoke; they have the right of nominating any one of their children as heir; and in general espouse the widow of their brother. They are fond of raw meat, but their food is chiefly vegetable; consisting of onions, olives, and other fruits, cheese, slight loaves, and a little wine. Thus in war they are invaluable as irregulars, being good marksmen and each bringing his own gun, bullets, and home-manufactured powder; together with a bag of flour for his support. The leaders only have horses, the rest fight on foot, and have neither discipline, order, nor uniforms. They are summoned to war by the cry from mountain-tops, and a large force is promptly gathered: for every male of proved courage, and such only, has a right to be present at the deliberation of the councils, held when peace or war is to be decided on.

The mulberry and the vine are everywhere

cultivated ; with tobacco, cotton, and grain. The people are hospitable, and, according to Burckhardt, never betray a guest : they do not use circumcision ; are proud, like the Arabs, and Tatars, of the antiquity of their families ; and preserve many customs of the Jews, with whom they have been sometimes charged with coalescing. The women are domestic, and all wash, cook, make coffee, and bake bread, even in the sheikhs' houses. They are constantly veiled ; and the Druze knows the face of none but his mother, and wife, his sisters, and hers. Women are excluded from the succession.

The emir is the governor appointed by the Turks, and is never a Druze : but the chief sheikh of the Druzes, whose residence is at Soueida in the Haouran, and who is of their faith, is often confounded with the Turkish emir erroneously. The former is said, by Burckhardt, to possess the real power over his co-religionists, though others affirm that he is not of the highest or spiritual class ; while the emir is the civil and military functionary who names the kadis, or judges, and collects the miri, or tribute, part of which forms his own revenue. The miri is sometimes as high as 180 purses—between £8000 and £9000, and is levied on produce. The chief task of the emir is however to repress the feuds of the sheikhs, who possess nearly one-tenth of the land ; their succession is hereditary. An idle attempt was made about a century since to derive the Druzes from the crusader, De Dreux.

Shoba, the residence of many of the sheikhs, is stated by Usborne, the latest traveller (" Guide to the Levant"), to be splendid, though ruined. The walls are in some places perfect ; and eight paved causeways lead from as many gates to the city. The streets are broad, paved, and regular ; the doors of the houses are formed of a single stone slab ; and in the centre of the town five Corinthian columns remains, upon a terrace once supporting a magnificent temple. A substantial theatre, an aqueduct, and a mosque, all now in ruins, attest its former grandeur.

The Druzes are divided into three classes. The Akals, or initiated ; the Djoheli, or aspirants ; and the vulgar, who know nothing of religion. The Akali never swear, but simply affirm ; they avoid smoking, abuse, gold and silken ornaments, and they eat and drink apart. Their dress is black, or else white : that of the aspirants blue : of the vulgar, striped. Their language is Arabic ; but they often use ciphers for their secret communications. Their creed is Unitarian.

The system of the Druzes commenced

under the Fatimite caliph Hakem, surnamed Biamr-Allah ; who forbade the pilgrimage to Mecca, fasting, and the five prayers of the Islamite faith. He was supported by Mahommed-ben-Ismael-El Druzi, a Persian, who was slain in a tumult ; and Hamza, the great prophet of this heresy, succeeded to the chief priesthood. The system which, commencing from Heg. 408, numbered in 495, 16,000 votaries, is Persian or Ethiopic ; and its route, we are told, may be traced even geographically by the names. Benjamin of Tudela mentions the Druzes ; but neither he nor succeeding travellers down to De Tott, and even Volney, appear to have known much of this peculiar race : the justly celebrated Burckhardt is our latest and best authority on the subject, and subsequent writers have added little to his reports of the Druzes.

As the mountains produce little or no grain, the town of Beyroot is the *entrepôt* of this commodity, the produce of Jaffa, Damascus and Alexandria. Libanon affords scarce any soil or pasturage ; and silk is the chief production of the inhabitants, who even pay their rents with it. The carriage and expenses, duty, &c., on this article to Damascus, have risen from 13 1-2 to 29 piastres lately, which has created much discontent. The cultivation of the mulberry requires some outlay of capital.

The Maronites are rich and independent : their princes, and those of the Druzes, being actuated by rivalry of power and wealth, lose no opportunity of mutual annoyance : the whole land, therefore, is in constant feud, and the late ravage of the Haouran by the Bedouins has completed the disasters of the country.

To elucidate sufficiently the very obscure subject of the Druzi origin, our inquiry takes separately the derivation and name of the Druzes, their creed of unity, the sects through whom it was received, their catechism, and the general conclusions deducible from their acknowledged belief and imperfect traditions.

#### I.—ETYMOLOGY AND ORIGIN OF THE DRUZES.

The slightest glance at the religious system of this nation convinces the observer that, however mingled and confused with the later and various tenets of Christianity and Mahomedanism, the basis of the Druzi faith is to be found in Persia. De Sacy himself admitted this fact, but only in general terms, that prove, most distinctly, he had no hopes of defining the source of the tenets of this race. And in truth, while drawing the conclusion that those tenets originated, as he clearly shows, in the sect of Ali, and were consequently Persian, he intimates his belief, that the assumed pro-

phet, Imam Mahommed-ben-Ismael, was a Turk, from the name he bore, in contradiction to the Arabic historian, Elmacin, who calls him a Persian. The passage is remarkable on various points.

"Darazi, suivant Elmacin, étoit un Daï, c'est à dire un missionnaire de la secte des Baténis, et il étoit Persan. Je crois plutôt qu'il étoit Turc, car dans les livres des Druzes il porte le nom de *Neschtekin*, qui est incontestablement Turc. Il se nommoit Mahommed, fils d'Ismael, et étoit surnommé Darazi, sans qu'aucun écrivain nous donne la raison de ce surnom."—vol. i., pp. 383, 384.

And, in a note, he subjoins ;

"Je prononce et j'écris *Darizi*, quoique j'aie toujours écrit jusqu'ici *Durzi*, parceque dans les livres des Druzes on lit درزي *Darazi*."—*Ibid.* p. 383.

On the hopelessness felt by this great scholar of a full elucidation of the question we need give but one more instance, from his memoir ; where in tracing the alleged superstition of the calf-worship to the time of Bôhâeddin, a follower of Hamza, he remarks, "it is impossible to proceed higher on this point."

Before dwelling on the passages here quoted we must observe, that it is, and has been, the besetting error of all inquiry into the religious and moral systems of the east, that the investigation has not, as it ought naturally to have done, proceeded fully upward ; but, on the contrary, an arbitrary point has been assumed as the source of the peculiar tenets, and beyond this the explorer has not thought of essaying. Our readers will have already seen that the superstition of the calf extended from remotest antiquity to nearly the time of the Druzes ; but before investigating more closely this single point of the subject, it may be necessary to take a wider view, and of the general question itself, than has been attempted by De Sacy ; and we shall, in the proper place, while examining the grounds and origination of the Druzi faith, touch more or less lightly on all the speculative sources of religious error, in order to show that the system we would elucidate forms no exception, by its novelty, to the remark of Solomon, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Nor shall we be accused of being wanting in respect to the memory of the illustrious scholar whose latest work is now before us. His merits, and the advantages which learning has derived from his accurate judgment, cautious investigation, indefatigable labour, and vast and various erudition, demand far more than the passing notice we can here af-

ford, and which literature, to her shame, has not yet bestowed on her last, great benefactor : but with all the powers of research to collect, arrange, and simplify the mighty mass of information that illustrated every subject he touched upon, and brought its minutest details clearly before the eye, that profound but cautious scholar seldom ventured upon uniting the whole, or drawing the conclusion as a general result, however satisfactorily he disposed of each particular part. He supplies the materials for judging rather than the judgment ; the pleadings of the case, not the final sentence : and hence it is that his mighty labours are the admiration of scholarship, and the illumination of the student, but seldom prove interesting to the public. The reading, as well as the active, world must indeed be satisfied to take much of its opinions upon trust ; it has neither the leisure, ability, means, nor inclination, to form its own judgment upon what is offered ; it cannot even distinguish at the outset between talent and imposture ; but prefers any opinion to none ; and in the absence of genius and intellect, is satisfied to take up with the catchpenny impostor of the day.

In contradiction to the general authority of Arabian writers, and of El Macin in particular, we have seen that De Sacy suspected Mahommed-ben-Ismael of being a Turk, not a Persian, and this on the simple evidence of his name ; but had that illustrious scholar reflected on the early and wide diffusion of the Turkish language in Tatary, before its possessors migrated thence towards the Western Asia and to Europe, he must have seen that the terms of that language, or rather dialect, were necessarily common in the country of its origin, and among the co-descended tribes of those plains. He could scarcely have missed the fact that many of its words and combinations exist, not only with the Buriats, Monguls, and Tonghusi, but also in the tongues of various of the oldest races that people Hindostan, as well as Persia, the eastern part of which is largely Tatar, and appear even in the Celtic ; and he would not have been surprised to find that the very grave-stones of Derbend thus contain Tatar, rather than Turkish, words mixed with the Persian ; words that have puzzled, but seem never to have struck with this true and simple solution the learned traveller, Eichwald.

With this easy answer to the one sole ground of objection taken against the immediate Persian origination of the Druzi opinions, we must proceed to remind the English reader that the short mark (´), or *a*, the Arabic ا, *d*, and ر, *r*, does not give either the English or French sound, of *a*, but

is in truth a mere approximation to it, a short and imperfect continuance of the voice, imperative in uttering the preceding consonant, and nothing more. We constantly find, in the imperfection of the Semitic tongues, what indeed is almost unavoidable, that these short vowels, or vocalic sounds, are freely substituted for others similar, or for the long vowels—an interchangeability notorious in the Hebrew.

Mahommed-ben-Ismael, it will be seen from the passages we have quoted, was surnamed Darazi, but no one has assigned the origin of this term, which, yet, all concur in indicating as Persian. The modern language of Persia is widely different from the ancient; and the intermediate changes are admitted by scholars to have been not only great, but essential. We need not notice these: but the oldest form, that of the cuneiform inscriptions, and the words preserved by Greek writers, are undoubtedly a medium between Old Tatar and Chaldaic, or Hebrew; and the terms of the Druzes we shall find to originate thence. Some tribes of the Persians speak to this day a language approximating to the Hebrew.

The word דר, or ד (D, u, r, or D, r), for it is written both ways, signifies a *race*, or the *Free*? and the word דר, a, u, z, means *licence*, or *licentiousness*, *abominable*: and דר, d, r, s—to *seek*, or *search out*; the root is obviously the same of these words, whether spelt with a ד, d, or ד, th hard; as דר means *to search out*, *to wander*; and דר, is Tyri (the Tyrian), or the *Free*. The word is obviously the root, of that which is, stable or lasting: as Dru, wood, oak, or other tree, in the Sanscrit, Welsh, Earse, and so many languages, (Greek ΔΡΥ:) and the *true*, *tree*, &c., of the English and German. This word, used thus in both senses, compounded with id, or ido, and idau, a hand;—to serve or minister; noun or verb in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Turkish, Persian, Old Celtic, Japanese, &c., is clearly the true etymology of the disputed *Druid*, in both senses, with reference either to trees, to holiness, or to the circle, the emblem of Deity—the Holy one: Ur, light or purity.

The Druzes also were recognised as “the free-people” by the caliphs in Persia, together with the Jews and the Christians.

Having thus found by Etymology the origin of the Druzi name, and in the languages common both to the country which is affirmed to have been the birthplace of their tenets, and to that which is and has been their actual residence; receiving from the high authority of El Macin the fact that the name El Druzi, —so we must be permitted to write

it,—was brought from the former land to the latter by Mahommed-ben-Ismael, the founder of the creed; and adducing the circumstance that, in the latter country, the name itself was recognised by the foreign sovereign of the race in precisely the sense which our etymology has assigned, it will probably be admitted that in the absence of any direct testimony in the writings of the time, we have approximated as closely as our materials will permit. In the notice of tenets we shall presently find that while the theology of the Druze identifies itself with the Persian, the terms used by the former were also derived originally from the latter, and the united weight of faith and philology set at rest the question of the Druzi origination.

## II.—THE PRINCIPLE OF UNITY, AND ITS CORRUPTIONS.

It may not be superfluous to notice in the outset that the Unity of God was not the faith of the Hebrew patriarchs alone; and that though idolatry is charged in the Hebrew scriptures, and by Chaldean tradition, upon Terah himself; by the first as the worshipper, by the second as the maker, of false gods, yet still among the Gentiles the Lord was God, as with Pharaoh in the time of Abraham, and with Abimelech; for it is clear from the holy records that the kings of Egypt and Gerar revered in those days the Jehovah. Whatever the identity of the first Zoroaster, his antiquity is scarcely questionable, since the earliest histories of Persia, now preserved only in fragments, represent him as existent in the first unknown ages of their nation; and go so far as to assert his being a contemporary of Abraham, and, in fact, Abraham himself; an assertion supported by Arab tradition also. Be the fact as it may, be his name what it might, it is enough for us to know that the most ancient books referred to his doctrines as ancient, and as containing the principle of the Unity of God. We know from the Greek historians, four centuries at least before Christ, that though idolatry in its most fatal form, and with the most hideous rites, prevailed in Scythia or Tatar, his immediate neighbourhood, the early Persian made his altar on high places, and spurned the brutal blindness that could seek to stamp the image of Deity upon the stock and the stone; when the tree formed in part the carpenter's idol, in part roasted his roast, and in part warmed him.

But while this unity was the distinguishing type of at least the cultivated class among the most ancient Persians, we find ample proofs scattered through all fragments of their

creed, that their minds, unassisted by revelation, were unequal to conceive and retain the true faith in its purity. The Sophi, or priest, of the earliest periods, (for the reader must not be misled by modern Persian ignorance into imagining the term Sooffee, or Sophi, as of any but the most ancient derivation,)—the Sophi, we repeat, receiving Deity as the cause and pervading principle of all, began to mark him as the property of existence, not its Lord. Secluded from the every-day converse of mankind by his station, duties, and pride of sanctity; lulled to dreamy indolence in the “sacred solitudes” devoted to the cultivation of religious worship, he had neither the guide of a sacred revelation, nor the check of common practical sense, however imperfect, to control his phantasies. The result was correspondent to the impulse of a warm and unbridled imagination; and we see the traces everywhere in the mystical belief, or rather scepticism, of every land of the East. The simplicity of a pure faith has been, in every country and in every age, too narrow and confined for the wanton flights of fancy; to man’s unenlightened nature the eternity of truth itself contained the germs of falsehood and consequent destructibility; and the double translation of one sacred text is unhappily borne out by the simultaneous contrariety of practice; for then, when “men began to call upon the name of the Lord,” they also “began to depart from his worship.”

It was thus that the mystifications of the priest turned religion into a specious and fantastic atheism, until the very name of sophi, or the minister of faith, became, as now, the designation of infidelity. The doctrines of the Sooffee, disseminated throughout Asia, however disguised in name and manifestation, however modified, however late recognised in its various kingdoms, still, in all and through all, are clearly traceable to the one source in their nature and consequences, no less than their history. The designations, forms, and periods may differ, the principle is everywhere the same; and it is curious to mark the aim of man, when defining God, sinking from divinity to the clod. To make the essence of Deity intelligible to his own reason, he made it a mass of contradictions; absurd, yet amusing enough to examine in itself, and sufficiently mischievous to deplore in its effects. It was, in the various creeds, simple, but mixed; mere matter, yet intelligence; obvious, but unseen; at once separate and component. It was distinct to sense, though impossible to define; eternal, though hourly perishing; uniting all, though itself infinitely divided; nonentity, existing; bea-

titude, unrefined: in all a presence; in nothing a power; mere illusion, but tangible; unsentient consciousness, all-cognizant ignorance; whose actuality was apparent only by contrast with actuality; a positive negation; seen and believed only to be denied: in a word, “it was everything, because it was nothing.”\* Similar to this was the mysticism of the sects, as we have it in various details, more or less modified. Virgil had his from Plato and Pythagoras, and they from Eastern sources. The Turk, the Tatar, the Indian, Tibetan, the Tamuli; the Boodhist of China, Siam, and Japan; the Yezidi, the Siek, the Druze, the Ismaelian; Karmathian, Bateni, Assassin, Nosairi; Lama, Xintu, Zaca, Gipse, Gnostic, Manichean, and Talapoin; the Vedanta, Upneshad, and Agamas; the Desatir, Siva-vakkiam, Zend Avesta, Sankhya-Karica, Dabistan, Upnekhab, Pandion Chronicle, and endless works, all hold, prove, or indicate the monstrousness of a polytheistic unity, or the nullity of the divine and spiritual essence. The sole God of the Hebrew and Hermesian, in might sublime, was sublimated in the crucible of a chemical philosophy, till, like the diamond in combustion, he resolved into nothing, and came out of the process as the Narayan, or pure spirit of the Tamuli and Hindoos, the *vis viva*, the principle of life, “possessing neither intelligence nor anything else.” (!)

The consequence is obvious. Morals ceased when Deity was a name, and religion a vulgar spectacle. When the highest initiation only taught that “NOTHING WAS TRUE, AND EVERYTHING PERMITTED,” can we wonder at the frantic rites of Eleusis, the evening abominations of Doorga, the nocturnal horrors of the Sabasian Bacchus, continued and spread from westmost Egypt to eastern Asia; variously avowed, admitted, or concealed, but attested by the separate coincident testimony and abhorrence of every country from antiquity to this hour, from the Magian of Persia to the Syrian Druze.

The vulgar are everywhere ignorant enough, and need little these fearful exam-

\* Of a system of this character, to which the whole oriental theology tended, of a Pantheism that included even the bee in the Deity, Virgil furnishes a fine illustration:—

“His quidam signis atque hæc exempla secuti  
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis et haustus  
Æthereos dixere; Deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris cœlumque profundum.  
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum  
Quemque sibi tenues noscentem arcessere vitas;  
Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri  
Omnia; nec morti esse locum; sed viva volare  
Sideris in numerum, atque alto succedere cœlo.”  
Georg. iv. 219. (E.)

ples of crime and horror, which penetrate even where the doctrines that illustrate them are concealed, and prepare the mind for any form of infatuation. 'The law of the Koran, proclaiming the unity of God, was but the very category of the previous Persian aberrations; and from this, our wider, survey, we can immediately assent to the conclusion drawn by De Sacy from the narrower basis of the Mahomedan conversions, to the new faith which upheld the insane and detestable caliph Hakem-Biamr-illah as a vicegerent of God.

'In fact,' says De Sacy, 'there is no probability that Hamza would have even succeeded in establishing so insensate a creed, had he not found men's minds long prepared for such doctrines. But such was the corruption at that time which the fanatical partisans of Ali, and the intermixture of Greek with Persian philosophy, had introduced into the primitive simplicity of Islamism, that Hamza had only to take a single step, in order to gather round his infamous divinity a crowd of stupid adorers, ever ready to become the plaything of whoever would take the trouble of misleading them.'—*Introd. p. v.*

The geographical position of Syria, we have seen, favoured this brutal ignorance; and the creed of the Druzes is thus summed up by the learned writer before us in the work we are considering, as he had previously done it in his *Mémoire on the Worship of the Golden Calf*.

'To recognise one sole God, without seeking to penetrate the nature of his being and attributes: to confess that he cannot be either conceived by the sense, or defined by speech: to believe that the Divinity has shown himself to mankind, at different times under a human form without participating in any of the weaknesses and imperfections of humanity: that he showed himself, at the beginning of the 5th century of the Hegira, under the form of Hakem-Biamr-Allah: that this is the last of his manifestations, after which there is no other to expect: that Hakem disappeared, in the year 411 of the Hegira, to try the faith of his worshippers, to give scope to the apostacy of hypocrites, and of those who had embraced the true religion only from the hope of worldly and fleeting recompense: that shortly (dans peu) he will reappear, full of glory and majesty, to triumph over all his enemies, extend his empire over all earth, and render his faithful adorers happy for ever; to believe that the UNIVERSAL INTELLIGENCE is the first of the creatures of God, the sole immediate production of his omnipotence: that it has showed itself on earth at the period of each of the manifestations of the Divinity, and finally appeared in the time of Hakem under the form of Hamza, the son of Ahmed: that by its ministry it is that all other creatures have been produced: that Hamza alone possesses the knowledge of

all truths; that he is the chief priest of the true religion; and that he communicates mediately or immediately to the other ministers, or to the faithful in general, though in different proportions, the knowledge and the favours which he receives from the Divinity direct, and of which he is the only channel: that he alone has immediate access to God, and acts as a mediator for the rest of the worshippers with the Supreme Being: to acknowledge that Hamza is he to whom Hakem will intrust his sword, in order to ensure the triumph of his religion, vanquish all his rivals, and distribute punishments and rewards according to the merits of every individual: to recognise the other ministers of the faith, and the rank appertaining to each; to render to all the obedience and submission which are their due; to confess that all souls have been created by the Universal Intelligence; that the number of men is ever the same; and that souls pass successively into different bodies: that they rise by attachment to truth to a superior degree of excellence, or debase themselves by neglecting or omitting to meditate upon the dogmas of religion: to practise the seven commandments which the creed of Hamza imposes on its followers, and which requires of them chiefly truth in speech, charity for their brethren, renunciation of their former faith, and the most entire resignation and submission to the will of God: to confess that all preceding religions have been but types, more or less perfect, of the true religion; that all their ceremonial precepts are only allegories; and that the manifestation of the true religion necessitates the abrogation of all other creeds.'—*Exposé*, vol. i.

### III.—THE HISTORY OF THE VARIOUS SECTS.

The Sects that preceded the Druzes are given at great length and with much succinctness by Macrizi; the most prominent among these sects are the Shiah, or followers of Ali, who even in his lifetime began to adopt the most exaggerated opinions concerning him, for which that conscientious exemplar of discipline recompensed them by a prompt incrimination, and recorded this grateful remuneration by the celebrated verse,

"When I saw the matter carried to an abominable excess.  
I lighted my fire, and I called upon Kanbar"  
(his freedman.)

After the death of Ali, Abdallah, the son of Wahab, first taught that the Imam was left by Mahomed to Ali, as his successor, and vicar of the apostle of God: that Ali should return to earth after his decease: that he had not been slain; that a particle of divinity resided in him; that he still lived; that he rode upon the clouds; that the thunder was his voice, and the lightning his whip; and that he should come to execute justice upon earth. From Abdallah also arose the belief of a settled



succession of Imams; by some held to be seven in number, by others, twelve.

At the end of the first century of the Hegira the sect of Djahm denied attribute and action to the Deity: and soon after, the Motazalis insisted that he was not the creator of evil, that he was not to be beheld of men in a future state, that the human body would not suffer in the tomb, that the Koran had a beginning and was created; with various other heresies. The Keramites, after Hegira 200, asserted on the contrary, not only the divine attributes, but also a tangible body and face, for the Deity. The Karmathians followed; overran Bagdad and Syria, Egypt, and the Hegiaz. All these, and the last sect especially, made numerous proselytes, for they allegorized the Koran into a mystic system, and instituted, we should rather say resuscitated, the doctrine of an internal sense, discarding all outward observances of the sacred law.

When the Khalif Mamoun procured translations of the Greek philosophy into Arabic, about Heg. 210, the sects we have noticed seized and studied these novel works with an avidity which soon proved fatal to the reigning power: and the Fatimite caliphs, masters of Egypt, carried (358, Heg.) their arms into Syria with the doctrines of the Ismaelians, of whom the Druzes recognise seven imams, *concealed*, from the persecutions of the Abassides. The last of the seven, Abdallah the father of Mehdi, and son of Maimoun, though professing the Shiah faith, was, in fact, a materialist; as were the Karmates at bottom; and the Ismaelians, the stems of this last sect, differ little or nothing from the Nosairis, according to the Syriac chronicle of Abulphuraj, who in this work applies to the latter all that his Arabian chronicle reports of the Karmates. The Druzi books prove further the identity, or close approximation at least, of the Nosairis and Ismaelians; in the dispensation with the literal for the allegorical sense of the law, the doctrines of transmigration and of the divinity of Ali, and in permitting the most horrible licentiousness; while Hamza himself admits that several of the chief Karmates were true Unitarians, worshippers of God and of Hakem.

Our limits render it impossible, as it is needless, to follow the course of the different sects. We would only observe, with De Sacy, that the pretended concealment and future reappearance of Ma-

hommed-ben-Ismael, the Karmate, was but a device to favour any subsequent leader who could muster strength, in any enterprise against his sovereign. The name, we have seen, was assumed at length by him whom historians call El Darazi; who first asserted the divinity of Hakem-Biamr-Allah, and composed under this caliph's sanction a volume in proof of the statement, and containing his abhorrent doctrines. It was read in the mosque of Cairo, the people rose against the author, and El Macin reports that he was slain by a Turk at the side, and in the chariot, of Hakem. But the silence of the Druzi books on this point renders more probable the allegations of other historians, that the caliph, unable to protect his favourite, assisted his flight to the mountains of Syria; where, amply supplied with money by Hakem, he purchased the belief of the rude peasantry of the valley of Teimallah, near Damascus, and of the territory of Pareas.

Hamza, the son of Ahmed, succeeded Mahommed-ben-Ismael at Cairo, between 405 and 408 of the Hegira. He was warmly welcomed by Hakem, and sought to persuade the Christians that this caliph was the true Messiah. The caliph discontinued, in his ministry, the prayers in the mosques, the Friday observances of the Ramadhan, and the two festivals, of the end of the fast and of sacrifices; he also discontinued the sacred present of a curtain for the Kaaba, and for many years, the pilgrimage to Mecca. Hamza is the great apostle of the Druzi faith, which flourished at Tyre, Sidon, in the mountains of Beyroot, and the vicinity of these places; but he has been unjustly charged by El Macin with the introduction of licentious doctrines, which, according to De Sacy, were infused into his system, and but too early, by some of his own Dais or teachers, from the practices of the Karmates and Batenis.

#### IV.—PECULIAR TENETS OF THE DRUZES.

From the two sources just pointed out it is more than probable that some, and possibly a material, difference exists in the creed, or at least the practices, of the Druzes; those of the mountains and interior having been converted by Mahommed-ben-Israel Darazi, and those of the coast following the more decent system of Hamza. We do not find this distinction noticed by the writers on the subject, Christian or Moslem, but it is scarcely to be expected from either, and still less in the sacred

books of the Druzes, which contain the refined system, that of Hamza, but which do, however, incidentally narrate differences and heresies that in all likelihood sprang partially from the above source: and to this cause also we may attribute the discrepancies of history and rumour in reference to that isolated race of mystics, whose very bond of religion is secrecy.

The most prominent imputation against them is that of incestuous intercourse, and the most dubious, the worship of the golden calf. The latter indeed has been positively affirmed and as positively denied, by their followers, and by their enemies. It rests in doubt therefore: De Sacy himself is inclined, both in his *Mémoire* and *Exposé*, to disbelieve the statement; but we shall enable our readers to determine for themselves, by a careful comparison of all the facts—first adducing the evidence given in the *Mémoires* referred to, the reports of various writers, and the catechism of the Druzi initiates.

From the sacred books of this sect, and various fragments, catechisms, and expositions extant, the Baron de Sacy suspected that the practice of the Druzes had materially altered on several points, though some of the works assuming to be those of the founders of their faith were obviously of a far later date, and upheld tenets not found in their recognised code at present. The worship of the calf (or bull) is one of these.

In Niebuhr's travels we find that the Mahomedans charge the Druzes with this idolatry, and, in consequence, honour them with the courteous appellation of Abdulidjel (ministers of the devil); and the missionary memoir on the city of Aleppo, an old French work, asserts that they preserve the statue of their legislator or divinity. Father Nasi, a jesuit missionary, in his account of the state of the Mahomedan religion, in 1684, speaks of the Druzi creed, but makes no mention of the calf. Pococke, who had heard of the calf, suspected the statement, and imagined the image must be phallic, as in Egypt and India. But that the idol, or image, was not what Pococke conceived, but in reality a calf, was at length determined by Adler, who saw one of them in the cabinet of Cardinal Borgia; and while striving to learn to what tribe it appertained, was told by the Maronites of Lebanon that the Druzes worshipped a calf covered with mystic characters, whose meaning was known only to the initiated. The MS.

found by Adler in the Borgia library confirmed this account. We ourselves agree with Burckhardt (*Travels in Syria*), that the mystery is little likely to be disclosed, in its native country at least; by the neighbouring tribes, from ignorance; by the Druzes, from secrecy.

To show the difficulties that surround the subject, notwithstanding Adler's information, the Maronites denied the statement to Niebuhr, and treated it as a Mahomedan calumny against the Druzes. Volney and De Tott were equally ignorant of the fact: and though we know from the catechism of that race that they have a concealed form or image, as the *Account of Aleppo* asserts, we cannot think with De Sacy that the point is determined thereby; especially as the conclusion attained by this great scholar seems to us wholly opposite to the evidence adduced and adducible. The passage quoted by Adler is simply this:

"When we are satisfied that he who comes before us as a brother is really one of us, we conduct him to our retreat, and discover to him the *concealed secret*, which is Hamza, and which we keep shut up."

The evidence of Eichorn adds to the doubt, for he distinctly affirms that they have the figure of a calf, the symbol of their God, whom apparently they call as suits them (*pro arbitrio*) sometimes Hakem and sometimes Hamza: Adler declares they never confound the two: and De Sacy concludes that the "*concealed secret*" is simply the books of Hamza, or else that these are read at the opening of the mystic chest.

Mariti, in his *Histoire de Fakreddin*,\* (the great Druzi chief and conqueror, who lived about A. D. 1600, and whose descendants maintained the succession, though under Turkish supremacy, till about 150 years since, when it fell to the House of Shahab, who still retain it;) Mariti affirmed the Druzi religion to resemble the tenets of the Sadducees and Samaritans, as it denied the resurrection of souls, admitted the metempsychosis, and adored the golden calf: a number of which were, it

\* Some idea of the accuracy and extent of a work reviewed in the *Critical Sketches* of this No., the *Tavole Chronologiche e Sincrone della Storia Fiorentina*, may be formed by a reference to this individual. "1613. L'emir de Drusi Faccardin, sovrano di una parte di Soria cacciato dai suoi stati, viene a Firenze per implorare la protezione del Granduca."

seems, found in the ruins of their chapels, overthrown by the great earthquake of 1759. He also says that they entertain the same opinion nearly as Spinoza, of the deity, who is everywhere; in heaven, earth, fire, water, men, animals, vegetables, &c. We have already traced this creed as Persian. The same writer states that God may, according to the Druzes, be worshipped under any form whatever, but that of the golden calf is to be preferred, because Aaron received divine worship first under that form.

He goes on to observe that the idols are shown only to adepts, on Friday nights, in the chapels, which are called the "retreats of solitude," and where the adepts repair at a certain hour of the night, to hear the maxims of their religion read and expounded, to worship the calf, and distribute fruits and slight confections to the assembly.

Palm, in 1790, published the details obtained by Norburg from the Maronite patriarchal vicar, Germain Conti, who came over about that time to Europe to solicit aid for his flock. From these details it appears that the idol is symbolic of Hakem, and about the size of a large dog; that there are at least thirty of them in existence, in different chapels; and that the age of initiation for men, is at forty, for women, at fifty.

The Abbé Ventura de Paradis, who acted as interpreter to the French army, found a MS. of the Druzi catechism in Syria, half burnt; but comparing it with one in the royal library at Paris—No. 1580—he supplied the defects; and it was actually published in English in the year 1786; but we have not been able to obtain a sight of the work. Petit de la Croix also is said to have made a French translation of the Druzi religious books; but it never has been known or published, we believe, and the fact rests on the single authority of M. Worbz, who wrote the *Histoire et Description du Pays de Druzes en Syrie*, 1799.

M. de Paradis doubted the actual adoration of the calf (of which, as De Sacy observes, Hamza makes no mention in his writings;) but he states that there are two degrees; the aspirants; and the spirituals, or initiated: that the latter have chiefs, who are the depositories of the sacred books; that assemblies are held every Friday evening; that women are admitted to the same degrees as men, but are kept separate from them there; that aspirants attend also, and remain till the

conclusion of the ceremonies, which are trifling and finish by a collation of dried fruits: that when this is done, the aspirants of both sexes retire, and the spirituals continue the sitting, alone, and with closed doors. What passes afterwards is uncertain; but there is something of the golden calf, of reading the sacred books, and of a cabalistic explanation of these from traditional authorities. M. de Paradis observes, however, that the calf is erroneously supposed to be adored; but is brought forward only as an emblem of the existing religions, which are to be destroyed by their legislator shortly: and that the sacred books, which declare against idolatry, speak of the calves and buffaloes in declaiming against infidels; i. e. Jews, Christians, and Mahomedans.

This last, De Sacy observes, is certainly correct, and he quotes the words of the sacred books, which charge the calf as the enemy of Hakem, and declare it to be Eblis, or Satan. Hamza, and Bobaeddin, his coadjutor, repeatedly speak of the worship of calves and buffaloes as symbolical of false religions, opposed to Unitarianism, which we conceive to have been the real mystery of all antiquity; and its mystery of mysteries, to have been the doctrine of the negative existence, and diffusion, of Deity throughout matter—already described in this article.

A letter contained in the *Recueil des Druzes* (No. 1583 of the Royal Library) and supposed by De Sacy to have been written in the 9th year of Hamza, contains the following passages:

"Our Lord, Hakem, in the assemblies of his mercy (i. e. Unitarianism) showed us a coffer of silver, wherein was a golden figure, emblem of his humanity after his disappearance: that we might bow down before his majesty, his grandeur, and the sublimity of his nature; which has nothing in common with his fellow-creatures, and of which we, as Unitarians, are the defenders. He became subsequently angry with men, the Unitarians excepted, and shut the door of his doctrines and put an end to his mercies. He would receive nothing more from them; he disappeared from them through the cavern, and has entered into the wall which the men of this century call the trench (sedd) of Iskander,\* until the time it shall please him to manifest himself, when he shall rise against polytheists and rebels, and slay them with the sword or by fire, exterminating their souls and bodies."

Again, variously extracted from the same:

\* This wall Alexander the Great is reputed by the Orientals to have built against the incursions of Gog and Magog.

"Whoever shall reveal any tittle of these mysteries, let him die publicly, in the presence of the Unitarians." "Nor shall he receive any mercy of any, for he is an infidel and a traitor, and shall be ever rejected and accursed." "Let the mysteries be carefully concealed under a wall. It is permitted to none but the imam to read them, and this in a secret place, in presence only of the faithful who have been long practised in Unitarianism. It is not permitted to let this book go forth, nor the coffer containing the form of the humanity of our Lord, from the secret custody of the Imam. The figure of our Lord can be only of gold or silver."

It is further ordained that any one whatsoever, into whose hands the book shall ever, by any chance, fall, shall be inexorably cut in pieces by all who hold the true faith. A doctrine which, if our oral information is correct, would be rigorously enforced against any infidel; as the believer who neglects it would be himself amenable to the same punishment from his brethren. This is evidently a relic of the Assassin tenets.

From the impurity of the style of this document, so different to that of Hamza; from its confounding various passages of the latter's writings; from the allusion to the trench, unmentioned by Hamza or Boha-eddin; its injunction of mystery, though they declare the time for it passed; from in fact numerous passages of the document, which are most strongly opposed to the doctrines of the above great apostles of the Druzes, and in particular from one where Hakem is called the seventh natek (speaker), *i. e.* Mahomed-ben-Ismael; the Batenian or allegorical system would seem to have been that of the writer: and it is directly the reverse of Hamza's; who affirms, that the seven nateks were, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mahommed, and Mahomed-ben-Ismael, who all taught false,—we ourselves should say, incomplete,—religions. Such is the conclusion of De Sacy, who conceives that the emblem of the humanity, referred to in this letter, is the notorious image of the calf; and that the writer was the celebrated Sekkin, who was once the friend of both Hamza and Boha-eddin, but differed widely from them afterwards: and who in one document is charged by the latter with introducing idolatrous worship, though the calf is not specified; while a second letter, without mentioning him, inveighs against corrupters of the faith, as "forming with their own hands an idol of a golden calf, shining and lowing,"\* to mislead believers.

\* *i. e.* In the act of lowing, apparently.

We further know that the Arabs preserved traditionally the worship of the Kharuf, or golden calf, for some centuries after the Hegira; nor is the name wholly unknown even now, though rare and obscure. The author of the letter, supposed to be Sekkin by De Sacy, speaks of the calf as originating with Hakem, and as "the rival of Hamza." De Sacy considers this to be only "an allusion to an allegory already existing," and that the partizans of Ali took the story from the Koran, in order to insult their adversaries. He further quotes Bab-Hebraus and Severus d'Ouschmouni to show that Hakem, in 398 of the Hegira, in order to distinguish Jews and Christians from others, compelled them to wear, the first billets, the second crosses of wood, bearing the head of a calf, "as they adored it in the desert."

Since the calf-worship was known to the author of the Koran, it seems to us a nice matter to distinguish between the allegorical and literal applications of the passage in question: the traditional practice we believe actually existed, and not merely allegorically; and whatever might be the insensate act of Hakem, the mad caliph, we know that secret assemblies of the Unitarians and initiated Ismaelians were held twice or thrice a week in the palace of the Fatimites, where the calf was exhibited as an emblem of gross and vulgar Mahommedanism, and of the caliphs who had usurped the place of Ali and his descendants. The emblem would thus seem, to us at least, to be derived, not from a mere allegory but an occult and abominated practice; sufficiently familiar, however, to be perfectly felt, as well as understood, by those who used it. We shall presently examine other reformers precisely in the same category of doubt. De Sacy himself admits that the Druzes may have adored the calf in later times, but thinks this to have been by a mistake, of which Sekkin\* was the author. We would refer it to Egypt and Israel.

While differing from the learned writer we are following, we would notice that the statement of Mariti, correct as regards the Druzes in the main, is not so incorrect as supposed by De Sacy with

\* He became chief of the Ismaelians of Lebanon, and retired to its crests—whence the steep of Mount Sekkin probably obtained its name. He was however betrayed; and put to death some time afterwards by the Turks.

reference to the Sadducees and Samaritans. It is not said that all the tenets of the three were in common: the resemblance, though great, was partial. Now the Sadducees denied, in later days at least, the system of rewards and punishments—and consequently the resurrection; they disbelieved the existence of the soul, angels, and spirits; and taught that men were the masters of their own actions, equally for good and evil, and indeed that there was no essential difference between the two; according to Josephus. The same historian makes Sanballat, the Samaritan chief, a Cushite; and the religious system of these we know to have been the unity of God, (Abulfaraj dyn. ix.) and the belief of only portions of the Scriptures; to them was attributed also the doctrine of God's corporeal form, a denial of the Holy Spirit, and of the resurrection of the dead: and that they were blind sectarists we further learn indisputably from our Saviour's charge, "Ye worship ye know not what." These facts, we submit, fully bear out Mariti's remark; and though the Samaritan priesthood be freely allowed the descent they claim from Aaron, and the full benefit of De Sacy's observation, that "they abhorred idols from the earliest times as much as the Jews after the captivity;" still this will scarcely apply to the majority of their followers; and they are accused of having dedicated once their temple of Gerizim to Jupiter.

To return to the Druzes; the list given by De Sacy of works from which his compilation is made includes every book of any note at all amongst those sectaries with the exception of the Catechism such as is used by the initiates of the faith. The similar Formulary quoted by De Sacy not being, however, the common one, we have obtained this, and present it here.

#### V.—THE CATECHISM OF THE DRUZES.

1. *Quest.* Whence dost thou know that thou art the servant of Unitarianism, according to the commandments of our Chief, the Universal Lord?

*An.* I know it by this, in that all that he hath forbidden I relinquish utterly, and all that he hath permitted I freely enjoy.

2. *Q.* What hath he forbidden, and what hath he permitted?

*A.* He hath permitted *the food of the initiated*, the land of the husbandman and of such as obtain their living by hard labour. He hath forbidden the riches of strangers, and all such as reject the laws of our chief.

3. *Q.* Why hath he forbidden riches?

*A.* Because those riches are the riches of iniquity; advantages obtained from those who are to perish, and therefore is it that they are forbidden by our Lord.

4. *Q.* What are the names whereby our Lord is known?

*A.* He is, first, called Hamza-al-Messiah; then secondly, Solomon-el-Farsi,\* which is the true Messiah; and thirdly, he is known by various appellation; as, Durées, Shatuéen, Shoéeh, Batsham, Mokdad, and, the Defender of the Truth.

5. *Q.* Why hath he so many designations?

*A.* From the various changes that have occurred in the times and the laws. For, so often as the prophet came upon earth, so often did he receive a new name amongst the friends of the prophet.

6. *Q.* Wherefore did he this?

*A.* In order to confirm believers in his law, which was known of none other. For which reason, disappearing from the eyes of his disciples, he appeared in a city of Persia, which is Jeen-ma-jeen, where he was by the Persians called Bar-khoda. Again disappearing from thence he appeared in Al Maghreb, in the city of Al Moal, where he put on the garb of a camel-driver, and became the possessor of a thousand camels, (i. e. an infinite number) which he loaded with alms and gifts for the use of his disciples: which we find in the Epistle of the Daughters. From thence being carried to Egypt, he built the Pyramids, the city of Raschid, and the temple which is called by the Arabs Aljami Al Moallaka, or "the suspended mosque." There too, he wrote his testament and ordinances, and fixed them up in the mosque, that they might be obeyed and followed by his disciples.

7. *Q.* Having written his laws and ordinances, what next did he?

*A.* He clothed himself in vesture of black, and rode upon an ass, because he foresaw what suffering and misery his disciples must undergo, when the son of Mary and Joseph the carpenter should appear, whom the Christians call the Messiah.

8. *Q.* But wherefore did he, since he is the beginning and end of all things, suffer that the son of Joseph and Mary should appear upon earth?

*A.* He so willed it, and to the end that his disciples might not refrain from keeping his mandates secret: for he was one of the number of disciples of the son of Mary, and concealed his divinity then, and was called then Solomon-el-Farsi; and it was he who wrote the Gospels.

9. *Q.* The name of Druze, from what thing is it derived?

*A.* From four letters, درجا دارجا (daraja darijan) and حرج حارجا (Kharaja Kharijan): for they went out from all people and arranged themselves in order under the laws of our Lord Hakem, &c.

10. *Q.* What next did Hamza?

*A.* He ascended into Heaven, where, sur-

\* Parsi, or Persian †

rounded with radiance, he assumed dominion and empire, and received honour and adoration: and he reigns there for ever. Unto his power he reduced the magazine\* of the winds, and he also it is who said to them, "Be, and they were." But the winds carried off (the mortal part of?) Hamza,\* tore him to pieces, and fled away.

11. Q. What will Hamza do when he returns on the last day?\*

A. He will find us watching; and as it is written in the sacred gospel, "Blessed are those servants whom when their master returns he shall find watching." We shall offer our praises and prayers unto him personally; and he will give us the empire: and we shall be in the world pachas, emirs, sultans.

12. Q. What shall be done unto those who deny our Lord?

A. They shall be reduced to servitude, and shall undergo severe tortures, and sufferings continually. In the ears of every one of them shall be fastened ear-rings of a black substance, which in summer shall burn them like fire, and in winter shall freeze them like snow. Their covering shall be a cap made of the skin of the hog, a foot in length, and they shall toil under our yoke, like bulls and asses. The same punishment shall be inflicted, but more lightly, on the Christians.

13. Q. For what reason will it be lighter on these?

A. Because the Christians have recognised his name, though they have not understood it.

14. Q. What do we answer them when they make a boast that they read the Gospel, which was really written by Solomon-el-Farsi, who is the true Messiah?

A. We answer them, that they boast in vain, and do not understand what they do read.

15. Q. But they glory in the name of the martyrs, of saints, and of those who died for the faith of Messiah?

A. We say that Solomon-el-Farsi, who is the true Messiah, did not receive those, nor know them, for they died in the faith of the Messiah, the son of Mary and the son of Joseph, the carpenter.

16. Q. What do we think of the Gospels?

A. That the Gospels are the truth, and the fact: and they are infidels who hold a different opinion: for they were dictated by Solomon-el-Farsi, who is the true Messiah, and were taken down by the four ministers with the pen.

17. Q. Who are the four ministers?

A. They are, John, and Luke, and Mark, and Matthew.

18. Q. Why are the four disciples called ministers?

A. Because they served with our Lord Hakem, who is Solomon-el-Farsi and the true Messiah, who said, "Wives obey your husbands:" and who also ordered the four disciples to write what they wrote by his command; each of them also for seven years continued preaching his law.

19. Q. What afterwards befell the son of Mary?

A. Our Lord Hakem at his request made himself known unto him: but when he would have chided him, he stirred up the Jews against him, and he was crucified by them.

20. Q. What befell him then after his crucifixion?

A. His disciples took him down from the cross and buried him; but Solomon-el-Farsi, which is the true Messiah, came at night, and stole him out of the sepulchre.

21. Q. Why did he take him away?

A. In order to confirm the faith of the Christians, who declared his resurrection from the dead and that he being concealed they might live as worshippers of our Lord, nor know any other God but him.

22. Q. What do we hold of Mahommed?

A. He is a devil, and the son of a——

23. Q. Why then do we read his laws in public?

A. We are compelled to do so, for his dominion is of the sword. We acknowledge him with our mouths, not with our hearts: nor is this forbidden us by our Lord Hakem.

24. Q. Wherefore then in the sight of men do we address our prayers unto Mahommed?

A. If we address our prayers unto Mahommed in public, we understand by it Mahommed-al-Mokdah, who is Solomon-el-Farsi, who is the true Messiah: but for Mahommed the Koreishite, he is a devil, a son of a——, and damned.

25. Q. How do we know our faithful brethren, when after long absence they happen to present themselves to us?

A. We recognise them by their manner, by the beginning of their speech, and by the end of their salute. For, if to our question, "Friend, do they sow in thy city the seed of Al Hala-teegh?" they make answer, saying, "It is truly sowed in the hearts of the faithful." Then we know he is one of us and no stranger; but is to be received and treated with all confidence. But if he should answer differently to this, he is an outcast, undeserving of respect. When we have thus once discovered one of our brethren, we lead him to our retreat of solitude and uncover for him the Hidden, which is Hakem, for thus he hath deserved of us.

26. Q. What do we hold respecting the produce of men? Is it permitted us to eat of them?

A. Yes! It is fully permitted us so to do.

27. Q. Is it even permitted to eat of all? even of our own fruit? (!)

\* There is some evident confusion here. Adler declares it unintelligible. De Sacy passes it. We think it refers distinctly to the translation of Enoch, but would fain dispose of the mortal body of Hamza, as we have marked above. The "Magazine of the Winds" is evidently taken from the Book of Enoch, an Ethiopic work; but, reluctant to admit the doctrine of resurrection, the Druzes would intimate that Hamza's body was destroyed in air (Heaven); and they use the exact sense attached by infidels to the celebrated words of Job, and by the Brahmins to the tenth Avatara, when they speak of Hamza, in the next question, as to come again on the last day, in person, i. e. flesh.

\* Such was the sense given by the Persian saytycs also to Gen. c. 3, v. 6.

A. It is freely permitted: but care must be used that none know of the fact except those of our own flesh and blood: for should such other be within, all is forbidden to us, and becomes a sin.

28. Q. And why do we seek to keep it so secret?

A. Because Hakem, who is Solomon-el-Farsi, Hamza, Durees, and the true Messiah, said unto his disciples, "Say unto none, I am Christ:" from whence we gather that the acts are lawful acts. But even as he desired to be known of none but his disciples, so also it is our care to hide our acts from other men.

29. Q. Who are those whom we call sage and foolish virgins?

A. The sage are they who worship our Lord, the universal Lord, and they shall enter in with him to celebrate his nuptials.

30. Q. What are those nuptials?

A. The empire of this world, and its dominion.

31. Q. Declare then what shall happen afterwards, and what shall be their labour.\*

A. They shall be driven by our Lord unto the woods, that they may faithfully collect faggots: and they shall remain ever in that state of servitude.

32. Q. What do we answer to the Christians, who deny all that is not written in the Gospels which they daily read? They know that Christ said to his disciples, "Say to none that I am Christ;" but they affirm the true Messiah to be Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary.

A. We must say that Solomon-el-Farsi, who is the true Messiah, hides their eyes and their hearts in darkness; even as it is written in the Koran, "We have led them astray, and veiled their eyes and their hearts in darkness."

33. Q. Why do we recognise the Koran in public and deny it in private?

A. We deny it, because Mohammed the Koreishite is praised therein. But these his words which we sanction are true, for they are from the Gospel written by the four ministers, and taken from the mouth of Solomon-el-Farsi, which is the true Messiah. Wherefore the people shall cry, on the day when the universal Lord shall return, "Oh! that we were the dust of the feet of the worshippers of unity:" as it is testified in the Koran.

34. Q. What do we consider of the universal deluge, which the Christians and other nations believe to have drowned the world?

A. We assert that what they say is false, because they know nothing and understand nothing. For the deluge is nothing but Mahommed the Koreishite and his sect, who overran the world.

35. Q. Who sent this deluge?

A. Our Lord, who is the true Messiah and Solomon-el-Farsi, who was at that time present in the world, and was then one of the companions of Mahommed the Koreishite.

36. Q. Why did he drive them forth?

A. That his own followers might live secret in their faith, and none know it. So also, as the Christians once ruled over the worshippers of Hakem, he made that race rise against them; as formerly, against the Jews who oppressed the faithful, he caused to rise Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary; among whose disciples our Lord was one.

37. Q. And wherefore did he this?

A. That he might set his followers free from all powerful nations, and none understand what they conceal. For he doeth what he willeth, and as he willeth; he destroyeth and he buildeth; he threw down and raised up even as it pleased him: just as he said to all things, "Be;" and they were: for he is the beginning, and the end, of all.

*Note.*—A copy of the Catechism was in the possession of the late Sir Charles Wilkins, and was translated, we believe, by Mr. Shakspeare into English. Unfortunately, neither the original nor translation is to be found.

#### COMPARISONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

In the crude mixture of borrowed tenets and original absurdities which this Catechism presents, it is everywhere obviously written, if not for the lowest, yet for a class widely different from those who take their inspiration from Hamza's own works; and it thus becomes apparent that the Initiated, for whom this system of question and answer is alone intended, are not much better acquainted with the highest tenets of the Druzi faith than the class of the "Ignorants." This fact accounts for the confusion in dividing the sect sometimes into two classes, sometimes into three: the Initiated themselves seem as ignorant, so far as we can judge, of the more refined portion of their religion, as the vulgar: and this last portion is consequently as little efficient over their grosser system, as the Vedas of Hindostan to the common Brahmin, or the purer Sooffeism and Buddhism of other countries to the more degraded castes. In every part of the Druzi faith, however, hypocrisy is clearly permitted; as the Catechism, &c., shows: and there is just as much belief in divinity proper as will serve to bind the votary to a mortal deified, without affecting his conduct; the vaunted principle of truth being itself but partial; and confined to his own sect, who encourage his vices.

But the Catechism here given is clearly not the same as the Formulary from which De Sacy has extracted, without, however, defining or marking any distinction: for in the "Formulary" we find; the ten appearances of Hakem; the mode of saluting him by the ministers, the explanation

\* Both copies agree in this, which otherwise would seem to refer to the foolish virgins.

of the riding on an ass, as the symbol of prophets who taught the exterior faith, in contradistinction with Hakem's which is interior: the meaning of the grosser forms, as symbols; the hour of judgment on earth, when kings shall govern according to their phantasies, and the Christians prove superior to the Moslems; a consummation apparently not very far distant;—(vol. i., pp. 18, 91, 199.) We find also, (vol. ii., pp. 67, 90, 96, 102, 454, 488—9, 638, 684, &c.) the throne-bearing angels, like the Divs of Giamshid; the four women, namely, the Word, the Soul, Boha-eddin, and Abulkhair; the three preachers, who preached for seven years, John, Mark and Matthew; the four Evangelists, including Luke with the preceding three; (the Catechism makes them all preachers, see answer 18): the seven appearances of Hamza:—the Catechism incessantly confounds him with Hakem, despite Adler's assertion to the contrary, and gives eight appellations, or manifestations, only; see Art. 4:—the five divisions of science, two religious, two natural, and the "true science:" the four classes, of whom "the Nosairis and Metualis are Christians, and the Jews Mussulmans," the Apostates and Unitarians forming the other two; the judgment day, to fall in the month Regile of some year unknown, but whose signs we have already noted above, and in which the wicked shall be destroyed, as in the tenth Avatar, by the sword, but only to be resuscitated by the metempsychosis in order to be judged; a process which recalls the Egyptian resuscitation, and, still more, the Indian system of the Sankhya-Kharica, where the same resuscitation leads to transmigration before absorption:—we can notice but two more of these tenets; namely, that "preaching being no more, and the door being shut," the Druzes alone can be saved; and that of these the Djehal, or Ignorants, shall ever remain in a state of subjection, disgrace, and shame. A pleasant reward for faith and aspirations!

The ten manifestations of this modern Formulary not only resemble the Avatars of India in number, but bear allusions to an eastern locality which M. De Sacy has not observed. He has compared them with those of Hamza, and corrected them, and their order, by the latter; but from not perceiving the fact we have pointed out, has greatly added to the obscurity of the subject. In the vulgar detail the first manifestation was that of Ali, in the city of Jeenmajeen, in Hind; the second of

Albar, at Ispahan, in Persia; the third of Alya, in Yemen; the fourth of Moïll, in Maghrabi, as the camel-driver; the fifth of Kaim, at Malediah, in the same country, when Rashid\* was built; the sixth of Moïzz; the seventh of Aziz; neither specific; the eighth of Abri-Zechariah, in Mansouria; the ninth of Mansour, in the same place; the tenth of Hakem.

M. De Sacy finds in Hamza no manifestation of Ali, and arranges the others arbitrarily, according to their supposed succession in Western Asia, as Albar, Abri-Zacharia, Alya, Moïll, Kaim, Mansour, Moezz, Aziz, and Hakem. This can be satisfactory only to those who see nothing further back than the beginning of the Druzi system in the reign of Hakem, and are determined to shut out the distinctions of locality which are preserved in the Formulary, and which clearly indicate Eastern Asia as the traditional origination. And yet these would assist,—by comparison with the Brahmin and Buddhist Avatars, admitting discrepancies, as all tradition must,—to designate the times of some of those events, which, certainly historical, are preserved only as mythical in the two great systems of Eastern Asia to which we have referred. The doctrinal mysticisms, the abominable orgies, the calf-worship were all, as we have shown, far more ancient; the name, and thus probably the traditions, Persian and Tatar: the language Hebrew or Persian, rather than Syrian; and why not the facts to which all these refer? To shut out this field of inquiry is to shut out those we have just previously enumerated; and if so, inquiry must stop short, as it has done, with M. De Sacy.

This learned writer in fact remarks that the manifestation of Albar begins Hamza's list, yet that he refers to a manifestation of العلي al-aly, the High, among the Preadamite Jeens. We pass, as needless, his corrections of Hamza, and vindicate the latter by observing, that this manifestation is clearly that of the vulgar, Ali, in Hind: for dismissing the Preadamite name, the Jeens of Al-Ali are clearly the land, not city, of Jeen and Majeen, where Ali first appeared. Majeen, in the Tamul and Tatar, is, the son; and in Mirkhoud's History, we find that the Jeen and Majeen, the son and grandson of Japhet were the

\* Famous for its manufacture of striped linens, the dress of the Druzi Ignorants—and occult banner of the Templars.



chiefs and head of a Tatar tribe, and remarkable for intellect, intelligence, genius, the inventors of the arts, of the cultivation, &c., of silk, of tapestry and painting, &c. They are, then, the origin of the belief in Genii, and probably allied to the Seres; being distinctly stated to be ancestors of the Chinese.\* The Turks, or rather Tatars, as we know from Hadjii Chalfa, had a kind of Magians, Maghisoun, who predicted fertility, &c.: that is, studied natural philosophy. Ahmed of Tüs, the Persian, also describes the Jeen as (Chinese?) of Khata and Khoten; following Magian rites; healthy, and of a clear visage, unlike the Turks with whom they were mixed; as, burning the horse and arms on the tomb of the deceased; burning the dead on their birth-day; holding a kind of metempsychosis; worshipping the moon and idols, &c.: points which bear affinity to the practice of the Thracians, evidently Eastern (see Herodotus, *Terps.* 5) and to the peculiarity of the Trausii (*ib.* 5, 4) respecting births and deaths, as well as to the Agathyrsi community of women (*ib.* 4, 103); a practice attributed by Ahmed to the Kharismian Turks. The Jeens thus would seem to be Tatars, and not fairies; the land, Eastern Tatar, Persia, or Hind; which last is indefinite; and the Druzi traditional manifestation to refer to the first development of intellect in the Japetian race, the Gog and Magog of Mirkhoud, included by Ezekiel with the Caspian tribes, and understood by the Jewish commentators and Jerome as Scythian races extending from the Caucasus to India; and the tradition of Alexander's wall or trench against these nations, a Druzi as well as Persian tradition, more properly the erection of a native Persian prince, extending from the Euxine to the Caspian, and still in part existing, would seem to link these two races indubitably in the 1st Manifestation. The Derusii of Cyrus and Herodotus, called by Ctesias, Derbices and Indi, were a Persian, i. e. Mede, race, and agricultural, like the Druzes. It is remarkable, too, that Burckhardt found them curious as to the name of the Sultan of China, and as to "the Five streams" or wadys ("the Five great rivers" of the Buddhists) which they suppose to be held sacred by the Druzes of England!

Albar, the second vulgar, the first of

Hamza's list of Manifestations, was in the time of Bar-khoda—according to the latter; though the Catechism attributes it to the first appearance. M. De Sacy says the name here is not distinctly made out—Adler receives it as a mark of Persian origination, Bar-khoda signifying God in this tongue. It is true, of the modern Persian: but Bar is not Lord, as De Sacy would intimate in this case; it is the Bar, בָּר, of the Hebrew and Chaldee (the old Persian), signifying both, son, and, pure. In the former sense Bar-khoda is equivalent precisely to Majeen; in the latter it is, the Pure God.

The rest would draw us into too wide a field: but it is clear from every word and term of the Druzes that Arabic is not the language that should be examined, as M. De Sacy seemed to imagine, for their meaning, however cognate: and if the Catechism contains an Arabic derivation of their proper names, we are enabled to pronounce this as done in ignorance by a race obviously ignorant of the source of their faith, and taking their actual tongue as the comment, naturally enough, though erroneously. The Pehlivi, or Chaldaic form of the Old Persian, spoken down to the time of the Abassides at least, and even now retained, as by the Eilauts, we learn, is the far more appropriate parent of those terms: and as if to strengthen this point, we may notice that while Hakern is described, like Brama and Ormuzd, as the first Intelligence proceeding from God, the Eastern origin is, more strongly yet, marked by the opposition to his Intelligence in the shape of a rival; and that rival intelligence too, not formed by him, but independent and hostile, in the person of Eblis; thus precisely realizing the Ormazd and Ahriman of the Persians.

Burckhardt divides the races into three: the Ismaelians, Ansaris, and Druzes. Of the first we have spoken. The Ansaris (or Nossairs of De Trott) divide into three tribes, that worship idolatrously; namely, the Kelbiah, the Shemsiah, and the Mokladjah. The first worship Hebrew כֹּהֵן, Arab, Caleb, the Dog: the second, صوم, Arabic, Shema, the Sun; the third, like the Brahmans in some places, the female power, as it is said. The Hebrew, לֵוִי, would certainly countenance this; and the fact that the Ansaris believe that they have co-worshippers in India: but the Arabic word, Mokal, signifies also a thing immersed in water till it is covered; and this the traveller will see exemplified in their rude measure of liquids, where a stone put into a pitcher is covered by the water poured in, and this simple prac-

\*The Indians style China, Majeen, Matcheen, or Cheen to this day.

tice marks with tolerable accuracy the fair division for each applicant of the thirsty caravan. The word, *Mukalleed*, signifies imitation, and would almost intimate the Tatar practice, of putting in the case of an oath, or execration, a piece of gold or valuable substance into a pitcher before an idol, and pouring water within, to cover the deposit; adjuring, that he who breaks the oath may be drowned like that gold by the anger of the image, and his wife prostituted. The Greek word *Μοιχαλς* would bear reference to this latter sense, and especially in Syria might be supposed indigenous; while Syria itself is the sink of every superstition that could be gathered from the influx of every race and tongue. *Mukallam*, the striped cloth worn, seems hence to derive its name.

It is remarkable that the worship of the dog was or is common from Egypt to Japan, that of the sun from the Chinese confines unto Europe, and the third form in either sense scarcely less universal; the festival of the dog is not more known at Beiroot than among the American Indians; and the sun-worship, and the wanton orgies of the feminine nature, are equally marked in their dances, and in the rites of the Hindoo Dabi, Kali, or Doorga. The Druze, it is stated, and believed by some, leaves off licentiousness when initiated; but we have proof of the contrary in his catechism, which identifies his practice with the Gnostic and Magian. The kings of Egypt and Persia even married their sisters; as papacy dispenses with the prohibited degrees in Europe,—a custom, not impossible, Oriental at first: but neither the formality of these, nor the restraints of decorum in public, can give the least abnegation to the fact, now established, of the Druzes' practice; the matrons of Eleusis and Bacchanalian fanatics were not held demoralized in the ordinary intercourse of life: the veil of propriety may be worn, in public and in private, and yet thrown aside at times for the sake of religious abomination: the pious murders of the Thugs are performed always by the most exemplary of men, as their European historians and judges attest from even personal knowledge.

We know that the tribes of Syria and its vicinity were constituted partly, if not wholly, of various races, such as the Mardii and Saraceni of the Caspian; the former located on Libanon, the latter on the Egyptian frontier, where their name became famous to Europe in after times; and we see in the copies of Champollion and Rosellini from Egyptian tombs, the name of nations, most, and indeed all, of whom came also from the Persian territory or vicinage. The habits

and creeds of these races included every variety; and we do not wonder to find that black and white, both sacred in Egypt, both venerated as worn by distinct tribes in Tatarry, and thence transported on the banners of the Abassides and their antagonist caliphs to Arabia, became the colours also of the Druzi Okkals, or initiated; written by Burckhardt Akala, and Aakal in the singular. This is precisely the Hebrew word *אגל*, agal, akal, or okal; the term used for the golden calf in Exodus, xxxii. 4: so understood, observes Selden, by Samaritans, Syrians, and Arabs, in rendering the text, and by the Greeks *μοσχον*: but also, and generally, signifying plaustralem bovem, juvenus: the bull was a type of Persia; a temple of the Tatars is mentioned by Ahmed the Persian as covered with skins of bulls: it is sacred in India; and in Egypt was a type of the sun, or Osiris. The Sabasian Bacchus, who introduced the plough and oxen, is asserted by Diodorus to have introduced also the most hideous orgies; as already observed. The bull of the Boundehesch, of Persia, is well known; and the same is the symbol of Mithras, or the sun in Persia. Hakem, who assumed the legend of Mithras for himself, yet fixed bulls' heads on the badges of Jews and Christians, charging them, like Hadrian before him, with worshipping the ox. The bull thus had been the worship of all the nations who settled in Syria successively. The practice, as extant, is referred to by Hadrian, by the Koran, more doubtfully perhaps, and is ridiculed by Hakem, and forbidden by his successors; a proof of the necessity for that prohibition: it was brought to Europe, as is proved by Von Hammer's paper (*Sur les Deux Coffrets Gnostiques du Moyen Age*), and its Syrian name, with the fearful abominations that accompany it, were included in the charge against the Templars in the thirteenth century; finally, the calf-image has been found in the Druzi chapels, as "the Concealed," which even De Sacy admits; and their ritual recognises the incestuous abomination that was disbelieved or denied as too horrible for humanity: and which was everywhere reported to succeed the worship.

The calf-image is described previously as of the size of a large dog, but is not always of the same dimensions: it is made of gold, silver, or bronze, and the shape is rude in the extreme. It is evidently molten, and carved all over with mystic characters, containing an inscription, said by Von Hammer to be Arabic: and this is certainly possible, for some of the characters are such; but others are of various kinds. Probably, therefore, the inscription is in an older tongue;

for the Egyptian rule, according to Plato, was, that the statuary should not improve upon the original forms, but imitate them exactly: and the inscriptions were most likely preserved the same in sense, even if the characters were altered; as this last was an additional safeguard for secrecy, practised by the Hermesians constantly, as by the mystics always.

The passage in Exodus will throw some light on our researches, and perhaps receive some little illustration.

Aaron, according to the sacred narrative, "made it a molten calf כסא;" that is, cast it (c. xxxii., v. 4): and we find this inference strengthened by his own statement (v. 24) as to the gold, "I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." It was, then, complete.

After this, says the translation, "he fashioned it with a graving-tool." As the instrument, כרס, cheret, translated a *graving-tool*, is that used for forming characters, or writing, even in rocks; and is rendered often, *style*, or *iron pen*, it is difficult to understand either the mode, or the necessity, of fashioning out an image, already made with it: but if we take the verb, כרס, jaiser, as *to form*, we can at once understand that characters were formed on the molten image with the graving-tool: as is really done in the case of the Druzi calf; otherwise there is an obscurity in the translation which the original does not warrant; a contradiction in terms, though possibly the fashioning might simply imply taking off the rough edges of the casting.

But the act of the Israelites, whom Aaron had made *naked*, says the established version, but erroneously, the term is *dissolute*, *wild*, *δυσσεδαστε*, LXX. still further illustrates the proceedings of the Druzes; for, after worship to the idol, they sat down to feast, and then proceeded "to play:" the word is far stronger than this sense, and is rendered differently elsewhere: it is, wantonness. Now, though shorn of much solemnity from the necessity of secrecy, we find that the Druzes also, after mystic rites at opening the idol-coffer, and having previously dismissed the uninitiated with a collation, proceed to the most nefarious licentiousness. Thus the two instances of idolatry throw light on each other: while the earrings that were given to form the golden calf, seem made symbols of constant punishment among the Druzes in the twelfth article of the Catechism; which, however, abounds with contradictions, every possible text and allusion being pressed into the service of quotation and illustration, no matter how, and tortured into sense.

It is not undeserving of notice that the

Sieks of the Punjab have the same imputation for atheism and for incestuous orgies: and that they also have the word *akali*, in the sense of pre-eminent, or, selected.

Be this as it may, and the fact would serve to strengthen the eastern origin of the Druze creed and superstitions, the preference, recorded by Mariti, of the Druzes to the form of the golden calf, *because* of its reference to Aaron, is decisive of the identity of Syrian and Egyptian worship in this case: and the followers, and the impugnors, of this particular idolatry, might, consequently, fairly co-exist from that early period, and probably did, though unknown to the general historical ignorance of Mahomedans.

We have excluded all particular mention of the Phœnicians, for the question before us is not Syria generally, but simply one of its races: and though these, the Druzes, inhabit more especially the mountains, to the sea-coast, of Phœnicia, yet their faith is historically derived immediately from Egypt through Palestine, south; and originally from the east and Persia. The Persian and Pali shepherds, then, met on this soil, where Hebrew was the primary language, of which Chaldaic and Pehlivi are sister dialects: and as we trace the original system to Persia, and its diffusion there even before the reign of Nushirvan, the time when the Pehlivi language was most cultivated in the former country, and when its poets had so altered the Sooffi doctrines as to find divinity only resident in its attributes and externals, instead of being the original of which these are only reflections, (see for this last, Professor Forbes Falconer on the Sooffi Poetry;) we cannot wonder at the continuation of these fanciful doctrines in the Persian faith, and that thus they became extended to Syria precisely at the moment when the aforesaid doctrines had been rendered into the Parsi tongue of that country from the older Pehlivi, and when this additional éclat among the learned and polite increased the inducement of the mystics to avail themselves of its imaginative and fantastic beauties. We recognise, not indeed any part of the Shiah system, properly so called, but of this absolute Pehlivi phantasy, as we find it in Ansari's translation, in the theory of Abdallah the son of Wabab, before quoted, that divinity resided in Ali; that he rode upon the clouds; that the thunder was his voice, and the lightning his whip. The theories current in the time of Nushirvan, had thus imbued their native country; and if to Syria and Arabia we look for the physical degradation of creeds, Persia has ever been the fruitful parent of their mysticism.

We may briefly remark, too, that the charges against the Templars, mentioned by Münter, are precisely the Syro-Egyptian superstitions, alleged to have been learned on that soil; and those of the Ophites and Gnostics of Persia and Syria, whose abominations, according to Münter (*Histoire du Gnosticisme*) did not expire in Europe till the 15th century: the Eger of the Templars being but the Coptic word for the calf, the Kharuf of the older, the idjil of the modern Arabians; the dog and the cat, the sun and the moon, being the Egyptian rites, the skull, Coptic; the planets, Sabean. Of their Baffometus we shall treat immediately—supposed, erroneously, Βαφη μητους.

We must first notice that to the name of the Caliph, Hakem,\* or lord, is subjoined the title of Biamrallah, or Biam-rallah: this, according to De Toit, is held to signify, "ruling by the order of God," but the Druzes themselves, he states, render it "ruler of his order:" while Adler everywhere translates the term, from their own authority apparently, "absolute governor" (*gubernator absolutus*); and we ourselves have not hesitated to give it the sense of "Universal Lord." There is little difference between the two last, and the Arabic bears both meanings. But though this is the undoubted language of the Druzes of Syria, we may fairly question whether the Persian originators of the sect did not bring their own terms; and these, adopted by their converts, speedily lost their proper significance for an Arabian equivalent, adapted to the sound. If we consider this the case, as it most probably was, we shall at once see the connection of two systems, and all difficulties vanish by this simple solution. Biam-roh, as it is pronounced, in Arabic universal or absolute ruler, is the precise phonetic equivalent of Buram, or Biram-rouh, the Soul of the World, in ancient Persian; as we find the former word in the cuneiform inscriptions of the time of Darius. We are told by the unknown Nabathean, whose works, translated by Aben Vashiha and others into Arabic,† have been largely referred to by Maimonides, that the Hermesians, who preceded the Nabatheans, held as "the most sublime of secrets, the mystery called originally the Bahumid and Kharuf (or Calf); viz., the secret of the nature of the world; the secret of secrets; or, the beginning

and end of everything." Neither the Nabathean nor his translator, it is evident throughout the work, understood the language of the Hermesians, nor even suspected its nature. To whichever of them, consequently, we owe the word Bahumid, we cannot doubt it was put down as pronounced, and not as written; Bahumid is obviously the Hebrew and Ethiopic (or Nabathean) orthography: in the first, בָּהֻמִּיד; in the second, בְּהֻמֵּה; behemeh; in both, signifying the Bull or Cattle; an Egyptian word, says Ludolf (*Travels in Abyssinia*), and ב, idol worship (noticed before as universal there). Hence in Syria and Egypt, where these two languages prevailed, the term was implicitly taken as worship of the bull, or calf; though in the language which prevailed in earlier times over those two countries, Palestine and Egypt, and of which the Nabathean has unconsciously left more than one unsuspecting testimony, while the Hebrew scriptures preserve others no less decisive, the word, bayamedh, simply meant what the Nabathean attributes to it; namely, the Soul of the World—the pure spirit; the מְרוּחַ, ruach, or rouh, of Hebrew and Persian creation.

We may rest satisfied with these identifications from the present to the earliest ages of recorded time, for the calf-worship. To the crusades, the French invasion of Egypt, and the actual Syrian war, are obviously owing the curiosity and interest which rescues the early history of eastern theology from its long oblivion of ages, and connects it, in the instance before us, with the actual Druzi system.

Various particulars connected with this singular people have been brought under our consideration, in consequence of the late and present Syrian war. On one occasion, an individual who was well informed of their habits, on entering with the Mussulman soldiery into a Druzi temple, found no images or effects of any kind; but suspecting that the sacred books were concealed, he sounded with his musket over the floor, and at length detected, as he imagined, a hollow spot. The flooring being removed, the aperture was found to contain a great number of books, a large portion of which were immediately torn to pieces, in the anxiety of the Mussulman soldiery to obtain spoil; but some were preserved, which are on their way to this country, the property of our informant; some are in the British Museum, we learn; and thirteen volumes were secured by Clot Bey for Paris. The same informant states that he has repeatedly alluded to the incestuous wor-

\* "Creator of the World."—Adler.

† One is given to Europe by Von Hammer.

ship of the Druzes, in conversation with them, and that they have not denied the facts. A nobleman in this country was in possession of one of the calves, which, unlike that given in Adler, exhibits no inscriptions; but a somewhat singular anecdote which has been told us, seems darkly to indicate that this symbol conveys very peculiar associations to the Druzes. A friend of this nobleman borrowed this image from him, and placing it on his coat, told a Druzi prince, then in this country, that it was taken from one of his countrymen. The feeling exhibited by the Druzi prince was of the most vivid character; and he stated, that had the insult been offered to him in Syria, he would have shot the person on the spot. The analogy of form between the Druzi calf and the Apis and Mnevis, the reading of the singular inscriptions, and various other points connected with this remarkable people, will form matter for future communication, as further materials reach our hands. At present the Druzes are offering a steady opposition to the domination of the Sultan; and their emir, we are informed, is now in chains at Constantinople; probably our informants mean their sheik.—The height of sin into which they are plunged, if the dim conjectures we have exhibited have any foundation in fact, realizes the vivid description of the Prophet. "They sin more and more, and have made them molten images of their silver, and idols according to their own understanding, all of it the work of the craftsman. They say of them, Let the men that sacrifice, kiss the calves." On examining also the Catechism, it exhibits a mass of mental reservation and abominable practices, probably nearly unmatched in any period. It clearly resembles, with respect to the food of the initiated, the Thug system, and it develops an under current of foul atrocities, that escape detection in the fatal secrecy of this union of crime and misery. Recent reports state further, that the new bishop of Jerusalem has been assailed by this nation. In discharge of his solemn duties, we firmly trust that the Druzi Creed and Practice will be rigidly investigated. And having now discharged the office of introducing the first notices of this singular people to the British public, we shall await those further discoveries that now must be made with an interest not diminished by having anticipated, probably in many points, the issue of future discovery.

ART. VII.—1. *Magyarische Gedichte, übersetzt von JOHANN GRAFEN MAILATH.* Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1825.

2. *Erdélyi Museum.* Kolosvárott és Pesten. 1814—1818.
3. *A Magyar Literatura esmérele.* IRTA PÁFAY SAMUEL. Westprim. 1808.
4. *Biblioteca Hungarica.* Pesth. 1792.
5. *Hungary and Transylvania.* By JOHN PAGET. 1839.
6. *The City of the Magyar; or Hungary and her Institutions in 1839—40.* By Miss PARDOE. Virtue. 1840.
7. *Bowering's Biographies of the Magyar Poets.*

THERE is probably no other country of the same extent throughout Europe, of which so little is known beyond its own frontiers as Hungary. Past centuries of internal feud and Turkish subjugation, lethargized in a great degree that moral vitality which would have flung it more thoroughly into the vortex of national communication and intercourse; while in the present day, its political dependence on a neighbouring state, undeniably jealous of its local and natural advantages, and anxious to crush the progression alike of its mental and physical energies, is without doubt one great and leading cause of this continued anonymity; while it must, at the same time, be conceded, that its imperfect internal economy has hitherto contributed in no small degree to assist the evil.

The geographical position of Hungary, her varied and valuable natural productions, and above all, the magnificent river which traverses the country from one extremity to the other, would, under ordinary circumstances, have sufficed to make it an important and populous highway; but war and policy have each contributed in their turn to negative these legitimate sources of national prosperity; and thus her career has been one struggle against retrogression, when her energies should have been rather exerted in the arena of European emulation; and this without fault or supineness of her own.

It is consequently not surprising that, until very recently, the subject of Hungarian literature should have been a sealed book, save to the learned, of other countries; and that it has failed to excite the general attention to which it is fairly entitled, reflecting as it does the character of the nation, with their peculiar views of life and the world; and revealing the genius of a people at once chivalric and gentle: full of courage and generosity, and replete with enthusiasm and imagination. But it is not alone the interest excited by those of whom it is the natural idiom, that should induce an appreciation of the Magyar language and writers; for, as regards the former, it is well known to all who are conver-

sant with its genius and organization, to be not only rich in expletives, and susceptible of great variety and beauty, but also so unusually melodious, that it takes rank, in the feature of sound, between the Italian and the Turkish, and is consequently one of the sweetest dialects in the known world; while its grammar affords valuable hints on the philosophy of language in general; its literature is by no means deficient in those attributes essential to scholarship; its lyrical poetry is not only abundant, but, in many cases, excellent; and much advantage might be derived by the general student from its works on history, Roman and Grecian archæology, philosophy, and national and international law.

Recent writers have, indeed, partially succeeded in awakening a more lively interest for Hungarian literature; but the subject is one which requires to be treated in a more popular manner than has yet been adopted before it can command the attention that is its due. Dry dissertations on science may enchain the minds of the studious, but the mere reader requires that his taste shall be gratified while his stock of knowledge is enlarged; and even the scholar is not displeased to find that a few roses may struggle into life amid the brambles which beset his path. It would seem to have been the aim of the few English writers who have hitherto treated the subject of Hungarian literature at any length, to strip all the flesh from the intellectual mummy, and to present to their readers a mere crude mass of bone and muscle. Look, for instance, at Dr. Bowring's *Biographies of the Magyar Poets*. Surely the lives of men who had striven not only to sustain but to embellish their native tongue, which unfavourable influences were linked together to destroy, gave promise of deep and exciting interest—of the very chivalry of literature—but how was the pledge redeemed by the work in question? We very much doubt whether a score of general readers, who did not take up the book as a matter of study, ever succeeded in toiling through its hard, harsh, uninteresting sketches of individuals whom it professes to introduce to their notice and sympathies. In ourselves we frankly confess that they failed to excite any; and since we have become personally acquainted with several of the most distinguished of the living Hungarian writers, we can in no way account for the cold and dry handling which the Doctor has bestowed upon his portraits, save by believing that the work was principally compiled from hearsay, and without personal opportunities of observation and judgment, of which the Servian songs furnish another lamentable example; in which case we at once

admit that his task must have been as difficult as that of an artist required to imitate the colouring of the old masters from engravings of their works, without having seen the pictures.

And yet we by no means desire to withhold the avowal that we are under considerable obligations to Dr. Bowring, whose personal sacrifices must have been considerable; for, although we have permitted ourselves to regret that he should have performed his undertaking in so crude and unpopular a manner, we are at the same time equally ready to admit that it was both a difficult and an onerous one: and that it must have been completed, moreover, with a moral certainty of no gain from a want of due appreciation. Subsequent travellers, save in one or two instances, have done nothing to assist our knowledge of the subject, but have, on the contrary, carefully eschewed it; a safe, but by no means satisfactory measure; and we are consequently indebted to a few articles in some of the leading periodicals for all our additional intimacy with it, through the medium of our own writers. Even in Austria the popular acquaintance with the mental resources and progression of their Magyar neighbours is being limited, for the censor has sharp scissors in the Austrian empire, and is unsparing in their clipping and crippling use.

Paget's *Hungary*\* was an admirable book as far as it went; remarkable for the correctness of its nominal orthography, and graphic and truthful in its descriptions; but save a rather diffuse account of the works of Count Stephen Széchenyi, and a few pages on Magyar lyrics, the subject of the national literature is treated merely allusively. He, however, could have given us no positive view of the present state of letters in Hungary, as his work was retrospective; and a few years produce great and important changes in a country rife with awakening energies and moral vigour.

The work of the Rev. Mr. Gleig,† in so far as it relates to Hungary, is much less worthy of mention; and since it is evident that he altogether mistook the *morale* of the people among whom he travelled—for only in this way can we come to any charitable conclusion, when we look at the misrepresentations with which the volume abounds, and remember, that neither the few weeks that he devoted to his survey, nor the manner in which it was accomplished, could afford him

\* Hungary and Transylvania. By John Paget, Esq. Murray, 1839.

† Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary.

the slightest chance of comprehending the nature of a country in the progression-state of Hungary—we are by no means disposed to regret that he did not attempt to meddle with their literature.

In Miss Pardoe's "*City of the Magyar*,"\* a book which merited a more judicious name, and a subsequent work to either of those which we have just mentioned—no less than four chapters are dedicated to this most important subject; and considerable industry and research are apparent in their compilation; but she has treated it rather as an abstract question than in detail; and we have consequently in her pages an account of the rise, progress, impediments, and struggles of the literature of a nation, and not the record of individual talent or peculiar genius.

Nevertheless, here again, as in the case of Dr. Bowring, we have much to thank her for; and are glad that she deemed it expedient, in a work professing to afford correct views of a particular portion of Europe, to give an insight into its intellectual position; and to allow us to understand and to appreciate the efforts of some of its most able and distinguished families in the cause of their national language, and their national literature.

There is no country in the world where home-history is so thoroughly and universally cultivated as among the Magyars; their libraries teem with chronicles in Latin, Hungarian, and German; and it would be difficult to question any intelligent person on a particular event in the annals of the land, who could not, as he related the episode, supply alike dates and names, however remote, without the hesitation of a moment. Their dramatic fertility is also exceedingly remarkable; and they may be said to be poets intuitively; while all their imaginative literature is more or less strongly imbued with the national characteristics, and is of a cast half warlike and half melancholy; a fact peculiarly perceptible in their lyrics, and which may in a great degree be accounted for by the custom that was observed among them, from their earliest location in Europe (their own historians assert even from the time of Attila), of singing the feats and praises of their heroes, at all their banquets and other ceremonious assemblies. Be this as it may, however, it is certain that these remote poesies (if indeed they ever existed) have now totally disappeared; and but very few fragments exist of that minstrelsy which immediately succeeded their conver-

sion to Christianity. The determined efforts which have been made in less remote years to suppress the national dialect, have greatly tended towards perpetuating that spirit of saddened defiance which breathes out in the poems of their present most patriotic writers. Look, for instance, at the Odes of Besszenyi, and some of the lyrics of Döbrentei; they are like the bold throes of the worsted warrior, who, when his weapon is shivered in his hand, and he sinks down, half conquered in the flesh, but unconquerable in the spirit, still utters his war-cry in a failing voice, and braves the fate that threatens him with annihilation.

Minnesingers and jesters were common in the olden times among them; as may be gathered from consulting the chronicles which still exist (principally in Latin) and which prove that the *Joculatores* were considered to be so indispensable a feature of regal state, that they frequently received grants of land which were registered as *terra joculatorum*. Although it is not our purpose to trace the history of the Magyars from their emigration to Europe, in order to show the varying fortunes of the nation, but merely in so far as it may enable us effectively to work out our peculiar object, we are nevertheless compelled to revert briefly to the reign of their first Christian king, Stephen, who followed up with more zeal than judgment the efforts of his predecessor, Duke Geysa, and his Amazonian wife Sarolta, to compel the conversion of the people to Christianity; and who, in order to repay the courtesy of the Pope, (when, in return for the voluntary acknowledgment of his supremacy, he bestowed upon him the title of sovereignty,) invited to Hungary not only foreign priests and foreign knights, but promoted the clergy to the first ranks in the state; and in thus introducing the Latin, and causing the neglect of the national language, by authorizing its suppression, not only in the churches, but also in judicial proceedings, legal documents, and official transactions, wilfully laid the first axe to the root of the native idiom.

It was not, however, possible to suppress it among the people; and we are moreover bound to hope that such was never the intention of the king, whose error arose rather from bad judgment, than from a desire to destroy the nationality of the people; for although the Latin became the language of the court, the altar, and the council-chamber, the native dialect was still that of the camp, the family-circle, and the market, and the legitimate medium of intercourse in the chambers of the Diet, and the county meetings. At the allocutions of foreign priests

\* The *City of the Magyar*; or Hungary and her Institutions in 1839-40. Virtue. 1840.

and missionaries, an interpreter was always present to translate their speeches into the national idiom; and there are still extant fragments of war-songs, lyrics, and ecclesiastical discourses, in the mother-tongue; while the preface to the decree of Coloman, in *Corpus Juris Hungar.*, expressly states that it was translated from the Hungarian.

Thus it will be seen, that even while discouraged by the sovereign, and rejected by his foreign courtiers and churchmen, the legitimate dialect of the country was fostered and preserved by the people themselves; but it was nevertheless not until the fourteenth century, under the princes of Anjou, that it was enabled to rebound in any degree from the crushing pressure beneath which it had so long been bowed.

In the eleventh century, many episcopal and monastic schools were founded, which tended to increase the spread of the exotic idiom; and in that which followed, numbers of the most distinguished of the Hungarian youth studied at the High School of the University of Paris: and this fashion necessarily deepened the evil, although it afforded opportunities of more general information. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, the first *Studium Generale* was established at Weszprim, which had not only chairs for all the liberal arts, but also for theology and jurisprudence. It was restored and embellished by Stanislaus IV., in 1287, and endowed with an extensive library and rich funds. In 1367, Lewis I., who was a great patron of the muses, founded a second University at Fünfkirchen; and, in 1388, Sigismund established a third at Buda.

Thus it will be seen that educational institutions were not wanting in Hungary, even at the remote period of which we are speaking; and that exotic literature met with extensive encouragement; but meanwhile, the legitimate language was languishing; and although, in the succeeding century, the princes of Anjou did much to effect its progress, it still remained subservient to the Latin in all affairs both of church and state. It began, however, at this time, to be adopted at court, where the suite of the queen was principally composed of Hungarian ladies; the Magyar Barons having compelled Charles Robert to dismiss his Neapolitan courtiers, and to surround himself by natives of the country over which he was about to rule. Two of his queens, Mary and Elizabeth, also studied the language with much success: as well as his son and successor, Lewis, (to whom the Hungarians were so devoted that they gave him the surname of "Great,") and his brother Andrew. Their official docu-

ments were all either pronounced, or at least signed and witnessed in the native dialect; and the will of Queen Elizabeth is still in existence, which is also drawn up in Hungarian. Charles Robert, moreover, caused the bride of his son, and his two selected sons-in-law, to be educated at his court, in order to make them familiar with the language and manners of the Magyars; thus proving that he was not unworthy of the crown for which he had so strenuously struggled. Deeds and letters were now commonly drawn up in the national idiom; and from this epoch dates the original Hungarian form of oath, still existing in the *Corpus Juris Hungar.* The index of a translation of the Holy Scriptures, and bearing date 1382, still exists in the imperial library, at Vienna; after which several translations of the Bible were made; among others, one by Ladislaus Báthori, a monk of the order of St. Paul, in 1450, who separated himself from the brotherhood, and retired to a cavern in the mountains, whence he excluded every human being, and where he spent twenty years in translating the Scriptures, and compiling an epitome of the lives of the principal saints; and another by Bertolan, in 1508; while, as early as the year 1465, one Janus Pannonius wrote an Hungarian grammar, which is unfortunately no longer in existence.

The commencement of the fifteenth century brings us to the reign of Matthias Corvinus, the Lorenzo the Magnificent of Hungary; who, when called upon by the nation to wield its abandoned sceptre, collected around him, in the halls of his palace, the literary treasures of distant nations, and the learned men of other lands. This may be truly termed the Augustan Age of Magyar literature; or, as we should more properly express it, of letters in Hungary; for their scholarship was principally exotic; and the greater number of the writers both foreign and domestic, who at that period enriched the field of philosophical and mathematical science, shrouded their discoveries in a dead language, perfectly unintelligible save to the student. It is true that even amid his zeal for the lore of the Latins, Matthias never suffered his love for the national language to abate; but that, on the contrary, the stranger-savants who were attracted to his court, and who shared in his munificent hospitality, were encouraged to mingle freely with the learned Magyars who were his constant guests; by which means an external (although, as it unfortunately proved, ephemeral) interest was created for Hungarian literature; and marginal notes in almost every European language enrich the few Corvinian



Magyar MSS. still extant. Nor did the fact that Matthias was himself a poet, and wrote verses in the Magyar dialect, tend to counteract the pernicious influence of the exotic literature beyond a certain point; for, although sovereigns have occasionally condescended to meddle with composition, they have found it so unfortunately easy to win the bays from those about them, that there have been but few whose productions have survived themselves; and those of Corvinus shared the common fate. We indeed find a learned bishop, in a letter to Pope Sixtus IV., speaking of the poetry of the monarch as "superior to any he had seen;" but it is nevertheless certain that in the historical poem of Ambrose Gerciani, of which Matthias is the hero, he alludes to the verses of the royal poet as things forgotten; while his Latin correspondence with Marsilius Ficinus and other learned men, still partially exists; as if to convince posterity that the vanity of extraneous knowledge was even at that period more powerful than the love of home-talent among the native students. The efforts of Matthias are, nevertheless, entitled to all the praise which can be lavished on them, for the cause was in his heart, although, in his zeal, he allowed his judgment to be perverted. He enlarged, and endowed with a costly library, the college founded by Sigismund, and he also established the Istropolitan Academy at Presburg, (1467); the printing-press worked at Buda in 1473, only twenty-three years after the art of printing was discovered, was under his direct patronage; and he it was who invited to Hungary the printer Andrew Hess, and the famous bookseller, Theobald Fegar von Kirchheim. But all his other attempts to literalize the kingdom over which he ruled, must yield in magnificence, both of conception and execution, to the formation of the glorious, and at that period unapproachable library, which, although it is now scattered to the four winds of heaven, is still remembered as the Corvinian Library; and of which rare but precious relics still exist to attest the luxury and value. It may afford some idea of the extent of this celebrated library, to those who feel an interest in the subject, to learn that it was maintained at a yearly outlay of 33,000 florins in gold, an immense sum in those days; and that, independently of the number of MSS. carried away, or destroyed by the Turks, those stolen by Marsiglia, and conveyed to Bologna after the siege, and the few which still remain in the libraries of Vienna and Pesth, hundreds and thousands were disposed of either by sale or gift, until little re-

mained to Hungary of the treasure she had once possessed save its memory.

In alluding to this subject, Mr. Paget says,

"The library of MSS. containing fifty thousand volumes, which he collected at an enormous expense, was a monument of his liberality, of which few princes can boast an equal. These MSS., the greater part transcribed in the most beautiful manner by the copyists he maintained at Florence and in other parts of Europe, were richly gilt, and uniformly bound, and may still be considered as gems of biblical taste. During the period the Turks occupied Buda, the barbarians used this library to light the stoves of their baths; and in 1666, when Lambécius obtained permission to search there, he found only three or four hundred dusty volumes hidden in a dirty cellar: the bibliomane secured three of them; and a few years afterwards, when the Turks finally evacuated the place, some more were recovered, most of which have been presented to public libraries or foreign courts."

Yet it is not to the munificent patronage of Matthias, nor to his celebrated library,—although it was matter of learned controversy all over Europe, and that he kept thirty secretaries constantly employed in copying every MS. of which he could possess himself, until it grew to so enormous an extent, that Brancian, in describing it, loses himself in hyperbole in one of his works, and declares that when he stood in the midst of the treasures that it contained, he believed himself to be "in the bosom of Jupiter,"—neither is it to the establishment of a printing-press, nor to the presence of the Venetian printer, that the Hungarians of the present day are indebted for their progress in literature and the sciences; for all this evanescent glory passed away under the supine and unworthy rule of his successors; and despite all the exotic scholarship of his reign, the mental retrogression which succeeded was so great, that many of the high dignitaries of the state under Wladislaw II. could neither read nor write. The intellect and sympathies of the nation had been engaged rather in the preservation of its idiom than in the extraneous studies of the courtiers, or the progress of the Istropolitan Academy; and hence we arrive at the conclusion that the circumstances, which seem at the first glance to have been advantageous to the growing faculties of the Magyars, did not, in point of fact, further the good work half so much as their own pertinacity. In the Diet the national dialect was universally used; and it is an error to believe that because the revised annals and registers of the period, still in existence, are drawn up in the language of Horace and Cicero, the business of the chambers was carried on in Latin. The Hungarian was indeed little written, but extensively

spoken; so much so, that the greater number of the magnates were ignorant of the exotic idiom. But it cannot, nevertheless, be denied, that the magnificent encouragement given by Corvinus to foreign talent tended to crush native energy, and to render it less competent than it might otherwise have been, to contend with the blind neglect and utter carelessness which it was fated to meet from the weak sovereigns by whom he was immediately succeeded.

Had Matthias put forth all his great and powerful moral strength in the cause of national literature alone, the evil would have been less decided; for, despite all the drawbacks of a supine monarch and a convulsed country, the good seed which had been sown would not have been utterly scattered to the winds: but the sunshine of his countenance once withdrawn by death, and the boy-king who followed him, seated upon a throne which he was unworthy to fill, the foreign students whom he had gathered about him withdrew from Buda in disgust; while the native scholars, eager to regain by the sword the nationality which they had lost by their mental labours in a strange tongue, abandoned the study for the camp; and many of them perished in defence of a country which they had themselves assisted morally to destroy. The error of Matthias originated in a natural but mischievous vanity, which induced him to suffer the national idiom to become subordinate to the Latin; thus discouraging the efforts of many of the native writers who were unacquainted with the exotic language, and consequently unable to compete with the foreign students who formed the glory of the sovereign's court. His father, the great Hunyadi, the champion not only of his own land, but of all Christendom, spoke no tongue but that of the people whom he ruled; and led on his warriors to the battle-cry of their fathers. Had the son not anticipated his century, and been ambitious to win for himself an European reputation for literature and science as well as for courage, he would probably have earned for Hungary as great a name in intellectual, as she has long enjoyed in chivalric, Europe.

We press this point, because it has been put forth as a reproach against the Hungarian people, that, with such encouragement as the reign of Matthias afforded to them, they should in the present day be mentally inferior to most other European nations. This is an accusation as easily refuted as it has been lightly advanced. The Corvinian era did absolutely nothing for Magyar literature which was not negated under the contemptible reign of Wladislaw II., whose supineness and cowardice made him shrink before

the insubordinate violence of his haughty aristocracy, whose fiery spirits could not brook, in exchange for the magnificent sway of Matthias, the squalid rule of the weak and dastardly monarch by whom he was replaced; and who, rising in rebellion on all sides, reduced the whole nation to one waste of anarchy and confusion. So great, indeed, became the necessities of the helpless and plundered country, that its condition cannot be better explained than by the fact, that the encroachments of the lawless Barons had so thoroughly impoverished, or rather exhausted, its resources, that the sovereign himself existed in a state of the most extreme penury, being frequently without the means of obtaining food for the supply of the royal household; a circumstance so notorious, that, to this day, when the Hungarians wish to describe a scanty and inhospitable entertainment, they call it *Lalzi Konyha*—the kitchen of Wladislaw.

It is not, therefore, surprising, that under a coward-king, destitute alike of funds and influence, the country fell into a condition of moral as well as actual disorder; and that the scientific establishments of the previous reign were suffered to decay, the most precious contents of the gigantic library stolen, and even sold, and the public buildings of the city abandoned to premature ruin.

It is, however, a remarkable fact, and one which, were it not melancholy, might well induce a smile, that during several of the subsequent reigns, the unhappy Hungarian sovereigns, whose resources forbade all munificence, when compelled by the custom of the time to present gifts to the accredited ambassadors of other powers, were driven, as their only expedient, to make their offering in the shape of half-a-dozen of those priceless MSS. which had been the glory of their more worthy and more fortunate predecessors.

It was only when the country was in some degree recovering from the fatal effects of the battle of Mohács, in the sixteenth century, that genuine Hungarian literature began to flourish; for which the nation was partly indebted to the wiser and more liberal system of government adopted by Ferdinand I.\* and Maximilian, (1527—76,) and partly to circumstances which operated so advantageously as to afford to the people a favourable opportunity for the development of their intellectual energies. The religious controversies by which the

\* This reign was remarkable in literary Hungary for the two warrior poets, Stephen Báthori and Paul Kinizsi, who not only sang, but emulated the great and heroic deeds of their ancestors.

whole country was occupied, and the public lectures on theological tenets that constantly took place, combined with the numberless hymns which grew out of the important question of creeds, contributed largely towards the diffusion of the native dialect and the encouragement of national talent; and when to these were added the lyrics, both warlike and amatory, produced at the same time, it will scarcely be matter of astonishment that the language should have progressed both in strength and refinement. "In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts," says Sydney, in his *Defence of Poesy*, "and all other such like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valour, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage." So greatly, indeed, was this the case, that in 1780 it remained in nearly the same state of cultivation, having made no forward step. National traditions were published, in order that the people might learn to respect and to emulate the great deeds of their ancestors; among the best of which we may mention the "Hungarian Chronicles" of Székely, (1599,) and Heltar, (1577,) which were followed, in the next century, by those of Zriny, (1660,) Bartha, (1664,) and Lisznyai, (1692.) Translations of the Holy Scriptures also became frequent; that of Benedict Komjathi, (or as some write it, Kojátsz) was published at Cracow, (1533,) being the first book ever printed in the Magyar language; and was reproduced at Pesth, (1536,) and at Vienna in the same year. Erdösi, (more known as Sylvester,) produced a Magyar version of the New Testament, which was published at New Szigath, (in 1541.) and prefixed to each book of the Evangelists a poem in correct hexameters—one among many similar attempts to revive the ancient prosody—the work was reprinted at Klausenburg, (1546,) Székely followed with another, (in 1548,) Fuhasz, or Melius, (in 1565,) Félegyházi, (in 1586,) and Károlyi, (in 1590.)

Of the poets of the period few names have been preserved; and we will only mention that of Paul Balassa, who has been termed the Pindar of his day, and whose poems were published at Cracow, in 1572. The age was also remarkable for its orators, and for its lyricists; but the list is, in both cases, too numerous for quotation, though mention must not be omitted of the *Juridical Magic Sentences* of the famous Stephen Werbőczy, which were translated by Blasius Veres, in 1561.

Nor were the interests of the grammatical phase of the idiom forgotten, as the numerous philological works of the period tend to prove; among the best of which were the *Nomenclature* of Gabriel Pesti, (1538;) Erdösi's *Grammar*, (1539;) Csapin's *Lexicon, with Hungarian Interpretations*; and the *Dictionaries* of Fabricius, or Korváts, (1590,) and Verantius, (1595.)

Numerous schools were established both in Hungary and Transylvania, principally by the Protestants; but the example of other countries could not yet be adopted in Hungary; for, under the unnatural sway of the crescent, which, towards the close of the century, weighed down all the hopes and energies of the native writers, all that could be attempted was merely the preservation of the idiom without ostentation. No directing or supporting influence could be expected in a land rent with intestine feud, and ruled by a foreign and ungenial power; disabled by coercion, and rendered incapable of asserting its moral strength: and thus the cause of nationality, high and holy as it was, being still pressed down, like a giant in bonds, was compelled to remain passive, and to await the expulsion of the infidel masters who were lording it over the land. In the following century, the Jesuits, who had intruded themselves clandestinely into the country, took the question of national education into their own hands; and, according to their wont, treated it at once with magnificence and subtlety. They created literary colleges at Tyrnau, Poson, Kashau, and Klausenburg; the first of which became a national university after the abolition of the order, and was transferred to Buda, in 1780, and thence, four years later, to Pesth. In addition to these leading institutions, there were established about the same period, five academies, consisting of two faculties, at Poson, Kashau, Ráab, Groszwardein, and Agram; besides a royal lyceum at Klausenburg, an archiepiscopal college at Erlau, and a ducal one at Fünfkirchen; but in none of these was the Hungarian language made a branch of study. As we have already hinted, many of their learned men were dead; others had sought a tranquil home in distant lands, where they might devote themselves to study beyond the sound of trumpet, and the shock of steel; while there were many who exchanged the pen for the sword, preferring the universal language of chivalry to the chance of wasting their lives in producing works which

another century might suffice to render unintelligible, even to their own countrymen; but there were yet some patriotic spirits left who laboured on, despite all discouragement; and who might fairly be said, when the circumstances of their position are considered, to volunteer a literary martyrdom. New translations of the Scriptures were made by Albert Molnar (1608), Kaldi (1625), by a society of reformed theologians (Groswarden, 1661,) and by Totfalusi (1685), the whole of which editions were subsequently published at Cassel, Utrecht, Wurnberg, &c. Among the orators of the century we may mention Pázmán (1604,) an able champion of the church of Rome; and the celebrated protestant polemic, Molnar, who translated the Psalms into Hungarian verse, with such success, that to this day they are in use in all the heterodox churches throughout Hungary and Transylvania; Ketskéméti (1615); Haldi (1620); and Koptszanyi (1630). Sacred lyrists also abounded, as well as romance-writers; while poetry took a higher flight, and the epic poems of Zriny, the classical verses of John Erdösi, and the melodious strains of Gyöngyösi, who was for a considerable time styled the prince of Magyar bards, deserve to be mentioned with commendation. A translation of the Koran was also published by Count Gabriel Bethlen, in the year 1620; and six years subsequently, a Magyar version of the work of the celebrated Turkish moralist, Envarül Aşikin; while we must not omit the scientific encyclopedia, nor the elaborate logical production of John Tsere (1653, 1656.) Nor must we pass over, unnoticed, the labours of the philologists; Molnar contributed an Hungarian dictionary (1604,) and a grammar (1610); Gelei Katona, a grammar (1645); and these were followed up by others from the pens of Komaromi (1655); Pereszlenyi (1682); Kövesdi (1690); the *Origines Hungar.*, of Otrokotsi Foris; the *Orthography* of Totfalusi (1697); and the famous *Dictionarium* of Parizpapa; with Tretsi's *Principles of Hungarian Orthography*, which has been continually republished with revisions.

The struggle of the few, however, could not counteract the daily-increasing strength of the many; for the Jesuits so zealously fostered the Latin idiom, that, under their crafty auspices it soon pervaded the whole kingdom; and the time at length came when the very magnates and deputies who legislated for the nation ceased to discuss their measures in their

natural tongue; and, adopting that of the Latins, caused it so thoroughly to supersede the national dialect, that eventually there remained only the chancery, who, upon official occasions, still addressed a Magyar meeting in the Magyar idiom.

Now let us hear Miss Pardoe. Of that particular period she remarks,

"Among the nobles, consequently, the national language was neglected and almost forgotten; and, meanwhile, the inferior classes were rapidly diminishing in number. The ancient population of the environs of Buda, of Wieselbourg, of Tolna, of Baranya, and the vast plains of the Banat, had fallen in the constantly-recurring encounters with the Turks; or, more bitter still, in intestine strife. In the fertile districts, become desert by these fatal agents, strangers formed colonies which replaced the native population: but few, indeed, of these became Magyarized, even in their descendants; and where entire villages, thrown into close contact with the surviving Hungarians, were even classed under one common name, and considered as naturalized, the influence of the Slavonic priesthood made of the new settlement a people anything but Magyar in their hearts.

"Most of the authors who forced their way through this chaos of confusion and darkness, had not moral courage to contend against the allurements and flatteries of Rome. They were gratified by the sweet phrases and delicate compliments of this wily court, expressed in a language which might almost be termed European; and which, from its having been made a study by all the *savans* of the time, promised to them a crowd of readers to whom their own tongue would render their productions a sealed book. The Latin alone held out the prospect of both fame and gold—enlisted at once the vanity of the author and the necessities of the individual—and the few, who, urged by a clinging of the heart towards the idiom of their own land, ventured to write in that scorned and neglected language, like the hunted deer which hides itself in the thicket to die, had nothing more to do than to bury their hopes and their disappointment in the depths of their own spirit, and in the homes of their ancestors."

Thus writes our lady-author, and as we happen to be aware that she has fairly stated the fact, we have availed ourselves of her words, which tend to prove that we were correct in our declaration, that the Corvinian era had done nothing effectual for Hungarian literature, however startling such an assertion may at first appear, subsequent and more shallow policy having obliterated every trace of the good work.

At this period of our labours, we feel that it would be doing an injustice to the Hungarians, against whom the charge has been more than once advanced of an early

indifference to their legitimate idiom, and the willing substitution of an exotic tongue, did we not endeavour once more to impress upon our readers the utter and ungenerous fallacy of such a statement. Some individuals indeed there were, who to further their personal fortunes were weak enough to lull themselves into an oblivion of their national responsibility by specious sophistries; and others who, to display their scholarship, wrote, and many of them with great elegance, in the favoured dialect; of these we have a list lying before us, but we forbear to particularize them, as they must, through the medium of their exotic works, be looked upon rather as European than as Hungarian writers. In contradistinction, however, to these denationalized *savans*, it must not be overlooked that other Magyar authors and poets had not only made for themselves a name among their more patriotic countrymen by their sacred and chivalric lyrics, and their graceful fictions, but that works of value had been produced; and that, as early as 1652, the Count Zriny had written more than one epic poem; and, still more extraordinary, that, in 1653, John Tsere had published an encyclopedia of the sciences, and three years afterwards another of logic,—both in Hungarian,—*at a period when no foreign writer had yet attempted such productions in his own language!*

Upon the statement of these facts we base our inquiry of how it is possible for any thinking person to believe, that the Magyars as a people were indifferent to their mother-tongue; when, amid difficulties and discouragements such as we have enumerated, men could be found possessed of sufficient moral energy to undertake tasks like these? Men who felt that the encroachment of a foreign idiom was as the warning fire of the Ancients on the mast of their country's vessel, and who devoted themselves to her preservation, even in her greatest peril.

When the treaties of alliance were completed, in 1606 and 1645, no pledge was given for the security of the national language: the subject of its existence was not even mooted; and yet all the records of the time tend to prove that until the seventeenth century it continued to progress; while it is palpable that nothing was required save a fostering hand to have generalized it throughout the country. That hand, however, was not extended; and the reign of Maria Theresa, so prolific of good to the Hungarian people in

many respects, was as unfavourable to the spread of the national idiom as any by which it had been preceded.

Throughout Transylvania, from the reign of Leopold I., Latin had become universal; while in Hungary itself, from the year 1700, the national literature had been discountenanced and neglected. Until that period there was "Latinization," and subsequently, until 1790, succeeded "Germanization:" a favourable change as regarded the commerce of the country, but one which in no way brightened the prospects of the legitimate idiom. On the contrary, the most sanguine of the Magyars who were sufficiently patriotic to watch every revolution of habit and feeling which could in any way affect the great question of nationality, found little cause of gratulation in the substitution of an actual, copious, and popular European dialect, for a dead language familiar only to the churchman and the student. They did not seek to Germanize themselves, but rather to throw off the thrall which their necessities had woven about them.

Had the empress-queen been urged to do so, it is possible that she might have adopted the dialect of the country at her Magyar court; but the denationalized nobles by whom she was surrounded were too much captivated by the luxurious elegance of the high circles of Vienna, and too anxious to emulate the magnificent refinement which formed their greatest charm, to suffer such a consideration to interfere with their new-found gratification. Foreign marriages, the spell of high-bred ease and social indulgence, which contrasted flatteringly with the semi-barbarous splendour of feudal state, and a desire to vie with the nobles of other countries in the eyes of the fair and chivalric Maria Theresa, combined to render the magnates blind to the probable result of their selfish vanity; and the natural consequence ensued.

The less wealthy among them, who were unable to meet the outlay of the Viennese court, and who consequently remained within their own frontiers, soon began to perceive, when the occasional visits of their more richly-endowed compatriots to their castles, in order to raise money for the continuance of their extravagance, brought them from time to time into contact, that the perfumed and gilded capital of Austria had left its odour and its glitter on the minds and persons of their absentee neighbours; and that national habits, national feelings, and the

national idiom, were losing ground daily; and that their use exhibited a want of refinement and civilisation, which they, in their turn, began to consider as extremely impolitic, if not actually dishonourable. And thus spread the poison, generated from a few reckless, truckling, and unprincipled magnates: by whom the country, whose prosperity and honour their ancestors had bequeathed to them in trust, was no longer regarded, save as the particular spot of earth whence they must derive their resources by such means as they could render available; and as the home-staying nobles, to whom we have made allusion, could not compete in magnificence with their more affluent neighbours, they resolved at least to enable their children to emulate their refinement; and thus, with a short-sighted policy as weak as it was pitiable, they placed their daughters in religious houses, where they rapidly learned to forget, amid an Austrian education, an idiom which had lost its fashion; and which thence became to every Hungarian gentlewoman a matter of avoidance; while the scholastic establishments of the country had already Latinized or Germanized their sons.

Hitherto the Magyar ladies had spoken their native language; and it is undoubted that to this fact may be attributed no small portion of the tenacity with which it had retained its oft-threatened vitality; but this last clumsy misconception struck at once at the root of its existence, by a sentence of banishment from the homes and hearths of a people of whom it was the natural idiom; for, on their return from the Austrian establishments in which they had been pupils, the Hungarian ladies were perfectly denationalized; despising on the one hand the uncourtly language of their ancestors, and incapable on the other of comprehending the Latin, which was so largely in use among the better-instructed masculine circles; and thus they succeeded with little difficulty in introducing into the privacy of domestic life the dialect with which they were themselves familiar; and it is not hyperbole to say, that with this peculiar class, the Germanization during the reign of Maria Theresa was like the serpents in the statue of the Laocoon, which gradually surrounding both parent and children, was threatening them all alike with a moral destruction, to which they were blinded by their own unreflecting vanity.

"All Europe knows," says Paget, "how Ma-  
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ria Theresa, when surrounded by enemies, and driven from every other part of her dominions, took refuge in Hungary, and throwing herself and child on the mercy of a generous people, was received, as every sabre leapt from its scabbard, with the glorious cry, '*Vitam et sanguinem pro rege nostro\* Maria!*' All know how faithfully this promise was fulfilled, but few are aware with how much danger to the very existence of Hungary the debt of gratitude was repaid.

"The fixed idea of this great queen's reign was the union of all her heterogeneous possessions under the same institutions and the same form of government. In Hungary she directed her efforts to the introduction of the German language, habits, and manners among the people. The Hungarians were told they were a savage race, who must become Germans to become civilized. This project, however, was so well mixed up with others, for the establishment of useful institutions,—the improvement of the state of the peasantry, the education of all classes of her subjects, the better ordering of religious societies, the dismissal of the Jesuits from the kingdom, the removal of such barbarisms from the statute-book, as the right of sanctuary, the use of the rack, and the frequency of capital punishments, that the more enlightened of the Hungarians became ashamed of their nationality, forgot their native language, threw off the noble costume of their forefathers, and became as German as their Magyar tongues and eastern blood would allow them. With so much skill were these changes effected, that Maria Theresa was adored by the people, whose constitutional rights she was undermining."

Well, indeed, may Miss Pardoe exclaim, when describing the effect of her policy,

"Alas! so potent was the spell, that the first pearl flung into the enchanted goblet by the bold barons of Hungary was—patriotism. To this new world of beauty, and luxury, and indulgence, they sacrificed alike their national pride, their chivalric memories, and their slighted country."

But this very fact startled into exertion many who had hitherto remained inert and passive under the general decay of the strong bulwark of their civilisation; and it is a singular circumstance, that the spirit of renovated patriotism should have first awoke among the body-guard of the empress-queen, wherein were enrolled a few of those fine intellects, which, although they may remain clouded for a time, can never be extinguished save by death. Aroused as by a trumpet-blast to the ruin with which their own supineness

\* Whatever their progress in Latinization, it had not yet extended to very accurate knowledge of the concordances.

was about to overwhelm them as a nation, Bessenyei, Baroczi, Barcsay, Harsányi, Czirájk, and Baron Nálácz, all suddenly sprang from their lethargy, and immortalized themselves by the energy which they simultaneously put forth in the great cause. The middle classes, ever the most earnest and patriotic portion of a population, responded eagerly to the effort; the elegies of Anyos found their way to many hearts; the nation had awakened from its trance; and although all felt and knew that it would require both time and resolution to effect the entire banishment of the Latin, which had become familiar in every enlightened family, they were no longer disposed to despair on a subject so vitally important to the best interests of the country.

During the last ten years of the reign of Maria Theresa, the national character of the Hungarians made great and happy progress, and in nothing was it more apparent than in their literature: so powerful, indeed, was the impetus which it had received, that, to the names of the authors we have already enumerated, were soon added those of Francis Faludi, Count A. Teleki, Baron Stephen Daniel, Abraham Batsai, and Baron Lawrence Ortzy.

The first distinct proposal for the foundation of an Hungarian academy was made in the succeeding reign by Nicholas Révai; but although it were idle to withhold from Joseph II. the merit of good intention, and the introduction into the country of many wise and beneficial changes, it is equally impossible to deny that he started on false premises, and greatly overrated his own individual strength. That a people like the Hungarians, who had won their constitution at the sword's point, should submit to be governed by the absolutism of any monarch, even although that monarch chanced to be the son of Maria Theresa, who had commenced his career of rule by a refusal to submit to a coronation, because he did not see fit to acknowledge the supremacy of laws to which his crown would have pledged him, was scarcely to be expected; and yet so wise and so worthy were many of his measures, that for a time the Magyars were fain to submit to the evil, in order to benefit by the good. But the desire of Joseph was to accomplish everything at once; and thus he failed most signally in many of his undertakings. Still the Hungarians had such perfect faith in the virtue of his

intentions, and moreover saw so much that was beneficial brought to bear, that they believed that they had only to suggest still further national emendations for them to be immediately adopted. The proposal of Révai, however, painfully undeceived them, for the narrow-hearted policy of their crownless king did not include in his list of reforms a fosterage of the national idiom; and thus he not only discountenanced the patriotic proposition, but ultimately issued a peremptory edict, substituting the German idiom for the Latin in all administrative affairs, and passing an act in the early part of 1784, authorizing the transactions of national business in the same language. The short-sighted sovereign by this proceeding became at once obnoxious to the Magyars; they felt that when he struck at their nationality all his other benefits were as nothing. He had inadvertently rung a tocsin which aroused all their patriotism, and they at once buckled on their moral armour. Every county came forward with its resolute but respectful remonstrances; and, although for a time the monarch strove in the true spirit of absolutism to put down the opposition by every means in his power, he failed in his object. The nationality of the Magyars was awakened, their chivalry was aroused, and the decrees which had been intended by Joseph to suppress and annihilate the native idiom served only as an incentive to its preservation and progress. They remembered that they had brought that idiom with them to the country which they entered as conquerors, that they had preserved it for centuries despite all the efforts made for its extinction, and that in sanctioning as its substitute the dialect of the foreign king, whose throne they had themselves upheld when it was beset by enemies, and whose high-hearted mother they had adopted with an enthusiasm which was never quenched, they must necessarily degenerate into a mere Austrian province, instead of maintaining their proper position as an independent kingdom. All idea of a national academy was nevertheless abandoned for the moment; but it must have been a great triumph to the Hungarian people that the king avowed his error, even when it was too late for him to repair it, and that his last act was to annul all that he had been struggling throughout his life to accomplish, save the tolerant decree in favour of the protestants.

The influence of French literature upon the minds of the Magyar writers was strikingly apparent in the works of some of their most popular poets during the 15th century; while they also contributed with considerable distinction to the Teutonic, through the labours of Gaal, Schedius, and Jankevich; nor must we omit to mention Ladislaus Parker, the patriarch of Venice, a man of distinguished genius, whose productions have elicited the applause and admiration of all Germany.

In 1781 Matthew Ráth, a man of excellent principles and information, succeeded in establishing a Hungarian newspaper; which was speedily followed by several others, in the same language.

After the death of Joseph II. the whole aspect of moral and intellectual Hungary underwent a great and important change. The too brief reign of the wise Leopold inspired the country with renewed energy, and gave birth to the most remarkable and beneficial Diet that the nation had ever known. It is not within the scope of our present purpose to expatiate on its noble political purposes; it will suffice us to remark that the encouragement of the legitimate literature of the country was one of its greatest efforts, and that the progress of national civilisation was one of its dearest aims. It was enacted that the native idiom should be taught in all the schools; that it should be the medium of business in the courts of justice and administration; and that all acts and protocols should be drawn up in the Hungarian only. The convulsed state of Europe afforded a reasonable, even if not a sufficient excuse, during the commencement of the reign of Francis, for his neglect in the reform of Magyar abuses; men were more important than measures; but nevertheless the innate spirit of the nation did not suffer its interests to stagnate; public scholastic lectures were delivered in the hitherto-neglected language; a Magyar theatre was established at Pesth, and several journals were published.

After multiplied impediments and delays, all of which were ultimately overcome by the energy and perseverance of a score of enlightened and patriotic men, powerfully assisted by the lower table of the Diet, a National Literary Society was embodied in 1804, of which the hereditary Prince Francis was elected president; funds for its support being supplied by the munificence of Count Etienne Marczibányi, who tendered to the committee the

sum of 50,000 silver florins, subject only to conditions purely patriotic; and, as early as 1815, prizes were awarded both for original and translated works by this institution, according to the suggestion and ultimate bequest of its magnificent patron.

The next effort of the resuscitated moral power of Hungary was to form an association for the revival of the Magyar language, to which the author of the project gave the name of "Scientific Society." The resolutions of the legislative assemblies were taken as the basis of the arrangements: the extent of the outlay was decided, and an application was made to the governor of the principality for the necessary legal documents. A favourable reply was received; and in a formal meeting of the chambers, all the rules of the contemplated society having been specified, were met by general approval; while efficient assistance, both pecuniary and influential, was proffered on all sides; and many ladies of high rank, interested in so patriotic a project, at once extended to it both their patronage and assistance.

The enthusiasm of the Magyars, however, met with little sympathy beyond their own frontiers. The countenance of the Austrian cabinet was wanting to complete the success of the undertaking; nor was it until the Diet had made it a subject of warm and persevering discussion, and demanded that the communications of one table to the other in their own assembly should be framed in the national language, that a sufficient spirit was aroused throughout the country to render further supineness inexpedient on the part of the sovereign.

Count Stephen Széchenyi, the originator of many reforms among his countrymen, has also the honour of having been the first who responded to the call made in the Lower Chamber for funds to carry their purpose into effect; and he answered it nobly by the offer of one year's revenue of his estates, amounting to about £6000; an example which was immediately followed by Count George Károlyi with £4000, by M. Vay, the Counts Téleky, Andrassy, and others, with such munificence, that upwards of £30,000 were soon subscribed, towards which the Prince-Palatine liberally contributed.

The committee of the institution were first convened during the Diet of 1830, at Poson; its establishment having been previously sanctioned by that of 1825-7, and all the requisite preparations completed



through the energetic efforts of the Arch-Duke. This committee elected as its president the Chancellor, Count Joseph Tékli, the head of the protestant party in Hungary, a man as estimable in private life as he is able and earnest in public affairs; beloved as a landholder, and honoured as a citizen; whose eligibility for the distinguished position to which he has been called by his literary countrymen is moreover attested by the reputation of one of his ancestors,\* alike for learning and for liberality, whose munificent bequest to the town of Maros Vasárhely in Transylvania is thus mentioned by Mr. Paget:

"The great pride of the town is the fine library of the Telekis, founded by the Chancellor Teleki, and left to his family on the condition of its being always open to the public. It contains about 80,000 volumes, which are placed in a very handsome building, and kept in excellent order. A reading-room is attached, which is always open, where books are supplied to any one who demands them. There are funds for its support, and the family still continue to add to it as far as they are able. It is most rich in choice editions of the Latin and Greek classics. These works were the favourite studies of the chancellor himself, who was a man of very extensive learning. What renders this the more remarkable is, the fact of his having entirely acquired it after the age of twenty, that too, during the little leisure afforded him from public business. Among the bibliographical curiosities pointed out to us was an illuminated Latin Bible, which was said to be written on a vegetable leaf. The substance employed was certainly not papyrus; I should have taken it for very fine vellum. There was also a manuscript copy of a work by Servetus, which we were told was unpublished, though, on turning over the fly-leaf, we found a quotation from an edition of the same work printed in London. There was a beautiful manuscript of Tacitus, from the library of Matthias Corvina, and splendidly bound, as indeed the whole of that library was."

After this long parenthesis we return to the academy, which elected as its vice-president Count Stephen Széchenyi, whose name is too familiar to every one conversant with his nation to need further mention here; while M. Gabriel de Döbrentei, well known by his valuable contributions to the national literature, and deservedly esteemed for his moral worth and sincere patriotism, was unanimously chosen as secretary. The two first-named gentlemen have been re-elected from year to year, and still continue to act; but the

latter, after having persevered in his onerous task until the interior economy of the institution was sufficiently perfected to render the office a mere matter of technical routine, felt himself compelled to resign it, from its interference, not only with his literary pursuits, but also with the duties of the high and honourable post which he holds under the government.

Learned societies, if we except that founded in 1497 by Conrad Celtes, called indifferently the "Danubian Society," and the "Celtic Institute," had never hitherto succeeded in Hungary, however great had been the struggles of their most learned men to promote their interests; but that which held its first meeting in February, 1831, in the city of Pesth, has already accomplished much towards the advancement of the national literature.

There still remains, however, one great and important phase of the question of Magyar literary progression, upon which we have not yet touched, because we were unwilling to interrupt the current of its purely national vicissitudes; but which must nevertheless not be passed over without comment. We allude to the discouraging influence of the Slavonic colonies in Hungary.

The mixed population of the Magyar nation, collected together by national convulsion and external policy, would of itself have been a serious impediment to the advance of purely Hungarian literature, even had each distinct community been left to operate alone on the legitimate language; but such was far from being the case, Austria on the one hand seeking to naturalize her own German dialect, and Russia on the other sparing neither gold nor pains to ingraft the Slavonic tongue and the Slavonic spirit on the Hungarian stock; while in Upper Hungary, in the private circles of the noble Slavonic Hungarians, their priests and preachers introduced the dialect of the country in which they had studied. And in these different colonies (for so they may in truth be called) were reared priests, physicians, lawyers, and other young men of education, who devoted themselves with avidity to German literature, mistaking affinity for originality. The minor tribes of Swabians, Illyrians, Bohemians, Wallachians, Croatians, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Italians, were easily set aside by the haughty lords of the soil, who were resolved to keep by the strong hand what they had won by the sword;

\* A former Chancellor.

for none of these settlers were supported by external influence, nor were they sufficiently numerous to render them influential either upon the moral or intellectual state of the Magyars. But it was far otherwise with the Germans and the Slavonians; German princes had aided Hungary in her wars; and after the battle of Mohács, she received an Austrian emperor as her king, who naturally sought to make her more thoroughly dependent by grafting her upon his more legitimate possessions; an experiment which failed, as we have already stated, through its awakening the spirit of a brave and free people, who, long accustomed to the sway of their own monarch, and the exercise of their own privileges, were ready to peril everything in order to retain the little liberty which an adverse and resistless fate had left to them.

In the case of the Slavonians, their position was different under every phase. The Germans had come into their country as traders and as allies; somewhat disposed to encroach, perhaps, in each capacity, but nevertheless honest, straightforward, and truthful; while they had themselves wrested Hungary from the Slavonic tribes, and driven them to the frontiers of Austria, Poland, and Moravia, where they were permitted to settle as a conquered colony, for whom the Magyars entertained so sovereign a contempt that they never could be induced to pollute their lips with their language; a disdain which the vanquished people returned tenfold; coupled with the hatred which a worsted nation will ever feel towards its conquerors, so long as it continues unavenged. And thus they, in their turn, would acquire no more of the Magyar dialect than was absolutely essential to their comfort, and almost to their existence. The same virulent feeling has endured to the present day; and the Slavonic-Hungarian approximation progresses the more slowly that the political interests, the religious belief, and the moral position of the two people are diametrically opposed. Unlike the Hungarians, who are a distinct and condensed nation, the Slavonians are linked on all sides to their countless tribes in other lands; and, although they are greatly inferior in intellect to the Magyar population, their literature is supported by the decided and undisguised patronage of Russia, which is extended to every writer who repays her favour by advocating her institutions and policy.

Here again, then, we perceive a formidable barrier to the mental progression of the Hungarians; who were not only left to fight their battle totally unassisted, but were, moreover, trammelled and thwarted by their involved and vacillating political position, and the under-current of an adverse and powerful interest, which had existed from year to year, and settled itself, like an incubus, upon the genius of the country.

Surely, after all these circumstances have been fairly considered, the wonder will not be that Hungary should now appear so backward in science and belles-lettres; but rather that she should have possessed sufficient moral energy to preserve her national idiom unforgotten among so many difficulties and discouragements; and that, after a fierce and resolute struggle to restore its use in the legislative assemblies, and on all other occasions of public ceremony, bright spirits should have once more started into life, giving evidence of the vigour and beauty of the language for which they so boldly and successfully contended. We have carefully avoided indulging in details, which, while they would have enabled us to explain more fully the former state of Hungary, would have done nothing towards an exposition of the vicissitudes of her literary interests, and the preservation and encouragement of her idiom; nor shall we, on this occasion, further follow up the subject than to animadvert on the neglect which has been visited upon Magyar literature by England; and which has arisen from no want of merit in those who are its representatives; but may more fairly be attributed to the difficulties of a language, which, copious and harmonious as it is, will nevertheless ever continue to be unattainable by the mass, who can consequently only hope to become familiar with its beauties through the medium of translation.

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ART. VIII.—*L'España Artística y Monumental*. Bossange & Lowell, London, 1842.

THE magnificent work before us, which contains some most exquisite Spanish views, is, we say it with pleasure, from the designs of Spanish artists who have taken it up with the laudable intention of

indicating the state of Spain as to her architecture, habits, customs, manners, warfare, in all periods of her empire. The artists at least evince that however low the strain of the land may be at present compared with the days of Cortez and Pizarro, still the wild witchery of her scenery is not lost, but appreciated by them as it deserves, and transmitted for the admiration of other nations both as to the scenery itself and its wonderfully effective delineation in their hands. Although the letter-press by no means equals in description the beautiful sketches before us, which exceed really the best that Roberts has yet given, and which have raised lithography even beyond what one of the most distinguished in that art considered practicable, we shall yet review it, recommending our readers to compensate themselves for the dulness of the letter-press by consulting the drawings themselves. The work is in Spanish and French, and the whole conduct, both of the letter-press and drawings, of Spanish execution. It is dedicated, and justly, to that munificent patron of arts, Don Gaspar Remisa. It opens with an introductory essay on the first inhabitants of Spain, on which subject the writers have added nothing to existing information. We doubt, for example, excessively, in the absence of all inscriptions, the fact that the walls at Tarragona exhibit traces of the Phœnician, the Carthaginian, the Roman, and the Arab. Rude stages of building by no means always evidence antiquity. Many works in Spain have been thrown up so rapidly that inferences of this character lead to dangerous conclusions. On the fall of the Roman empire the Christian religion penetrated Spain; it brought with it, when the Gothic king Recaredo renounced Arianism, an architecture suited to religious purposes, but not the Saxon, which began to prevail in Europe during that period. From the three hundred years that followed from this reign, that is, from the conquest by the Goths to the commencement of the eighth century, war for a long period prevented any development of art, but the same cause also enriched, for the Arab brought with him the full charm of his own gorgeous edifices, and combined them with the existing state of art; the results of which are a most elaborate style of architecture and decoration perfectly unmatched in any country, however open to critical objections. This Moorish union with the Gothic was accomplished in its early stages in a re-

markably singular manner, for the artists of Andalusia made no scruple of passing into Castile, and there aided in the construction of churches while their brethren were fighting against the faith of the worshippers. It was only in the eleventh century that the Christians began to gain strength against their oppressors, and it was not until the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that their resources in art and arms assumed a fixed position. This period our authors class by the term "*edad media*." We perfectly agree in the notion of the artists of *mainly* devoting themselves to this period, but surely a work of the splendid character of that before us might be anticipated to go a little deeper into time, but this question they have despatched in four lines. "To busy ourselves with Iberian, Celtic, or Phœnician monuments, to plunge into the void of conjectures, were to expose ourselves to innumerable errors, and finally simply to write for half-a-dozen devoted amateurs to archæological pursuits." Without being thus *dévoûé*, some notice of these matters, as well as of Roman remains, and the indication of a Greek or Egyptian connection with Spain, might have aided somewhat scientific insight into the past, and was in the fair compass of the work before us. The illustrators confine their powers in the work before us from this fixed plan to three classes of monuments—those constructed under the dominion of the Goths, others of the æra of the restoration, and lastly those erected during the restored sovereignty. The following are the several great periods of which the authors avail themselves. 1st, The edifices constructed up to the eleventh century, rude relics of Roman art blended with the northern barbarian's rough execution, which of course possess neither style nor originality. 2d. The Byzantine, or primitive Gothic. 3d. The Gothic. 4th. Mixed style, Moorish and Gothic.

Having indicated these heads of arrangement, we proceed to one of the noblest structures reviewed in this magnificent work—the Cathedral of Toledo. The foundation of this glorious structure is about the year 525. Ricaredo, the 6th Gothic king, was its founder; when renouncing Arianism he entered into catholic communion. An inscription which was dug up in laying the foundation of the convent "San Juan de la Penitencia" confirmed this tradition. The ancient structure on which the present is erected was destroyed in great part by the Arabs, and

its ruins were formed into a mosque; but the present noble edifice, which was 232 years in building, was begun by Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville, in 1258, and completed by Isabella in 1492. Its grand chapel is perhaps the most gorgeous structure in the world. The magnificent tomb of Cardinal Mendoza is well known, with its laboured and richly-wrought devices, more resembling chasing than carving, so minute is the execution. The plate of the transparent altar in this cathedral is one of the most exquisite in the book, though the period of its erection is not remarkable for very chaste design. In figuring the Castilian monuments which contain various groups, the writers have considered it requisite to allude to the uniformity of the manteau costume in that country.

"La capa dice un Castellano abriga en invierno, y preserva en verano del ardor de del sol; así, se envuelve en ella en Diciembre, y se ahoga en sus plieques en Julio. La capa lo encubre todo; y por eso cuida poco del resto de sus ropas. Con la capa no hay que temer nada, ni inclemencias del cielo ni durezas de la tierra; y en efecto la capa le sirve de abrigo y lecho. Presentarse sin capa es desautizar a la persona, y en consecuencia ne se va al ayuntamiento, nise acompaña procession, ni se casa hija, ni se visita a superior sino con la capa puesta."

The view of the cathedral of San Isidro at Madrid is as successful in the lithograph as that of Toledo, but rather out of perspective. Villareal, though a pupil of Velazques, was a poor architect, and this chapel is not of a high character, though its *ensemble* is very imposing. The fête of San Isidro is also given with the happy groups attending it; but though the general effect of the grouping of modern Spanish artists is not disagreeable, their groups, though elegant, seem to have no centre, and the eye runs over them without remarking any very particular traces of individual character, or carrying away any other idea than of a number of people who drop into a variety of elegant groups, but without attracting attention to any one.

The court of the palace of the Dukes del Infantado in Guadalajara is admirably given, and might well attract the admiration of Francis I. This was the birth-place of the famous Cardinal Mendoza, and here he died. The Moorish Gothic which is apparent throughout is inexpressibly light and beautiful. The armorial bearings of this celebrated saloon contain three of the noblest families of Spain, and

it receives the appellation of "*llamaba de los linages.*"

We must here give the worthy editors of this work a hint, that in the treatment of one subject before them, the Viaticum at Seville, they have inserted two or three pages embracing a homily of no small length on the subject of the merits of the Roman Catholic religion. It damages the high character of the work and must hurt its general sale, to find these little sermons on controverted points peeping out of many and many a page, lugged in by the ears and not in the fair path of a treatise on architecture, or painting, or design.

To imagine Protestantism inimical to the progress of art, or to put down all those splendid buildings necessary to the influence of the Roman Catholic religion, is equally absurd. Protestantism is as favourable to art in its place as Roman Catholicism. St. Paul's cathedral is the second cathedral in the world, and is a Protestant building, and a building which may naturally be regarded by Protestants, however inferior to St. Peter's, as not constructed by the humiliating process of the soul-damning indulgences of Tetzels, or, in plain English, built up by direct permission to Roman Catholics on the part of Christ's vicar to sin as long as they pleased, and as much as they pleased, provided that they contributed to build Pope Leo's fine cathedral. This is an association of ideas that is rather subtractive even from our admiration of that beautiful structure; and unquestionably protestant rejection of the image of the Deity over her altars is a chastening of art by confining it to representable subjects. Who feels other than shocked at the sublime picture even by Michael Angelo of the Deity in the process of creating? To exhibit God as an *aged man*, to show the Untouched by time as exhibiting its ravages, to attempt to figure the Invisible Excellence is as blasphemous in intention as it is absurd to attempt in realization. We doubt much the effect of any of these representations of the Deity, and so far from touching us with awe, they invariably create disgust. The exquisite *Ecce Homo*, the *Madre Dolorosa*, convey only images of pained mortality; the Virgin, even in Raphael, in the *Madonna della Seggiola*, gives us no devout idea, the picture is simply a Roman lady and her child. Painting requires greater truth and expression than anything yet essayed in the art, to form a valuable combination in protestant

places of worship. St. Johns grown to manhood, while the Jesus is yet an infant; the combinations of Dutch burgo-masters with Roman subjects, the monstrous violation of all keeping of time, place, and costume—these things, which are perpetrated by all the greatest masters, would ill suit the rigid character of protestant truth and civilized taste.

Up to this point we have simply considered Spain in her Christian and Moorish buildings, but in Toledo we have buildings that are neither—synagogues. The conquest of Toledo by the Arabs is said to have been owing to Jewish treachery. At the end of the ninth, or before the tenth century, the Jews of Toledo were numerous and rich, and they were then enabled to construct that building which now goes by the name of Santa Maria la Blanca. They inhabited distinct quarters from the rest of the population, and formed a rich city encased in the city itself. When the town was retaken by the Christians, they became alternately proscribed or tolerated. Alfonso el Sabio found their knowledge of great use to him in the construction of chronological tables. One of their body was treasurer to Pedro el Cruel—Samuel Levi. With royal patronage, and under the direction of the Rabbini Meir-Aben-Aldebi, he constructed the synagogue. The catholic kings expelling the Jews from Spain in 1494, the synagogue fell to the order of Calatrava. Its popular name is Transito, from an image of the Virgin which is represented in the act of passing from earth to heaven. Few monuments of antiquity at Toledo are more surpassingly beautiful in rich tracery and elaborate ornaments than the Sinagoga Mayor de Toledo; but the massive character of the Primera Sinagoga is amazingly imposing from its primitive and simple style. Toledo is a great favourite with our artists, and they have also given us, though it is not of very high merit, “the Puerta Nueva del Claustro.” The next to this is a robber scene in Andalusia, which country is rather famous for these troublesome people. We cannot compliment the artist on the power of his pencil; the group is, like all the other plates with figures, without any particular character in the design. We should never have been enabled to guess the story unless robberies, from their frequency in Spain, became such every-day matters as to excite neither surprise, apprehension, nor alarm. Our author considers Gibraltar as the cause of the want of

energy and exertion in Andalusia. His style of treating this question is highly amusing.

“Gibraltar, in the power of the English, is not only a shame to the Spanish monarchy, and a proof by no means equivocal of the difference that there is between us who call ourselves the civilized, and these pretended barbarians, (Spain must have a vision vastly resembling the head of the celestial empire’s if she entertain that notion now,) since we have warred on them for seven centuries and yet cannot recover the lost independence of Guadalete; it is a vehicle of immorality, an obstacle to the development of Andalusian industry. Gibraltar, the depot of tobacco, cotton, stuffs, porcelain, &c., is a market incessantly open to fraud. It is an asylum for all sorts of criminals. On our side a commercial legislature, ill conceived and worse observed, only opposes a feeble barrier to smuggling, and, if popular reports speak the truth, the morality of the agents charged with its suppression is not a little questionable. The natural laziness and taste for tobacco on the part of the men, and dress on that of the women, and the general inclination to buy everything at the smallest price, are more than sufficient to explain that madness that converts the Andalusian mountaineers into hordes of smugglers.”

A very different lesson might be drawn by the Andalusian from the proximity of Gibraltar, but Spain cannot yet understand it. The fearful analogy between the bandits of the Andalusian mountains and those of Italy, the mingled union of murder, massacre, and masses, that prevail in both countries, the *ex voto* offerings to Mary by these Gibraltar martyrs of Andalusia, pillaging and praying by turns, prove that wretched priesthood to be at the root of all evil, and even yet to be dominant in the wild passes where neither the influence of Gibraltar, nor of anything else civilized or humanized, has yet reached. Their creed is their curse, for in its fatal laxity and absolution clauses, they shield themselves from the task of accountable and responsible agents.

We pass to the “Claustro del Convento de San Juan de los Reyes,” a noble structure, and nobly given, though not equal to many of the designs in conveying a fair representation of the exquisite interior. This convent was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1477, to commemorate a series of triumphs obtained over the King of Portugal. It is in the best period of the Gothic in Spain. It has suffered severe injury during the late wars. The cloister side, given in our plates, is one of the most beautiful specimens of the florid style which can now be seen in Spain. It has warmed our Spanish brethren

ren to such a height of enthusiasm as to induce them to give us the following *bizarre* but brilliant *éloge* on the Gothic.

"It appears to us that the Gothic is more in harmony with Christian belief, that its constructions conduce more to piety than the Classic style. The sweetly melancholy mysteries of the Gospel symbolize better with the complication and run of its curves and of its capricious ornaments, than with the classic lines, whose symmetrical disposition supposes far more conviction and reasoning than sensation and sentiment. The pillar, the bold curves of the arch which part from its upper extremity, the light which penetrates into the cloister through the graceful carvings of the lateral openings of the arches, and that which the different quarters of the arch throw on the embrowned pavement, the long suite of grave immovable statues which seem placed there to pass eternally in review of endless generations succeeding each other with frightful rapidity, the *ensemble* finally of the mass of the edifice, its lone internal quietude, all these details conduce to the beauty of the general effect without the law of this effect developing itself, or even being suspected until after deep meditation. All this, in our opinion, maintains a visible analogy with the Christian religion, in which the mysteries of its doctrines and the simplicity of its precepts, the obscurity of causes, and evidence of facts, marvellously unite."

Though we are far from thinking that Gothic buildings thus discourse, we do think there is some truth in much of this.

The Gothic churches of Spain are always the most admired, says our author.

"When will architecture come back to Spain as she stood at the epocha in which the 'Clausuro del San Juan de los Reyes' was built?" he demands, and he answers the question well and nobly. "When the nation shall march as then from victory after victory to greatness, when the Castilian shall recover that noble pride which seven centuries of incessant war-strife had inspired, when her artists shall unite feeling and faith."

We shall now proceed to the "Capella del Contestable" at Burgos. A noble work, and to the artist the highest praise should be awarded, for the extent of his labour must have been amazing. In a very brief space we have every possible combination of the highest points of the florid style of the art. This chapel looks more like an exquisite dream of ideal beauty than a living reality. The complications of figures, foliage, screens, &c., and of the sculptor's highest excellences combined with architectural skill in their arrangement, are most astonishing. The massive central pillars, which if permitted to rest upon the eye would have over-

powered it by their bulk, are broken off into small columns having for capitals groups of little angels which sustain a canopy on which are the images of different saints; these images are varied in attitudes and physiognomy, the profuse and lavish details of art perfectly confuse and bewilder the conception, and give us a notion only of a series of enchanting images, like fairy land, without a distinct impression. But on examining the details, the marvel at the wonders effected by the sculptor's chisel, becomes rather increased than diminished. The two couchant statues in front of the altar are those of the constable Don Pedro Hernandez de Velasco and of his wife Doña Mencía Lopez de Mendoza y Figueroa. These tombs, which are of white marble, appear as though covered with lace, such is the delicate character in which the details of the cushions, the armour of the constable and his lady's dress are given. The high altar in this chapel is one of the most curious and excellent works of the period, but the designer is not known. He has passed like many a noble Gothic artist, content with the notion probably, that what he had done was for the good of his soul, to which consideration only many a matchless edifice owes its rich and elaborate detail. Was that age quite wrong when men did these things?

Eight of these magnificent numbers are already issued, and we freely own that they more than equal the best designs of our English artists. The work will of course be of immense extent, since Granada would alone occupy far more room than has been as yet consumed, and numerous other portions of equal interest to the present must appear. We must again regret that the letter-press is not more competently executed, it is evidently composed by persons of very confined powers, and written for one medium, the most bigoted Roman Catholic opinions. Artists should consider themselves like freemasons, of no country, but bound to discharge the high duties of their calling without regard to national bigotry or sectarianism. They are of all countries and should exhibit a cosmopolitan spirit. It is natural for a Spaniard gazing on the glorious creations of the past and pressed down by an humiliating present, to think that monastic periods were good, from the highly varied excellences of their style. But the same reasoning would revolt him if it was applied to Egypt, and yet it might, with as fair a

deduction to her merit, as he makes in favour of monkery. Motives of exertion of a higher character and tendency than ordinary are not borrowed from the monks, but from the system of which they were then the only expounders. There must be to the full as much impulse now for artistic glory as then—nay more, for the mind runs round a larger circle of objects. Why then, it may be demanded, are modern artists inferior to the ancient? Why have we, for example, in England no living artist that can give us the splendid frescos with which Cornelius and various German artists are enriching Germany?

We think the secret of want of talent in arts attributable to want of patronage. As to fresco painting the climate may possibly prove an insuperable objection. We trust, however, that it will not be so, and that if we have no English fresco painter, Cornelius will be allowed to show us the way. England should not be above his teaching, for she has no master that is fit to be named as an historical painter since the grave has closed upon Hilton. Our artists are pretty, but nothing beyond it, save in a few instances, and English art does not improve, as the last Royal Academy exhibition fearfully evidenced. Spain is quite our equal in architectural drawing, as these beautiful plates prove, and we trust that she will see that her true interest is to be found in a firm alliance with Great Britain. Espartero, if he can stand against the force of intrigue, will redeem the ruined honour of the country, and indemnify the Spanish bondholder: but who feels any confidence in the bigotted Carlos, or the beautiful but lustful Christina. France has been long labouring to effect an exclusive commercial treaty with Spain. While Espartero is in power she cannot do this; he is *de facto* regent, and not very likely to concede much to a country that has made it her policy to get up commotions in Spain, in order to keep them down at home. He values France at its services to him, which may well excuse him for the slight appreciation in which he holds her. He knows that the Pyrenees are worn down with the perpetual incursions of the French, and that even that mighty natural boundary suffices not to rein in his incursive neighbours. He further knows the full amount of the exports from Xeres to England, and that it mates the world's consumption of Spanish vineyards. He also well knows that the more north he

moves, the greater sympathy he experiences for either Christina or Carlos, and that his only hope is in the great naval power that can in an instant aid him, either at Gibraltar, Cadiz, Bilbao, or any other points of his regency. Well does he know this, and is neither sufficiently mad nor foolish to neglect a power that as to Spain is nearly ubiquitous. The throne too of his neighbour he is fully aware cannot be reckoned on as subsisting for an hour, and the succession of any Bourbon branch is more than questionable. Were he to seek for northern alliances they could not aid him. How is Russia to get to Spain, save through France, which country would give her as firm a denial for a passage through her territory, as ever Cæsar did the Helvetii through Provence? The Russians cannot fly nor swim down from the Baltic, so that all succour from them, with England on the seas and France on the mainland, were a vain expectation. The regent therefore looks to an ally not only the strongest in the world, but the best enabled to serve him. Spain has now the opportunity of using the power of England, which has preserved her in the map of Europe, to ennoble her spirit not simply in war but in peace. An alliance of offensive and defensive between her and England, restrains France within her barrier, west; and though Victor Hugo and his countrymen are for pushing her conquests again to the Rhine, they will find enough to do in the spirit of awakened Germany to keep their hands employed for many a year. We perceive it is the policy of the conservative government to conciliate France, and to admit her again into the Oriental Question. We do not wish to wound her pride, but we are certainly disposed to subdue her insolence. Neither do we think she can long be kept in check, however her present ministry may feel inclined to conciliate England. The worst is provided against by maintaining Espartero where he is, and he will neither feel any disposition to quietly witness French armies crossing the Pyrenees, nor permit any exclusive treaty with that nation. England will have an immense preponderance for her manufactures in Spain, and we need not point out the game that France and Belgium, nay even Austria, are playing to exclude her produce. In the event too of the national honour of Spain being redeemed by the mortgage, or cession of Cuba, or any other means, money and English capital

will be poured into that country. At present a company is forming which will do more for Spain, if it can realize its schemes by purchases of property and throwing land into cultivation in that country, than, with their present habits, the Spaniards themselves can effect for centuries. The relations will thus be drawn closer, English industry will become infused into the Spaniard, and the country of Cervantes and Lope de Vega and Calderon become again as illustrious as in the period of the chivalric, high-bred, proud-spirited Rodrigo di Bivar. Where at present is the literature of Spain? Who reads a Spanish book? who can get one? Nothing from her reaches us, and we have embraced the opportunity of the present splendid work, to which we shall again revert when it is further advanced, to say something on other points and on her literary stagnation. Her late provinces on the other continent have partaken of the same dull spirit, and nothing has emanated from them worthy of notice. Yet over what a vast space does her language extend! It is assuredly the second language in point of extent in the world, counting English as the first, and what thoughts and images might not burst out from the pure and noble and manly tones of Castile. The exclusiveness of her ecclesiastic spirit, or we should rather say, the narrow views and bigotry of her church, must now become amended by its fusion with other interests, nay even the armed and Guerilla leading curés that have been coursing her lands must at least, however they denaturalized the ecclesiastic, have in some respects improved the knowledge of the man. War is a fierce teacher of other things as well as bloodshed, and is often the parent of civilisation. Influences have pervaded Spain that must bring about her regeneration; she cannot go on in the ignorance and the superstition that she has done, and the light that is breaking in on her, whether from France or England, must dissipate the

polluting influence of jesuitism and inquisitions. A soldier will prove no bad ruler for her, the most unlikely to put up with the oft-repeated French aggressions. Their bayonets of bristling on the Pyrenees may be met by more than one Bernardo, and the tomb of Roland bear on it masses of his countrymen. The spirit that is struggling forth in Portugal, which is really producing scientific journals, will soon move up the Tagus to Madrid, and English capitalists, settling in the calm of peace on her rich and fertile plains, will make the land give out the benefit that God designed it to bestow, though not on the present soul-impoorished nation. Barbarous she is, as when the Goths had rule over her, and her present is worse than her ancient barbarism, for the wild savages that then trod her plains were a race that, like the Moorish, only wanted to see the beautiful to like it, to combine with it their own notions, to imitate and to originate. But what portion of this character at present pertains to her? Not a particle. From her inglorious sleep of centuries, civilisation and glorious ancient reminiscences alone can wake her; and the battle song of Riga scarce contains more soul-arousing strains than the minstrelsy of the Cid, though it is sung in the ears of men contented to be the prey of France, and sunken into inglorious trammels that would almost lead us to wish the Goths or the Moors were again leading down their serried thousands to rouse the dormant chivalry of Spain. The public is recently indebted to Mr. Lockhart for the introduction in a new and beautiful form of the Spanish and Moorish ballads; surely such a minstrelsy ought to have correspondent chords in the heart of a nation, if there arose a spirit strong enough to touch them again, and to rouse in the people the lost pride and patriotism that are developed strikingly in particular characters, but fail in the national whole.



## CRITICAL SKETCHES

OF RECENT CONTINENTAL PUBLICATIONS.

ART. IX.—*Tavole Cronologiche e Sincrone della Storia Fiorentina*, compilate da Alfredo Reumont. Florence, Vieusseux. 1841.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of many valuable works by a recent consignment from the house of Messrs. Vieusseux, and amid the many of which we shall furnish notices the present is not among the least interesting. Its value to the Florentine student (and who is not a Florentine student that merits the name of student?) from its synchronizing history, and enabling him to put his hand instantaneously on the portion of information required, is immense. In the learned introduction the patriotic name of Count Litta receives most honourable mention; a writer who has recently been reviewed in this Journal, and on whom we have prepared a second paper, to bring down his illustrious work, in its present state of advancement, to the notice of our readers. The Medici also maintain in the introduction their inseparable connection with all that graced and dignified Florence; we have a valuable table of the principal authorities of that city, the character of their functions, institutions, duration, &c. The Gonfalonieri follow in chronological arrangement; and the rise of the Signoria is briefly and clearly described in the following extract:

“Signoria. Quel magistrato il quale ottenne in Firenze una stabilità che in certo modo può recar meraviglia, portò il nome di *Priori delle Arti* (vedi 1282.) Venne creato dai popolani, quando questi ebbero ottenuto forma e forza politica coll’ istituzione delle Compagnie del popolo, alla quale seguì poi quella delle Arti; talchè infine poterono pensare a togliere il governo della città ai nobili, le cui fazioni s’ indebolivano sempre più nelle loro gare. Tre arti delle più potenti, quelle di Calimala, del Cambio e della Lana, furono le prime ad accordarsi per eleggere 3 Priori. Poi, prendendo a ciò parte alcune altre, il numero ne fu accresciuto a 6, il che faceva uno per ogni sestiere; in appresso a 12, ovvero due per sestiere. Qualche volta ve n’ erano anche 14; ridotti però di nuovo a 12 subito dopo la cacciata del Duca d’ Atene, quando i Grandi parteciparono al governo; e finalmente, dopo la caduta di questi, stabilmente ristretti a soli 8, cioè 2 per ciascun quartiere. Troviamo anche 8 priori col gonfaloniere di giustizia, *incluso*; com nel 1343. Il nome di

questo magistrato fu mutato in quello di *Priori della libertà* nel 1458. Per essere eligibile a priorato, bisognava avere anni 30 compiuti e trovarsi iscritto ad una delle Arti: e siccome i nobili, a fine di partecipare ai magistrati, adempivano questa formalità senza poi fare verun’ altra cosa, Giano della Bella, mediante la sua mutazione (v. 1293, e Introd. p. 12), procurò di escluderli interamente, ampliando codesta condizione fino a ricercarsi l’ esercizio effettivo, e non solamente l’ esser descritto alla matricola di un’Arte. Nell’ istessa mutazione venne aggiunto ai priori il *Gonfaloniere di giustizia*, il quale era allora specialmente incaricato di vegliare sull’ esecuzione degli ordini di giustizia fatti da quell’ istesso Giano della Bella (vedi Esecutore.) Il gonfalone del popolo, fatto di zendado colla croce vermiglia in campo bianco, veniva sempre custodito nelle camere del Gonfaloniere, ed esponevasi al pubblico sol quando questi voleva intorno a sé radunare il popolo stesso. Col progredir del tempo, codesto ufficio fu riguardato come la suprema dignità della repubblica.”

The Pedigree of the Medici, Albizzi, Strozzi, follows. The work then divides into eras:— 1st. From the foundation of Florence to the battle of Campaldino, 1290. 2d. From the government of the Guelphs to the exile of the Duke of Athens, 1291—1843. 3d. From the fall of the nobles to the tumults of the populace (Ciompi), 1344—1378. 4. From the contest between the new nobility and the people to the return of Cosmo de’ Medici from exile, 1379—1434. 5. From the rise of the Medici to the fall of the Republic, 1531—2. 6. The Principality. 1st. Medicean dynasty, 1532—1737. 2d. Lotharingian-Austrian dynasty, 1737—1840. A copious index, that most valuable appendage, but sadly omitted by English writers, follows. The Thucydides of Dr. Arnold, for example, is rendered nearly useless to the student by this omission. We shall now indicate our author’s plan, which is both systematic and elegant. Each page, with its corresponding opposite one, is divided into six heads:—1. Imperatori. 2. Papi; 3. Storia Politica; 4. Storia Letteraria; 5. Storia Artistica; 6. Avvenimenti Contemporanei.

We collect from a page that we have opened accidentally, the following illustration of the treatment of the subject, under the several heads, for the year 1543.

## IMPERATORI.

1.

Emperor Maximilian.

## PAPI.

2.

Pope Pius IV., 3d and 4th December.

## STORIA POLITICA.

3.

Il Concilio di Trento concluso colla xxv Seduta.

Papa Pio IV. confermò il Concilio e i suoi decreti mediante bolla del dì 27 Genn. 1564. Gli atti furono sottoscritti da 255 Padri tra i quali 4 Legati, 2 Cardinali, 3 Patriarchi, e 25 Vescovi. (Il Concilio Tridentino venne accettato in quasi tutta l'Italia, nell'Impero, nella Polonia e nel Portogallo, senza restrizione; nella Monarchia Spagnuola, con riserva dei diritti della corona. In Francia il Concilio non fu mai formalmente pubblicato.)

Bianca Cappello Veneziana arriva in Firenze. Scorrerie dei pirati Algerini sulle coste della Toscana.

## STORIA LETTERARIA.

4.

La storia del Concilio di Muore *Francesco Salviati*, Trento fu scritta dal Sarpi v. pittore Fiorentino. Il palazzo 1552, dal Pallavicini v. 1607, e dell'Escorial presso Madrid da molti autori moderni; ultimamente poi da J. H. de Wessenberg, insieme colla storia dei Concilj di Costanza e di Basilea (1840.)

## STORIA ARTISTICA.

5.

## AVVENIMENTA CONTEMPORANEI.

6.

4. (Dicembre), Il Concilio di Trento concluso dopo venticinque sedute generali. Revisione del dogma, riforma delle pratiche e della disciplina. La congregazione per la spiegazione dei decreti del Concilio fu istituita nel 1588.

The history of Italy being nearly an artistic history, we warn our readers that the fifth column often reads to a page beyond the others. Neither must they imagine that contemporaneous art is at all neglected, as the brief notice of the Escorial in the above article clearly evinces. As a catalogue of art it is of great value: take the following notices, however brief, of Marc Antonio and Sebastian del Piombo.

"1527. Marcantonio Raimondi, bolognese, celeberrimo incisore, parte da Roma dopo il sacco, e va a Bologna, dove credesi ch'egli passasse il resto dei suoi giorni. Nacque verso il 1488, e più non viveva nel 1534. Studiò sotto il Francia Bolognese; poi si trasferì a Venezia, e si perfezionò nel disegno in Roma sotto la direzione di Raffaello. La prima sua stampa che porti data, è del 1505. Le più belle tra le molte sue opere, sono quelle ch'egli fece sui disegni di Raffaello; nelle quali si ammireranno mai sempre la grazia, l'espressione, la correzione del disegno, l'ottimo gusto e la delicatezza del Bulino. Tra i suoi scolari ed imitatori si distinsero i seguenti: Agostino Veneziano," &c.

A list of this distinguished engraver's pupils follows; and it may probably be interesting to some of our readers to be informed that the very finest specimens of this master are in the print-room of the British Museum, though the fact was probably not known by Signor Reumont.

The notice we extract on Sebastian del Piombo, is merely with the intention of indicating the care that has been taken of the artistic portion.

"1546. Muore Sebastiano del Piombo (Luciano,) pittore Veneziano. Cristo che porta la croce, nella Galleria Corsini; Cristo flagellato, in San Pietro in Montorio a Roma; Lazzaro risuscitato, a Londra."

In the last noticed picture in our National Gallery, Michael Angelo is reported to have drawn that wonderful figure, the Lazarus, himself, when he felt anxious that Sebastian might

vanquish Raphael. We here close our notice of Signor Reumont's work, of which, were the merits fully known, the sale in England would undoubtedly be large, since it is an excellent book of reference.

ART. X.—*Curiosités et Anecdotes Italiennes*, par M. Valéry. London, Tilt & Bogue, 1842.

THIS Book of Anecdotes is extremely well arranged to afford both amusement and information, and the simple character and natural-mindedness of the author rather add to its charm. The following anecdote, which has evidently even the author's credence, appears highly amusing as well as characteristic. It only furnishes fresh argument in our notion for the abolishment of the confessional, of which Passavanti, who tells the anecdote, admitted that it led to numerous evils, and it furnishes a very clear corollary to the assertions of Maria Monk as to the very peculiar categories put to young women in the Roman Catholic confessional.

"At Cologne a young girl named Beatrice was placed in a monastery by her parents. There she grew up in monastic innocence until one day a priest asked her, in the confessional, whether she had ever sinned carnally. To this she of course replied no. 'Are you then a virgin?' was the next question. To which she replied that she had never been approached by a man. To this the priest replied, 'A woman can sin without a man, and lose her virginity.' On this point she demanded explanations which, when given, excited on her part such an insatiable curiosity, that she became discontent with the monastery and left the walls, and plunged into a worldly course of sin. Before quitting, however, she took the keys of the sacristy, flung herself before the altar of the Virgin, and, addressing the image of the Madon-

na, said, 'Madonna, internally tormented with disquietude and anxiety, I leave thy service to enter the world.' Fifteen years she remained in the world leading a course of mortal sin. She then, heart-smitten, returned to her convent, and demanded of the porter if he knew a young nun of the name of Beatrice. 'She has lived in this convent holily and religiously from her childhood to this day,' said the porter. She was about to quit the monastery, not understanding what the porter meant, when the Virgin appeared to her and said, 'For fifteen years since thou hast quitted the monastery I have discharged thy duty in thy dress and form. You will find the keys on the altar where you left them.' Beatrice resumed her keys and continued in penitence until her death, for no one knew her offence save her confessor, to whom she related this wondrous story."

And this is obviously credited by a writer in the nineteenth century, then is the measure of the "Credo quia impossibile est" full. Impersonations of the Virgin of this character are recounted in so many Roman Catholic countries that assuredly they are right in their conclusions that she is *Regina Cæli*, for no mortal could possess such ubiquity. What a deal of invisible agency takes place that we simple folk wot not of, and what a vast invisible biography has to be written by the confessors of Rome if all that meets their ears be like this committed to writing! By the by we were not aware until this moment that *confessions* were reduced to writing. We always considered them "*Secreta in pectore sacerdotis deposita in æternum.*" Even our Roman Catholic brethren may not be the best pleased to hear the contrary.

Passavanti's own rule for confession is comprised under the eight points indicated by this Latin verse.

"Quis, quid, ubi, per quos, quoties, cur, quomodo, quando."

And he gives as an injunction to the confessor

"Quilibet observet animæ medicamina dando."

Quis? gives the name and condition. Quid? the sin committed. Ubi? locality. Per quos? accomplices. Cur? motives. Quoties? number of offences. Quomodo? nature of offence. Quando? time of action, youth, manhood, old age.

A very ingenious system, and placing the people wholly in the hands of their spiritual advisers to use or to abuse. A few Dominicans, like Jacques Passavanti, would establish as stringent an inquisition as ever St. Dominic founded or aided to found.

So much for the Dominicans. The celebrated Louis Cornaro follows. He was the well-known author of the *Discourse on a Temperate Life*. This, with the *Compendium* and *Exhortatio*, were composed by him beginning at the age of eighty-three, on to ninety-five. A very remarkable period for composition. Cornaro was born in 1467, and lived to be ninety-eight. He appears to have been in high health to the close of existence. We extract from a letter written at ninety-one.

"The thought of death causes me no annoyance, since I well know at my advanced age

that I must be near it, and also know that I was born to die and that many have died younger. The other thought companion to it troubles me no more, I mean the fear of the pains that we suffer after death for sin, for I am a good Christian, and I ought to believe that I shall be delivered by the sacred blood of Jesus Christ, who shed it to deliver Christians. How agreeable is life? How happy will be its close?"

A sweeter picture than the life of this amiable and cheerful Christian, surrounded as he was by his grandchildren, one eighteen and the last two, singing to amuse them, having lost no portion of his memory, intelligence, or affection, writing eight hours per day and walking many others, with the fondest feelings to his beloved Venice, then the proud queen of the seas, is scarcely imaginable. And he died as calm as he had lived, with these words grasping the crucifix, the symbol of his age, "Joyous and full of hope I shall depart with you, my good God." Then arranging himself with decency and closing his eyes as to sleep he died with a slight sigh. And so passed Luigi Cornaro.

He was led on to the formation of his temperate course by having lived a somewhat irregular life until thirty-five years old, when he began his abstinence system. But his system is not very rigorous, since it includes veal, mutton, venison, poultry, game, and fish, salt water and fresh, and wine. He renounced fruit, salads, pork, pastry, herb soup, as unfit for a weak stomach like his own, and only allowed them for ostrich-like digestions. His eulogium on sobriety ought to be printed by every temperance society. We can give only one more brief extract.

"La sobrietà fa i sensi purgati, il corpo leggiero, l'intelletto vivace, l'animo allegro, la memoria tenace, i movimenti spediti, le azioni pronte e disposte. Per lei l'anima, quasi sgravata del suo terrestre peso, prova gran parte della sua libertà, gli spiriti si muovono dolcemente per le arterie, corre il sangue per le vene, il calore temperato e soave fa soavi e temperati effetti e finalmente queste potenze nostre serbano con bellissimo ordine una gioconda et grata armonia. O santissima e innocente sobrietade, unico refrigerio della natura, madre benigna della vita umana, vera medicina così dell'animo come del corpo nostro, quanto debbono gli uomini laudarti e ringraziarti di tuoi cortesi doni."

Amid the writers that constitute the grace and glory of her literature, Italy has few who write with greater purity of diction than Luigi Cornaro, and the author of *La Vita Sobra* may be numbered among those of her sons whose lives and writings equally commend them to the admiration and emulation of posterity.

Mathieu Palmieri, the author of the *Vita Civile*, Gonfalonier of Florence, who died in 1475, follows. This writer enjoyed the singular privilege of getting his work entitled *La Città di Vita*, condemned by the Inquisition, though unpublished. Palmieri had a little crazed himself with that old Rabbinical tradition originally diffused by Origen, that the souls of men were those spirits that had remained neutral in the angel war in Heaven. The splendid passage in the *Inferno* is familiar to all Italian students on this subject. Palmieri, however, as the author

of the treatise *Della Vita Civile*, deserves well of mankind. It is dedicated to his friend Alexander ab Alexandro. It consists of a series of moral and physical instruction highly valuable. The Florentine belles even do not escape him; he points out their dressing either too high or too low with great *naïveté*, and lays down the golden rule of the *juste milieu*. The origin of the *Inferno* has long been ascribed by Florentine tradition to the following vision of Dante.

"A little before the battle of Campaldino, the poet, aged 24, and no less ardent a Guelph than he was afterwards a Ghibellin, came to the Florentine encampment, accompanied by a faithful and learned follower. The generals received them well. After some hours of uncertain fighting the army of Arezzo was defeated. Dante behaved well and mingled in the chase. Returning over the field of battle, he found his friend among the dead. But the corpse suddenly raised itself as though alive, and recounted to Dante, confused and mute, the events that had befallen him since the battle. He had, after the combat, passed to the end of a luminous sphere, and when he wished to go on, Charlemagne, taking him by the hand, told him that he was in the moon, the centre of the universe, and explained to him, after the plan of the *Divina Commedia*, the system of the world, the immateriality of the soul, the punishment of the damned, the rewards of the good, and above all, of those who had well served their country. He had learnt from Charlemagne, that his death at Campaldino had rendered him worthy to be placed among these last, and to enjoy with him eternal beatitude. The body then fell back on the earth, and the poet, after having buried his friend, returned to the army."

As to any portion of the truth of this statement, nothing certain can now be known, but it is a well known Florentine tradition with respect to the singular plan of the *Inferno*. Passing *Ange Pandolfini*, which paper, however, well merits attention, we come to the *Traditions of Orlando*. Certainly if ever knight had reason to be proud of his fame, this Paladin, who has had Boiardo, Berni, and Ariosto, to sing his praise, with countless legends in various quarters of Europe and Asia, might feel no ordinary self-gratulation. The Bodleian contains a song of the twelfth century, attributed to him. France has grottoes, rocks, nay even the Gulf of Gascony, named after him. The celebrated cleft made by the Durindana, is still shown in the gorges of the Pyrenees. The Roland-seek bears him to the Rhine, and even Busbek, the skilful minister of the emperor with Soliman II., who imported lilacs into Europe, says that even the Georgians sang of his fame. In Italy, relics of him are equally rife. An old Milanese Chronicle, copied from one more ancient still, speaks of the praise of this knight as sung in the theatres there; Pavia boasts that she retains his lance; Roland and Oliver are on the cathedral of Verona, and the name of the former's sword is yet legible. The church of the Holy Apostles at Florence contains the same figures. The statutes of Bologna interdict the French singers from inflaming the people to quarrels by their

songs of Orlando and the Paladins. Spello contains this epitaph of him:

"Orlandi hic Caroli Magni metire nepotis  
Ingentes Artus; cætera facta docent."

"Si monumentum quæris circumspice," was clearly a plagiarism from this; and in addition, the warrior's length, portentous and gigantic, is shown fully mating all ideas even of the wielder of Durindana. In short, not only has Orlando had his fame, but a little more, for we have been shown Roman effigies for those of the famous Paladin of Charlemagne.

We pass next to a singular conjunction of names—Lucretia Borgia and Cardinal Bembo. The author of the work we are reviewing discovered in that storehouse of antiquity—the Ambrosian Library, ten letters from Lucretia Borgia to the cardinal. Love verses passed between them, it appears, and Lucretia sent him a lock of her hair, which was also seen by our author, but which has been denied to the less favoured view of later visitors. Bembo was certainly one of the gayest of the gay. His *liaison* with Lucretia lasted from 1503—6, when he took another mistress, whom he kept triennially also to 1509. If Victor Hugo has given us a somewhat fearful picture of the Borgia, Ariosto has mated him by as strong opposite commendation, placing her beyond her famous namesake. The cardinal was a man, however, who had a taste for precept, if he did not follow it out by practice. Luther did not disdain to apply his celebrated lines on the guilt of Rome, but apostrophized her in them at his departure.

"Vivere qui sancte vultis discedite Romæ  
Omnia hic esse licent, non licet esse probum."

But though the manners of the age are somewhat developed by such intimacies as Lucretia Borgia and Cardinal Bembo, yet an incident that we are about to indicate is so startling that it would not be credited save on the most indisputable authority. Imperia was a Roman lady living in the time of Leo X., the mistress of Beroaldes (le Jeune), Sadoleit, &c., and for her accomplishments in the annals of gallantry this Roman Phryne received a medal, and the following inscription was extant to her memory at the close of the last century in the church of San Gregorio on Mount Celias. "Imperia, Cortisana Romana, quæ digna tanto nomine, *rara inter homines formæ specimen dedit*; vixit annos xxvi. dies xii. obiit 1511. die 15 Augusti."

Surely Rome must at this period have lost all sense of even shame! The apartments of Imperia were so luxurious that the Spanish ambassador had the insolence to spit in the face of one of her attendants, pleading that all around him was too costly to be thus treated. When will foreigners abandon this disgusting practice, which one sees even in the Théâtre Français? The story of Imperia's daughter is really one of the most affecting in Italian annals. Being forced by the Cardinal Alphonso Petrucci, who was afterwards strangled in prison as the chief of the conspiracy among the cardinals to poison

Leo, into a house of ill fame, she swallowed poison and sank dead at his feet rather than yield to his wishes. What Italian bard has sung her story! Yet where are there deeper elements of the purely chaste and beautiful than in this ill-starred victim to priestly lust! The work before us is replete with anecdotes of rare and unknown interest to the public, and we commend it sincerely to our readers, not doubting that they will rise from its contents with the same pleasure and interest with ourselves.

ART. XI.—*Inquiry into the Validity of the British Claim to a Right of Visitation and Search of American Vessels suspected to be engaged in the African Slave trade.* By HENRY WHEATON, LL.D., Minister of the United States at the Court of Berlin. Author of the "Elements of International Law," &c. &c. London. Miller. 1842.

THE days are long past in which everything American was treated in England with contempt; the power and energy of our trans-Atlantic friends we cheerfully acknowledge; we can rejoice in their "progress," and gladly aid them with our fourteen centuries of experience. This, then, being the case, and entertaining, as we do, a hearty respect for the nation, we regret that so strange a kind of ratiocination as that which we sometimes meet with, should possess the public mind.

This book of Dr. Wheaton, is an instance in point, cleverly written, and certainly in a very quiet and gentlemanlike spirit; it nevertheless is adapted only to aggravate the existing irritation, and to obscure the true state of the question. In the first place we object to the very title-page—"Search of American vessels"—no such thing; it is a search into *all* and *any* vessels suspected of carrying on the African slave-trade, and whether bearing American colours or not. This makes a wide difference in the animus and intent of the proceeding. France has submitted for some time past:—the proposition, moreover, is an international one; it is founded on treaties, and these based on the acknowledgment of a *mutual* right of search; and certainly America has no right therefore to consider her dignity compromised. But Dr. Wheaton says, "The right was a right exclusively of war, never exercised but by an outrage upon the rights of peace. It was an act analogous to searching the dwelling-houses of individuals on land—the vessel of the navigator was his dwelling-house; and, like that in the sentiment of every people that cherished the blessings of personal liberty and security, ought to be a sanctuary inviolable to the hand of power, unless upon the most unequivocal public necessity and under the most rigorous personal responsibility of the intruder. Now this is a great fallacy. Did Dr. Wheaton never consider that a ship is by no means analogous to a house, inasmuch as it may be removed perpetually from one empire to another, and be made the means of international communications, as well warlike as

peaceable: it must therefore be under not merely national but likewise international law; and thus the analogy upon which Dr. Wheaton builds his argument falls to the ground; but secondly, even supposing that the analogy was a correct one, it would not prove what Dr. Wheaton attempts to demonstrate; for a search into houses is allowed by *all* governments when there appears to be reason for suspecting that they are abused for unlawful purposes.

Lord Aberdeen, in his note to Mr. Stevenson, observes, "Nor is it *as American* that such vessels are ever visited." This Dr. Wheaton appears not to understand, for he says, "It is very little satisfaction to the master or proprietor of an American vessel to be told that he is not visited *as an American*:" and again, "all this is perfectly indifferent to him;"—so it may; but it is not indifferent to *America*. If an American be convicted of—we will say murder—he is hanged; but he is hanged *as a murderer*, not *as an American*: and though it may matter very little to the condemned culprit under what aspect his life is taken, it matters very much *to the nation*. Besides, the responsibility of all these things necessarily lies with the government of the searching or capturing party. If a house be searched for contraband goods, the search is made by the servants of the law, and the law is therefore responsible; if a search be made at sea, it is made by the officers of the crown, and the crown is therefore responsible. All this is clear enough: and we cannot see any reason to change our previous opinions from the perusal of Dr. Wheaton's volume, though we hail any communications from our talented correspondent and contributor with great pleasure.

ART. XII.—1. *Tragedie di Lord Byron tradotte.* Da P. DE' VIRGILII. 2 vols. Bruxelles, 1841.  
2. *Il Secolo XIX. Epoché drammatique.* Da P. DE' VIRGILII. Bruxelles, 1841.  
3. *Massaniello Drama.* Storico di P. DE' VIRGILII. Bruxelles. 1841.

THE name of P. de' Virgili is becoming daily more and more known throughout Italy. The wild scenes which he has described, his sympathy with the unbridled mind of "la Jeune Italie;" his power, unregulated indeed, but nevertheless most impressive; his utter disregard of all probabilities and all proprieties, have tended to elevate him to a high rank in the school to which he belongs. Yet those familiar with grander models of the mischievous will marvel that such compositions as those of De' Virgili should be so much esteemed. They will compare him with those from whom he drew his inspiration, and see that had he been measured with those more magnificent instruments of evil, he would have seemed but a small man. Yet when we consider the adventures of Silvio Pellico and Andryane we shall scarcely wonder at a very general misunderstanding both of religion and government among persons who have been so unfortunately placed. Yet it is very astonishing to find such

expositors of the laws both human and divine, as this enlightened gentleman. In his drama of Massaniello a very curious scene occurs. It is a well-known historical fact that when the Duke d'Arcos was closeted with the "*hero*," after an hour had elapsed, the populace became furious at the non-appearance of their idol, and broke out into terrific exclamations. Massaniello explained the cause to the terrified duke, and proposed that he should show himself in friendly conference with the viceroy at a window of the palace. At the sight of Massaniello the mob was at once quieted, and on a sign which he further made, the crowd dispersed. This scene is represented by M. de' Virgili, and he thereupon causes the popular leader to talk popular philosophy very much as follows:

MASSANIELLO AL VICERE.

"Non tema per nulla V. E. Il nostro popolo è docile ai comandi, solo che questi sien ben dati" which is, being interpreted, "Now don't be frightened, please your excellency; our people are uncommonly obedient to orders—*provided always that they like them*"—for if it be said, that a more literal translation would say, "if they be judiciously given," we at once reply, who is to be the judge? Then Massaniello takes off his cap and twists it about a little, and forthwith all the people go away; and this is, "Per mostrare quanto sia agevole farsi ciecamente ubbidire da questo popolo a torto calunniati di rebellione."

After this we may take a little slice of moral philosophy, and we shall see how the school of "*Le roi s'amuse*," and "*Lucrece Borgia*" is transplanted on the southern side of the Alps, in "*Il Secolo XIX.*," the epoca terza, quadro IV., terminates thus.

"ARNOLDO.

Dimmi Amelia non è il bacio la più eloquente parola di amore?

la bacia fortemente—fortemente!  
Sara questio bacio suggello d' un eterno . . . ?

AMELIA.

Io sento sfogarmi, sento struggermi. Oh miserabili nella nostra condizione! Ma se avverrà che tu voglia sacrificarmi—

ARNOLDO, (*risentito*).

Sacrificarti Contessa!

AMELIA.

Misera me—io non so dove mi trove nè che mi dica—Solo—volea dirti—mi amerai tu?

ARNOLDO, (*con ardore*).

Fino alla Morte! sì ed anche dopo—se dopo.

AMELIA.

Ah sostienimi—sorreggimi per pietà!—io sento raffinirme—sì sento che son perduta—ma son tua. Si lascia cadere sur un sofà."

Pretty well this for a conclusion. Nor can we at all feel surprised to find the next *quadro* commencing thus,

"Arnoldo tutto inebriato di ritorno dal ballo."

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Another piece of marvellously cool impudence is that of taking whole passages from Byron—travestying them into very inflated prose, and passing them off as original—*Ecce signum Secolo XIX. Quadro III. Epoca Seconda.*

"Io amo per esempio vedere ogni giorno questo bel sole nel suo tramonto, certo ch' egli si leverà domani in tutta la sua limpidezza et non fosco, non appannato come la luce degli occhi d' un ubriaco seccome avviene in quella maledetta affumigata Londra dove si elevano come da un calderone turbini di nerissimi vapori."

We cannot go on—everybody knows the effective stanzas from "*Beppo*," of which these words commence a translation: "I like to see the sun set, &c." Nor can we see much more merit in the translations professedly offered from Byron; that glorious passage from Marino Faliero,

"I speak to Time and to Eternity,

Of which I grow a portion—not to man!"

is thus rendered,

"Io non parlo al uomo ma al tempo ed alla eternità, di cui vado a far parte."

The very point and beauty of the passage is destroyed by this needless transposition, to say nothing of rendering "*Marino Faliero*," "*Cain*" and all save "*Manfred*" of Byron's dramas into that most languid of all species of composition, modern Italian prose; but we will close our task while we have a small remaining portion of patience.

ART. XIII.—*Catalogue des Pierres Gravées Antiques.* Par le Prince Stanislas Poniatowski. Printed but not published. Florence. 1835.

THESE gems are unquestionably of the highest antiquity and of the most delicate workmanship, and are doubtless the only remains of numerous ancient statues equal to the glorious groups of the Laocoon and the Fates. The ideal of much that was clearly imagined to be Canova's own, and also of Thorwaldsen, is here obviously traceable. The gems themselves, from the amazing size of the precious stones, must be highly valuable, but the elaborate art displayed in the execution of the groups and heads gives a priceless value, though the gems themselves cannot now be matched. We should not have proceeded to the notice of a collection which is fast becoming well known to British artists and a British public through the liberality of its proprietor, but from the appeal which has been made to us to correct the unfair treatment which their owner has received at the hands of a contemporary.

The editor of the British and Foreign Review permitted himself to be made the agent for the circulation of all the mischief that an incompetent and discharged *employé* could inflict on the present purchaser. He had never seen the gems, imagined them to be in Florence, and had he seen them is no judge of their value; yet notwithstanding he published an ill-natured disquisition on them, which is only remarkable for its inconsistency with itself, the grossest ignorance of gem engraving, and an utter want of truth.

Such a statement cannot injure the gems, to which it is clear Canova, Thorwaldsen, and other distinguished artists, are largely indebted. The editor must also become one of the cognoscenti before his judgment can affect the question. He owes a deep apology to the injured proprietor, and if it be not forthcoming, we shall assuredly state further facts that will materially damage the character of that journal for fairness and impartiality.

If any evidence were wanting of their perfect beauty, we conceive that the other evening it was furnished during the time we were occupied in their examination. A Cinque Cento Gem of the first character was placed in the field of a compound microscope of sufficient power to indicate the circulation of the sap in a leaf just plucked for that object. The carving became a caricature, but these matchless specimens of Grecian artists only appeared if possible heightened in beauty when magnified to thirty times their original size. They were bought of the Poniatowski family, of that portion of it legitimated by the Duke of Lucca, who received them from that member of their house that sat on the throne of Poland. It is some satisfaction to think that these at least have been rescued from the ruin of Poland, and that England will be enabled to secure them while they remain in her land, from the grasping power of Nicholas. If the Etruscan vases and the Elgin marbles have added highly to British art, and even Wedgwood owns his obligations to the former, and every one of our sculptors exhibits little more than imitations of the latter, these gems will not be found to minister to taste in an inferior degree. Here nothing is mutilated, but all as perfect nearly as from the day of the carving by the artist, from the care that has been taken for their preservation. Our best die-sinkers and medallists give but one verdict on their exquisite beauty, and whether we turn to Messrs. Wyon or Messrs. Tassej the same report reaches us. We trust they will be secured for the British Museum, which contains nothing of equal value. One peculiar feature connected with them is the continuity that they exhibit; the adventures of Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, are given consecutively, and the mythological illustration is complete, which proves, we conceive, that they were designed from magnificent statues that are now lost for ever, and of which these remain the only existing types. The most beautiful ancient statues, the Apollo Belvidere, for example, are rivalled and outmatched, and casts from these gems should adorn the library of every scholar and lover of antiquity, both for their perfect execution and complete illustration of points of classical interest. In an essay on Gem Engraving in some future number we shall revert to this subject.

ART. XIV.—*Relazione degli Ambasciatori Veneti*. Vol. 4. Firenze. 1841.

THE present work will be of great importance as affecting the surface of literature for a very large period. We do not purpose doing more with it at present than merely to indicate its

general bearings. It will necessarily become a book of extensive reference to all historians, and we shall, on some future occasion, probably do better justice to Signor Alberi and his distinguished collaborateurs. Venice passed a law in 1296, that all her ambassadors, when their embassy was over, should relate to the council that appointed them the circumstances of their mission. From the several statements thus made the work before us is compiled, and it is an invaluable accompaniment to the study of ancient history. Cibrario has already seized on the narratives of the Venetian ambassadors to the state of Savoy in 1574, 1670, and 1742. The illustrious author of the *History of the Popes*, Leopold Ranke, has also not been slow to cull out all he required for his own work, by looking minutely into the Venetian reports of embassies to Rome. Signor Alberi has given both a faithful and readable detail with all the accuracy required, and yet has not adhered to a rigid transcript of the ancient orthography in the fashion of Tommaseo, who has not altered a letter, but has preserved every fault even of the amanuensis. Immense stores of this public and authentic character exist in Florence, in the Riccardi and Magliabecchi libraries, and the Archivio Mediceo; Venice, Turin, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Gotha, all furnish a further contingent. Venice followed a fixed routine as to her embassies. She sent four patrician ambassadors to Vienna, France, Spain and Rome. Naples, Turin, London, and Milan had also resident and kept also a residence at Venice. Extraordinary circumstances of course led to different functionaries, and we have accordingly ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, negotiators; and authentic records of these persons were kept by the *Maggior Consiglio*, the Senate, and the Council of Ten. The first published embassy by Signor Alberi is entitled, "*Relazione di Borgogna con aggiunta di alcuni particolari intorno i Regni d'Inghilterra e di Castiglia letta in pregadi da Vincenzo Quirino 1506*." It is quite evident, from the minute details here given, that the Venetians kept their eyes open in all countries into which they entered. The following geographical statement has now become curious with respect to England. "This island of England is divided into three parts—England, Wales, and Cornwall, and each of these parts has a language so entirely different from the rest, that the people of the one are unintelligible to the other." The ancient Cornish, on which this statement was grounded, has now nearly vanished. Among the most important of our nobility he numbers, the Duke of Northfolk and the Earl of Northumberland, and estimates their several rentals at 30,000 ducats. The Bishops of the whole isle he states as twenty-two, and two archbishops; the orders of St. Benedict and St. Augustine had fifty-six houses, and their property he estimates at 400,000 ducats per annum; the order of St. Bernard, 260,000 ducats; other monasteries received 62,000 ducats. The parishes amounted to 5,200, the clergy to 10,000, and their revenue to 120,000 ducats. The whole ecclesiastical revenue he states at 860,000 ducats. The vast preponderance of the foreign clergy over the British is ap-

parent from the above statement. This may give our readers an idea of the interesting contents of these volumes. The embassy of Nicolo Tiepolo to Charles V. 1523. follows, but we cannot give any more from it than a single extract on Luther. "Luther takes from the pope all pre-eminence and pontifical authority, condemns confession, gives the communion in both kinds, denies the merit of human works, removes all religious vows, allows priests and monks and nuns to marry, does not consider that Christians ought to observe fasts or festivals, destroys all images, and removes many other rites and institutions of the church, both in worship and practice." The next account is "La Relazione di Francia del clarissimo Marino Giustiniano tornato ambasciatore dal Christianissimo, 1535." Commaseo has published this paper as well as the next, the embassy of Marino Cavalli, 1546. The paper following is of the same date, 1546, and is an account of the mission of Bernardo Navagero to Charles V. Two years after we have the embassy of Lorenzo Contarini to Ferdinand king of the Romans, which closes the first volume. The following description of Ferdinand is singularly characteristic of the age.

"As to intellect, this prince has fine and acute perception, speaks well Spanish, German, Latin, and Italian; replies fast and reasons well, knows a little about everything, likes to question people and to talk with them, and has a most capital memory. He amuses himself with mechanics, especially artillery, and has a liking for it. He is a capital negotiator, does everything himself, everything passes through his hands, and no deputy from any country, be his business what it may, has anything to do save with the king. As to moral virtues, his Majesty is most religious; nor has he ever altered the true worship of God. Every day, as soon as he gets up, he tells his beads, hears the mass also daily, every feast day repeats the service from the breviary, attends vespers every evening, and at least one sermon, but often two. He confesses and communicates two or three times a year, and finally, we trace in his Majesty no leaning except to the true religion. He is so temperate in his passions that he is believed never to have had intercourse with any other woman than his wife, neither during her life nor since her death."

We must now terminate our notices of the valuable volumes of Signor Alberi, which contain facts of the utmost importance to all lovers of history; and in order to guide them to what they may require, we shall give the space of time the work at present embraces, and the localities where the embassies were directed. It begins with 1506, and extends in the present volumes in our hands (four) to 1579. The first is before our readers. The second contains embassies to Charles V., to the Convent of Nizza, to Ferdinand, King of the Romans; Matteo Dandolo to France; Marini Cavalli to Charles V.; Daniele Barbaro to England; Giovanni Cappello to France; Giovanni Micheli to England; Anonymous to England; Giovanni Sorenzo to France. These are followed in the next volume by the missions of Marco Foscarini to the republic of Florence; Carlo Capello, three years after, to the same; Vincenzo Fedeli to the court

of Florence; Andrea Boldu to the court of Savoy. The next volume consists of a series of embassies to the Ottoman empire. We shall conclude with one more extract from the last volume.

"The importance of the grand signor would appear trifling if we were simply to estimate him from his low and mean palaces, but our notions become altered when we see him on horseback, as we do every Friday, going to the mosque, and far more when he holds a horse divan, for then he discovers the proud pomp of his state, being accompanied by an infinite number of horsemen and foot soldiers, who sparkle in gold and gems; without a sound, in uninterrupted silence he moves on; his people evince a readiness to serve him—an obedience, a devotion, that, as it is unexampled in any court, confuses the spectators. But what still more confounds and confuses them, is that in that spot where military skill most flourished, inventions of science, the reasoning arts, the noblest writings, the finest laws, the most prudent sages, now there appears not a trace of them. The miserable realms are in the hands of barbarous and brutal chiefs. Grass covers the most famous cities; the finest buildings are either buried, or destroyed, or ruined; brutal violence has extinguished not only virtue, arms, literature, obscured all liberty and nobility, but uprooted even their memory. These lovely countries are so bare of all culture, that the wretched inhabitants have a proverb, 'Where the Ottoman steed puts his feet, the grass never grows.'"

ART. XV.—*Guida dell' Educatore.* 1838-9-40. Firenze. 1841.

THE above is a compendium for Italian education, and we perceive with great pleasure that the author has selected principally English works for this object. He appears in some respects to have very just ideas of education, and we quite agree with the principle he lays down, that amusement is too little intermixed with instruction in elementary schools. The false methods pursued in education have prevented many persons from becoming educated. The following scheme of schools in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom seems to comprise an immense course.

In elementary schools they teach, 1st. The principles of the Catholic Faith; 2d. Reading; 3d. Writing; 4th. Arithmetic; 5th. Tables of weights and measures; 6th. Rules to express ideas in writing. The higher elementary schools are taught in the three first classes besides the above, and a continuation of the arithmetic, 1st. The principles of the Roman Catholic Faith, with a compendium of sacred History and an Exposition of the Gospel; 2d. Calligraphy; 3d. Orthography; 4th. Italian grammar; 5th. Instructions for composition; 6th. Reading and writing Latin under dictation. In the 4th upper class, which is divided into two portions, they teach the principles of architecture, geometry, mechanics, stereometry, design, geometry, natural history, and physics.

In the elementary technical school, in addi-



tion to the above, history, commerce, book-keeping, mathematics, history of the arts, chemistry, German, French, and English.

The Guida dell' Educatore is full of valuable information on the state of Italy, but our limits will not allow us to extract more. We take

this opportunity of saying that a paper has been prepared by us on the Roman Law of Signor Forti, a most valuable work, and in it we have endeavoured to combine all that has been done recently in England and Germany on that subject.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### AFRICA.

ALGERIA.—The French press in this country, which is actively employed in printing various oriental works, has received orders from the Minister of War to deposit in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, copies of all works printed in the colony since its conquest.

### DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN.—The society of Northern Antiquarians have just published a new volume of their Annals, and also of their Memoirs.

### EGYPT.

In April the Prussian Egyptian expedition is likely to start for Egypt, Dr. Lepsius being at the head of it.

### FRANCE.

The Court of Assize of La Seine has condemned M. Auguste Luchet, author of a romance entitled "*Le Nom de la Famille*," to two years imprisonment and 1000*fr.* fine, for offences in the above-named work against public morals, for an attempt to bring the government into contempt, and an outrage on the Roman Catholic religion.

### GERMANY.

Bonn.—Two new editions of Gaius have recently been published here. The first new edition commenced by Goeschen, and completed after his death by Lachmann; the second, after Goeschen, Huschke, and Lachmann's text by Boecking.

The new periodical edited by Fichte continues to excite a great deal of interest. Three volumes of the new series have already appeared. A new edition of Juvenal by Heinrich, the late professor at our university, is claiming that attention among philologists which it so justly merits. Heinrich devoted a great part of his life to the editing of this author, and it was not till after his death that it was found how much new matter he has furnished for the illustration of this classic. The bookseller Koenig, already so well known as the enterprising publisher of some of the best Sanscrit works lately produced in Germany, has added another to his list of oriental publications; it is "*Kammura, liber de officiis sacerdotum Buddhicorum*," in Pali and Latin, edited with notes by F. Spiegel.

LEIPZIG.—*Bibliopolisches Jahrbuch für 1841, fünfter Jahrgang*. 8vo. Leipzig, 1842. (Bibliopolis Annual for 1841, fifth year.)

The present volume, like all the former ones of this useful annual, not only claims the attention of booksellers, but of all persons connected with the different branches of literature in Germany. It commences with the law of the press in Germany during the year 1840, and first publishes the Bavarian law of April 15, for the protection of literary property, and the treaty between Austria and Sardinia with the same laudable object, and then proceeds to a history of the press for the past year, including biographies of eminent booksellers and librarians that have died since the publication of the last volume. Then follow, arranged according to the towns, a list of all the booksellers, with short statistical notices of the towns and adjacent districts or provinces, and the most interesting and most laborious part of the book, a catalogue of all political papers, appearing either daily, weekly, or monthly, with the number of circulation, prices of advertisements, &c. After this, we find a list of all public libraries in Germany, which, we confess, is not so complete as could have been wished; and we have detected several errors in the names of the librarians and other persons appointed in them; and much unnecessary labour has been bestowed on the libraries in Saxony, where we find almost every public collection of books in such places as Plauen enumerated, while considerable and valuable collections in many towns of Austria are entirely omitted. The work concludes with a literature of bibliography and books relating to the press, its branches arranged systematically; and under the head of "*Gutenbergiana*," we find 134 books, four typographic tableaux, six lithographs, and five medals, all occasioned by the celebration, in the year 1840, of the fourth centenary of the art of printing.

The whole arrangement of the work shows great care and application, and we hope it will meet with the encouragement that it will need to make every new volume more perfect. We trust that in its first section it may before long have to record such advancement in this class of legislation, that may justify a hope that in all civilized nations the necessary protection will be afforded to literary productions of all nations.

**HAMBURG.**—The posthumous works of Peter Otto Runge have here excited universal attention, not so much because he was a fellow-citizen, but from his having been the intimate friend of the most celebrated literary characters of the age, among which Niebuhr stands pre-eminent. Many of his writings are devoted to his art (he was a painter,) but the greatest part are literary subjects, and his correspondence forms the most interesting part of the book. His principal work is on the theory of colours, already printed, but this reprint of it is illustrated by his correspondence with Goethe on the subject. These works can be with justice recommended, and we may add that they are published for the benefit of his orphan grandchild; the father, who inherited the talents of Runge, having, while painting the ceilings of the winter palace in Petersburg, been killed by the excessive heat by which the plaster in the apartments was ordered to be dried.

**THE RHINE.**—A storm in the course of last winter carried away the arch of the ruin of Rolandseck, which every traveller to this romantic river will well remember; but Freiligrath the poet was anxious to restore this relic, and has collected all the romances written in German and English relating to Rolandseck and its immediate vicinity, Diachenfels and Nonnenwerth; and it is curious to see how many poets have chosen the legend of Roland for their subject—we need only mention Byron and Campbell; and Schiller's "Ritter Toggenburg," a version of the same story, will be known to almost every reader of German poetry as one of the most simple and beautiful romances in that language. Simrock has added a dissertation on the legend, in which he considers it in connection with the similar incidents in Romeo and Juliet, Pyramus and Thisbe, Tristan and Ysolda, and others. We may here at the same time mention that the beautiful little church above Remagen, on the summit of the Appolinarisberg, built by the orders of the Count von Fuerstenberg, is nearly completed, and that Professor Kugler, who saw it some weeks since, pronounced it the most complete specimen of a pure style that this country has produced.

**LEIPZIG.**—Dr. Lepsius, already well known by several works on Paleography, has translated Henry Gally Knight's work on the development of architecture among the Normans, and added an introductory treatise of the application of the pointed arch in the architecture of the tenth and eleventh centuries in Germany.

**GOTTINGEN.**—A new history of Rome, from the fall of the Republic to Constantine, by Dr. Carl Hoek, a professor at the university, claims the attention of all lovers of history. It is written with a view to illustrate its constitution and administration.

**HAMBURG.**—On the 19th of February died, after a severe and lingering illness, Dr. J. D. Gries, privy councillor to the King of Saxony, well known in the literary world as the translator of several Italian and Spanish classics. His translation of Calderon is not only considered the best German version of this dramatist, but to rank among the best adaptations of foreign poetry to

the German language. Gries lived for the greater part of his life at the university of Jena, but retired several years ago to conclude his days in his native town. He was upwards of 87 years of age.

**FRANKFORT.**—Very shortly, it is anticipated, the commission created for the purpose of revising the laws of authors and publishers will be called together. The international law respecting the works of literature and art, we understand, is to be taken into consideration, and it is to be hoped that it may lead to some more satisfactory results than have generally hitherto followed resolutions on this subject. The following persons have been elected commissioners to arrange the details: Dr. Hitzig and Mr. Reimer, the publisher, of Berlin; Mr. Perthes, publisher from Hamburg; Barth, Winter, and Campe; also booksellers from Heidelberg and Numberg.

Since the commencement of the 19th century the following sovereigns have either resigned their crowns voluntarily, or been forced to abdicate;—

Gustavus Adolphus IV., king of Sweden was forced to resign, 1809, and died, 1837.

Louis Napoleon, king of Holland, resigned, 1810.

Joseph Napoleon, king of Spain, was forced to resign, 1813.

Jerome Napoleon, king of Westphalia, was forced to resign, 1813.

Joachim Murat, king of Naples, was forced to resign, 1815, and died in the same year.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, forced to resign, 1815, and died, 1821.

The Dey of Algiers was forced to resign, 1829, and died soon after.

Charles X., king of France, forced to resign, 1830, and died 1836.

Charles, duke of Brunswick, forced to resign, 1830.

Peter, Emperor of the Brazils, resigned voluntarily, 1831, and died, 1834.

William II., Elector of Hesse, resigned voluntarily, 1831.

Gunther, Prince Schwarzburg, voluntarily, 1835, and died, 1837.

William, king of the Netherlands, voluntarily, 1840: being the second of only three kings of Holland, who has resigned his crown of his own free will.—*Gottschalk's Geonol. Taschenb.*

#### PRUSSIA.

**BERLIN.**—The commission for the publication of the works of Frederic the Great have just received, through the Russian embassy, copies of the essays, letters, and poems, which were written for to Petersburg. There are in all thirty-five different parts all of high interest, and among them the celebrated dream of the king about the various forms of religion, which is indeed the dream of a great genius.

Another step has been taken towards the publication by laying before his majesty the report of the details of publication. The expense of the splendid edition in 4to with plates, will amount to at least 60,000 dollars, or very nearly 10,000*l.* The expense of the small edition has

not yet been calculated, but it is expected that more will be lost by this edition than by the larger.

Dr. Lepsius has been appointed Professor of Archæology, and he is on the eve of publishing his work upon the Egyptian antiquities and Oscean inscriptions.

M. Panofka is at Berlin. He is likely to succeed M. Koehler in the office of the keeper of the antiquities at St. Petersburg.

BERLIN—"Die bedingte Pressfreiheit, historisch-kritisch entwickelt und beleuchtet von Theodor Heinsius," is a work which at this moment is attracting attention in Prussia. It advocates a much greater freedom of the press than at present exists in that country, but fears that a complete liberty would lead to so much abuse that it would become dangerous to the welfare of the state.

#### SWEDEN.

The most valuable work which has appeared here for many years is Dr. Nordström's "*Bidrag till den Svenska Samhällsforfallningens Historia, efter de äldre lagarne till sednare hälften af sjutonde seklet.*" This profound composition traces the development and variations of the laws and constitution of Sweden, from the period of the oldest written codes, down to the latter half of the seventeenth century, and is full of instructive learning and Scandinavian law-research.

A new review (now the only one in all Sweden) has lately appeared, and promises to become an important guide to the lover of Swedish literature. Its name is "*Frey*," and its contents are almost exclusively short notices and opinions of the new publications, &c. Three numbers have already been published.

The (fair ?) anonymous author of "*The Cousins*," has just given us a new work in two volumes, entitled "*Sketches*;" some of them, especially "*The Two Friends' Counsel*" (*Tvorne vänners råd*), and "*The Soldier and his Wife*" (*So'daten och hans hustru*), are charming indeed.

The popular German abridgment of Strauss's "*Leben Jesu*," has appeared in a Swedish dress, and has caused a great sensation. An ill-advised attempt to confiscate the whole has happily failed, and the enemies of liberty of conscience and the liberty of the press have had the satisfaction of seeing a highly respectable and impartial jury return a verdict of *not guilty*. Several answers have appeared or been announced, and the whole discussion will, out of the intended evil, undoubtedly bring good. To suppose that any great success of infidelity and neology can result from a book so thinly disguising a scarcely even philosophic deism is quite out of the question. The whole thing will soon be universally estimated at its proper worth.

Methodism and its character have also lately engaged a large share of public attention here. Mr. Scott, the Wesleyan missionary, who has lately returned from a money-hunting crusade in America, for help to convert the *Heathen Swedes*, and who since his return has published a defence of his campaign, has naturally been met by a unanimous burst of public indignation;

the more especially as his whole position here as a missionary to the *Swedes* is, whatever else may be its merits, *perfectly illegal*. Herr Cavalinus, one of the officers of the royal library in Stockholm, has sent forth a Reply to Mr. Scott's Sermon-defence. This formal reply is perfectly withering, and abounds in eloquence, patriotism, and the purest and noblest sentiments. It concludes with an *exposé* of the mass of crime, misery, and heathen ignorance to be met with in Great Britain, and recommends Mr. S. to lose no time in returning to a land which he never ought to have abandoned, for the sake of seeking "moneys" and proselytes in a land far more moral, religious, happy, and enlightened than suffering Ireland, suncumious Scotland, and gold-worshipping, psalm-singing, missionary sending, hunger-bitten, poor-persecuting England! We quote from the author. He also hints that a Swedish mission ought to be established for supplying the starving British artisans and pauper-labourers with—bread and Bibles. Surely we shall awake, ere long, to a knowledge of the unchristian spirit so rife among many of our sects! Their machine propaganda societies are draining the country of hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling every year, while a whole population is growing up in our own country of heathen, savage, suffering, despairing, malcontent, socialist unfortunates!

The second volume of Bishop Tegnér's "*Speeches and Addresses*" is at length published. Some among them are literally crowded with everlasting poetry—the brilliant flashes of his imperishable genius. The bishop himself, we regret to say, still lies dangerously ill.

Bishop Franzen has lately given us a volume of Sermons, full of simplicity, poetry, and love. Franzen is the St. John of Scandinavia.

Among the mass of translations published hete, we notice with pleasure versions of "*Low's Agriculture*," Bulwer's "*Richelieu*," and "*L'Education des Mères de Famille*, par Aimé-Martin."

Fruit and flower gardening here are advancing rapidly into favour. Not less than two or three magazines are devoted to these questions alone.

#### ROME.

M. Welcker, the distinguished archæologist, is now at Rome.

The Marquis of Northampton, P. R. S., is here examining the Fali collection of vases.

#### SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA.—In Paris almost every month brings some new work or other written against Calvin and the Swiss Reformers, and the well-known professor Saint-Priest says, in one of his latest writings of Luther, "*Ce moine ivre de bière et de licence, avait fait brûler Zuinglé.*" We have produced one work here which we hope may in some degree counteract the bad effect of these writings; it is an excellent book, by our townsman Sargons, on the French authors of the Reformation, now in the course of publication. Of Calvin he has already spoken in several of his earlier writings, and in this he treats principally of the works of Farel, Froment, Vi-

ret and Theodore de Bèze. He has met with great difficulties, for not only was it necessary to consult and study the numerous printed works of those men, but also the numerous manuscripts that the libraries of Geneva possess, and many other works written about that time, and now almost forgotten; a troublesome and generally unthankful labour, for the theological works of that period contain little that is still attractive. But among the many dark and often repulsive paragraphs there is still much to admire, and much that throws great light on the literature of the period. Those mighty champions who in that age helped Luther, Calvin, and Zuingle to tear down the mighty Colossus of Rome, and to establish a new church, who made the little Geneva, hardly rescued from the tyranny of Savoy, a rival of Rome, could scarcely be men of common natures. Calvin derived his eloquence chiefly from the energy of his frigid character; his orations were less adapted to awaken the sympathies of his hearers than to penetrate into their mind and understanding. He represents himself as the lawgiver of the Reformation, and his "Institutes" is one of the most remarkable productions of that period; it may be considered the code of the Swiss reformation, to which his pupils and followers only contributed their commentaries. And only through the preponderance of his genius was it possible to unite under his banner men of such different characters as the vehement Farel, that French noble who was so passionate even in his

first sermons, the elegant and courtly Theodore de Bèze, who seemed so little suited to Calvin's vehemence and harshness, and the sensual libertine populace of Geneva, drunken with joy at its recent liberation, and jealous of its independence, who for a long time only regarded the Reformation as a medium by which to get rid of their monks, and the surveillance of the bishops.

In the second volume the author will introduce Henri Etienne, Mornay, La Noue, Aubigné, and others.

Our "Bibliothèque Universelle" every year becomes of more importance. It is the oldest of all reviews in the French language. It was first published in 1796, and was founded by Pichet and Maurice, and from their hands passed into hands quite as competent, who conducted it safely through a period when all other French reviews were given up. For the last five years it has been the property and under the editorship of Professor Delarive, who, being a man of considerable property, has sacrificed large sums for the advancement of science and to conserve to his native country this valuable organ. Many of the first literary characters of Switzerland are contributors to the review, but till very lately it has been exclusively devoted to science; but in some of the last parts a considerable alteration seems to have taken place, and several articles on *belles lettres* have been introduced, written by Töpfer, and other celebrated authors of the French Switzerland.

## MUSIC IN ITALY.

In taking a survey of the present state of music on the continent of Europe, we naturally turn our eyes, in the first place, to Italy—so long and so pre-eminently "the land of song." The decay of music in that country appears to have proceeded from causes of a more general nature than such as could affect only the state of that particular art. Music flourished in Italy simultaneously with literature, poetry, and painting, and has declined along with them. Musical writers have speculated largely on the circumstances which are supposed to have stamped the Italian music with its peculiar features as contrasted with that of Germany and other countries; its essentially vocal character, its sweet and voluptuous melody, and its want of those intricate combinations of harmony for which the German music is distinguished. All this has been ascribed to physical causes; to "the influence of the sunny south" on the character and habits of its people. But if this is the cause of these effects, it ought to have operated equally at all times; whereas the fact is, that Italy has been the cradle of musical harmony as well as melody. The Italian masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were

the greatest contrapuntists in the world; and the divine strains of Palestrina are to this hour as unrivalled for their profound harmonies as for their beauty, energy, and expression. Nor do the political reasons, assigned for the decline of music and the other arts in Italy, seem sufficient for the purpose. Poetry, painting, and music flourished in the worst times of Italian history—under the profligate tyrants of the small republics, and under the boundless ascendancy of the papal priesthood: and the melancholy stories of some of the brightest ornaments of those arts—of Tasso, who languished in a prison; of Correggio, who died in abject poverty; of Palestrina who, while the acknowledged head of the musical world, was allowed to starve on a pittance which hardly furnished bread to his family—show how little they were indebted to the munificent protection of the great. It is neither in the quantity of its production nor in the amount of its reward, that music has declined in Italy. The very reverse is the case. But the taste for the profound and lofty music of the olden time is extinct. The music of the stage has, "like Aaron's serpent, swallowed all the rest." It has taken possession of the chamber, the

concert-room, and even the church. And the flimsy productions of the present degenerate race of composers have become popular all over Europe: a circumstance to be attributed to the unrivalled excellence of the Italian theatrical singing, a branch of the art which certainly has not accompanied its other departments in their decline.

The music of the church, the highest branch of the art, exists no longer in Italy, not even in its papal sanctuary, where it has flourished for so many ages. The Abate Baini, the celebrated author of the *Life of Palestrina*, who is the *Maestro-di-Capella* of the Pontifical Chapel, gives a melancholy account of the present state of that establishment. "There is nothing now," he says; "no singers, no composers, no school; all is ruined, destroyed. The pontifical chapel is but the ghost of what it was. The voices that we lose can no longer be replaced; and if they were, we have no means of giving them instruction. General ignorance prevails; and the time is near when all will be over with the works of Palestrina." The other great ecclesiastical choirs, those of the Vatican, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and of San Giovanni di Laterano, are in a similar plight. Each of these churches has still a *Maestro-di-Capella*; and Basily, who presides in the Vatican, is, like Baini, worthy of the palmy days of ecclesiastical music. But the occupation of those men is gone; and they mourn in unwilling inactivity the decline of their art, and the evil days on which they have fallen. The Abate Santini, another Roman musician, has all his life cultivated the music of the church with no other reward than the exalted pleasure he derives from it. His masses, motets, and other compositions for many voices, are equally remarkable for their learning, their expression, and their effect. But such things are never performed, and their publication is out of the question; so that on their author's death their fate is to become waste paper. These eminent musicians are all old men, and with them ecclesiastical music will literally expire in the holy city.

In the other parts of Italy it is still worse. M. Fétis, the musical historian and critic, in some letters from Italy lately published, tells us, that passing one day before a church in Milan, he heard the sound of a pianoforte within. On entering, he found the church hung with black, and other preparations for a funeral solemnity. The music consisted of the Latin works of the *Requiem*, arranged to opera-airs of Bellini and Donizetti, and the singers were accompanied by the pianoforte. As he was leaving the church people were bringing in a harp to increase the strength of this impressive accompaniment. Such is the state of things in Milan, the birthplace of the Ambrosian Chant, and for ages one of the great seats of ecclesiastical music.

At Bergamo, Padua, Venice, &c., where men of some eminence hold the office of *Maestro-di-Capella* in the principal churches, it is a mere sinecure, their services being never required more than two or three times in the year. At Bologna, notwithstanding its celebrated academy and its cultivation of classical music, M. Fétis could not hear a note of music in any of the

churches. On complaining to Rossini of this disappointment, his only answer was, "*Heureux mortel!*" significant enough, and characteristic of the composer's sarcastic humour.

At Naples more attention continues to be paid to the music of the church than anywhere else in Italy, though its style is not less perverted than in other places. The Neapolitan school has long been eminently productive of great composers; but its ecclesiastical music has always been less grave and severe than the Roman school created by Palestrina, and more mundane in its melody and expression. All the great Neapolitan church composers were equally great on the stage. Such were Pergolesi, Jomelli, Piccini, Cimarosa, Paesello, and lastly, Zingarelli, the immediate predecessor of Mercadante, the present head of the Neapolitan school—than which a greater proof of the degeneracy of that school can hardly be imagined. The church compositions of the great masters just named, admirable in many respects, tended more and more to the style of the theatre. Still the distinction between the two styles was not lost sight of. In the music of the church a subdued tone was preserved; there was less luxuriance and brilliancy, with more simplicity and facility of vocal execution. Many of the earlier works of Zingarelli are excellent; but he injured his reputation by the excessive haste and rapidity with which he wrote, and for which a singular reason is assigned, namely, his affection for a favourite domestic, who had served him for many years, and to whom, having little money to leave, he resolved to bequeath his books and manuscripts. Having taken this resolution, he endeavoured, by incessant labour, to increase as much as possible the value of his servant's inheritance; thus, it may be presumed, defeating his own object. He left behind him a *hundred and fifty* grand masses, with *Te Deums*, *Magnificats*, *Stabats*, motets, hymns, &c., without number; their value of course being in the inverse ratio of their quantity. Zingarelli may, however, be considered as the last of the great masters of the Neapolitan school—a school at present most unworthily represented by Mercadante, one of whose trashy operas has been so judiciously chosen for the display of Miss Adelaide Kemble's qualities as an *English* singer. We may imagine the state of the Conservatorio of Naples under the direction of this learned Theban. To give some idea of the prevalent taste in ecclesiastical music at Naples, it may be mentioned that, at a recent religious solemnity, on the occasion of a lady taking the veil, the ceremony began with a military march, and ended with a gallopade.

The most recent occurrence worthy of remark as connected with Italian sacred music, is the appearance at Paris of a *Stabat Mater*, composed by Rossini, the history of which is somewhat curious. The illustrious Maestro, a few years since, visited Madrid, where of course he was a lion of the first magnitude. At the request of a Spanish prelate, Don Francisco Varela, he undertook to compose something for the chapel-royal; and after his return home, fulfilled his promise by sending his reverend friend the *Stabat Mater* in question, which Don Varela acknowledged by transmitting the composer a

snuff-box enriched with valuable diamonds. and to which he is indebted for fame and fortune.

On the death of Don Varela, who bequeathed his immense fortune to charitable uses, his executors sold the manuscript of his piece as an article of his property; and it was purchased by M. Aulagnier, a Parisian publisher, for 6000 francs. Afterwards, however, Rossini sold another copy of his *Stabat* to Troupéas, another Parisian publisher, by whom it was immediately published. Aulagnier obtained an injunction against its sale, on the ground that it was no longer Rossini's property, he having previously disposed of it to Don Francisco Varela for a valuable consideration. A long lawsuit followed, which made no small noise in the Parisian musical world. The result was, that Rossini was found not to have been divested of the property of his composition by his having sent a copy of it to Don Varela, and having received a snuff-box in return; and the sale by him to Troupéas being thus found valid, the injunction against that publisher was removed.

Since the appearance of this *Stabat Mater*, its performance at the Italian Opera-house by Grisi, Mario, Lablache, &c., has been one of the favourite amusements of the Parisian fashionables. We cannot speak of its character from our own knowledge, but from the numerous criticisms in the journals we may conclude that it is pretty, and completely theatrical—just such sacred music, in short, as Rossini might be supposed to write. Jules Janin, in the *Journal des Débats*, summed up its merits in one word, "C'est un joli Stabat!"

This work has once more brought Rossini before the world as belonging to the existing race of musicians. He is only in his fiftieth year, yet his career is considered as long since closed, and his name associated with those of Mozart, Cimarosa, and the worthies of other times. When he was only thirty, his biography was written in two goodly volumes; and to that work little remains to be added. He has lived for several years at his villa in the neighbourhood of Bologna, in retirement and inactivity: and the state of his health as well as his confirmed habits of indolence (counteracted in his earlier years by the love of glory and of gold), give reason to believe that his musical course is indeed run. To some friend who remonstrated with him on his way of life, he is said to have exclaimed, "I am sick of pleasure—I have supped full of fame—I have more money than I can spend; why then should I work?"

There is yet another motive (it might have been replied) the love which an artist feels for his art. But Rossini all his life has felt, or affected, the utmost indifference on this score. Enthusiasm, such as formed the ruling passion of a Beethoven or a Weber, was an object of his especial ridicule; and indeed he made it his constant habit in the intercourse of society, to turn strong feeling or emotion of every kind into subject of jest and raillery. Like many men, however, he seems to have had pleasure in making himself seem worse than he was. He could not have been destitute of love for an art for which he was so largely gifted by nature, in which he has produced so many beautiful works,

It is true that Rossini has met with the fate so often experienced by musicians, especially in Italy. He has suffered from the mutability of fashion and the rage for novelty; and hence, no doubt, a degree of mortification and spleen which, in his present retirement, assumes the appearance of absolute dislike to music itself. The revolution of July, 1830, made an entire change in his situation in France. It deprived him of the unbounded favour he had enjoyed at the court of Charles X., and even obliged him to have recourse to a tedious lawsuit for the recovery of the pension to which he was entitled by his engagement. The public feeling, too, became changed towards him, and he found himself reduced to share with Meyerbeer the supremacy of the Parisian musical world. After twelve years' residence, therefore, in France, he resolved on returning to his native country. On arriving at Milan, in 1835, he met with an additional mortification. Bellini had now become the favourite of the Italians; and the author of *Otello* and *Semiramide* found himself thrown into the shade by the composer of the *Pirata* and *Norma*. When Rossini was at Milan, the question of their comparative merit was discussed in every journal and every musical circle; and what was worse, the laurel snatched from the head of the veteran, was placed on that of his juvenile rival. It was agreed on all hands that Bellini's superiority was unquestionable; and this young man, whose inventive faculty was confined, whose learning was shallow, whose skill in harmony and orchestral composition was small, who, in short, possessed nothing but a vein of pleasing melody, was, without scruple, placed above the man whose rich imagination and inexhaustible variety had for so many years enchanted, not only his fickle countrymen, but all Europe. That such circumstances should have produced mortification, showing itself in indifference, or even dislike, to music itself, is not at all surprising. That there is, however, some affectation in this indifference, may be inferred from his acceptance of the office of honorary director of the Musical Lyceum of Bologna, and the attention he pays to its duties. Though the office is honorary and gratuitous, he visits the Lyceum almost daily, inquires into the situation and studies of the pupils, occupies himself in improving the methods of instruction, and presides at the examinations and rehearsals, thus evincing a strong interest in the welfare of the institution.

His inactivity, moreover, may unfortunately be ascribed to his bad state of health. His appearance, within a few years, is said to be sadly changed. He is thin and old-looking, and shows languor and debility in every movement. A painful complaint of long standing is the principal cause of this bodily decay, and its symptoms were greatly aggravated by his grief for the loss of his father. Notwithstanding his affected indifference, filial piety was always a remarkable feature in Rossini's character. In early life he never failed to send the largest

portion of his earnings to his mother, gladdening her heart, at the same time, with the news of each successive triumph.\* When the old man was taken ill, he was residing in his son's house at Bologna; Rossini, then at Milan, hastened to his bedside: when he died, Rossini could not bear to live in the house where he had lost him; and the house, though it had been fitted up and embellished at great expense, was immediately sold. Rossini's affliction brought on a long and dangerous malady, the effects of which, though nearly two years have elapsed since this event, are still apparent. Another proof of a good disposition is to be found in his conduct towards Bellini and his family. However he may have felt the unjust preference given to this feeble rival, he showed him, during his short life, so much personal kindness, that when he died, his poor relations, who lived at Catania, in Sicily, were encouraged to apply to Rossini for his assistance in collecting any property and effects which the young composer had left. Rossini zealously undertook the task, gave himself much trouble in collecting and realizing Bellini's property, and transmitted its amount, 40,000 francs, to his family. We have heard, too, that when our gifted young countrywoman, Miss Clara Novello, was preparing last year for her *debut* on the Italian stage, he acted towards her with great kindness, gave her good counsel and zealous assistance, and, indeed, took an almost parental interest in her welfare. These are not the features of a selfish or heartless character; and we may, we think, conclude, that this illustrious musician has been belied, not only by others, but by himself.

There are at present many dramatic composers in Italy, and some of them are in great vogue, not in their own country only but all over Europe. It is merely vogue, however, that they enjoy; that temporary popularity which arises from incessant craving for novelty. None of them have claims to permanent reputation; and Rossini, whom they live by plundering, will undoubtedly long survive them all. Bellini, who (as already mentioned) first came between Rossini and the public favour, died young, and his works are following him. They are disappearing from the Italian theatres, and, it would seem, are more often performed at our own Opera-house than anywhere else. As Rossini was superseded by Bellini, so he, in his turn, has been superseded by Donizetti, whose star at

present is in the ascendant. There is one gift for which this composer is unrivalled—his fecundity. He is about fifty, and has written above sixty operas; so that he must have produced, at an average, a couple of operas every year since the age of twenty. Fétis indeed tells us, that from 1828 to 1833, Donizetti, besides writing twenty-two operas for Naples alone, wrote twenty more for other places, in Italy! But our wonder at this excessive productiveness ceases when we examine the productions. They exhibit no expenditure of thought, invention, learning, or skill. They are strings of commonplace passages, put down apparently at random, assigned indiscriminately to every character and used in every situation. Youth and age—the tyrant and the lover—the stern warrior and the tender maiden—in joy, in grief, or in anger,—all employ the same unmeaning phraseology. When you have heard two or three of Donizetti's operas, you have heard them all. He may give you operas with new titles, new stories, and new personages; but the more you hear of his works the more certain you must be, that were he to write till doomsday, he will give you no *new music*. But new titles and new names are sufficient to pass for novelty, and novelty is all in all on the opera-stage. Besides, the Italian singers are fond of Donizetti. They are with all their talents, an indolent generation, and he gives them no trouble. When they have mastered one or two of his operas, they have mastered them all. Any one of them is just as good as another to serve as a canvass for the brilliant flights of execution, the roulades and cadences, with which those accomplished artists delight the ears of the fashionable opera-goers in every capital of Europe, and even those amateurs who, though made of sterner stuff, are not proof against those sweet warblings which fascinate them, even despite their better judgment.

After Donizetti came Mercadante (whom we have already mentioned as chief of the Conservatio of Naples,) Pacini and Ricci, all of whom have gained an European celebrity. But they have no individuality of character; they are all like Virgil's monotonous heroes—*fortem Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*. The foreign journals speak of young men, unknown beyond the Alps, who are constantly producing new pieces in the different Italian theatres, the principal of whom seem to be Speranza, Verdi, and Torrigiani. But their efforts have not been attended with remarkable success, and none of them seem destined to create a new era in the art, or to revive the musical glories of Italy.

\* Some of these affectionate letters were quaintly addressed, "All' ornatissima Signora Rossini, madre del celebre maestro, a Pesaro."

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It is unquestionably true, indeed, that in the vices of the old régime we must seek the causes of the revolutionary crimes. It is probably rather to nations than to individuals that we are to refer the awful menace, "The sins of the fathers are visited on the sons." But no less true is it to all, whom philosophical refinements

have not besotted, that humanity itself is endangered if we allow the circumstances that conduce to guilt, to steal away our natural horror of the guilt itself. Rigidly speaking, all guilt is but the result of previous circumstance. To neglected education, to vicious example, we may trace the crimes which send the thief to the hulks and the murderer to the gibbet. But we do not therefore hold excused Jack Sheppard and Daniel Good. What education and example are to the man, government and legislation are to the people. We shall do right if we blame the causes which make a demon of the multitude, but most wrong if we regard the demon itself only as the suffering angel.

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The era of Modern civilisation, as distinct from the Feudal, begins in France with the large and determined policy of Cardinal Richelieu. And it is from this period that we are to date the primary causes of the Revolution of the Eighteenth Century.

A high churchman and an absolute monarchist, the twofold object of Richelieu was carried out with the simple severity of a strong mind thoroughly in earnest. To reduce Dissent into the One Church—to subjugate Aristocracy from the check upon Monarchy to the ornament of a Court; for these objects he lived, and these objects he accomplished, upon the whole, with rapid and singular success. He had the qualities necessary to his purpose. Had he been more virtuous he would have been crushed by the nobles—more vicious he would have scandalized the people. His ruthless severity, never capricious, though often cruel, was conducted on a broad and intelligible system: it never invaded the lives and properties of the masses; it more often secured their properties and lives, by terrible examples amongst the nobles, whose struggles were nearly always associated with the criminal designs of a civil war. In his aim at absolute monarchy he was far too comprehensive a statesman to meditate the erection of an oriental despotism, for he loved France even better than Monarchy. He

desired to make France secure and integral. For this he humiliated Austria—for this he dislodged the Huguenots from Rochelle (that harbour of the disaffected)—for this he crushed every subject powerful enough to disturb the peace of the country.\* But in consolidating monarchy his policy tended to create subjects—not slaves. He favoured commerce and trade. He gave greater security to justice, and more impartial regularity to law. He desired—as far as his wretched literary taste, and his literary jealousies yet more wretched, would permit—to encourage and circulate the refinements of intellectual cultivation. To him France is indebted for the Academy, which, if not productive to literature, at least raised literature into honour. An eminently practical man, he was aware that the surest settlement of a state depends on the adequacy of its finances: and he bequeathed an immense treasure, and with due allowance for the notions of the time, a sufficiently effective system of finance, as a legacy to that throne, which he had found the weakest, to leave the most powerful, in Christendom. The effects of Richelieu's policy were immediately apparent in the society of France, under the reign of Louis XIV. The descendants of the turbulent barons of the League became the courtiers of Versailles. The provincial castles were deserted, retainers had passed into peasants, the old ties between the highest and the lowest order were rent away. And there already yearned that wide gulf between the gay gentleman of Paris and his tenant harassed for rent, which existed not between the noble and the vassal, whom the chace and the camp united.

With the struggles of the House of Valois had commenced that spirit of nationality which united all Frenchmen against the foreigner—with the complete ascendancy of the House of Valois-Bourbon commenced that disunion of classes which will always follow the establishment of Absolute Monarchy, when accompanied by the progress of a middle class and the decline of the noble.

The characteristics of their nation and

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\* And for this he effected a change which Le Clerc properly notices as of great importance in the consolidation of the monarchy. Hitherto the principal strong-holds had been held by Governors for life; he swept away at one stroke offices so dangerous in a time when the nobility could still struggle against the throne, and substituted governors whose tenure was too short to allow them to be other than the servants of the Executive.

their class were still retained by the *gentilhommes*, or "Well-born," while they underwent the modifications consequent on their change of position: they preserved the same light-hearted and daring gallantry, so distinct from the stubborn fortitude of the Anglo-Saxon, and the steady and stern valour of the Anglo-Norman. Corrupted by the life of a capital and a court, the love of pleasure degenerated into the passion for debauch; strictly honourable towards men according to the chivalric notions of honour, they deemed all meanness, duplicity, and ingratitude, justifiable in regard to women. *The sanctity of married life will invariably be found more or less respected in proportion to the ease or impracticability of divorce for offences against fidelity.* The Catholic church, by which divorce was forbidden, left to the husband no option but connivance at his dishonour, or the ridicule of impotently proclaiming it. The vanity of the French nobles, and that experience of the social system in which they moved, which they termed *savoir vivre*, or the knowledge of life, made them regard, as the height of ill-breeding, and the consummation of absurdity, that jealous regard for the chastity of their wives which is the attribute, in all nations, of men, to whom custom or law gives the power to preserve it—whether the Mahometan, who can drown, or the Protestant, who can divorce the delinquents. Pecuniary considerations, which are invariably the great cementers of established wrong, or conventional right, tended to reconcile the injured party to his wrong. Marriages were those of convenience; the daughters brought dowries (those who did not had no spouse but the Church); and the fortune of the wives, while it gave them a right to an insolent independence of conduct, consoled their husbands for the loss of hearts which they had never wooed. But the most marked distinction between the French aristocracy and the English, and the one which operated the most fatally to their downfall, arose (and this has never been sufficiently considered) from the early extinction of the Representative System. That safeguard of modern society, though always liable to great abuses, necessarily clumsy in its machinery, and perhaps hereafter, in some distant age, to be laid aside for modes of legislative government more paternal and less noisy, has this immense advantage.—it opens a field for the energies and ambition of the Great, and a field that can be only

cultivated by familiar intercourse with their inferiors. An election brings all classes together, unites them in common links of passion and interest;—there can be no dangerous and prolonged separation between classes where elections are popular and frequent. What the Feudal system was in binding together the baron and the vassal, the Electoral is in binding together the great proprietor and the agriculturalist—the great merchant and the artisan—the rich and the poor: there is a link of iron between the most ambitious statesman and the meanest voter. It was just at the time when the Representative System was most needed in France, that is, the dissolution of the old forms and usages which cemented the different ranks, that it was extinguished by the ambition of the executive.

The education of men insensibly adapts itself to the objects of ambition open to their future career. The rich gentleman or the powerful noble in England has the one ambition before him—of PUBLIC LIFE—and to this a large proportion of the class are imperceptibly trained: hence, despite of much that may be false, and prejudiced, in the intellectual cultivation through which they pass, it is impossible but what the minds of the English aristocracy should become more manly, practical, business-like, and robust, than the members of a correspondent class in a country where public life, properly speaking, existed not—where ambition had no opening, except in the army or the saloon—where a graceful person, a charming manner, a happy *bon-mot*, were the best passports to a place at court, a celebrity in society, a rich marriage, nay, a colonelcy in the army. Hence, on the other hand, was formed that peculiar polish of civilisation for which the French *noblesse* were remarkable, and for which the history of the world has probably no correspondent example. Grace, manner, wit, conversation—all that could amuse, interest, fascinate their equals or superiors—these were, to the French patricians, what knowledge of business, and the art of speaking, and the hard qualities of public life, were and are to the English. Habits consequent on such accomplishments were necessarily those of generosity and ostentation,—in other words, of *expense*. The expense was supplied by the most grinding exactions on their tenantry, or the most flagrant jobs on the public resources—more and more reasons for the separation between ranks. It is astonishing how completely unfit these brilliant personages were for any other



existence than that which they corrupted and adorned. While the army was entirely officered by the nobles, while the nobles alone seized or sold every place at the court, and filled the church with odious sinecures—their unpriestly *Abbés* monopolizing the benefices of dignitaries, and leading openly the lives of *roués*—the administration of the country, the power, the business of the state, were left, for the most part, without an effort, to the members of the *bourgeoisie*, or the bar. While in England, the administration of affairs was more and more falling into the aristocratic hands which have since wielded it, in France the administration became more the monopoly of the *roturiers*. It was not from the highborn *fainéants* that such men as Colbert and Turgot could arise.\* The French gentleman, contented with the brilliant flutter of the butterfly, had none of the vulgar industry of the bee.

It was impossible that, as time went on and ripened reflection—it was impossible that such a class could long retain an established power in the state. Of the state they made no part, and they were only visible in legislation by the intrusion of privileges equally insulting to common sense, and obnoxious to common justice. Rapidly, too, they were wasting on unprofitable profusion, the sole foundation on which an aristocracy can rest—PROPERTY! When the baron can no longer awe by the number of his followers, the noble can only impose by the extent of his rent roll. It is true, that as a body the Aristocracy still shared with the Church the possession of the far larger portion of the lands; but agriculture declined, mortgages increased, and the lands rather served for the oppression of peasants, than for adequate resources to the extravagance of the lords. About the middle of the reign of Louis XV., along the Seine and along the Loire, dismantled chateaus, starving serfs, untilled fields, were the visible signs of a fastly falling order. Thus, in the following reign, the French seigneur became not only unpopular,—he became despised. If a Leveller of our own time and land were to paint the English Aristocracy according to his prejudice or opinion, he might describe them as hateful, but never certainly as despicable. Men never can despise the

powerful. The power of the English aristocracy is everywhere and in everything—power in wealth—power in lands—power in the state—power in the affections they command from large classes not belonging to them—power in the intellect which enables them, in the open contests of party, to bear comparison with men of the highest attainments in inferior grades, and to justify by their talents the offices they aspire to from their birth. The English aristocracy have few privileges and much power; the French had many privileges and no power. Yet unquestionably the latter, with all their faults, were a sparkling, accomplished, and charming race. And it is impossible to contemplate their life as it is seen, still living and ever imperishable, in the countless Letters and Memoirs, which form the most unrivalled part of the French literature, without that admiration which is extorted from our taste in despite of our severer judgment. Though ruthless as seigneurs, they were affable as masters. Between the cavalier and the servant there was in reality the same familiar affection that we see in their old comedy. If insolent in prosperity, in adversity they were always gallant. Lauzun, almost a scoundrel in the court, is almost a hero in the prison. The exquisite polish of their breeding so contributed to the cheerfulness of the society in which they moved, so sought to give the pleasure and shun the pain, that they were scarcely wrong when they gave to Manners the title of "The Minor Morals." Though but indifferently educated, they had an enlightened affection for letters and art. They were not good men, but they were certainly fine gentlemen.

In the mean while was growing up that Middle Class, fostered and encouraged by the policy of Louis XI. and the master intellect of Richelieu. From an early period the ambition of this class was visible; but as it could not show itself on the floors of a Parliament, in the English sense of the word,\* it thrust its way into the meaner openings afforded by the boudoir and the saloon. The comedy of Molière ex-

\* Even in the Revolution itself, it was not among their Prelates and their Dukes that the privileged orders could find the energy and intellect of Defenders—it was left to a Maury and a Cazalès to represent the Nobles and the Church.

\* The supreme courts of justice were called parliaments, as the inferior were called seignorial. The officers of the supreme courts, or parliaments, actually became so by purchase, and were not removable even for malpractices! Hence the noblesse of the gown. It may easily be imagined how despotic, how tyrannical, and how corrupt, were such administrators of the laws. A man indeed bought the right to break you on the wheel! and to take fees from your enemy for doing so!

hibits that desire of the *bourgeoisie* to ape the manners, to vie with the follies, and to court the company of the nobles, which was not a very prominent feature in English society till a much later period. The power to purchase titles, which were in fact annexed to certain lands, and which no less than 4000 places or offices could confer, necessarily aided the *roturier* in a rivalry which the *gentilhomme* treated either with complaisant raillery or freezing disdain. In the course of this competition, probably more rankling bitterness was produced upon the aspirant class, than was engendered even by the legalized privileges of the superior. How many an honest bourgeois, after having enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of Monsieur Jourdain or George Dandin, would in graver moments of his own actual life, think with deep resentment upon the pitiable light in which the class thus satirized was regarded by the gay Dorantes and the gallant Clitandres! What! was the honest man, entertaining the natural ambition that his son should rise above the class in which he was born—was he to rear, with that object, his son to more elevated spheres, solely to make him a cully and a butt—ridiculous, when desiring to be accomplished—the cuckold and slave of a noble wife who did him the honour to stain his name, and waste his fortune. It was easy to say that the ambition was absurd and misplaced. But was it so in reality? What other openings from his own state were left to the man whom civilisation had made too wealthy to remain contented with obscurity. Parliament did not exist. Even the bar had formed a nobility of its own. Posts at the court and distinctions in the army were only to be obtained by the noble. The son of a bourgeois might have the valour of a Bayard, but he must become a *gentilhomme* before he could be made a captain. By a law even so late as the reign of Louis XVI., four generations of nobility were necessary to qualify a man for the rank of a sub-lieutenant. If his hard-won gold could purchase him an estate, with a marquise attached to it, was the citizen despicable because he desired to enjoy what he had bought and paid for? Was there, in short, to be an eternal wall of odious distinction between his own class and that which scattered upon him the mud of Paris, from the wheels of carriages which were bearing the last louis of their owners to the brothel and the gaming-house? a class not respectable for virtues, not formidable from intellect, and

who had exchanged the sharp sword of their ancestors for the weapon, less powerful, and more irritating, of the polished sarcasm.

Thus, insensibly, all the habits of society co-operated with all the disparities of law, to engender and hoard up against the day of reckoning, a profound sentiment of hatred on the part of the monied and middle class against the higher.

Meanwhile the state of the rural population was precisely that which was to be expected. The peasantry were sold like cattle, with the soil; even, in many parts of the kingdom, personal servitude was abolished but a few years before the Revolution. All hereditary ties of affection were not only weakened by the absence and exactions of their lords, but utterly annihilated by the frequent transfer of property, according to marriages and sales. They had no education, but they had that gaiety and gregariousness of disposition which led them on every holiday to meet, to associate, and to pick up and to circulate in their vivacious talk many of the popular notions, that the abuses of law and the works of thinkers began to scatter throughout the world. The gossip of a holyday was often to them what a news-room is to the mechanics of England. There is no education more dangerous and more superficial than that which is oral. The book alone can correct the Speech.

We have said that one object of Richelieu was the formation of Absolute Monarchy, the other that of an Absolute Church. As regards the first,—in forming its strength, he prepared the causes of its downfall. The endurance of a monarchy, where the growth of society is not absolutely stopped, will always be found in proportion to its checks; for the checks compress, and adapt and mould the monarchy from age to age, according to the altered wants and circumstances of the time. The annihilation of popular national assemblies, and of solid power in an aristocracy, left monarchy to all the excesses into which the impunity of power is sure to pass; hateful prerogatives, wasteful ostentation, disordered finances, and subsequent weakness, were the inevitable results. The great Cardinal was not more permanently fortunate in the maintenance of his Absolute Church. For while all may allow that in the checks to monarchy exist its strength, it has never been sufficiently noticed and insisted upon, especially by French historians, *that as checks*

are to a monarchy, so dissent is to a church. The destruction of what the Cardinal called heresies and schisms, left to the bulk of the population no option but Gallic Catholicism on the one hand, or absolute irreligion on the other. Now, in a country like England, which obtained from the Wit of France the distinction "of enjoying a thousand sects, and one sauce,"—the Christian religion happily proffers shades in worship, form, and faith, to all varieties of enthusiasm, passion, character, belief. If a man is revolted by any abuses in the church, real or supposed, in the same street lives the dissenter ready to convert him, hard at hand rises the chapel open to his prayers. If some tenet in one faith startles his conscience, another form of worship equally founded on scriptural authority and promise satisfies the scruples and presents a refuge from infidelity or indifference. And this copious and wise diversity of permitted opinion, while beneficial to Religion, is the best safeguard to the Establishment, inasmuch as the necessary effect of the competition is to preserve a certain wholesome vigilance in the heads of the church, an energy in education and learning, a care for general purity of life and morals,—while, though it may not obtain the reform of all abuses, it creates a public prepared to correct whatever may be obviously scandalous or excessive. But in France, after the expulsion of the Huguenots, the unity of the church was so great that the wide varieties of discontent had no practical opening but the school of the scoffer and the sceptic. True that some Dissenters, chiefly, of course, Calvinists, still survived all persecution—for tyranny can never wholly extirpate opinion—but their number was too scanty, their zeal too suppressed, to have any influence on the masses. Sullen and dissatisfied, they were rather dangerous as politicians than useful as sectarians. We do not find them counteracting the Philosophers, but we find them, at the first explosion, rushing to the aid of the Revolution. Did the reason of one man oppose a doctrine, was the sense of another scandalized by the crime of a pastor, was the hearth of a peasant invaded by a libidinous monk, or the son of an honest trader corrupted by the example of a profligate abbé, not only the Church, but Religion itself lost reverence and affection. And no more earnest and decorous clergy were at hand to support the tottering faith, and rescue the reason from incredulity. Where dissent flourishes, a man often secedes

from an established church to become more religious than before; where dissent is inactive and suppressed, his secession from the church is the retirement from religion itself. Here an abuse drove the Episcopalian to Wesley, there the Catholic to Voltaire. And hence, as, in the absence of all check and all competition, abuses multiplied through every department of the church, so, rapidly and generally the entire mass of the population were ripened for that fearful state of contempt for all Christianity, which ended in the frantic Atheism of Cloomer, or the heathen Deism of Robespierre. Nor, in making the church supreme, was it in the power of man to make all its priesthood of one mind. To disqualify dissent was not to prevent schism. Accordingly the scandalous disputes between Jesuit and Jansenist, while producing none of the good that arises from dissent, produced all the evil that comes from division. They opened a breach to contempt, but no vent to dissatisfied opinion. We are convinced that it was to the confirmation of the one absolute church in France that we may trace the principal cause of the irreligious spirit which desecrated the land under the Reign of Terror.

Thus, then, the very policy of Richelieu, in its completeness and vigour, followed up as it was, in either object, by Louis XIV., prepared the downfall of the two Institutions it had been devoted to establish. For in the nature of absolutism there is something inherently incompatible with the two agents of civilisation.—Industry and Letters. There is nothing necessarily perishable in absolutism itself; but it must find a society adapted to its existence. When Richelieu favoured commerce, and encouraged letters; when a middle class and a thinking class were permanently established; two powers were called into active life utterly incompatible with the suppression of opinion which is the essence of absolute power. And therefore it was that, as M. Guizot well observes, at the close of the reign of Louis XIV., monarchy was as decrepit as the monarch. The splendid progress of art and mind which characterized that noble reign, announced that anomaly which always ends in a gigantic innovation,—viz., a moving population and a stationary government.

But to return to our view of the Anti-religious and Republican spirit that was abroad, the intellect of the time naturally directed itself against the abuses of the

time. Religion having ceased to maintain its holy and reverent influences in France, having left little or nothing except the mere husk and shell of a corrupt church, at once detested and despised, the intellect of the age became material and sceptic: monarchy unchecked, and supporting its antiquated pretensions no longer by arms and treasure, but by *Lettre de Cachet* and the Bastille, presented features which no one could defend, and which the intellect of the age attacked by the common consent of men. The masses were the last, perhaps, affected by these attacks. For amongst the intellectual, intellect must first find its audience. Accordingly in the educated (comprehending the highborn) classes, infidelity and liberalism found the earliest favour. The discontented courtier became naturally a believer in the *Contrat Social*; the unbeneficed abbé was naturally more familiar with the Encyclopedists than the Fathers. Nay, more than half the nobility were disaffected by the nature of their own position. For there was the most invidious distinction between the old noblesse and the new. To enjoy consideration it was not enough to be a marquis, the question was, "had your ancestor been a marquis 200 years ago?" Legally, the new noble shared the privileges of the old; socially and morally he was still a *parvenu*; thrust from preferments and honours, mortified and galled by the contempt of the circle he had sought to enter, while obtaining the envy and the hatred of that which he had deserted. It was, in short, the unhappy condition of the French government and constitution to engender, as things of course, the two most irresistible foes, viz. the wealth of commerce and the energy of intellect. For these very powers, which are ever struggling for distinction, were the very powers to which all legitimate avenues of ambition were beset with difficulty and humiliation. The doctrines, thus fostered and necessitated, gradually and imperceptibly descended from the higher and more learned to the lower and less educated classes; and from the saloons of the royal Orleans, and the learned Malsherbes, and the respectable Bailly, passed those sentiments which never become finally dangerous and destructive till incorporated with the interests and animated by the passions of the popular body.

It will often happen that the qualities of individuals, in an attacked and imperilled party, will stave off, nay, perhaps, coun-

teract and defeat the dangers by which they are surrounded. But as the storm gradually gathered around the throne, with which every sinister interest, whether of aristocracy or church, was connected, it became obvious that these qualities were not to be found in Louis XVI. His excellent heart, his sweet and amiable nature, were as wholly lost and thrown away in the turbulence of the time, as were the virtues somewhat similar of our own Henry the Sixth in the convulsions of a civil war. His domestic peculiarities—his innocent but mechanical tastes—his stolid heavy countenance smeared with the smoke of his forge—even his first frigidity, his subsequent uxoriousness, to his queen—were all matters that, repeated through the infinite gossip of Paris, covered his very name with ridicule. His amiability of disposition, too often yielding in the wrong place, provoked insolence, and disheartened loyalty. His aversion from blood had, on imminent occasions, the worst effect of cowardice; and while the man had all the meekness of a saint, the system he represented exposed him to all the odium of a tyrant. By a people contented with Reforms, such a king would have been adored. For Louis XVI. was by nature a Reformer—and happy had it been for France had her population possessed half the virtues of her king. But amongst a people less desirous to reform than eager to destroy, the safety of the ruler depends little on the qualities that beget affection, unless he has also those which inspire awe. Louis was never more insecure than in those periods of his reign when he was most popular. To add to his dangers, his queen, more brilliant and more prominent, had contrived to be the most detested person in the kingdom. Though possessing many fine qualities, they were as little suited to the times as those of her husband. A decorous gravity of life, coupled with mild firmness, might have won for her a respect which would have gone far to rally the middle classes around the throne; but her imprudent levity daily and hourly exposed her to the coarsest suspicions, and her sarcastic humour, coupled with passionate haughtiness, multiplied the number of her personal enemies amongst those who could best have defended her from slander. Ignorant of the people and of the times, she was perpetually grating against both: now bullying a minister as with the power of a Catherine, now going incognito in a

hackney-coach to a public masked ball as with the recklessness of a Messalina. Granting her to have been inviolably faithful to Louis, she contrived to hold him up to public scorn as a cuckold. Granting her to have been thoroughly attached to the people of her adoption, no belief was more common than that of her hatred to them as an alien. In stormy times, no matter what the great are, their fate depends upon what they are believed to be.

No popular revolution, according to Lord Bacon and to universal experience, was ever successful unless headed by the aristocracy; the victims lead the procession that conducts them to the knife. Royalty, nobility, learning, and the clergy, appeared at the opening of the French Revolution as the leaders of the movement that had for its goal the bloody grave of all. Unquestionably the commencement of the DEATH MARCH, that first assembly of the *tiers-état*, presented much to dazzle the sight and awake the hopes of the world. Whatever a mighty nation seemed to have best and noblest, all united in the course of the national reform, each party vying with the other in the surrender of unjust privilege and the study of the public good! And the most touching feature in the whole is the evident and enthusiastic sincerity, the gallant and fearless earnestness of each party of the entire public. It was a fever of patriotism,—yet here, unhappily, yea in this very fever, an acute observer might have perceived, would arise the ultimate delirium, the violence and the frenzy.

It was, in reality, an assembly of people who knew nothing about business—setting themselves down to transact the most complicated affairs in a fit of drunken inspiration. There were not twenty practical men in the whole number. The habits of society had been for ages against all practical experience. In England, since the revolution of 1688, the Representative System has accustomed the minds of every class, and every party which it embraces, to the consideration of political affairs—to the weighing of means and ends—to distinct and intelligible objects. Even the wildest chartist amongst us has a thorough perception of the ends he desires to effect: he wishes a broad democracy, and he sees clearly that annual parliaments and universal suffrage are the most direct means to the consummation of that wish. But the French patriots, ardent to destroy, had no experience of

state affairs whereby to reconstruct; their policy was a confused mass of heated theories, social dogmas, and political maxims, heaped chaotically together: 'English constitution'—'Athenian republic'—'Majesty of Roman virtues'—'Primitive simplicity of savage state'—'Austere morals'—'Rights of women'—'Universal peace'—'France, the armed regenerator of Europe.' Out of these, and a myriad other incongruous medleys, rose the popular enthusiasm—what to end in but popular insanity? Experience affording no guide, religion no check, it was clear that all the strife of parties must merge in the sanguinary struggle of each for power; and that the predominant policy intended to create a government founded—such ran the jargon—"on Immutable Justice," would be but the adaptation of the shifts and expedients of the day to the passions of the populace. "There is but one step," roared Mirabeau from his stormy tribune, "from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock!" And on that step stood, from the taking of the Bastille till the fall of Robespierre, all the philosophers, legislators, philanthropists, dreamers; with the certainty that for him, who lost the Capitol, there was no destiny but the Rock.

The two prominent figures in the early part of the revolution, Mirabeau and Lafayette, were the more suited to the exigencies of the moment inasmuch as they formed a link between the decaying state and the advancing; both noble by birth, and both with certain definite notions of a limit to destruction, they served to soften the shock of the transition. There was something aristocratic even in the Revolution, so long as the white steed and lofty plume of Lafayette were visible amid the riot, rolling back the carnage; or while the dominant genius of Mirabeau kept in awe the inferior spirits who represented the Mob, the more faithfully from the absence of whatever was clear in the object, or rational in the pursuit.

The manners of the time underwent a change unparalleled in completeness and rapidity. A few years before, and even the Emperor of Austria shocked the nice etiquette of the court of France. Now it was enough to wear a crown to be considered below the common dignity of man. Even in the first fair show of the Revolution, the day following the death of the Dauphin, while his remains were yet laid in state, while the royal parents were in the first anguish of grief,—the deputies from the *tiers-état*, burst (in spite of remonstrance carried

into prayer) upon the presence of the unhappy king: "What!" sighed Louis, "is not one of these men a *Father*?" Already the lovers of liberty began to manifest their patriotism by the brutality of their manners; the politest nation in Christendom hastened to obtain the character of the filthiest and most savage. The type of that freedom which consisted in the pleasure of outraging others may be found in the anecdote of Danton, at the theatre. This abode of the once formal graces of France had always afforded a fair representation of the character of the time, partly in the nature of the spectacle, partly in the habits of the audience. In the midst of schemes for the overthrow of a throne, the leading republicans could still find time for equal energy in the intrigues of the *Coulisses*. When the play of "Charles IX.," the dramatic libel on kings, was forced upon the King's Company, the Political Revolution had made a vast stride. When, in the midst of the pit, a huge burly man sat sullen, intercepting the view of his neighbours, and shocking the *bienséances* of polished life by wearing his hat nailed to his head—when the cry of displeasure arose, and that one man, clapping the hat firmer on his head, shouted forth in his deep roar, "C'est moi, Danton!"—and when the audience at once submitted to the sentiment that the one freeman had the right to annoy and insult all other freemen—the Social Revolution was gone far into the slough of the *Sans Culottes*.

And yet Danton himself was more genial, more even of the old French gentleman, than most of his compeers. His convivial qualities, his love of women, his very vices tended in some degree to humanize his manners. The true personation of the mobs, of what the French call still *le peuple*—(long may it be before that word can be justly translated into the noble Anglicism, *THE PEOPLE*)—was Marat. Let us take M. Duval's description of him. Our narrator accepts an invitation to dine with Danton.\*

"On dinait bien chez Danton, one dined well with Danton. Politics were not always spoken; at his table one laughed often, and one was bored rarely. \* \* \* We passed from a very elegant saloon into a dining-room looking upon the Cour du Commerce. At this moment there entered a man. A man—here is his portrait. He was at most from four feet eight to four feet nine (French measure), his head a little inclined to the left shoulder, like Alexander the Great; the limbs were crooked, the complexion yellow and bilious, the face marked with the small-pox, the

lips thin, the eyes grey, and rolling continually in their orbits, the eyelashes red, and the white, so called, of the eyes nearly the same colour, so that the pupil seemed to swim in blood. He moved his head restlessly to and fro, like a Greenland bear in his den at the Jardin des Plantes.

"As to the accoutrements of the *ami du peuple*, behold him from head to foot; a hat à l'*andromane*, as one then called those hats low in the crown, with broad brims turned up, adorned with a huge tri-colour cockade; an old coat worn out at the seams, striped stockings, red, white, and blue, and bits of strings in his shoes in the place of ribbons or buckles; plush breeches, a red waistcoat, turned over, and the neck all open, lank black hair plastered to the temples, with a little *queue* fastened with a leathern knot.

"'Danton,' said Marat, 'from afar I have smelt the savour of your roast, and I have come to see if there is a corner for me at your feast.'

"'Why not, if we crowd each other a little. I am sorry you did not let me know, that I might have ordered something more.'

"'Pooh, your daily fare would suffice for me.'

"'Well, but when one invites oneself to dinner amongst persons *comme il faut*, one generally presents oneself clad a little less unceremoniously.'

"'Ah, with a laced frill, an embroidered coat, and one's hair curled à l'*oiseau royal*, eh! Thank you for nothing. Nature is at the cost of my toilet, and the friend of the *peuple* has no need of foreign ornaments.'

"'But patriotism does not forbid a cravat or collar.'

"'I never wear them, as you well know.'

"'But at least a clean shirt and clean hands.'

"I then perceived that Marat had in fact his hands as black as a smith's on a Saturday night, and his shirt of the same hue as his hands. May it be said without offence to his memory," &c.

Yes, this was Marat!—And in him appeared the friend of the populace (*peuple*), because the true son of the populace. This rickety, bilious, scrofulous, diseased victim of the neglect, the ailments, and the vices of his parents, represented in himself the squalid masses who formed the procession of Jourdain Coptète, or filled the gloomy pandemonium of the Jacobin Club. But beneath all this external debasement moved the iron springs of an indomitable, dogged, frantic energy; a spirit of blood and vengeance which made a virtue of crime, so honest was it, so sincere. Marat shrieking day after day for 300,000 heads—Marat emerged from cave and garret into a power that shook alike court and temple—the Arch Alecto starting from the rags and decrepitude in which the fury had been awhile concealed—Marat was as willing to be the martyr as the hangman: those filthy hands would have spurned the gold that sullied the

ruffles of the corrupt Danton. Nothing could soften, nothing humanize, but nothing could intimidate, nothing bribe. For a time Marat was the *peuple* and the *peuple* Marat.

Against such a spirit that now pervaded the great masses, what were all attempts at moderation and compromise. In vain has curiosity speculated upon what had been the results, had Mirabeau lived and struggled for the preservation of the monarchy. Monarchy had no materials for preservation left it. The weakness of the nobles as an order had become so manifest from the first, so thoroughly rotted away from amongst them was the spirit whether of cavalier or of patriot, that they had neither the courage to defend themselves, nor the ambition to save their country. As the ancient warrior, who having once lost his shield, felt spirit and valour gone, and took to his heels at once, so as soon as the nobles lost that mere appendage of power, their titles,—they began to entertain no higher aspirations than those of physical safety. The first wind that shook the trunk scattered the leaves. The ignoble prematurity of their emigration was the basest feature in the whole revolution, and the surest sign that the noblesse as a body had lost even the elements for the restoration of aristocracy. What then could Mirabeau have done for a throne surrounded by democratic institutions, for a head destined to be crowned by the *bonnet rouge*? What man can protect, amidst the war of public passions, what public respect and public opinion have deserted?

It was easy, we say, to see that where power had grown the monopoly of the assailants, there was no longer the hope of compromise with the assailed. That time passed when the moderate men incurred the guilt of cheering the populace on to the siege of the Bastille and the murder of its defenders. At a later period the Girondins vainly sought to be the Restorers of Reason; in the midst of the frenzy they had encouraged, to weigh out drachms and scruples for the adjustment of scales into which a heavier sword than that of Brennus was already thrown. The Girondins may be considered the representatives of the Middle Classes. Their leaders belonged principally to that order—they had their respectability, their honesty, their prejudices, and their fears. The Girondin mayor of Paris, Pétion, riding amidst the riots, and weeping virtuous tears (he was *le vertueux Pétion*), because, after having murdered their victim,

the populace quietly withdrew at his paternal remonstrances—the orators, Vergniaud and Isnard, opposing conspiracies by sentences—Barbaroux and the fair Roland imagining a government of federalisms, that in fact would have divided France into small republics, under the control of the *bourgeoisie* and the lawyers—were equally the types of a class trained to respect for law, but thoroughly impotent at a time when law needs other force than its own. In such a crisis, an active Aristocracy has its defence in soldiers—a Democracy in mobs—a Middle Class has nothing but an exhorting mayor and a decorous orator!

We have said that the Girondins were the representatives of the Middle Class:—so far their position has been recognized. But here follows a truth of mighty importance which we do not remember to have seen sufficiently noticed: As long as they kept apart from the multitude they were safe and respected; when they called in the multitude to their aid they rapidly became insecure and despised. We do not mean by keeping apart from the multitude that they neglected the legitimate means of popularity,—on the contrary, they were eminently popular until they connived at the popular excesses,—we mean simply their avoidance of using the multitude as an instrument to obtain power. In their first position, as men desiring reform, not violence, they carried the election of Pétion against Lafayette as mayor of Paris—they drove out the less liberal administration—they forced their own government, under Roland, Dumouriez, and Clavière, upon the king. The unhappy suspicions of Louis, and the intrigues of Dumouriez, who deserted his party, led to the dissolution of their ministry. They retired “with the regrets of the nation,” according to the declaration of the Assembly. Their position as yet was strong and noble; with patience and moderation their return to power was sure. But they formed the resolution of defeated placemen—they began to excite the populace against the throne;—not that they wished as yet France to be a republic—no, but that French monarchy might be their appanage and patent. They became traitors to law by their palterings with force—palterings, for they still affected attachment only to constitutional measures. They would trust to the petitions of the people; nothing more legitimate!—but they suffered the petitioners to present themselves *armed* before the National As-

sembly; nothing more fatal!—the speeches of Vergniaud while insidious became inflammatory: he would not call Louis a tyrant, but he *supposed* a case in which every one would call Louis traitor and tyrant both. Brissot, more bold, exclaimed that “one man paralyzed France!”—and that man her king. And all the while they set the populace on fire, they seemed to have little other design in the conflagration than the roasting of their own eggs. Their ambition prevailed—a second and a more fatal time, they came into power; no longer as ministers of a king, but as delegates of a mob; no longer merely as representatives of the middle class, but as destroyers of the class above, and as mouthpieces of the class below. The date of this second rule of the Girondins commences from the celebrated 10th of August, the day of the invasion and massacre of the Tuileries. M. Duval, who was a witness and actor, describes this scene with great effect and truth.

“Péthion, the mayor, had been at the chateau at midnight, and had assured the king that the menaced insurrection should be pacified. Scarcely had the king repeated this assurance to the guard, than the sound of the tocsin—the roll of the drum were heard. Instantly the great gate toward the Carrousel is closed. ‘To your posts!’ is the cry. They make us take our arms—then lay them down to pile them *en faisceau*. The greatest confusion reigns in all the courts—everywhere we hear the cannoniers of the guard venting imprecations on the king and queen, and declaring they will rather point their pieces against the chateau than against the *peuple*. A little before five in the morning Rœderer comes to us, and says: ‘Gentlemen, a troop of misled citizens *menace* this *house* and its inhabitants; if they resort to violence it is your duty to repel force by force. Here is the law, I will read it to you;’ and he takes a little book, *bound in tri-colour paper*, reads us the law, puts up the little book again, and is off. A quarter of an hour after the king visits our posts—in a violet-coloured coat, his hat under his arm, his sword at his side—he passes before our ranks, and addresses us *d’une voix altérée*: ‘Well, they come, I don’t know what they want, but my cause is that of good citizens, we will make a good front, eh? (*nous ferons bonne countenance, n’est pas?*)’ and in thus speaking to us he had the tears in his eyes, and his air and carriage were such as to take all courage from the intrepid. The queen also said a few words, scarcely articulate, struggling in vain to suppress her sobs. In this moment arrived the two hundred *gentlemen* (rather *gentilhommes*, men of noble birth,) who had kept in that part of the Louvre which now forms the museum. The queen presented them to us: ‘Messieurs, these are our friends, they will take orders, and show you how to die for your king.’ As if there were not enough of ill-

seasoned imprudence in these words, a rumour was spread that the queen had said, ‘They will *give*—not *take*—orders.’ This was a falsehood, but it sufficed as a pretext for the disaffected, and instantly two battalions of the national guard who had just arrived, broke rank, and marched off to take position on the Carrousel with two cannon. There they stopped the fresh battalions arriving to the succour of the chateau, and forced them to take part in their revolt. From that moment expired all hope in the National Guard.

“Such was the sad and first effect of the apparition of these two hundred *gentilhommes*. Most of them very aged, they seemed scarcely to bear the weight of the sword, which was their only weapon. Like the unhappy Louis, they had only snatched a few moments of repose upon benches and sofas, and their hair, like his, was in disorder. Nearly all, in embroidered coats, satin waistcoats, and white silk stockings, a few only in uniform, their faces pale and haggard, they rather resembled men for whom sleep was necessary than champions for their imperilled king. God forbid that I should ridicule fidelity and devotion, but the truth is that their costume, so little appropriate to the occasion, their pretensions of exclusive loyalty, made them regarded with so unfavourable an eye that their succour brought less utility than danger. And it was not with this handful of aged gentlemen, however honourable and loyal, that Pergamus could be saved—

‘Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.’

“To complete all, one of these personages thought fit in a swaggering tone to say to the National Guard, ‘Now, Messieurs of the National Guard, now is the moment to display courage.’—‘We shall not fail in *that*,’ cried an officer in an extreme rage, ‘but it is not by your side that we shall give the proof of it.’ And instantly he went off, and carried with him his company to join the cannon already pointed against the chateau.”

And yet, alas, “this handful of gentlemen” in satin vests, and court swords, and silk stockings, were all the last relics of that gallant chivalry, who had rushed against the lion of England to the cry of Mountjoie St. Denis, who had followed St. Louis to the Holy Land, who had tracked through the battle-field the white plume of Henri of Navarre, who had shaken the throne under Louis XIII., who had met the charge of Marlborough at Ramillies and Blenheim, who had filled with lance and banner that very space of the Carrousel when it first received its name, from the latest tournament held in France in the gorgeous youth of the fourteenth Louis! There now were the ashes and tinder of that aristocracy! What could a thousand Mirabeaus do to restore the departed glory; and what, without a nobility, amidst such a national guard, with



such a majority, invaded by such a populace, what hope for such a king! The rest is well known—Louis surrendered himself to the Assembly. This was the last day of nobility and royalty, the first unhallowed union between the middle class and the populace—the Dantonists who had led the movement, and the Girondins who had intrigued for it. In the midst of the peans of the Marseillaise, and the shrieks of massacre, arose the dynasty of Vergniaud and the Talkers!

Truly, says M. Duval (vol. iii., p. 242.)

"Scarcely had the sceptre, so long coveted, devolved on them, than their feebleness and hesitation made their dethronement certain. The massacres of September take place under their eyes, they are silent, or but falter out a feeble voice. From the installation of the Convention, the reins of government float in their hands, and they remain impotent witnesses of the crimes of the commune, the Jacobins, the popular societies! Members of all the committees, possessing majorities in every commission, they know neither to foresee nor to prevent. If sometimes they were roused into a sudden energy, it passed like a lightning, it vanished like a smoke. Gladly in a critical moment would they have adopted some vigorous measure, but it was enough to induce them to relinquish it, if the Commune appeared angry, or the roar of Danton was heard from the tribune. These were not the statesmen to intimidate the hardy conspirators with whom they had to contend."

Such are the hackneyed complaints against this ill-fated party: and yet it is rather just to blame the Girondins for the truckling to the mass by which they obtained power, than for the feebleness displayed when they had won it. In the latter instance the want of vigour was the proof of virtue. The principles most dear to them forbade the energy which was inherent in the Democracy of the Mountain. They were still the Representatives of what little was left of order, of law, of decorum, of education, of the MIDDLE CLASS in short:—their virtues forbade the vigour of butchers and assassins. And without a ruthless execution of criminals, in whom the public saw only patriots, they could not have punished crime. In a revolution, reasonable men must always appear to want vigour. He who shares the passions of the mob, ever seems most in earnest. But the school of Vergniaud and Isnard was one to make instruments of a populace, and to despise the very instruments they used. These sages of the closet had no more sympathy with the mob than Faustus with the fiend he had invoked. Already the Cordeliers and Jaco-

bins, Danton and Robespierre, were combined for the destruction of the Girondins. Danton, aware of the sinister and jealous hatred even at this time conceived against him by Robespierre, indeed hesitated; but his indecision was brief. He saw the impossibility of allying the unscrupulous principle on which rested his power, his popularity, his safety, with the scholastic formula of the Girondins. "No," he said justly, "the moderates will not trust me, and I should lose myself in confiding in them." And from that moment, uniting with his serpent foe, Maximilien the Incorruptible, he planned the ruin of the Girondins,—and went blindfold to his own grave.

It was on seeing the dangers that surrounded them, on feeling that the sole power of the state was rapidly passing into the hands of the mob of Paris, that the Girondins began seriously to put into practice a theory that they had long before discussed and approved in the saloons of Madame Roland. With more of that statesmanship which belongs to thought, if less of that which develops itself in action, than the rival parties, they had the intelligence to foresee that France was too vast a territory for prolonged duration to one single republic. A sound and effective central government is not compatible with a turbulent democracy, extending through an immense territory. But if France could be divided into districts, each district a republic—if out of the provinces of the defunct monarchy a republican federacy could be formed—each state thus constituted could obtain submission for the laws it enacted. The power in each, now that aristocracy was extinguished, must gradually and quietly settle in the middle classes—the mob of Paris would cease to command the destinies of the nation—one republic would counterbalance the other. No scheme could be better for the restraint of pure democracy, none better suited to the domination of the middle classes. These views were powerfully cherished and enforced by certain Protestants of the party, who probably foresaw the establishment of their faith in some of the departments over which they might preside. Gradually the principal leaders of the party were brought to the same policy; and preparations were being made to effect it, when the Girondins fell: this very policy being one main cause of their ruin, because they forgot one slight reason against ever having entertained it—namely, that it was

impracticable ; impracticable because unpopular ; for in a popular revolution, what that is unpopular can succeed !\*

No sooner did Robespierre publicly arraign and denounce this "phantom of federacy," than the whole populace became furious against the insult of being parcelled out and frittered away. And with justice, not only as a populace, but as a people. At that moment, surrounded by the armed powers of Europe, had the integrity of France been once lost—had the national spirit been exchanged for the departmental—had the legions of Christendom found, instead of a mighty community animated by one passion, a nest of little republics squabbling with each other, and settling the affairs of their several municipalities—the independence of France had been gone for ever. And the sense of this it was, that gave value and zeal to that bloody phrase now originated as a battle-cry by Robespierre : "*La République Une et Indivisible !*"

Much must be excused in the Girondins. If much to be blamed, for much also they are to be admired, for much pitied ; but their fall was necessary to the nation. Girondism would have rotted the nation itself away.

With them passed the dynasty of the Middle Class, and rose that of the Mob—the true Reign of Terror. The tone of manners became still more gross and revolting. The words "*Fraternity or Death*," written upon all the prisons, gave the exact idea of the ferocious philanthropy which then denounced as an aristocrat any one who used the pronoun *you* instead of *thou*. Then Atheism, the rankest and most intolerable, grew at once the safest and the most fashionable creed. Whatever was most ignorant, most absurd, most brutal in human folly, ascended into despotism :—naturally ; for it was the most ignorant and the most passionate class, in a moment of general frenzy, that ruled all France. But force and passion are never enthroned utterly in vain. Amidst all the crimes of the period, one virtue of immense importance when acting upon large communities was unquestionable—**PATRIOTISM**. The principle of nationality endangered by the Girondins blazed up with

increased fire and indomitable vigour. The foreign enemy was on the frontiers ; and the same spirit that rendered life intolerable to the peaceful civilian, made the fierce soldier irresistible. The new leaders of the state—that is, the chiefs of the mountain, who had supplanted the Girondins—carried into full action not only the vices, but equally this one virtue of the Mob. It is literally startling to see the sudden and brilliant contrast which their energetic policy presented to the oscillation of their predecessors. These butchers, so atrocious in the city, were magnificent as statesmen and heroes, the moment their minds flew to the borders of invaded France. There, the iron will of Robespierre, the savage genius of St. Just, the reckless daring of Danton, changed at once from vices into virtues.

We hear it often said that the French republic would not have been so disastrous a failure in the experiments of liberty, had it not been for the frenzy produced by the invasion of the allies. On the contrary, to that invasion alone France owed its re-entrance into civilisation. Left to waste all the strength of the new passions upon internal contest, to proscriptions would have succeeded civil war ; and the wild democracy of old Corcyra would have been a heaven to the Pandemonium of a society to the evil spirit of which there would have been no vent. The superior sagacity of Mr. Pitt was never more displayed than in his reluctance to enter into the war *forced on him at last* ; a reluctance for which the Royalists never forgave him. From wrong into right—from the hell of Paris into the daylight of truth and liberty—broke the youth of France in the just and holy cause of Independence and Self-Defence. From the bosom of the Mountain, Fourteen Armies poured the spirit that never fails to conquer against the lukewarm hirelings of invading sovereigns. From the fires of the Mountain flashed the enthusiastic heroism of Jourdan, Hoche, Pichegru, and Moreau. Liberty common to all—promotion the right of each—every soldier was a hero :—no matter the rawness of the recruits, the inexperience of the generals,—it was as the strife of the young man against the old, of vigour against decrepitude, when a whole population, drunk with liberty, marched against the time-worn sovereignties of the sober world. Well may M. Duval exclaim,

"Oh, if the convention could be considered

\* Many historians have, it is true, disputed the justice of this charge against the Girondins, and have considered their scheme for Federacy to be indeed a Phantom.—M. Duval gives very curious and minute details on the *reality* of their project, and it is entirely conformable to the character and objects of their party.

only in the light of defenders from the foreigner, how noble its part in history."

Meanwhile at Paris three great factions were struggling for power. The impracticable enthusiasts of brotherhood and atheism under Cloutz, Chaumette, and Hébert; the Cordeliers, under Danton and Desmoulins; the Jacobins, under Robespierre. The time for the first was gone by. No sooner had the vigorous measures of the Mountain arrayed the ardour of France against the whole of Europe, than poor Baron Cloutz's declamations upon Universal Love, upon the superiority of Philanthropy to Patriotism, were not only impertinent but treasonable. These men (the Atheist-Philanthropists) had nothing in their minds or their policy that could command more than momentary success; they appear for the most part to have been honest in their belief in the wickedness and absurdity that made up their creed, but their very fanaticism was the proof of their inability to govern. They were to the more practical and robust demagoguery, whether of Robespierre or Danton, what the Socialists of our day are to the Chartists. Most of them desired the entire abolition of private property, "*La richesse nuit à la sânt et conduit rarement à la vertu.*" The tribunes might applaud these sentiments, but how were they to be practised? Such doctrines preluded the Procession (under the management of Chaumette) of the Goddess of Reason. Was it possible that a faction, declaring the sole Deity of the Universe was an abstract Word, represented by an immodest Harlot, could exist long in any community however besotted? The most striking feature in that farce was the man ordained to convert it into a great and awful tragedy,—Maximilien Robespierre. He, the formal, the moral, the precise; he the educated, thoughtful, cynic; with what hate and scorn must he have regarded such a spectacle of human folly! M. Duval describes him graphically.

"Among the numerous deputies, resting in disdain on their curule chairs, I will cite Robespierre. He took off, replaced, his spectacles, wiping the glasses, beat a tattoo with his feet, shrugged his shoulders, yawned, took notes, and from time to time whispered to St. Just seated by his side. I have not seen the notes that passed between them, but I am free to think that they furnished the exordium of the famous report on the faction of Atheists which St. Just recited four months later at the tribune, and which served as a footstool for Chaumette to ascend the scaffold."

A faction so characterized was but the representative of the ignorance and folly of the mob; it could obviously not secure its interests or wield its passions; it had not one element of duration, one quality for the acquisition of solid power. And every observer must have seen that the real strife for the mastery of France lay between Robespierre and Danton. Of these two men, amongst most historians, especially in England, Danton is the favourite. There is indeed to a vulgar gaze, something almost captivating in this Mirabeau of the Mob, despite his horrible excesses. He was free from all personal vindictiveness, he was not naturally cruel; he spilt, as M. Duval well observes, blood in torrents, but always for a purpose and from policy; he could not be sanguinary in detail; he had no cowardice in him, no envy. About his character was a large rough good nature; he was affectionate and loyal to those he loved (for he did love and he was loved, this master butcher who could order the massacre of 2000 prisoners in cold blood). He had no religion, even of atheism; for atheism is not like scepticism, lukewarm and hesitating, but is ardent and intolerant in its creed; he laughed at the Goddess of Reason: he had therefore no vestige of hypocrisy or cant. Frankly he confessed his total infidelity, candidly he owned his theories of Revolutions, "things not made with rose water," in which (as he said) the boldest scoundrel was the most successful actor. He was profligate, lustful, and corrupt in money matters, but he was all these so undisguisedly, that the vulgar, who like a frank villain, ranked them amongst his merits. On the other hand, Robespierre was a personal coward, and hence arose, perhaps, all his crimes. He, too, certainly was not by nature cruel, nor even vindictive, whatever has been said to the contrary; for it is a fact that he took no notice of many of his early personal enemies when their lives were in his power; but he never spared one man who could be an obstacle to his ambition, or who could endanger his safety. He, like Danton, was sanguinary only on a system, but his system was one of private fear as well as public interest. He was essentially an egotist. Danton lived for the circle, not from faith in its interests, but from his joyous temper; Robespierre sat wrapt in himself. The same cause that made Maximilien cruel, made him treacherous; for personal cowardice, combined with moral energy, (which last Robespierre possessed to the

highest possible degree,) works through craft what the bolder villainy achieves through violence.

But then Robespierre had faith in something, and Danton in nothing. Robespierre believed in Liberty, in Virtue, in a Deity, in the People, in the Revolution itself. Danton regarded all with the same careless and hardy *insouciance*. With him Virtue was a convention, a Deity a word, the People, Liberty, and Revolution—all pretences for ambition—counters in the game of knaves. He got wearied of the Reign of Terror, partly because he saw it made subservient to the personal egotism of Robespierre, partly because he was a man who lived for the day, and he was newly married, had amassed a fortune, and was fond of his villa.\* But he wanted that earnestness and faith of purpose which could alone have enabled him to carry on the movement into order and mercy. He toyed with the time; he was wholly incapable to construct, though so marvellously fitted to destroy. With all his talents, which, though of a coarse quality, were considerable, he was a child when compared to the concentrated will, and indefatigable industry, and patient intellect of Robespierre.† And therefore in looking calmly and dispassionately at the two men, the profound observer must feel, that, if placed in those times, he had been constrained to take his choice between Robespierre and Danton, had been forced to rest his last hopes of the Revolution, of Humanity, of Civilized Institutions, upon one or the other, Danton would not have been his election. The more, amidst that chaos of motives and of actors, we regard the prominent individuals, the more we must perceive, that the only INTELLIGENCE of the time was Maximilien Robespierre. He had objects and pur-

poses beyond the hour; he was ever looking forward to the time when the Reign of Blood was to cease; he only desired to destroy his enemies, in order to call into being the new state of things, in which he could reduce to system the theories he cherished. He was engaged with David on designs for benevolent institutions a few days before he perished; he was drawing up notes for a code of laws in which his earliest dream of the abolition of capital punishments might be realized, while struggling foot to foot with Barras and Tallien for his head or their own. He firmly believed in all the principles he professed;—a hypocrite in his conduct to men, but an enthusiast in his faith in dogmas.

In times of convulsion two qualities are necessary, forethought to design, courage to act. Only one man in modern revolutions ever, perhaps, united these in the perfection necessary to complete personal success, and that man was Cromwell. In the French Revolution, Danton had more of the last, Robespierre incalculably more of the first. Historians compare Danton to a lion; and in all his qualities, noble or savage, he had much of the brute—soul in him seemed extinct. Robespierre, with all his atrocities, still had the calculation, reason, and belief of a Man. And the Man beat the Lion.

But when Danton fell, Robespierre, to survive, had no option but the choice of Augustus after the proscriptions. If the excitement arising from terror was to be prolonged, what could feed it after the death of Danton, except his own? He might have made the tragedy end with that signal catastrophe; but if the interest was to go on, if another act was to be added, all that could engage the audience was the fall of Maximilien Robespierre.

We have seen, that as the Revolution advanced step after step, it preyed upon class after class, which it dragged up into power. As Vergniaud said eloquently, "Like Saturn, it devoured its own children." The head of Louis was destined, from the moment the crowd shouted to behold it circled with the *bonnet rouge*; the nobility were predestined the moment they merged themselves with the commons; the middle class were invaded, pillaged, decimated, as soon as their dynasty fell with the Girondins. And now that the Empire of the Populace was founded, the populace began to find the fiend they had raised fixing its fangs and talons on themselves. Sated with the blood of no-

\* "They say," observed a patriot to Danton, "that your zeal is abated now you are rich; that you toiled to advance the Revolution till it had made your fortune; that now your fortune is made you would arrest it. This is not said of Robespierre, always poor and always zealous. Why is this?" "Because," answered Danton, without denying the charge, "I love gold, and Robespierre only blood."

† Danton felt this even while affecting to call Robespierre *lache*, and pretending to despise him. Latterly he shrunk from all contest with him, all association with Robespierre's foes, and could not defend from Maximilien's grasp even his own friends. It is noticeable, throughout the Revolution, Robespierre was the only man who could protect his creatures. No one but himself could dare to lay hands on those he appeared to favour. This was an immense advantage over all his rivals.

bles, priests, and scholars, the Guillotine had begun to reek with the gore of carpenters, shoemakers, masons, cobblers; and the eyes of the Populace opened when they saw *themselves* the prey of their own ferocity. The shops were shut up as the tumbrils passed to the scaffold—Paris was sickened of the Reign of Blood.

Amidst acclamations that came from a human hope, Robespierre had proclaimed the existence of a Deity; for men, believing or not in God, believed that the worship of a God once established, something of mercy and goodwill to Man would mingle with the creed. In the presence of the FATHER, the son's hand would surely drop the blade lifted against the brother. But no; the Deity proclaimed by Robespierre had brought no mitigation of crime and slaughter amongst mankind. Like the gods of Epicurus, the Being a Robespierre could invoke seemed to disdain regard of the affairs of earth. And they who had wept hot tears to hear the eloquent periods in which this would-be Prophet, this Master of the Ceremonies to Heaven, introduced the new worship, began now to ask themselves whether indeed Maximilien Robespierre was the man to bestow Religion upon the world. Egotist in everything, it might be said that Robespierre sought to turn even the Almighty to his own advantage. He had invoked the Heaven to crush the atheists as political enemies, not to curb atheism as a moral evil.

At this time Robespierre was a spectacle of absorbing and awful interest. His constitution, always sickly, was sinking fast under his vigilance and his terror. He seldom slept, he never reposed. Devoured by the acrid humours of his system, his face became livid, his eyes streaked with blood. Hour after hour anonymous letters threatened him with the hand of the assassin—conspiracies gathered rapidly round him. Men, insignificant while Danton lived, took the strength of dragons from the blood of that awful head. He reigned but by his hold over the club of the Jacobins, and the hearts of the women! A strange subject for female enthusiasm! but *that* usually follows power and will. And there was something, too, of mystery in this cold, austere being—young in years, with the hoary cunning and hard heart of age; resisting all temptation, except that of governing mankind; and shaking Europe from a chamber over a cabinet-maker's shop.

The singular and ruthless determination

of purpose which Robespierre had hitherto shown began to desert him. His energies, no longer concentrated upon the downfall of single rivals, wandered wild and indecisive over that vast field of enmity and peril which spread before his gaze. In proportion as he lost in vigour of action, he improved in eloquence of word. The common horror in which his character is held, makes us unjust to his talents. And it requires all the charity of abstract criticism to praise the orator while sickened at the man. But it would be difficult to find anywhere in the modern literature of the Rostrum finer passages than some of his principal speeches contain. The address, delivered to the Convention, in vindication of the Deity, is full of beauties in language, and justice of thought. But it is natural that those who read should be so revolted at the want of harmony between the orator and the subject,—at the character of the butcher, arrogating that of the theologian,—the Nero assuming the Numa,—that even the finest passages shock the moral taste too much to win justice from the intellectual. Robespierre vindicating, in the midst of massacre, the existence of a God of mercy, is like our own Richard III. issuing his Proclamation against Vice after the murder of his nephews. The sentiments professed by either may be admirable in themselves, but they only serve to deepen the general abhorrence of the character they contrast. No man ever had so complete a command over an assembly from the mere force of mind and thought as Robespierre long enjoyed over the Convention, and to the last over the Jacobin Club. For, unlike most successful orators, he owed nothing to physical advantages: a wretched person, mean features, even the fire of the eyes concealed by glasses, a discordant voice, hoarse and indistinct in the low tones, shrill and grating in the higher, the words and the thoughts had nothing to set them off. It was this *nimis eloquentia*, this faculty so prodigiously improved, which helped to ruin him; for he was eminently a vain man, and like vain men he attached undue importance to means that obtained momentary applause. Yes! he would speak, he would denounce, he would prove, he would trust his cause to his eloquence! He thought of words for the moment when nothing could have saved him but deeds. And of all his efforts, never one equal in eloquence to his last speech at the Convention! Had it been delivered by a man whose history com-

manded admiration instead of loathing, it would have been cited as a masterpiece of lucid argument, subtle thought, and fiery and earnest passion;—for in words Robespierre had passion, and his cold dogmas ring out as living principles. But the spirit of the audience was gone, the speech was out of place and season. As a sermon from Dr. Chalmers on the hustings, as Milton's Defence of Unlicensed Printing in a council of war with the enemy at the gates,—was a long tirade of arguments or complaints in an assembly of men who knew that in six days France must be the executioner of Robespierre, or his slave. And the time lost in preparing the harangue, would have—But no, whether in words or deeds his hour was past:—the sense of humanity was at length awakened, and the last Representative of the Populace fell amidst its hoots and curses to make way for the Eternal Successor of Civil Convulsion,—MILITARY RULE. When Napoleon first pointed his cannon *against* the populace, the final moral was given to that tale of a world's shame and wonder: and the multitude prepared the crown for the man who delivered them from themselves!

In looking at this distance of time over the great Revolution of France,—even if we consent to make for its follies and its crimes all the excuses prescribed to us,—if we emancipate ourselves from the prejudices (so let them be called) with which human nature must regard the revolting incidents and details,—we must still find it a matter of grave astonishment, that so violent a convulsion should have produced such insignificant benefits. To those who read history with the eyes of Mignet and of Thiers (the great masters of the school so well entitled the *Fatalist*) history may interest, but it never warns—once grant that events are the things of destiny, and what signify the faults or virtues of the actors. This is indeed to make history an almanack, and to place the horoscope of nations under the fabulous influence of the stars. But they who see in the chronicles of a state, matter to make succeeding times profit by the disaster and emulate the triumph, must ever ask themselves that question, on the answer to which, so much to dethrone Law or to legalize Force must rest. "What has France gained by her Revolution?" And we think it might be satisfactorily shown, that whatever benefit France has derived from the Revolution itself, is a wretched recompense for the crimes through which she waded to obtain it. Do not let us be misunderstood. We

grant, at once, that if we compare the state of the people and the nature of the laws, in 1785, with their existence in 1842, there is in great and vital respects a considerable improvement; that improvement, however, is not to be ascribed to the Revolution, *but to the spirit that preceded the Revolution, and could have sufficed for all beneficial changes, WITHOUT IT.* Until, by the siege of the Bastille, the Populace were permitted to take the law in their own hands, there was no fear for the safe progress of Opinion; and the events of 1789—94, would have changed their character, and been known by the name, not of Revolution, but Reform. Popular principles had only to be temperate to be permanently successful. The king was prepared to yield; the state of the finances placed him and his hostile court at the irresistible command of the Assembly; the nobles, the church, and the men of letters, were on the whole pervaded by the spirit of the time. Nothing could have prevented the most lasting compromise of all interests, had, what is properly Revolution, namely Illegal Violence, not usurped the place of Constitutional Improvement. At this period, the temper of the times, so far from being yet sanguinary, was for the extinction of capital punishment. We repeat and insist upon the truth that the Movement had only to abstain from violence in order to have carried reform to the highest point which the liberty and enlightenment of the Age could have desired: the moment that movement passed into revolution; the moment LAW, instead of being *corrected*, was *resisted*; the moment the populace were permitted to indulge passion and to taste blood; the moment, in fact, Force began,—Reform ceased. We concede all that the apologists for the excesses of the Revolution have demanded. We allow the unhappy influences of Marie Antoinette and the courtiers, the impolitic intrigues of the emigrants, and the unjustifiable aggression of the allies. But these are but the ordinary obstacles with which liberty has to contend in all stages of conflict and transition. And never, perhaps, had liberty advantages so great as those which France possessed, and threw away; viz., a population of one mind, and a king whose heart was with his country. Desèze, in his defence of Louis XVI. before the Assembly, thus summed up, and not a voice could contradict: "At the age of twenty, Louis, in ascending the throne, carried with him the example of moral excellence—of justice

and economy. The people wished the abolition of an onerous impost—Louis destroyed it;—the abolition of servitude—Louis abolished it. The people asked reforms—he made them;—their rights—he restored them;—their liberty—he gave it. No one can deny to Louis the glory of having been in advance of the people by his sacrifices, and it is him whom they propose to—Citizens! I will not conclude the sentence—I pause before that History—which, remember, shall judge your judgment—and here is the verdict that endures for centuries.”

Yes, no man denied this praise to Louis, and what hopes would such a king have afforded to a people, wise to ask and patient to abide! What better chief has been gained for liberty—in Robespierre, in Napoleon, in Louis XVIII., in Charles X., in Louis-Philippe? Without a revolution, unless the mere assembling of the *Tiers-Etat* is so to be called, without, in short (and to avoid misconception), violence and convulsion, France, under Louis XVI., and his noble son (tortured to death by the cobbler, Simon), would have had a Representative Assembly on the broadest basis, a Government managed with the severest economy, a Press carried on by the freest regulations,—and more than all, the hearty sympathy and love of every land where Civilisation can free the limbs or elevate the mind. Has she ever had them since?—has she got them now?

Unquestionably the abolition of privileges, the purification of the church, the amendment of the laws, have been great boons to France, but those were predestined from the first meeting of the *Tiers-Etat*. For those, no massacres, no guillotine, no regicide, no reign of terror, no revolution (such as we mean by the revolution of France), were required. It was not for those *real* benefits to France that her streets were to swim with blood. Revolutions so sanguinary are to be palliated only (excused they never can be), either by such results as secure permanent and practical constitutional liberty to the masses, or a thorough social regeneration in the moral life of the citizens. With regard to the last, we must touch delicately on invidious ground. It is true that the gay prodigality, the witty gallantries, the polished vices of the old French gentleman, are exchanged for the proud exclusiveness of the Carlist malcontents of the Faubourg St. Germain; the ancient noblesse are no doubt improved and sobered by reverses, and poverty has heightened their Gallic vanity into some-

thing of Spanish pride. But are the vices themselves extinct, or have they not merely changed their place of residence; to be found under a less graceful garb, amongst the new aristocracy of wealth, the gaudy parvenus of the Chaussée d'Antin? If we are to regard Literature as the glass of the manners and morals of the time, what terrible corruption—more dangerous because more grave and thoughtful than the light licenses of the old Crebillons and Marivaux—pollutes those pictures of modern life, which the astonishing variety and affluent genius of their Novelists exhibit to taint the young and to shock the old! Turn to the Stage, and how innocent seem the pleasantries of Figaro, to the deliberate depravity of *Angelo* and *Terese*. We do not in this accuse the authors. Authors take the colouring of their times. It is no blame to a writer to paint the manners of the age; if the manners are dissolute, the age alone must bear the odium. Admirably, indeed, in one of her last novels, has Madame Dudevant (G. Sand) described and reprobated the prevalent vices of the youth of Paris,—an egotistical and morbid desire to make a name, by short paths, and without labour; a craving for excitement, usually gratified by the seduction of your friend's wife; and ending in the pistol or charcoal-dish, upon the loss of a mistress or the ruin of a speculation. Certainly we must allow for exaggeration, and we must not judge of all society by its surface. But still he must be an Optimist more credulous than Candide, who can affirm that out of the slime and gore of 1794, any really pure and virtuous regeneration of morals and society has arisen to shame the sober honesty of the German, or the more sullen rectitude of the Englishman. Let us turn from the Social view of the question to the Legislative.

The chief popular feature in the constitution of modern France, as characteristic of her first revolution, is the annihilation of the aristocracy of birth. The noblesse never recovered the first shock. The restoration of the Bourbons could not revive the seignories. The abolition of an Hereditary Chamber, and the prevalent division of lands, which are the last results of the old revolutionary spirit, have effectually destroyed, as a power, the intermediate body existing in other countries between the people and the throne. But this absence of aristocracy has been attended with no real popular benefits: the third-rate men of letters, the second-rate lawyers, who have assumed the lead of af-

fairs, have done little enough to advance liberty, but much to confirm the public indifference to high honour and commanding integrity; while the division of property, in banishing or greatly diminishing a resident gentry, in crippling capital and barring speculation, has, with very partial exceptions, actually left Agriculture scarcely, if at all, advanced from the period of 1786—88, in which Arthur Young published his Statistics. Governments in vain have tried to foster the art of Triptolemus. Writers on its theory have in vain recommended reforms—in vain have model-farms been established, for the system forbids the motives to its progress. The peasant jogs after his old rude plough—the ox crawls behind the old *traineau*—the fields still blossom with the weed—the soil still hungers for manure. In 1842, France produces little more grain than it did in 1788, while the population has increased nearly 8,000,000. Speculators may declaim as they please on the cause—the cause is evident to common sense: viz., the absence of an aristocracy interested in the improvement of their lands, and with adequate capital for the improvement. Thus the most democratic, perhaps the sole democratic change attributable to the Revolution, is far from having produced the true democratic results: a greater incitement to industry—more copious employment for the many. But enlarging our views from details, may it not generally be said, that the Revolution, so far from permanently advancing, threw back popular principles throughout Europe; and that to the Revolution must be ascribed the worst defects in the system of existing France, whether political or moral. For in the political, the first grievous error that strikes us at this day, is the exceeding narrowness of the electoral body; an evil that may be said to operate against the tranquillity of society itself, for it tends to create an immense and powerful class *who have no stake whatever in the constitution*—who are ripe, therefore, for any aggression upon the existing state of things—and ready for war because unrepresented in peace;—while, regarded on the more popular side of the question, it may fairly be said that it is not representation, it is oligarchy, which vests the franchise in the hands of some 150,000 persons out of a population of 30,000,000. And yet, to the Revolution only is this defect to be ascribed; for throughout the French public there is still so lively and painful a recollection of the atrocities committed under a system

of universal suffrage, that extension of the suffrage is not even a popular question. And we remember to have heard the late Armand Carrel (the most illustrious, perhaps, of the popular party), declare that the greatest curse inflicted upon France, would be a constituent body as large as that which, in England, liberal politicians consider as unwisely contracted. Had the Reform gone on, and the Revolution never occurred; had Louis XVI. been left on the throne, and treated with respect as the sovereign of a free people; had all the energy of the leaders of the day been devoted to the amelioration of law, not the competition of force, France would already have acquired that political sagacity which never comes but from patient and progressive experience. She would never then have fallen into the ludicrous error, which every schoolboy scoffs in England, of instituting the ballot-box in the Representative Chamber, and demanding for trustees the secrecy which destroys the whole responsibility of the trust. She would never have left at the disposal of the Crown, means of corruption so extensive, that at this moment there are more places to give away than there are voters to apply for them!

Perhaps the two greatest evils of the Revolution were, first, that it created that habit of impatience which the best thinkers of France lament as the prevalent characteristic of their countrymen in this age—an impatience equally lamentable in public and individual existence. To succeed at once, or at once to destroy—such is the maxim that makes the assassin and the suicide. The second evil was the habit of indifference to moral character, which could not but be engendered by a demagogue succeeded by a soldiery; and to this we owe the exhibition among French statesmen of a laxity of honour and truth, a corruption in pecuniary affairs, and an equivocation in the transaction of business, unparalleled in Europe, and demoralizing to the whole nation. At this moment France has scarcely one guarantee, either for permanent government or liberal institutions. The representative chamber is so confined, that it never represents public opinion; and the electoral chamber, from its constitution, is tainted with the servility of courtiers, and has never that interest against despotism which belongs to aristocracy. Even the Press, to which the French have, from the instinct of weakness elsewhere, attached such affectionate importance, is so feebly guard-



ed by harmonizing institutions, that, while in a popular crisis it can inflame passions better appeased, in ordinary times it is exposed to persecutions, the virulence and impunity of which are a scandal both to the people and the crown. If we compare the real safeguards for liberty, the real strata and foundations for good government possessed now by the French, with those at their disposal in 1789, far from having gained, they have incalculably lost. And at this moment no man can foresee whether, ten years hence, France may not again be a democracy without education, or a despotism under a conqueror. War is her first passion still: and the king who leads her to war, will, if defeated, be dethroned; if successful, become absolute.

A twofold moral then arises from the contemplation of the Reign of Terror; the moral to Rulers, and that to the People. A terrible warning is it to a Monarchy that does not in time partake its responsibility with constitutional assemblies; to a government that does not regard laws as its right arm, finance as its left; to a Nobility that do not link themselves with the Commons, not suddenly and violently, but through all the slow and imperceptible links of social life; to a Priesthood that forgets the duties which command reverence and attract love. A lesson is it also to rulers no less in resistance than concession; to concede early what is just, but to resist to the last what is iniquitous. The horrors of the Revolution were owing as much to the latter cowardice of all who should have opposed, as to the early obstinacy of all who should have foreseen and forestalled. A warning equally grave, and if possible more important, is it to the PEOPLE, that one step gained by Law leads to practical and enduring liberty far sooner than a thousand gained by Force; that excesses in the power they attack never justify excesses in the power they would establish; that revenge is not only as criminal in a people as an individual, but that it is as impolitic and foolish. The greatest errors, and those most fatal to our happiness, which we as private men commit in life, are those which we commit through vindictive passions. We acknowledge this truth as persons, let us enforce it as a people. Above all, perhaps, this revolution teaches communities that to institutions alone liberty can be confided, and that institutions to be permanent must not too materially differ from the ancient habits they seek to reform. The indifference to institutions is still a characteristic of our

neighbours. Gallant to overthrow, unsteady to construct, the error of their first Revolution pervaded their last; and after a movement almost unparalleled for energy and humanity (for such must the events of the Three Days ever be considered,) they were contented with a dynasty and a parchment charter, without one single INSTITUTION to render the objects for which they fought the heritage of their children. They have obtained a dexterous and an able king; they have won neither reform for their Laws, representation for their Chamber, nor liberty for their Press.

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ART. II.—*Fragments from German Prose Writers.* Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. Illustrated with Notes. London. 1841.

SOME have experienced, and all can imagine, the pleasure of waking in a new long-desired country, with vague wonder and uncertainty how that foreign life would present itself, and then receiving its first greeting from a fair smiling figure, who presents us with a nosegay of unknown flowers, and looks our welcome to the fields they grew in. Such must be to many English readers the interest and joy imparted by this rich and graceful, as well as truly friendly offering; which is at once a garland of fresh flowers and a string of lasting pearls. Perhaps no other prose literature but that of Greece could have furnished the materials of a volume at once so wise, so bright, and so varied; and those old Hellenic books, nearer than any modern can be to the age of primeval awe, and combining, as no other, childish liveliness with mature thought, yet want some of the nobler, the very noblest elements of our Christian world, and the clear complete knowledge of nature and history, which in our time we require, and which the Germans, beyond all other people, have realized. In truth, resembling the Greeks far more than do the writers of any other nation as to elevation and fulness, they have for us the incomparable merit that they are the children and teachers of our own time. At all events whatever may or may not be the value of German literature, it is plain that Mrs Austin is, of all English persons, the one who has best succeeded in making its worth clear and pleasant to merely English readers. Mr. Carlyle, with his deep spirit and prophetic originality, has been.

and will remain we suppose for ever, the great hierophant, disclosing to prepared minds the truly divine wisdom of that modern Holy Land. But it requires to have something of a "foregone conclusion" of Germanism within us, and much of the temper of a devout neophyte, to receive the infinite benefit of his teaching. Mrs. Austin, with the unpretending ease and felicity of her soft, open, womanly nature, interprets to all like one of themselves, in familiar though choice language, whatever can be so communicated of the Beliefs, Images, and Feelings, that the highest and most creative geniuses and most sagacious inquirers of modern times have bestowed upon the world. Let us acknowledge our obligation by sitting beside her—it is no painful position—in the same great school.

Her book is one that hardly perhaps permits, and certainly does not require, any comment. Nor do we propose attempting one. But Mrs. Austin, and her and our readers, will you pardon us if we make it an excuse for offering some remarks on the history of modern literature, and on the place which that of Germany holds among the higher products of Christian Europe? That in the last twenty-five years it has gained for itself a universal importance, is plain matter of fact. The writings of Chateaubriand, of Byron, of Manzoni, have excited a wide and eager feeling; but none of these men, nor any of their respective countrymen, have produced a work, the object of repeated translations and commentaries, like the *Faust* of Goethe. And it is well known that this poem does not stand out from the other literature of its country, as something different in spirit, but only as of greater depth and more perfect execution than most other German books, many of which, besides those of its author, are analogous to it in purpose and tendency.

A little wider survey teaches that, as a matter of European interest, the theories and images of the Germans succeeded immediately to that place which had been occupied just before by the great writers of France; by Voltaire, and especially by Rousseau. It is not only that every cultivated person is expected to know something about these Teutonic singers and sages; but their feelings and opinions reappear in the works of their most celebrated contemporaries in all other countries. For instance: among us, Scott and Byron had both of them been anticipated in what is most essential to them by German

authors; though no doubt the Feudalism of the one, and the Suicidism of the other, are more fully developed in them than in any foreigners by whom they may have been influenced. Still more remarkably than in poetry, the philosophical speculations of all Europe are daily learning obedience to the example of Germany. M. Guizot is a pupil of those deep and zealous schools. Cuvier was himself by birth and education a German. Coleridge is the genial interpreter of the lore, now of Kant, and now of Schelling. Mr. Wordsworth, who, under the guise of a poet, is pre-eminently a high hortatory moralist, teaches only doctrines (except when eulogizing Archbishop Laud, &c.) which might be found long before his works appeared, even more fully and vividly declared in all the most illustrious masters of our ancestral Teutonic speech.

Some parts of this statement must pass for the moment without evidence, as we cannot now wait to support it in detail. Indeed it will be denied, we believe, by few persons having a wide prospect over the world, that this German literature, or the state of mind which it expresses, has, both in extent and seriousness of influence, a remarkable meaning. This Madame de Staël perhaps rather wished than quite attained to recognize and explain. But mistaken as are many of her notions on the subject, and (we suppose) all her translations from German books, it is evident that she had really felt something great in the minds of that country, something that far exceeded her previous Parisian standard, and was not even included in the large and radiant though spotted orb of Rousseau's genius. Substantially her belief has become that of the intelligent world; and the fear perhaps now is, not so much that German literature may be insufficiently valued, as that it may be prized on wrong grounds and used to mistaken purposes.

We will try to indicate some of the steps by which mankind moved on to the production of that German literature, the worth of which we hold indubitable by any one who, after due preparation, has really searched into the matter.

The combination of urbane and courtly elegance with ecclesiastical power, wealth, and wisdom, produced in Italy the earliest modern literature that can still be called much more than an object of antiquarian study. This glory failing with the wholesome earnestness of the church, whose decay produced beyond the Alps the protestant reformation, did not outlive that great

change by much more than the life of one generation. Tasso died before the close of the sixteenth century. The beautiful strength of the Catholic times lingered longer in Spain where it had been slower in unfolding itself, and had been invigorated and hardened by its long conflict against the Koran. Calderon, whose life filled more than the first three-quarters of the seventeenth century, was the last great Catholic poet; and we may safely affirm, that the world will never see another. Not of course that there may not be great poets born Catholics, and nominally, or even in a certain sense sincerely such throughout their lives: but that the days are long past when the form of feeling characteristic of the middle ages, and filling them with mystic many-coloured glories, can be the atmosphere at once and life blood of a great man.

Long before the death of Calderon, nay, before his birth, the bloom and richness of Europe had shown itself in the remote north under a very different shape from those dear to him. His predecessor Lope, the contemporary and more prosperous rival of Cervantes, was a soldier on board the Armada, which would have invaded England. But no doubt he little knew that in the cold and cloudy land of heretics there was then a burst of thought and imagination, the fame of which in after-times would far exceed his own.

We had at that time among us a combination such as existed nowhere else, of the mental freedom and social vigour of the reformation, with the stateliness and strength of feudalism. The result was the age of Elizabeth and Charles—Shakspeare and Cromwell. It is now clear enough to all Europe, that the England of Shakspeare was one of the chief scenes in the long drama of the human intellect. It succeeded to the splendour of Italian genius; for at this time German thought was merely theological, and France followed mainly in the same track. Then broke out our civil war: and literature thenceforth became among us a matter either of pedantic research, or frivolous lightness, or practical utility; not a free and beautiful outpouring of the heart. The material interests of our commercial and parliamentary life occupied the strongest minds so completely, that our lighter works were the productions only of second-rate men, and are, in the history of the world, entitled to but small notice. In truth, there could not be any minds of a very high order, when everything was bartered away that makes

men great: enthusiasm, romance, poetry, the ideal in all departments but the useful and luxurious arts.

Now came the turn of France, the age of Louis XIV. Corneille, Racine, Molière, Bossuet, Pascal, and Fénelon, and at last Voltaire, were the representatives of a period in the history of their nation analogous, though not similar, to that of Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Raleigh, and Bacon among us. They gave to modern literature a clearness, precision, and obvious symmetry, which it had never possessed before: and then they died: though Voltaire, indeed, with his eighty years, lived over into a totally new epoch. This latter day may be called that of the French revolution in facts, that of the German revolution in ideas: two great changes closely but not very definably connected, in their causes as well as in their dates. By the German period of ideas, we mean one in which the imagination had far wider and deeper aims, and speculative inquiry a much more serious and more comprehensive character, than in the preceding French epoch; which, however, had also bequeathed to its successor more of knowledge, elegance, system, and conscious clearness, than had been attained by England in her greatest age.

It may be remarked, that as Tasso lived after the Reformation (died 1595), and was contemporary with Shakspeare and Spenser, so Milton (died 1674) might have seen every one of those great writers of the age of Louis XIV., except by much the latest as well as longest-lived, Voltaire: and similarly Rousseau (died 1778), on the whole certainly the deepest and grandest of the French men of genius, saw, though he knew nothing of, the great outburst in Germany, when Winkelmann, Lessing, and Klopstock, led the way for Herder, Goethe, Kant, and Schiller. In each case there was one memorable chronological link between the departing and the coming period of human strength.

Having thus cast a hasty glance at the mere succession, in order of time, of these great movements, it may be worth considering what were the predominant circumstances affecting the intellectual character of each country shown in its literature.

England, in the hundred years that followed the accession of Elizabeth, was more alive with various hopeful energy than it has ever been since. In physical prosperity, enterprise of all kinds, in stirring thought, poetic freedom and greatness, and moral fervour and heroic con-

scientiousness, all combined, no similar period in the history of any nation has ever excelled this. Perhaps there have never been two generations in any country comparable to these. In point of mere date, Spenser, Bacon, Sidney, Shakspeare, and Raleigh, might have been brothers; and Hobbes, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Strafford, Hampden, and Cromwell, were the contemporaries of their sons. Down to the restoration of Charles II.—the end of this extraordinary age—feudal splendour, commercial activity, rural freedom, catholic authority, and biblical zeal, seemed all blended and balanced; the rich and golden life of the earlier half of the century gradually yielding to the sterner subsequent forces; till at last, when all else had passed away, the religious poetry of Milton rose as the peal of a single organ over the tomb of Cromwell, amid the lutes and drinking-songs and oaths of Charles the Second's court.

In fact, in the Stuart portion of this hundred years, though much of learned culture, poetic impulse, and high-born dignity still remained, the materializing commercial tendencies were gradually gaining the dominion which they have now so long boasted; and were then far more strikingly accompanied than in later times, by that somewhat hard and narrow, but still noble theological dogmatism, which is the only higher kind of power that in recent times seems ever to have allied itself with the activity of Anglo-Saxon trade. Those puritan wars were only the fierce transition to the orderly, stiff, prosaic, aldermanic form of national life, which has prevailed in this country ever since.

Of this state of existence the explanation seems to be, that trade, diffusing wealth and a certain (strictly limited) intelligence, secures what is sometimes called freedom; that is, representative government; and gives the character of more or less shrewd and solid but very unheroic men of business, to the mass of the community. On the other hand, all serious human action develops the need of a moral law by which it may be governed. But mere practical life only seeks to have this law made as definite as possible, and enforced by the extremest sanction; and hence rejects as dangerous all scientific inquiry into human duties and destinies, and shuns all question of the coherence and completeness of its creed, provided only that it be applicable and positive. We must take into account also the political weight of what is once

established; and hence the repugnance on the part of constituted authorities to intellectual movement, except within a very definite sphere. The road is made, the toll-gates settled, money paid at them with grumbling, but without resistance: what wonder that all concerned, from trustees down to stone-breakers, feel a sincere public-spirited suspicion of plans for new visionary rail-roads? And these latter once established, as naturally join the remains of the old turnpike interest to vilify the chimera of superseding all roads whatever by the use of wings, seven-league boots, or any other transcendental furniture. On the other side, in behalf of men's nobler tendencies, little is to be said in this case: but that knowledge even in the weary greedy multitude has a certain weak expansiveness; and the wealth which brings leisure and luxury to the few will also ask for intellectual amusement, and will generally let some of the gilding of sofas and chiffoniers overflow on the frames of pictures and the covers of books. Which helps to man's higher culture we are far from denying, though it may be doubted whether they are quite all-sufficient.

In this state of things, then, we are sure to find, 1. An endless repetition of moral and religious common-places for practical use; 2. An infinite bustle of political discussion adapted to the comprehension of all, and therefore to that of the least comprehensive; 3. Scientific inquiries into "matter and motion," such as can be at all connected with money-making; 4. Frivolous literature in a perpetual succession of novelties, made for to-day and gloriously independent of to-morrow. But under none of these heads could we expect to find anything deeper in meaning or wider in survey than an enlightened public can relish. Little could be hoped of true and energetic originality. And genius itself, which comes from Heaven and cannot be prevented by the happiest mechanization of man, would hardly break out except either in some loose and loud subserviency to the multitude; or with fainthearted dishonest adherence to the letter of what is orthodox; or by mad revolt, as in melodious Shelley, against nature and necessity, no less than laws and men.

In France, after the long confusion of civil wars reaching down far later into their history than those of our middle ages, we find social life, and literature which embellished it, assuming under Louis XIV. an elegance, finish, and festal splendour pre-

viously unknown in Europe. Everything became neat, and much magnificent; but still, after the manner of courts, all in clear pre-appointed forms, with reason itself appearing only in the shape of *etiquette*. Yet the robust free life of feudalism more or less survived, and showed itself in the characters of many of the marshals and nobles—now plainly, for instance, in the Duc de St. Simon—and even in the writings of the great authors, though under somewhat rigid control, and with a rather obsequious decorum. Literature had its pedantic unproductive side in colleges and monasteries, but, as a public fashionable matter, was fitted to the luxurious tastes of a court and nobility. The middle classes, long before so powerful in England, had not yet in France risen into importance. Hence the prevailing books had neither the plain serviceable utility of our common moral disquisitions, nor their careless manner, any more than the brave liberality and largeness of our Elizabethan age. It was evidently proper that pains should be bestowed on what was meant to amuse and instruct a great king and his highborn nobles. Then too, and long after, very little was to be gained by copyright from the public; so that a terse and concise style, in harmony with the mental clearness and compactness of the race, very naturally came to characterize the productions of Racine and Bossuet. The colleges and ecclesiastical authorities, with their popish traditions and rich endowments, helped to secure elegant culture and finish. But their influence, and the tastes of a court, were alike opposed to any meddling with first principles, and the main elements of all high knowledge were required to be merely taken for granted. These writers show, perhaps, better than any others in the history of the world, how far it is possible to go in the absence of very varied natural life, and of deep and free philosophy. The genius of Molière rose above the pitch of his contemporaries, and in spite of seeming destiny, made him a great original painter of life and a worthy companion of Montaigne and Rabelais, who had preluded, somewhat as Chaucer among us, to the glories of a later age. His *Misantrope* is more truly Shakspearian, more simply, deeply drawn from the realities of the human soul, than anything we have seen of the professedly Shakspearian school now shedding blood by pailsful on the Parisian stage. This play in fact anticipates Rousseau, and stands in a very singular relation between “Hamlet” and “Faust;”

and in like manner *Tartuffe* strikes the keynote of much that distinguishes Voltaire.

This author of *Zaire* and *Zadig*, with all his bold scepticism, seems only a vigorous and progressive survivor of the age of Louis XIV. He himself hints not obscurely his claim to be the Euripides in a triad of which Corneille and Racine formed the earlier pair. Sentimental emotion and all the refinements of a pleasant life had been the main objects of the authors whose Parnassus was Versailles. Even the state preachers spoke of death and judgment with ceremonious grace, as if to make the Christian pulpit contribute its share to the polished entertainments of the court. And they, and all their lettered compeers, seemed to give up a tithe of their worldly amusements in obedience to the church, by way of securing a continuance of the remainder in a future life. Voltaire had spirit and shrewdness to contest the claims of the bishops, for even the fragment which alone they asked. By fifty years of multiform resistance, he made his protest good, and at last had all France with him.

But, in the main, while disputing the commands of the hierarchy, he obeyed without an audible murmur two other recognized powers; the laws of the state, and the rules of social custom. Rousseau arose, and rebelled also against these. Voltaire had mostly aimed only at relieving the world from a priesthood and a faith; letting it last in other respects as it was. Rousseau insisted that men must have a belief, though a reformed one; and that this reform ought to extend to their political constitutions,—nay, to all their habits, tastes, and practical convictions. If, as we ought, we leave out of view whole masses of inane egotism and dialectical paradox, we must own that he combined in his wonderful genius the most impassioned affection and the most earnest reason; and, with all his faults, was more than any man the precursor and representative of the great intellectual revolution which had begun in Germany before his death, and has extended more or less to all Europe.

To Germany, our final object, we now come. It is certainly at first sight a very singular fact that its literature, from the Reformation for more than two centuries onwards, was almost wholly either of a scholastic or commonplace character. Theological, antiquarian, nay, speculative books, there were in abundance; and the great, truly encyclopedic, name of Leibnitz, has hardly a superior among modern scientific thinkers. There were also many

works of a practical kind for the people. But of men of lasting eminence, writing classical books in German on matters of general, not purely academic, interest, there was not one till less than a hundred years ago. The want of high and universal worth in German literature, must have been decided enough and known to be so, when Robertson dared confess, with no particular appearance of shame, that he had written the history of Charles V. without being able to read the language of that country which Charles ruled as emperor; the language, by his use of which, Luther in Charles's reign revolutionized Europe.

The slow maturity of German thought is, on consideration, intelligible enough. In the first place, all the other highly civilized parts of Europe were at one time ruled by Rome, and retained always some strong traces of classical culture. In England, indeed, all Roman refinement seems to have been swept away by the northern invaders; and it is the only part of Europe, once Latin, where this can be said to have been the case. But our Norman conquerors, succeeding to the Saxons and Danes, came to us from France, where they had learnt a language of itself half Latin, and many arts and tastes derived from the same noble source. The subsequent long and close connection of our sovereigns, nobility, and clergy, with the more enlightened country they sprang from, had an evident and great effect upon Britain. Here, then, was one means of knowledge and humanity almost entirely wanting to the Germans. Hence, perhaps, mainly it is that in modern times the German courts displayed but little sensibility for intellectual pleasures, till influenced in the eighteenth century by the example of France.

Secondly, of the great European countries, Germany is by far the most inland. Spain and Italy are almost insular; we are entirely so; even France has a land frontier on but one and a half of its four sides; while Germany is open to the sea on but a portion of its northern boundary, and the greater part of that sea-coast looks to the landlocked and remote Baltic. Hence, there were not the natural causes prevailing over all the west of Europe for the growth of a wealthy and quick-witted commercial class. And thus neither courtly nor mercantile refinement arose as early as in Latinized and maritime countries. Rude nobles and poor serfs composed the people of Germany, long after polished aristocracies and rich intelligent burghers had filled other lands with graceful arts,

and brought forth the various national literature of the modern world.

Thirdly, the religious wars caused in Germany by the Reformation, filled the whole following century, and did not end till the middle of the seventeenth. In France, where civilisation was already far more advanced, they occupied but a few years; and in England nothing of the kind occurred till after our greatest intellectual age, and then only disturbed six or seven years, and hardly interfered at all with the progress of the country in the arts of peace.

These considerations may help to explain the fact that Germany, after occupying almost the whole of Roman Europe, and placing her sons on all its chief thrones, and then inventing the printing-press and bringing forth Luther, was yet left far behind by England, France, Italy, and Spain, in the elaboration of that free, varied, and beautiful modern culture, which, in recent times, it has more completely appropriated and perfected than any of its rivals.

But perhaps the very causes which retarded the efflorescence of Germany, also secured that the flowers when at last disclosed should be more abundant and richer. For what was it but the strength, depth, uncommercial quiet and solidity of the nation, that brought out the Reformation among them. And were not these the virtues which, two centuries after, fashioned themselves into the Lessings, Goethes, and Kants? What but the absence of political centralization, the division of Germany into many states, so long gave up the country to wars for religion, which must have ended far sooner had the land, like France and England, been under one government? And this very plurality of states and capitals, with their courts and universities, has been among the most obvious and certain causes of that widespread, varied, unshackled intelligence, which the torpid priestly colleges of England, and the single tyrannical metropolis of France, have alike, though in such different ways, prevented in their respective countries.

This slight, though we believe accurate sketch of a great subject, may possibly seem imperfect for want of any statement why it is that Spain and Italy have done nothing in modern times at all comparable to the intellectual achievements of the three principal northern countries. To this difficulty, also, something like a plausible answer can be furnished. It is

not because they have had no protestant reformation, or, as in France, a revolution of equivalent energy. For we must still discover *why* this has not taken place. The explanation appears to be as to Spain, that the long struggle against the Moors made hatred of heresy the one serious passion of the people, and thus gave them up more entirely than any other Europeans into the hands of their clergy. Then the possession of America rendered the sovereign independent of the nation. And thus king and priest, the natural and reasonable representatives of the highest forms of social life, obtained and used the power to extinguish all national force and health, in slow, shameful decay. Fire, indeed, remained under the ashes, and at last has burst out; nor, we trust, will the blaze be quenched again.

In Italy the mischief sprang from other causes. The consolidation of the great monarchies of France, Austria, and Spain, surrounded that country with neighbours too strong for her divided force to encounter. Her physical structure made it easy to attack her in detail and hard for her to rally round any centre. The power of the Bishop of Rome, inherited from the old civil pre-eminence of that city, set apart one portion of the peninsula under a consecrated rule with which it was impossible for the other states to coalesce. Thus inwardly distracted, nay cloven, and alternately overpowered and parcelled into small despotisms by one or other of her neighbours, Italy, too, sank into a languid imbecility which only now and then utters some detached phrase, recalling her former and still latent strength. Had Rome been governed by any sort of temporal ruler, he would gradually, no doubt, have united all the other Italian states; and then, in confidence of national dignity, every individual citizen would have risen into higher life. But the anomaly of a superannuated old clergyman governing, in the name of God and of the Fisherman, the former capital of the civilized world, was itself enough to make it impossible that, in modern times, he should extend a dominion the foundation of which was thus equivocal.

Taking up our former inquiry into the history of the German mind—what seems most peculiar to that nation, among all those of Europe, is the number and strength of the universities, and, at the same time, their freedom from ecclesiastical trammels. The nature of the land itself with reference to commerce and other particulars, the kinds of government

and the political divisions, the diversities of religion established in the several sections, the national character, with its deep and steady fire, and the tranquillity and seriousness of its social habits, all these are important points. But as discriminating Germany from the other great European countries, there is, we think, not one nearly so significant and productive a fact as this of the existence of a great number of bodies of men selected, for their eminence as thinkers, and set apart to think, and permitted to declare their thoughts with perfect, or nearly perfect, freedom.

We see, at this instant, an Oxford professor, of unquestioned piety, nearly worried to death for controverting or supporting (we forget which) St. Thomas Aquinas. A German may proclaim his agreement with Plato, Spinoza, or Shaftesbury, and his disregard of all the Fathers and all the Reformers; and in all probability, if he shows sincerity and genius in doing so, will gain an increased salary, the cross of an order, and a larger body of pupils. It is not very difficult to perceive which plan is the more likely to make profound philosophical inquirers.

In England and Italy, even in France down to the Revolution, there was neither any such abundance of institutions for the highest knowledge, nor any such liberty in those existing. Accordingly, in these three countries it has been almost exclusively in physical science, in matters only remotely connected with theological dogma, and therefore exempt from its control, that there has been any steady conjoint progress, any recognized independence of inquiry, and a deference in the government for the opinion of the most competent. In Germany alone has the case been memorably otherwise. We find there an organization of men's highest interests and tendencies, neither crushed by the jealousy of civil rulers, nor perverted by ecclesiastics to serve the purposes—most important, no doubt, but not alone important—of their profession. Perhaps it would not be too much to say, that as the representative institutions of England and America are gradually being adopted by all the civilized world, as the best instruments for arranging men's outward and material concerns, so the day must come when the intellectual progress of mankind will stop, or something like the German universities be everywhere established, and endowed with at least as healthy and noble a freedom as has been allowed in those bodies. In that country—poor as Germany is, compared

with England and France—there may now probably be found the greater part of the generous knowledge and earnest meditation extant on earth. But Oxford and Cambridge, with perhaps more wealth than all the German professors together, certainly do not contain six men who have added a jot to human knowledge, except in the physical sciences; and not more than two or three, if so many, whose names Europe has ever heard of in any department. The monastic spirit of these establishments cannot be expected to produce better fruits; and we must rather pity than blame the individual men, the victims of a system that they fancy themselves bound to defend.

As the total result of these causes and revolutions on the banks of the Rhine and Elbe, what do we find? A modern German literature no doubt, which lies before us and around us, and is studied as the modern French and modern Italian by those who have a taste for polite accomplishments. Something more, however, there is than this. These German books are not merely in a language of their own, but have a whole physiognomy and character distinct, original; not only very unlike either our own or any other writings, but also, perhaps, of a deeper, wider kind.

What then, we would ask, is the word—for there must be one—which more nearly than all others expresses the specific character of the more celebrated German writers during the last half or three-quarters of a century? Let us try some of the more popular solutions:

Is it *homeliness*?

No, they are not more homely than Goldsmith, or Crabbe, or Walter Scott; not more even than Theocritus or Homer. But they combine homeliness with a higher somewhat, which we hardly find elsewhere in this connection.

Is it *affectionateness*?

Scarcely this either; though it is true that their philosophers recognize, and their poets delineate, a warmth and fulness of the feelings, and not merely of the passions, such as other modern writers do not attempt, except in spasms of sentimental exaggeration. But this is not universal in these foreign works, and is not peculiar to them: Shakespeare and Cervantes, Dante, Boccaccio, and Montaigne, abound in the same tone, which is also the familiar music of much of the ancient classical literature.

Is it then *mysticism*?

Surely in no sense of the word can this

be found in the greater part of the poems of Goethe and Schiller. Popularly speaking, the word means nothing but *obscurity*; which, except so far as everything worth understanding requires pains to understand it, is as little a fault of the German writers, excluding Novalis, as of any in all literature. A mystic is properly a man who does not seek to bring his own higher feelings and convictions into as much intellectual clearness as they are capable of, but loves the solemn gloom of indistinct emotion too well to approach it with conscious reflection. In this sense there are perhaps no men having a deep faith of heart so little chargeable with *mysticism* as the more eminent of the German philosophers and even poets.

Is it, then, perhaps the opposite of mysticism, *reflection*, which distinguishes these men from the guides of other nations?

This, more nearly than any of the other characteristics we have tried, might seem to fulfil the purpose. M. Guizot has somewhere stated it as the blame of German literature, that reflection is too prominent and general in its productions; that there is not a sufficiently clear, direct representation, of the outward realities of life. But though there is more of large and accurate meditation in these works than in any other contemporary masterpieces, neither can this be styled their main distinction. We find it indeed as a most important element in their poetic works. But it cannot, at all events, characterize their philosophy; for that must always be entirely and purely reflective; and to say that one philosophy is more so than others, is merely to pronounce it the best. But neither is it, though conceivably of course it might be, the chief singularity of other than their philosophical treatises. There is in the mere descriptive department, in verbal landscape-painting, and the like, a clearness, completeness, and conciseness in much of the writing of these men—as Goethe and Tieck, for instance—to which we can find no parallel elsewhere; and in these two, and Schiller and Jean Paul, a true, free exhibition of varieties and greatnesses of human character, of shades and depths of emotion, which reflective thought could never have revealed to any man who had not either felt them in his heart before his head took notice of them, or found them in human life before he generalized them into a theory.

Shall we then enlarge our phrase, and say that it is *knowledge* in general in which they excel?



In this also there is much plausibility. If we look at their speculative writers, there is an extent of survey, a mastery over the theories that all ages and countries have produced, and the facts that these theories were designed to explain, such as no school among any other people has had the least pretension to. Indeed, directly to translate, or indirectly to borrow from these men, is sufficient to obtain in other parts of Europe, and eminently among us, the somewhat dangerous repute of engaging deeply in the strangest of forbidden pursuits—the black art of thinking. It is also an unquestionable fact, that their poets have had an acquaintance with philosophic speculation, with the theory of criticism, with the history of the fine arts, and with various languages and literatures, such as could hardly be found among those of most other countries. But neither can this be what constitutes the clearly-felt difference between this and rival literatures. The difference is one too deep and fundamental for mere book-knowledge, however large and various, to explain. The whole view of life, and all the little unconscious turns of feeling that meet us in every page of their imaginative writings, spring from a far other root than that either of our popular bravura writing, or of encyclopedic learning.

Do we come any nearer our object in trying if *culture* will satisfy the sphinx?

So it may seem, for *culture* includes many of the elements that we have already found in the great fact before us. Yet neither will this quite succeed. For *culture* will do everything for man but give him the original capacity on which it most successfully works. If *culture* were all, how far had a Voltaire been above a Shakespeare, a Gray before a Burns, a Mengs beyond a Correggio, a Dugald Stewart ahead of a Spinoza! All which is much the reverse of true.

We require something from which—granting the due circumstances—*culture*, knowledge, and reflection, clearness and liveliness of painting, the seriousness that will to careless eyes appear mysticism, the affectionateness that fills a life and book with warmth, and the homeliness which is the proof of real interest in all the forms and conditions of human nature, must, as water from its fountain, rise and be manifest. And there is one power in man, which, with proper qualities of other kinds, and under favouring influences, will produce all that and every other good

thing. There is but one. It is *Earnestness of heart*. This we do conceive to be the grand fontal characteristic of the better German writings, as compared with those that other nations have brought forth during these last three-score years and ten.

Here, perhaps, we might fitly stop. For where men have equal natural gifts, and equal circumstances, *Earnestness* is all that makes the difference. As to gifts, the Teutonic race are, in force, fire, and clearness, the masters of the modern world; being indeed the conquerors of it all, and founders of its mediæval Christian life. Their circumstances, as already we have partly seen, are not in later times less favourable, but rather more so than those of other countries: for they are in good measure exempt from all-confusing commercial bustle; and do not shrink under the tyranny of one huge feverish drunken metropolis; and are amply provided with *seats of free thought*—at once cause, result, proof and furtherance of this faithful national earnestness. Other things being equal, or even not grossly unequal, the most earnest people will be the wisest, most melodious, most creative; and this is what we esteem the Germans to be as shown in their modern books.

In France all or most that is loudly written, and similarly spoken, seems designed for instant effect on a vehement gregarious race. Nearer ourselves we see much of a literature more for household use, and regarded mainly as a convenience for the domestic soul. Each country also shares in the blessings characteristic of the other, and Germany in turn has enough of the same froth and dregs as its neighbours. But it has begotten all the greatest masters of thought produced in Europe since the time of Rousseau; and Tieck and Schelling are still alive to represent in the flesh a literature, which for compass, loftiness, and enduring beauty, for all that Earnestness must in our modern world attempt and realize, is quite unlike almost anything that either we or our nearest neighbours can boast of.

Happily for us no great European nation has so close a relation as ourselves to these sons of the weird northern Muses. We may largely gain by using those rights of kindred which they have been always proud to insist on. For in varied tones and utterances—of calm reflection, of dramatic personification, of lyric enthusiasm, of epic and idyllic narrative—they teach us that our human life is not only, as it must always

be, a course of hard toil and a mixture of broken joys and sharp sorrows, but full of a divine meaning, and capable of immortal good. With deep meditative wisdom, and in forms of many-coloured beauty, they set before us a lesson which England much needs, but is also most worthy to learn. Our coarse mechanical strength is mingled with a rich and strong element of conscience, humanity, and unwearied hope, but all tortured into maimed shapes, and wrapped in thick gloom. We may again help towards the recovery both of light and beauty among the men who still gloriously consecrate the soil we first sprang from. There are many of us who delight in the manifold glowing world of Shakspeare; others who have felt the tones of eternal truth in the slow chant of Wordsworth, in some piercing lyric phrase of Coleridge, and in the sweet bewildered wail of Shelley. Many again have stepped more lightly over our toilsome earth in the presence of the bold shadows evoked from the past by Scott. All these living hearts, varied as are their habits and outward interests, will find leaders of their pilgrimage, such as all earth beside does afford, in the great men of modern Germany.

There is one quality of those modern German writers which, it may be as well to warn unprepared readers, will strike them with wonder and perhaps with fear. This is nothing but that freedom to which we have before adverted. The greater of those men have used their fine and robust faculties in looking at life and nature for themselves; not in order to escape from duty, but to fulfil it more abundantly and on a larger scale than custom would prescribe. There is nothing more common than the sight of persons, the despair of moralists in all ages, the *fools* named in Scripture, who throw off a burden which they are too weak to bear bravely, and disown whatever is high and pure within them that they may sink into inert mean falsehood and brutishness. But there is another revolt against popular rules and laws of opinion, having a very different aim from this. The weak man, to get rid of his load, will cut off the arms to which it is tied, and maim his powers to escape his obligations; but the strong man who refuses to "carry coals" at the bidding of others, claims only to choose his own load, and will bear willingly and with painful fidelity a far heavier one than the public opinion which he disobeys would have dared to lay on him. No taskmaster would

have made those women, who carried forth their husbands as their most precious commodities, submit to a burden half so weighty. And thus it is with all who engage seriously in the task of life. Freely they choose, and freely perform, a work beyond the compass of all legal injunctions. For freedom is found at last to be nothing else but the willing choice of those conditions which enable our best, most laborious powers, to exert themselves for the fittest ends. And this is the freedom towards which every noble soul feels, toils, and bleeds, as towards its native and only vital element, as the plant to light and air, the fish out of the net into the fresh unbounded water. This victorious effort it is, which glorifies more or less every truly great man; and above all in modern times, those of Germany; whose names we constantly hear connected with the charge of irreligion, licentiousness, and whatever of horrible that stupid tongues can devise to ring in stupid ears. As if profane irreverence, and mad self-willed resistance to reason, could ever be the characteristic tendency of thoughtful, humane, and imaginative minds. There is a freedom far unlike that of the escaped convict, and consisting not in doltish disobedience, but in the sacred and serene obedience of love to the highest rule of duty we can find within us. Not such is the freedom secured by Magna Charta, and acts of settlement that guard us from the tyranny of kings, but leave us under the yoke of our next door neighbour's eyes and our news-writer's pen. Neither is there any such liberty to be obtained by the most diligent compliance with all the precepts of ethics and theology, in which the heart and strength of a man may be as much confined, as his body if it were chained in a locked church. Divine commandments are but the commandments of divines for him who does not feel that in compliance with them is the only liberation of his soul from death. A man who does not feel this may be gravely wrong, but will not get himself right by tying himself to the letter in which he finds no spirit. The freedom of an earnest mind brings with it laws as strict and holy as any in the pentateuch or the canons, but also has tenfold strength for the performance of the only work on earth really worthy a man. All the rest is the routine of a scourged and hoodwinked heart. Political freedom is a great blessing; but there is a still better kind known only to the good and wise, and of which

Schiller and Fichte and their compeers are teachers and examples, such as Europe for near two centuries had hardly seen.

Connected, not very remotely, with this matter of spiritual freedom, is the remarkable fact that while, of the population of Germany, considerably more than half are catholics, every man who has gained an immortal fame in that country as a thinker, was born and bred a protestant. As to the right of the greater number of the following names to appear in the list, there can be but one opinion.

Leibnitz	Hegel
Frederick II.	Eichhorn
Lessing	Johannes Müller
Winkelman	Jean Paul Richter
Klopstock	2 Stolbergs
Herder	2 Schlegels
Wieland	2 Humboldts
F. H. Jacobi	Novalis
Goethe	Tieck
Schiller	F. A. Wolf
Kant	Voss
Fichte	Niebuhr
Schelling	Savigny.

Three of these illustrious men—one Stolberg, one Schlegel, and Winkelman—became catholics; the last, it is said, from mere convenience; the former two, no doubt, with entire sincerity. We might, perhaps, have added Werner, the dramatic poet, as to the purity of whose motives in the same change there seems to be no cause for doubt. But even these converts, all except Winkelman but second-rate among the great, were formed in the comparative freedom of protestant doctrine. Of the others, many, perhaps nearly all, were very far from what we commonly call orthodoxy—that is, from believing that the creeds of the reformers three hundred years ago, or any one such document, contains the whole and nothing but the truth, as to man's spiritual constitution and destiny. But though mostly heretics in the eyes of synods and consistories, and of our bench of bishops, they were generally far more completely removed from any allegiance to the doctrine of the schoolmen or to that of the fathers; and the mere artistic and romantic admiration felt by some of them for the times of legend and miracle, was only similar in kind to that which they cherished for the mythological beauty of early Greece, and even of ancient India. Except the two or three persons just mentioned, whose history is not very hard of explanation, there was not one of these men who would not rather have sacrificed his life than the liberty of believing and

feeling for himself in conformity with the promptings of his own soul, and with the spirit of the times that he belonged to. If we remember that more than eighteen millions of the Germans are catholics, this protestant consent of all their strongest, deepest, and most genial minds, is perhaps as significant a fact as any that history presents. Not that it portends any triumph of Exeter Hall over the Vatican, and the Prayer-book over the Missal, but that it exhibits the emancipation of all truly great minds from the bondage of all dead traditions, by whatever name they may be trumpeted.

Strange, moreover, as it may seem, with all their heterodoxy, there are not above five or six in our whole list whose writings do not indicate a far nobler, purer feeling of religion and of duty, than can be found in our Paleys and Watsons, and scores of well-reputed correct British theologians.

We have already stated, that in our view their most remarkable quality, and indeed the root of all their merits, is moral earnestness. It has also been pointed out that this Earnestness is combined with, or seen to issue in, a Freedom, of which the serious minds among us have in general but little conception. If now we further attempt to mark by one expression the *idea* which pervades this literature, and the consciousness of which all sympathizing readers must more or less obscurely derive from it, this may be called the WORTH OF MAN.

This Worth it is which we find exhibited in each of the three great forms assumed by the genius of the Germans—in History, Philosophy, and Poetry. History displays the facts of human nature; philosophy, the principles that the facts rise from and express; poetry, the symbols in which the principles are illustrated, and the facts more compendiously and vividly reproduced. In all these departments alike, the Worth of Man, the fellow-feeling that we owe, and the labour that the construction of our life requires and deserves, are shown with a settled strength and complete beauty far beyond the pitch of any other writings we know but those of the Greeks, and superior even to them in depth and compass. We do not forget Dante and Ariosto, Cervantes and Calderon, Shakspeare and Milton; but among the Germans we have a whole literature, and not merely one or two great minds—we have vast regions of philosophy and history almost unknown, and altogether unsurveyed, by any other nation. And even their poets, being much the latest

that the world has produced with anything like equal powers, have, though certainly not an absolute superiority to all their predecessors, yet an extent of knowledge, and, above all, a suitableness for us in this age, which earlier ones could not possibly be endowed with.

But in history and philosophy (*i. e.* what is commonly called metaphysics) the higher dignity with which man appears than that which our popular authors allow him, is far more strikingly manifest. The ancient world especially has been as good as reconquered for us from waste darkness by the race of scholars, with Wolf, the critic of Homer, at their head, whose works are beginning, either by vague rumour or small samples, to make their way into England. Niebuhr, at least, we all know, has re-constructed for us that old, stern, half-Etruscan Rome, which had lain so long buried under the ruins of her own later empire, and chronicled only in supernatural, that is unnatural, legends. To him Man, as he trod five-and-twenty centuries ago the banks of the obscure and marshy Tiber, was still so venerable and dear an image, that a whole laborious life might be well spent in tracing out his faintest footsteps, and deepening the slightest outlines of his story, till ages that seemed as completely lost as if they had belonged to some anterior planet, and whose place had for two thousand years been supplied by fantastic fables, stood again before us with the breath of life, and there, instead of a shapeless cloud, was Rome resurgent "in all her panoply." But it is less this result with which we are now concerned, than the spirit of sincere faith, the feeling of the Worth of Man in his historical no less than his present existence, which makes Niebuhr so remarkable to us, and which has made his fellow historians and philologists a race so different from the earlier verbal pedants and all-believing devourers of old books. If the mythology and history, the thoughts and beliefs of the classical world, and especially of ancient Greece, have a living interest, and coherent intelligible subsistence for us, we owe it to such men as Niebuhr, Wolf, Voss, K. O. Müller, who have penetrated with their sharp eyes and glowing enthusiasm into the tangled, thorny, fruitless wilderness, the sacred haunt of ghosts and schoolmasters.

Thus also it is with philosophy, which in England and France has long attempted little more than to explain away whatever is awful and divine in man, into something,

if not mean and bad, yet small and frivolous. Our writers on such subjects, often with the best purpose, but ill-placed and stunted by the tendencies of the world they lived in, like their French contemporaries only sought for the most part to analyze some separate faculty or thing that they found in man. The Germans took another road—made philosophy properly *constructive*, and sought to ascertain and consecrate laws around and above us, from which we and all things spring and become intelligible—and not merely to use the tools of the workshop within us in taking those tools to pieces. The aim of the Germans is at least the nobler one, and elevates, not dwarfs, the soul of him who makes them his masters. There is a godlike within us that feels itself akin to the gods; and if we are told that both the godlike and the gods are dreams, we can but answer that so to dream is better than to wake and find ourselves nothing.

There is one remark which reflections of this kind are almost certain to call forth in a large and respectable class of persons among us, *viz.*, that to assert the Worth of Man is an arrogant delusion, and one that puffs up men with vanity. But this objection implies the absurd mistake of supposing that the loftier the standard by which we judge ourselves, the more and not the less nearly shall we seem to reach its full height. What is all that is held most holy—what all the godlike men whom religious tradition canonizes and glorifies—but forms of a divine idea ever to be kept before us, and approached, though in each individual most imperfectly realized? And when in other words we speak of the Worth of Man, which philosophy explains, history displays in action, and poetry sings of and makes visible to the soul, we but declare that there is a greatness of human nature which rebukes the littleness of each, and yet is the common blessing and support of us all. It is not those that think most lowly of themselves who will protest loudest against the assertors of the experienced and still possible Worth of Man. We have already sufficiently declared that we hold the great German writers to be the chief teachers of this lesson in the present age; and we wish nothing better than that our readers may not take our word for the fact, but examine it seriously for themselves. We believe no one ever thoughtfully studied these masters of modern thought without finding in them more and more of what is best for all men.

ART. III.—*C. Valerii Catulli Veronensis Carmina. Annotatione perpetuâ illustravit* FRID. GUIL. DOERING. (The *Carmina* of C. Valerius Catullus, with the Annotations of FREDERICK WILLIAM DOERING.) Altonæ. 1834.

DOERING's first edition of Catullus came out nearly half a century before the present. When he returned to his undertaking, he found many things, he tells us, to be struck out, many to be altered and set right. We believe we shall be able to show that several are still remaining in these predicaments.

They who in our days have traced the progress of poetry, have pursued it generally not as poets or philosophers, but as hasty observers or cold chronologists. If we take our stand on the Roman world, just before the subversion of its free institutions, we shall be in a position to look backward on Greece, and forward on Italy and England: and we shall be little disposed to pick up and run away with the stale comments left by those who went before us; but rather to loiter a little on the way, and to indulge, perhaps too complacently, in the freshness of our own peculiar opinions and favourite speculations.

The last poet who flourished at Rome, before the extinction of the republic by the arms of Julius Cæsar, was Catullus; and the last record we possess of him is about the defamatory verses which he composed on that imperishable name. Cicero, to whom he has expressed his gratitude for defending him in a lawsuit, commends on this occasion the equanimity of Cæsar, who listened to the reading of them in his bath before dinner. There is no reason to believe that the poet long survived his father's guest, the Dictator: but his decease was unnoticed in those times of agitation and dismay; nor is the date of it to be ascertained. It has usually been placed at the age of forty-six, four years after Cæsar's. Nothing is more absurd than the supposition of Martial, which, however, is but a poetical one.

"Si forsân tener ausus est Catullus  
Magno mittere *Passerem* Maroni."

(It is scarcely worth a remark by the way, that *si forsân* is not Latin; *si forte* would be; *si* and *an* can have nothing to do with each other.) But allowing that Virgil had written his *Ceiris* and *Culex*, two poems inferior to several in the Eton school-exercises, he could not have published his first Eclogues in the lifetime of Catullus: and if he had, the whole of them are not worth a single phæleucian or scazon of the vigorous and impassioned Veronese.

But Virgil is not to be depreciated by us, as he too often has been of late, both in this country and abroad; nor is he at all so when we deliver our opinion that his pastorals are almost as inferior to those of Theocritus as Pope's are to his. Even in these, there not only are melodious verses, but harmonious sentences, appropriate images, and tender thoughts. Once or twice we find beauties beyond any in Theocritus: for example,

"Ite, capellæ!

Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro  
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo."

Yet in other places he is quite as harsh as if he had been ever so negligent. One instance is,

"Nunc victi, tristes, quoniam Fors omnia versat,  
Hos illi (quod nec bene vertat) mittimus hædæ."

Supposing the first of the Eclogues to have appeared seven years after the death of Catullus, and this poet to have composed his earliest works in the lifetime of Lucretius, we cannot but ponder on the change of the Latin language in so short a space of time. Lucretius was by birth a Roman, and wrote in Rome; yet who would not say unhesitatingly, that there is more of what Cicero calls *urbane* in the two provincials, Virgil and Catullus, than in the authoritative and stately man who leads Memmius from the camp into the gardens of Epicurus. He complains of poverty in the Latin tongue; but his complaint is only on its insufficiency in philosophical terms, which Cicero also felt twenty years later, and called in Greek auxiliaries. But in reality the language never exhibited such a profusion of richness as in the comedies of Plautus, whose style is the just admiration of the Roman orator.

Cicero bears about him many little keepsakes received from this quarter, particularly the diminutives. His fondness for them borders on extravagance. Could you believe that the language contains in its whole compass a hundred of these? Could you believe that an orator and philosopher was likely to employ a quarter of the number? Yet in the various works of Cicero we have counted and written down above a hundred and sixty.

\* We have somewhere seen a paraphrase of these heavy wriggling lines, more characteristic and natural:—

But now we must stoop,  
To the worst in the troop,  
And must do whatsoever that vagabond wills:  
I wish the old goat  
Had a horn in his throat,  
And the kids and ourselves were again on the hills.

Catullus himself has employed them much more sparingly than Cicero, or than Plautus, and always with propriety and effect. The playful Ovid never indulges in them, nor does Propertius, nor does Tibullus. Nobody is willing to suspect that Virgil has ever done it; but he has done it once in

"Oscula libavit natæ."

Perhaps they had been turned into ridicule, for the misapplication of them by some forgotten poet in the commencement of the Augustan age. Quintilian might have given us information on this: it lay in his road. But whether they died by a natural death or a violent one, they did not appear again as a plague until after the deluge of the Dark Ages; and then they increased and multiplied in the slime of those tepid shallows from which Italy in few places has even yet emerged. In the lines of Hadrian,

"Animula, vagula, blandula,"

they have been greatly admired, and very undeservedly. Pope has made sad work of these. Whatever they are, they did not merit such an *experimentum crucis* at his hands.

In Catullus, no reader of a poetical mind would desire one diminutive less. In Politian, and such people, they buzz about our ears insufferably; and we would waft every one of them away, with little heed or concern if we brushed off together with them all the squashy insipidities they alight on.

The imitators of Catullus have indeed been peculiarly unsuccessful. Numerous as they are, scarcely five pieces worth remembrance can be found among them. There are persons who have a knowledge of Latin, there are others who have a knowledge of poetry, but it is not always that the same judge decides with equal wisdom in both courts. Some hendecasyllabics of the late Serjeant Lens, an excellent man, a first-rate scholar, and a graceful poet, have been rather unduly praised. To us they appear monotonous and redundant. We will transcribe only the first two for particular notice and illustration.

"Grates insidiis tuis dolisque,  
Vinculis jam refero libens solutis."

Never were words more perplexed and involved. The learned critic,\* who brings them forward as classical, is unaware that they are closely copied from a beautiful little

poem of Metastasio, which J. J. Rousseau has translated admirably.

"Grazie agli inganni tuoi  
Alfin respiro, O Nice!"

How much better is the single word *inganni* than the useless and improper *insidiis*, which renders *dolis* quite unnecessary. A better line would be

"Vincula projicio libens soluta,"

Or,

"Tandem projicio soluta vincula."

In fact, it would be a very difficult matter to suggest a worse. The most part of the verses\* may be transposed in any way whatsoever: each seems to be independent of the rest: they are good, upright, sound verses enough, but never a sentence of them conciliates the ear. The same objection is justly made to nearly all the modern hendecasyllabics. Serjeant Lens has also given us too many lines for one phalæucian piece: the metre will admit but few advantageously, but it is the very best for short poems. This might be broken into three or four, and almost in any place indifferently. Like the *seta equina*, by pushing out a head and a tail, each would go on as well as ever.

In how few authors of hendecasyllabics is there one fine cadence! Such, for instance, as those in Catullus:

"Soles occidere et redire possunt,  
Nobis quum semel occidit brevis lux  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda."

And those,

"Quamvis candida millies puella  
Euntem revocet, manusque collo  
Ambas injiciens roget morari."

And twenty more.†

Catullus has had innumerable imitators in

† See Quarterly Review, March, 1842.

‡ In the former of these quotations, Catullus had before him the best passage in Moschus, which may be thus translated:

Ah! when the mallow in the croft dies down,  
Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,  
Again they grow, another year they flourish;  
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,  
Once covered over in the hollow earth,  
Sleep a long, dreamless, unawakening sleep.

The original verses are as harmonious as almost any in the language. But the epithet which the poet has prefixed to *parsley* is very undistinguishing. Greek poets more frequently than Latin, gave those rather which suited the metre than those which conveyed a peculiar representation. Neither the *χλωρά*, applied to parsley, is in any of its senses very appropriate, nor are the *εὐδαλεις* and *οὐλον* to anise, but rather to burrage, &c.

\* Quarterly Review, March, 1842.

the phaleucian metre : but the only dexterity displayed by them, in general, is in catching a verse and sending it back again like a shuttlecock. Until our own times, there is little thought, little imagination, no passion, no tenderness, in the modern Latin poets. Casimir shows most genius and most facility ; but Casimir, in his best poem, writes

"Sonora buxi filia subtilis."

Was ever allegory treated with such indignity ! What becomes of this tight-laced daughter of a box-tree ? She was hanged. Where ? On a high poplar. Wherefore ? That she might be the more easily come at by the poet. Pontanus, too, has been praised of late. But throughout his thick volume there is scarcely a glimpse of poetry. There are certain eyes which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.

Two verses of Joannes Secundus, the only two he has written worth remembering, out-value all we have imported from the latter ages. They would have been quoted, even from Catullus himself, as among his best.

"Non est suaviolum dare lux mea, sed dare  
tantum  
Est desiderium flebile suavioli."

The six of Bembo on Venice are admirable also. And there are two from two French authors, each worth two Pontanuses. The first is on the Irish.

"Gens ratione furens et mentem pasta chimæ-  
ris."

The second on Franklin, his discoveries in electricity, and his energy in the liberation of his country.

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyranno."

Another has been frequently quoted from a prize poem by Canning. Such as it is, it is stolen ; and with much injury (as stolen things often are) from the *Nutricia* of Politian, among whose poems one only, that on the death of Ovid, has any merit. This being the only one which is without metrical faults, and the rest abounding in them, a reasonable doubt may arise whether he could have written it : he who has written by the dozen such as the following :

"Impedis amplexu,"

intending *impedis* for a dactyl :

"Quando expēdiret inseris hexametro,"

for a pentameter :

"Mutare domi-num dōm-us hæc nescit suum,"  
for an iambic :

"Lucrei fuit hoc, et Euripidia,"

for a phaleucian : and in whom we find *Plutarchus* short in the first syllable ; *Bis-ve semel-ve* ; and *Vaticani* long in the second syllable twice.

Milton has been thought like Politian in his hexameters and pentameters. In his Elegies, he is Ovidian ; but he is rather the sag than the playfellow of Ovid. Among his Latin poems the scazon *De Hominis Archetypo* is the best. In those of the moderns there is rarely more than one thing missing ; namely, the poetry ; which some critics seem to have held for a matter of importance. If we may hazard a conjecture, they are in the right. Robert Smith is the only one who has ascended into the higher regions. But even the best scholars, since they receive most of their opinions from tradition, and stunted and distorted in the crevices of a quadrangle, will be slowly brought to conclude that his poetry is better (and better it surely is) than the greater part of that which dazzles them from the luminaries of the Augustan age. In vigour and harmony of diction, in the selection of topics, in the rejection of little ornaments, in the total suppression of playful prettinesses, in solidity and magnitude of thought, sustained and elevated by the purest spirit of poetry, we find nothing in the Augustan age of the same continuity, the same extent. We refer to the poem entitled *Platonis Principia*, in which there are a hundred and eleven such verses as are scarcely anywhere together in all the realms of poetry.

The alcaic ode of the same writer, *Mare Liberum*, is not without slight blemishes. For instance, at the beginning,

"Primo Creator spiritus halitu  
Caliginosi regna silentii  
Turbavit."

In Latinity there is no distinction between *spiritus* and *halitus* ; and, if theology has made one, the *halitus* can never be said to proceed from the *spiritus*. In the second verse the lyric metre requires *silentj* for *silentii*. Cavillers may also object to the elision of *quæ* at the conclusion.

"Et rura quæ ingentes Amazon  
Rumpit aquas, violentus amnia."

It has never been elided unless at the close of a polysyllable ; as, among innumerable instances,

"Obliqua invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris."

This fact is the more remarkable, since *quæ* and *præ* are elided ; or, speaking more properly, coalesce.

"Et tibi prae invidia Nereides increpitarent."  
 —PROPERTIUS.  
 "Quæ omnia bella devoratis"—CATULLUS,  
 "Quæ imbelles dant prælia cervi."  
 "Quæ Asia circum"—VIRGIL.

But what ode in any language is more animated or more sublime?

In reading the Classics we pass over false quantities, and defer to time an authority we refuse to reason. But never can time acquit Horace of giving us false measure in *palus aptaque remis*, nor in *quomodo*. Whether you divide or unite the component parts of *quomodo, quo* and *modo*, the case is the same. And as *palus* is *paludis* in the genitive case, *salus salutis*, no doubt can exist of its quantity. Modern Latin poets, nevertheless, have written *saluber*. Thomas Wharton, a good scholar, and if once fairly out of Latinity, no bad poet, writes in a phaleucian

"Salüerrimis et herbia."

There is also a strange false quantity in one of the most accurate and profound grammarians, Menage. He wrote an inscription, in one Latin hexameter, for Mazarin's college, then recently erected.

"Has Phæbo et Musis Mezarinus consecrat ædes."

Every vowel is long before z. He knew it, but it escaped his observation, as things we know often do. We return from one learned man to another, more immediately the object of our attention, on whom the same appellation was conferred.

Catullus has been called the *learned*: and critics have been curious in searching after the origin of this designation. Certainly both Virgil and Ovid had greatly more of archæology, and borrowed a great deal more of the Greeks. But Catullus was, what Horace claims for himself, the first who imported into Latin poetry any vast variety of their metres. Evidently he translated from the Greek his galliambic on Atys. The proof is, that

"Tympnum tubam Cybeles"

would be opposite to, and inconsistent with, the metre. He must have written *Typanum*, finding τυπανον before him. But as, while he was in the army, he was stationed some time in Bithynia and Phrygia, perhaps he had acquired the language spoken in the highlands of those countries: in the lowlands it was Greek. No doubt, his curiosity led him to the temple of Cybele; and there he heard the ancient hymns in celebration of that

goddess. Nothing breathes such an air of antiquity as his galliambic, which must surely have been translated into Greek from the Phrygian. Joseph Warton, in the intemperance of admiration, prefers it not only to every work of Catullus, but to every one in the language. There is indeed a gravity and solemnity in it, a fitness and propriety in every part, unequalled and unrivalled. Poetry can, however, rise higher than the "templa serena," and has risen higher with Catullus. No human works are so perfect as some of his, but many are incomparably greater. Among the works of the moderns, the fables of La Fontaine come nearest to perfection; but are there none grander and higher?

This intemperance of admiration has been less excusable in some living critics of modern Latin poetry. Yet when we consider how Erasmus, a singularly wise and learned man, has erred in his judgment on poetry, saying, while he speaks of Sidonius Apollinaris, "Let us listen to our Pindar," we are disposed to be gentle and lenient even in regard to one who has declared his opinion, that the elegies of Sannazar "may compete with Tibullus."\* If they may, it can only be in the number of feet; and there they are quite on an equality. In another part of the volume which contains so curious a decision, some verses are quoted from the *Paradise Regained* as "perhaps the most musical the author ever produced." Let us pause a few moments on this assertion, and examine the verses referred to. It will not be without its use to exhibit their real character, because, in coming closer to the examination of Catullus, we shall likewise be obliged to confess that, elegant and graceful as he is, to a degree above all other poets in the more elaborate of his compositions, he too is by no means exempt from blemishes in his versification. But in Milton they are flatnesses; in Catullus they are asperities: which is the contrary of what might have been expected from the characters of the men.

There is many a critic who talks of harmony, and whose ear seems to have been fashioned out of the callus of his foot. "Quotus enim quisque est," as Cicero says, "qui teneat artem numerorum atque modorum!" The great orator himself, consummate master of the science, runs from rhetorical into poetical measure at this very place.

"Numerorum atque modorum"

is the same in time and modulation as the verses in Horace,

\* Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," p. 597.



"Miserarum est neque amori  
Dare ludum neque dulci," &c.

Well; but what "are perhaps the most musical verses Milton has ever produced?" They are these (si diis placet!):

"Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieged Albracca as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win  
The fairest of her sex Angelica  
His daughter, sought by many prowrest knights,  
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemagne."

There is a sad hiatus in "Albracca as." On the whole, however, the verses, thus unluckily hit upon for harmony, are fluent; too fluent; they are feeble in the extreme, and little better than prose, either in thought or expression: still, it is better to praise accidentally in the wrong place than to censure universally. The passage which is before them leads us to that magnificent view of the cities and empires, the potentates and armies, in all their strength and glory, with which the Tempter would have beguiled our Redeemer. These appear to have left no impression on the critic, who much prefers what every schoolboy can comprehend, and what many undergraduates could have composed. But it is somewhat, no doubt, to praise that which nobody ever praised before, and to pass over that which suspends by its grandeur, the footstep of all others.

There is prodigious and desperate vigour in the Tempter's reply to our Saviour's reproof:

"All hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace: what worse?  
For when no hope is left, is left no fear.  
If there be worse, the expectation more  
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,\*  
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;  
The end I would attain, my final good."

Yet Milton, in this *Paradise Regained*, seems to be subject to strange hallucinations of the ear; he who before had greatly excelled all poets of all ages in the science and display of harmony. And if in his last poem we exhibit his deficiencies, surely we never shall be accused of disrespect or irreverence to this immortal man. It may be doubted whether the Creator ever created one altogether so great; taking into our view at once (as much indeed as can at once be taken into it) his manly virtues, his superhuman genius,

his zeal for truth, for true piety, true freedom, his eloquence in displaying it, his contempt of personal power, his glory and exaltation in his country's.

Warton and Johnson are of opinion that Milton is defective in the sense of harmony. But Warton had lost his ear by laying it down on low and swampy places, on ballads and sonnets; and Johnson was a deaf adder coiled up in the brambles of party prejudices. He was acute and judicious, he was honest and generous, he was forbearing and humane; but he was cold where he was overshadowed. The poet's peculiar excellence, above all others, was in his exquisite perception of rhythm, and in the boundless variety he has given it, both in verse and prose. Virgil comes nearest to him in his assiduous study of it, and in his complete success. With the poetical and oratorical, the harmony is usually in proportion to the energy of passion. But the numbers may be transferred. Thus the heroic has been carried into the Georgics. There are many pomps and vanities in that fine poem, which we would relinquish unreluctantly for one touch of nature; such as

"It tristis arator  
Mœrentem abjungens fraterna morte juvencom."  
In sorrow goes the ploughman, and leads off  
Unyok'd from his dead mate the sorrowing steer.

Here, however, the poet is not seconded by the language. The ploughman cannot be going on while he is in the act of separating the dead ox from its partner, as the words *it* and *abjungens* signify.

We shall presently show that Catullus was the first among the Romans in whose heroic verse there is nothing harsh and dissonant. But it is not necessary to turn to the grander poetry of Milton for verses more harmonious than those adduced; we find them even in the midst of his prose. Whether he is to be censured for giving way to his genius, in such compositions, is remote from the question now before us. But what magnificence of thought is here! how totally free is the expression from the encumbrances of amplification, from the crutches and cushions of swollen feebleness!

"When God commands to take the trumpet  
And blow a shriller and louder blast,  
It rests not in Man's will what he shall do,  
Or what he shall forbear."

This sentence in the *Treatise on Prelaty* is printed in prose: it sounds like inspiration. "It rested not in Milton's will" to crack his organ-pipe, for the sake of splitting and attenuating the gush of harmony.

\* A daring critic might suggest *fort* for *port*, since *harbour* makes that word unnecessary.

We will now give the reason for the *falling sickness* with which several of his verses are stricken. He was too fond of showing what he had read : and the things he has taken from others are always much worse than his own. Habituated to Italian poetry, he knew that the verses are rarely composed of pure iambics, or of iambics mixed with spondees, but contain a great variety of feet, or rather of subdivisions. When he wrote such a line as

"In the bosom of bliss and light of light,"

he thought he had sufficient authority in Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso, who wrote

"Questā selvā selvaggia."—DANTE.

"Tra lē vanē speranze."—PETRARCA.

"Con lā gentē di Francia."—ARIOSTO.

"Cantō l' armī pietose."—TASSO.

And there is no verse whatsoever in any of his poems for the metre of which he has not an Italian prototype.

The critic who knows anything of poetry, and is resolved to select a passage from the *Paradise Regained*, will prefer this other far above the rest ; and may compare it, without fear of ridicule or reprehension, to the noblest in the nobler poem.

"And either tropic now

'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven : the clouds,

From many a horrid rift, abortive poured  
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire,  
In ruin reconciled : nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vast wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts  
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient son of God ! yet only stoodst  
Unshaken ! Nor yet stayed the terrour there :  
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
Environed thee : some howled, some yelled,  
some shrieked,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts ; while thou  
Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace."

No such poetry as this has been written since, and little at any time before. But Homer would not have attributed to the *pine* what belongs to the *oak*. The tallest pines have superficial roots ; they certainly are never "deep as high : " oaks are said to be ; and if the saying is not phytologically true, it is poetically ; although the oak itself does not quite send

"radicem ad Tartara."

There is another small oversight.

"Yet only stoodst  
Unshaken."

Below we find

"Satst unappalled."\*

But what verses are the following !

"And made him bow to the gods of his wives."

"Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men."

"After forty days' fasting had remained."

"And with these words his temptations pursued."

"Not difficult if thou hearken to me."

It is pleasanter to quote such a description as no poet, not even Milton himself, ever gave before, of Morning,

"Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds  
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised  
To tempt the son of God with terrors dire."

In Catullus we see Morning in another aspect ; not personified : and a more beautiful description, a sentence on the whole more harmonious, or one in which every verse is better adapted to its peculiar office, is neither to be found nor conceived.

"Heic qualis flatu placidum mare matutino  
Horrificans zephyrus proclivas incitat undas,  
Aurorā exoriente vagi sub lumina solis,  
Quæ tarde primum clementi flamine pulsæ  
Procedunt, leni resonant plangore cachiini,  
Post, vento crescente, magis magis increbescunt,  
Purpureaque procul nantes a luce refulgent."

Our translation is very inadequate :

As, by the Zephyr wakened, underneath  
The sun's expansive gaze the waves move on .  
Slowly and placidly, with gentle plash  
Against each other, and light laugh ; but soon,  
The breezes freshening, rough and huge they  
swell,  
Afar refulgent in the crimson east.

What a fall is there from these lofty cliffs,  
dashing back the waves against the winds  
that sent them—what a fall is there to the  
"wracks and flaws" which Milton tells us

"Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze."

In the lines below, from the same poem,

\* But Milton's most extraordinary oversight is in *L'Allegro*.

"Hence loathed Melancholy !

Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born."

Unquestionably he meant to have written Erebus instead of Cerberus, whom no imagination could represent as the sire of a goddess. *Midnight* is scarcely to be converted into one, or indeed into any allegorical personage ; and the word "*blackest*" is far from aiding it. Milton is singularly unfortunate in allegory ; but nowhere more so than here. The daughter of Cerberus takes the veil, takes the

"Sable stole of Cyprus lawn,"

and becomes, now her father is out of the way,

"A nun devout and pure."

the good and bad are strangely mingled : the poet keeping in his verse, however, the firmness and majesty of his march.

"So saying, he caught him up, and, *without wing Of hippogrif*, bore through the air sublime, Over the wilderness—and o'er the plain : Till underneath them fair Jerusalem, The holy city, lifted high her towers, And higher yet the glorious temple—*rear'd Her pile*, far off appearing like a mount Of alabaster, topt with golden *spires*."

Splendid as this description is, it bears no resemblance whatsoever to the Temple of Jerusalem. It is like one of those fancies in which the earlier painters of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, were fond of indulging; not for similitude, but for effect. The poets of Greece and Rome allowed themselves no such latitude. The Palace of the Sun, depicted so gorgeously by Ovid, where imagination might wander unrestricted, contains nowhere an inappropriate decoration.

No two poets are more dissimilar in thought and feeling than Milton and Catullus; yet we have chosen to place them in juxtaposition, because the Latin language in the time of Catullus was nearly in the same state as the English in the time of Milton. Each had attained its full perfection, and yet the vestiges of antiquity were preserved in each. Virgil and Propertius were, in regard to the one poet, what Dryden and Waller were in regard to the other. They removed the archæisms; but the herbage grew up rarer and slenderer after those extirpations. If so consummate a master of versification as Milton is convicted of faults so numerous and so grave in it, pardon will the more easily be granted to Catullus. Another defect is likewise common to both; namely, the disposition or ordinance of parts. It would be difficult to find in any other two poets, however low their station in that capacity, two such signal examples of disproportion as are exhibited in *The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis* and in *The Masque of Comus*. The better part of the former is the description of a tapestry; the better part of the latter are three undramatic soliloquies. In other respects, the oversights of Catullus are fewer: and in Comus there is occasional extravagance of expression\* such as we never find in Catullus,

\* For example, we read of

"The sea-girt isles,  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep."

How *unadorned*, if inlaid with *rich and various gems*?

This is a pendant to be placed exactly opposite:

"The silken vest Prince Vortigern had on,  
Which from a naked Piet his grandsire won."

or in the playful Ovid, or in any of the least correct of the ancients. The faults we do find in the poet we have undertaken to review we shall at the same time freely show.

#### CARMEN I. *Ad Cornelium Nepotem*.

In verse 4, we read

"Jam tum cum ausus es."

• We believe the poet, and all the writers of his age, wrote *quum*. *Quoi* for *cui* grew obsolete much earlier, but was always thus spelt by Catullus. The best authors at all times wrote the adverb *quum*.

#### CARMEN II. *Ad Passerem Lesbæ*.

In verse 8 we read "*acquiescat*;" the poet wrote "*adquiescat*," which sounds fuller.

#### CARMEN III. *Luctus in Morte Passeris*.

This poem, and the preceding, seem to have been admired, both by the ancients and the moderns, above all the rest. Beautiful indeed they are. Grammarians may find fault with the hiatus in

"O factum male! O miselle passer!"

poets will not.

We shall now, before we go farther, notice the metre. Regularly the phalæucian verse is composed of four trochees and one dactyl: so is the sapphic, but in another order. The phalæucian employs the dactyl in the second place; the sapphic employs it in the third. But the Latin poets are fonder of a spondee in the first. Catullus frequently admits an iambic; as in

"Meas esse aliquid putare nugas."

"Tuâ nunc operâ meæ puellæ." &c.

#### CARMEN IV. *Dedicatio Phaseli*.

This is a senarian, and composed of pure iambics. Nothing can surpass its elegance. The following bears a near resemblance to it in the beginning, and may be offered as a kind of paraphrase.

The vessel which lies here at last  
Had once stout ribs and topping mast,  
And, whate'er wind there might prevail,  
Was ready for a row or sail.

We come presently to

"The sounds and seas."

Sounds are parts of seas.

Comus, on the borders of North Wales, talks of

"A green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill;"

and of

"Plucking ripe clusters."

Anon we hear of "*stabled wolves*." What wolves can those be?

It now lies idle on its side,  
 Forgetful o'er the waves to glide.  
 And yet there have been days of yore  
 When pretty maids their posies bore  
 To crown its prow, its deck to trim,  
 And freight it with a world of whim.  
 A thousand stories it could tell,  
 But it loves secrecy too well.  
 Come closer, my sweet girl! pray do!  
 There may be still one left for you.

CARMEN V. *Ad Lesbiam.*

It is difficult to vary our expression of delight at reading the three first poems which *Lesbia* and her sparrow have occasioned. This is the last of them that is fervid and tender. There is love in many of the others, but impure and turbid, and the object of it soon presents to us an aspect far less attractive.

CARMEN VI. *Ad Flavium.*

Whoever thinks it worth his while to peruse this poem, must enclose in a parenthesis the words "*Nequicquam tacitum.*" *Tacitum* is here a participle: and the words mean, "It is in vain that you try to keep it a secret."

CARMEN VII. *Again to Lesbia.*

Here, as in all his hendecasyllabics, not only are the single verses full of harmony, a merit to which other writers of them not unfrequently have attained, but the sentences leave the ear no "aching void," as theirs do.

CARMEN VIII. *Ad seipsum.*

This is the first of the scazons. The metre in a long poem would perhaps be more tedious than any. Catullus, with admirable judgment, has never exceeded the quantity of twenty-one verses in it. No poet, uttering his own sentiments on his own condition in a soliloquy, has evinced such power in the expression of passion, in its sudden throbs and changes, as Catullus has done here.

In Doering's edition we read, verse 14,

"At tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla,  
 Scelesti! nocte."

No such pause is anywhere else in the poet. In Scaliger the verses are,

"At tu dolebis, quum rogaberis nulla.  
 Scelesti rere, quæ tibi manet vita."

The punctuation in most foreign books, however, and in all English, is too frequent: so that we have snatches and broken bars of tune, but seldom tune entire. Scaliger's reading is probably the true one, by removing the comma after *rere*:

"Scelesti rere quæ tibi manet vita!"  
 (Consider what must be the remainder of your life!)

Now certainly there were many words obliterated in the only copy of our author. It was found in a cellar, and under a wine-barrel. Thus the second word in the second line appears to have left no traces behind it; otherwise, words so different as *nocte* and *rere* could never have been mistaken. Since the place is open to conjecture, therefore, and since every expression round about it is energetic, we might suggest another reading:

"At tu dolebis quum rogaberis *nullo*,  
 Scelesti! *nullo*. Qua tibi manet vita?  
 Quis nunc te adibit? quoi videberis bella?  
 Quem nunc amabis? quojus esse diceris?  
 Quem basiabis? quoi labella mordebis?  
 At tu Catulle! destinatus obdura."

Which we will venture to translate:

But you shall grieve while none complains,  
 None, *Lesbia*! None. Think what remains  
 For one so fickle, so untrue!  
 Henceforth, O wretched *Lesbia*! who  
 Shall call you dear? shall call you his?  
 Whom shall you love? or who shall kiss  
 Those lips again?—Catullus! thou  
 Be firm, be ever firm, as now.

The angry taunt very naturally precedes the impatient expostulation. The repetition of *nullo* is surely not unexpected. *Nullus* was often used absolutely in the best times of Latinity. "*Ab nullo repetere*," and "*nullo aut paucissimis presentibus*," by Sallust. "*Qui scire possum? nullus plus*," by Plautus. "*Vivis his incolumibusque, liber esse nullus potest*," by Cicero.

It may as well be noticed here that *basiare*, *basium*, *basiatio*, are words unused by Virgil, Propertius, Horace, Ovid, or Tibullus. They belonged to Cisalpine Gaul more especially, although the root has now extended through all Italy, and has quite supplanted *osculum* and its descendants. *Bellus* has done the same in regard to *formosus*, which has lost its footing in Italy, although it retains it in Spain, slightly shaken, in *hermoso*. The *saviari* and *savium* of Plautus, Terence, Cicero, and Catullus, are never found in the poets of the Augustan age, to the best of our recollection, excepting once in Propertius.

CARMEN IX. *Ad Verannium.*

Nothing was ever livelier or more cordial than the welcome here given to Verannius on his return from Spain. It is comprised in eleven verses. Our poets, on such an occasion, would have spread out a larger tablecloth with a less exquisite dessert upon it.

CARMEN X. *De Varri Scorto.*

Instead of expatiating on this, which con-

tains, in truth, some rather coarse expressions, but is witty and characteristical, we will subjoin a paraphrase, with a few defalcations.

Varrus would take me t'other day  
To see a little girl he knew,  
Pretty and witty in her way,  
With impudence enough for two.  
Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters  
(As pretty girls are wont to do)  
About all persons, places, matters—  
"And pray what has been done for you?"  
"Bithynia, lady!" I replied,  
"Is a fine province for a pretor,  
For none (I promise you) beside,  
And least of all am I her debtor."  
"Sorry for that!" said she. "However  
You have brought with you, I dare say,  
Some litter-bearers: none so clever  
In any other part as they."  
"Bithynia is the very place  
For all that's steady, tall, and straight;  
It is the nature of the race.  
Could not you lend me six or eight?"  
"Why six or eight of them or so,"  
Said I, determined to be grand,  
"My fortune is not quite so low  
But these are still at my command."  
"You'll send them?" "Willingly!" I told  
her,  
Although I had not here or there  
One who could carry on his shoulder  
The leg of an old broken chair.  
"Catullus! what a charming hap is  
Our meeting in this sort of way!  
I would be carried to Serapis  
To-morrow." "Stay, fair lady, stay!"  
"You overvalue my intention.  
Yes, there are eight—there may be nine—  
I merely had forgot to mention  
That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

Catullus has added two verses which we have not translated, because they injure the poem.

"Sed tu insulsa male et molesta vivis  
Per quam non licet esse negligentem."\*

This, if said at all, ought not to be said to the lady. The reflection might be, (but without any benefit to the poetry) made in the poet's own person. Among the ancients, however, when we find the events of common life and ordinary people turned into verse, as here for instance, and in the *Præiudice* of Theocritus, and in another of his where a young person has part of her attire torn, we never are bored with prolixity and platitude, in which a dull moral is our best relief at the close of a dull story.

\* But you are stupid and troublesome, who will not let one be negligent."

#### CARMEN XI. *Ad Furium et Aurelium.*

Furius and Aurelius were probably the comrades of Catullus in Bithynia. He appears to have retained his friendship for them not extremely long. Here he entrusts them with a message for Lesbia, which they were fools if they delivered, although there is abundant reason for believing that their modesty would never have restrained them. He may well call these

"Non bona dicta."

But there are worse in reserve for themselves, on turning over the very next page. The last verses in the third strophe are printed

"Gallicum Rhenum horribilesque ultimi  
Mosque Britannos."

The enclitic *que* should be changed to *ad*, since it could not support itself without the intervention of an aspirate,

"Gallicum Rhenum horribiles *ad* ultimi  
Mosque Britannos."

and the verse "*Cæsar visens, &c.*," placed in a parenthesis. When the poet wrote these sapphics, his dislike of Cæsar had not begun. Perhaps it was occasioned long afterwards, by some inattention of the great commander to the Valerian family on his last return from Transalpine Gaul. Here he writes,

"Cæsar visens monumenta magni."

Very different from the contemptuous and scurril language with which he addressed him latterly.

#### CARMEN XII. *Ad Asinium Pollionem.*

Asinius Pollio and his brother were stripplings when this poem was written. The worst, but most admired of Virgil's Eclogues, was composed to celebrate the birth of Pollio's son, in his consulate. In this Eclogue, and in this alone, his versification fails him utterly. The lines afford one another no support. For instance, this sequence,

"Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.  
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,  
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna."

Toss them in a bag and throw them out, and they will fall as rightly in one place as another. Any one of them may come first; any one of them may come last; any one of them may come immediately. Throughout the remainder of the Eclogue, the ampulla of Virgil is puffier than the worst of Statius or Lucan.

In the poem before us it seems that Asinius, for whose infant the universe was to change its aspect, for whom grapes were to hang upon thorns, for whom the hardest oaks were to exude honey, for whom the rams in the meadows were to dye their own fleeces with

murex and saffron—this Asinius picked Catullus's pocket of his handkerchief. Catullus tells him he is a blockhead if he is ignorant that there is no wit in such a trick, which he says is a very dirty one, and appeals to the brother, calling him a smart and clever lad. He declares he does not mind so much the value of the handkerchief, as because it was a present sent to him out of Spain by his friends Fabullus and Verannius, who united (it seems) their fiscal forces in the investment. This is among the lighter effusions of the volume, and worth as little as Virgil's Eclogue, though exempt from such grave faults.

CARMEN XIII. *Ad Fabullum.*

A pleasant invitation to dinner.

Verse 8. "Plenus sacculus est araneorum."

It is curious that Doering, so sedulous in collecting scraps of similitudes, never thought of this in Plautus, where the idea and expression too are so alike.

"Ita inaniis sunt oppleta atque araneis."

We may offer a paraphrase:

With me, Fabullus, you shall dine  
And gaudily, I promise you,  
If you will only bring the wine,  
The dinner, and some beauty too.

With all your frolic, all your fun,  
I have some little of my own;  
And nothing else: the spiders run  
Throughout my purse, now theirs alone.

He goes on rather too far, and promises his invited guest so sweet a perfume, that he shall pray the gods to become *all nose*; that is, we may presume, if no one should intervene to correct or divert in part a wish so engrossing.

CARMEN XIV. *Ad Calvum Licinium.*

The poet seems, in general, to have been very inconstant in his friendships: but there is no evidence that he ever was estranged from Calvus. This is the more remarkable as Calvus was a poet, the only poet among his friends, and wrote in the same style. At the close of the poem here addressed to him, properly ending at the twenty-third verse, we find four others appended. They have nothing at all to do with it: they are a worthless fragment: and it is a pity that the wine cask, which rotted off and dislocated so many pieces, did not leak on and obliterate this, and many similar, particularly the two next. We should then, it may be argued, have known less of the author's character. So much the better. Unless, by knowing the evil that is in any

one, we can benefit him, or ourselves, or society, it is desirable not to know it at all.

CARMEN XVII. *Ad Coloniam.*

Here are a few beautiful verses in a very indifferent piece of poetry. We shall transcribe them, partly for their beauty, and partly to remove an obscurity.

"Quoi quum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella,  
Et puella tenellulo delicatior hædo,  
Asservanda nigerrimis diligentibus uvis;  
Ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,  
Nec se sublebat ex sua parte; sed velut alius  
In fossâ Liguri jacet supperata securi,  
Tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit  
usquam,  
Talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,  
Ipse qui sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque  
nescit."

This is in the spirit of Aristophanes, and we may fancy we hear his voice in the cantilena. *Asservanda* should be printed *adservandu*; and *supperata*, *subpernata*. *Liguri* is doubtful. *Liguris* is the genitive case of *Ligur*. The Ligurians may in ancient times, as in modern, have exercised their industry out of their own country, and the poorer of them may have been hewers of wood. Then *securis Liguris* would be the right interpretation. But there are few countries in which there are fewer *dûches*, or fewer *alders*, than in Liguria: we, who have travelled through the country in all directions, do not remember to have seen a single one of either. It would be going farther, but going where both might be found readily, if we went to the *Liger*, and read "In fossâ Ligeris."

CARMINA XVIII, XIX, XX. *Ad Priapum.*

The first of these three is a Dedication to the God of Gardens. In the two following the poet speaks in his own person. The first contains only four lines. The second is descriptive, and terminates with pleasantry.

"O pueri! malas abstinete rapinas!  
Vicus prope dives est, negligensque Priapus;  
Inde sumite; semita hæc deinde vos feret ipsa."

In the third are these exquisite verses:

"Mihi corolla picta vere ponitur,  
Mihi rubens arista sole fervido,  
Mihi virente dulcis uva pampino,  
Mihique glauca duro oliva frigore.  
Meis capella delicata pascuis  
In urbem adulta lacte portat ubera,  
Meisque pinguis agnus ex ovilibus  
Gravem domum remittit ære dexteram,  
Teneraque madre mugiente vaccula  
Deum profundit ante templa sanguinem."

We will attempt to translate them.

In spring the many-colour'd crown,  
The sheafs in summer, ruddy-brown,  
The autumn's twisting tendrils green,  
With nectar-gushing grapes between,  
Some pink, some purple, some bright gold,  
Then shrivel'd olive, blue with cold,  
Are all for me: for me the goat  
Comes with her milk from hills remote,  
And fatted lamb, and calf, pursued  
By moaning mother, sheds her blood.

The third verse, as printed in this edition and most others, is contrary to the laws of metre in the pure iambic.

"Agellulum hunc, sinistra, tute quam vides."

And *tute* is inelegant and useless. Scaliger proposed "*sinistra ante quem vides*." He was near the mark, but missed it; for Catullus would never have written "*sinistra*." It is very probable that he wrote the verse

"Agellulum hunc sinistra, inante quem vides."\*

*Inante* and *exante* were applied to time rather than place, but not exclusively.

#### CARMEN XXII. *Ad Varrum.*

This may be advantageously contracted in a paraphrase.

Suffenus, whom so well you know,  
My Varrus, as a wit and beau,  
Of smart address and smirking smile,  
Will write you verses by the mile.  
You cannot meet with daintier fare  
Than titlage and binding are;  
But when you once begin to read  
You find it sorry stuff indeed,  
And you are ready to cry out  
Upon this beau, *Ah! what a lout!*  
No man on earth so proud as he  
Of his own precious poetry,  
Or knows such perfect bliss as when  
He takes in hand that nibbled pen.  
Have we not all some faults like these?  
Are we not all Suffenuses?  
In others the defect we find,  
But cannot see our sack behind.

#### CARMEN XXV. *Ad Thallum.*

It is hardly safe to steal a laugh here, and yet it is difficult to refrain from it. Some of the verses must be transposed. Those which are printed

"Thalle! turbida rapacior procella,  
*Cum de via mulier aves ostendit oscitantes,*  
Remitte pallium mihi, meum quod involaste,"  
ought to be printed

"Thalle! turbida rapacior procella,  
Remitte pallium mihi, meum, quod involaste  
*Quum 'devias' mulier aves ostendit oscitantes.*"

This shows that Thallus had purloined

Catullus's cloak while he was looking at a nest of owls; for such are *devias aves*, and so they are called by Ovid. It is doubtful whether the right reading is *oscitantes*, "opening their beaks," or *oscinentes*, which is applied to birds that do not sing; by Valerius Maximus to crows, by Livy to birds of omen. In the present case we may believe them to be birds of augury, and inauspicious, as the word always signifies, and as was manifest in the disaster of Catullus and his cloak. In the eleventh verse there is a false quantity:

"Inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent."

#### CARMEN XXIX. *Ad Caesarem.*

This is the poem by which the author, as Cicero remarks, affixes an eternal stigma on the name of Caesar, but which the most powerful and the best tempered man in the world heard without any expression of anger or concern. The punctuation appears to us ill-placed in the sixteenth and seventeenth verses.

"Quid est? ait sinistra liberalitas:  
Parum expatrat. An parum helluatus est?"  
We would write them,  
"Quid est? ain? Sinistra liberalitas  
Parum expatrat?" &c.\*

#### CARMEN XXX. *Ad Alphenum.*

A poem of sobs and sighs, of complaint, reproach, tenderness, sad reflection, and pure poetry.

#### CARMEN XXXI. *Ad Sirmionem Peninsulam.*

Never was a return to home expressed so sensitively and beautifully as here. In the thirteenth line we find

"Gaudete vosque Lydiæ lacûs undæ."

The "Lydian waves of the lake" would be an odd expression. Although, according to a groundless and somewhat absurd tradition,

"Gens Lyda jugis insedit Etruscis,"

yet no *gens Lyda* could ever have penetrated to these Alpine regions. One of the Etrurian nations did penetrate so far, whether by conquest or expulsion is uncertain. But Catullus here calls upon Sirmio to rejoice in his return, and he invites the waves of the lake to laugh. Whoever has seen this beautiful expanse of water, under its bright sun and gentle breezes, will understand the poet's expression; he will have seen the waves laugh and dance. Catullus, we entertain no doubt, wrote,

"Gaudete vosque 'Iudic' lacûs undæ!"  
(Ye waves! ye revellers and dancers of the lake!)

\* "On the left hand just before you."

\* "Where is the harm? do you ask? What! has this left-handed liberality of his," &c.

If there was, the word *ludius*, which we know there was, there must also have been *ludia*.

CARMEN XXXIV. *Ad Dianam.*

A hymn, of the purest simplicity.

CARMEN XXXV. *Cæcilium invitat.*

It appears that Cæcilius, like Catullus, had written a poem on Cybele. Catullus invites him to leave Como for Verona:

"Quamvis candida millies puella  
Euntem revocet, manusque collo  
Ambas injiciens roget morari."

Which may be rendered:

Although so passing fair a maid  
Call twenty times, be not delayed;  
Nay, do not be delayed although  
Both arms around your neck she throw.

For it appears she was desperately in love with him from the time he had written the poem. Catullus says it is written so beautifully, that he can pardon the excess of her passion.

CARMEN XXXIX. *In Egnatium.*

This is the second time he has ridiculed Egnatius, a Celtiberian, and overfond of displaying his teeth by continually laughing. Part of the poem is destitute of merit, and indelicate: the other part may be thus translated, or paraphrased rather:

Egnatius has fine teeth, and those  
Eternally Egnatius shows.  
Some criminal is being tried  
For murder; and they open wide.  
A widow wails her only son;  
Widow and him they open on.  
'Tis a disease, I'm very sure,  
And wish 'twere such as you could cure,  
My good Egnatius! for what's half  
So silly as a silly laugh?

We cannot agree with Doering that we should read

"Aut porcus Umber aut obesus Etruscus."  
—Verse 11.

First, because the *porcus* and *obesus* convey the same meaning without any distinction; and secondly, because the distinction is necessary both for the poet and the fact. The Etrurians were a most luxurious people; the Umbrians a pastoral and industrious one. He wishes to exhibit a contrast between these two nations, as he has done in the preceding verse between what is *urbane* and what is *Sabine*. Therefore he wrote,

"Aut 'porcus' Umber aut obesus Etruscus."

CARMEN XL. *Ad Ravidum.*

The sixth verse, we think, is printed improperly

"Quid vis? quæ lubet esse notus optas?"

We would read it,

"Quid vis? quæ lubet esse notus? opta."

"Opta," make your option.

CARMEN XLII. *Ad Quendam.*

We should not notice this "*Ad Quendam*" were it not to correct a mistake of Doering. "*Ridentem canis ore Gallicani.*" His note on this expression is, "*Epitheton ornans, pro quovis cane venatico cujus rictus est latior.*" No, the *canis gallicus* is the *greyhound*, whose *rictus* is indeed much *latior* than that of other dogs; and Catullus always uses words the most characteristic and expressive.

CARMEN XLV. *De Acme et Septimio.*

Perhaps this poem has been admired above its merit. But there is one exquisitely fine passage in it, and replete with that harmony which, as we have already had occasion to remark, Catullus alone has given to the phalæcian metre.

"At Acme leviter caput reflectens,  
Et duleis pueri ebrios ocellos  
Isto purpureo ore saviata,  
'Sic,' inquit, 'mea vita Septimille!  
Huic uno domino usque serviamus.'"

CARMEN XLVI. *De Adventu Veris.*

He leaves Phrygia in the beginning of spring, and is about to visit the celebrated cities of maritime Asia. What beauty and vigour of expression is there in

"Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,  
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt."

There is also much tenderness at the close in the short valediction to his companions, who set out together with him in the expedition, and will return (whenever they do return) by various roads into their native country.

CARMEN L. *Ad Licinium.*

On the day preceding the composition of this poem, he and Licinius had agreed to write together in different metres, and to give verse for verse. Catullus was so delighted with the performances of Licinius, that he could never rest, he tell us, until he had signified it by this graceful little poem.

CARMEN LI.

This is a translation from Sappho's ode, and perhaps is the first that had ever been attempted in the Latin language, although there is another which precedes it in the volume.



Nothing can surpass the graces of this, and it leaves us no regret but that we have not more translations by him of Sappho's poetry. He has copied less from the Greek than any Latin poet had done before Tibullus.

The adonic at the close of the second strophe is lost. Many critics have attempted to substitute one. In the edition before us we find,

"Simul te  
Lesbia! adspexi, nihil est super mi  
Vocis in ore."

A worse cannot be devised.

*Quod loquar amens*

would be better. The ode ends, and always ended with

"Lumina nocte."

#### CARMEN LIII. *De Quodam et Calvo.*

Calvus, as well as Cicero, spoke publicly against Vatinius. It will be requisite to write out the five verses of which this piece of Catullus is composed.

"Risi nescio quem modo in coronâ  
Qui cum mirifice Vatiniana  
Meus crimina Calvus explicasset,  
Admirans ait hæc manusque tollens,  
Di magni! *salaputium* disertum!"

Doering's note on the words is this. "Vox nova, ridicula et, ut videbatur, *plebeia* (*Salaputium*). Catullum ad hos versus scribendos impulit." He goes on to put into prose what Catullus had told us in verse, and adds, "Catullus a risu sibi temperare non potuit." Good Herr Doering does not see *where's the fun*. It lies in the fact of Calvus being a very little man, and in the clown hearing a very little man so eloquent, and crying out, "Heavens above! what a clever little cocky!" The word should not be written "*salaputium*," but "*salapusium*." The termination in *um* is a signification of endearment; as *delicium* for *delicia*; and correspondently the *ov* in Greek; *παῖδιον*, for instance, and *παῖδαριον*. It cannot be *salepygium*, as some critics have proposed, because the third syllable in this word (supposing there were any such) would, according to its Greek origin, be short. Perhaps the best reading may be "*salapusium*," from *sal* and *pusium*. Rustic terms are unlikely to be compounded with accuracy. In old Latin the word, or words, would be *sali* (for *salis*) *pusium*. But *t* is equivalent to *s*: and the modern Italian, which is founded on the most ancient Latin, has *pulto*.

#### CARMEN LIV. *Ad Cæsarem.*

Fuffio seni *recocto*."

On this is the note "Homo *recoctus* jam

*dicitur qui in rebus agendis diu multumque agitatus, versatus, exercitatus, et quasi percoctus, rerum naturam penitus perspexit,"* &c.

Surely these qualities are not such as Catullus, or Cæsar, ought to be displeased with. But "*senex recoctus*" means an old dandy boiled up into youth again in Medea's caldron. In this poem Catullus turns into ridicule no other than personal peculiarities and defects, first in Otho, then in Libo, lastly in Fuffius.

#### CARMEN LVII. *In Mamurram et Cæsarem.*

If Cæsar had hired a poet to write such wretched verses as these, and swear them to Catullus, he could never in any other way have more injured his credit as a poet. The *Duo Cæsaris Anti-Catones*, which are remembered as having been so bulky, could never have fallen on Cato so fatally as this Anti-Catullus on Catullus.

#### CARMEN LXI. *De Nuptiis Juliae et Manlii.*

Never was there, and never will there be, probably, a nuptial song of equal beauty. But in verse 129 there is a false quantity as now printed, and quite unnoticed by the editor.

"Desertum domini audiens."

The metre does not admit a spondee for the second foot: it must be a trochee; and this is obtained by the true reading, "*Desitum*."

#### CARMEN LXII.

Another nuptial song, and properly an Epithalamium, in heroic verse, and very masterly. It seems incredible, however, that the last lines, beginning

"At tu ne pugna,"

were written by Catullus. They are trivial; and beside, the young singing men never have sung so long together in the former parts assigned to them. The longest of these consists of *nine* verses, with the choral,

"Hymen, O Hymenæe!"

and the last would contain *eleven* with it even after rejecting these *seven* which intervene, and which, if admitted, would double the usual quantity. We would throw them out because there is no room for them, and because they are trash.

#### CARMEN LXIII. *De Attine.*

This has ever been, and ever will be, the admiration of all who can distinguish the grades of poetry.

The thirty-ninth verse is printed,

'Figer his labantes languore oculos sopor operit.'  
The metre will not allow it. We must read,

"labante languore," although the construction may be somewhat less obvious. The words are in the ablative absolute. "Sleep covers their eyes, a languor dropping over them."

Verse 64 should be printed "gymnasj," not *gymnasii*. The seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth lines must be reversed, and instead of

"Geminas 'Deorum' ad aures nova nuncia referens

Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus  
Lævumque pecoris hostem stimulans,"  
read

'Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus,  
Geminas 'eorum' ad aureis nova nuncia referens," &c.

#### CARMEN LXIV. *Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidis.*

Among many excellences of the highest order, there are several faults and inconsistencies in this heroic poem.

Verse 15. "Illæque haudque aliæ," &c.

It is incredible that Catullus should have written "haudque."

Verse 37. "Pharsaliam coeunt, Pharsalia rura frequentant."

No objection can be raised against this reading. "Pharsaliam" is a trisyllable. The *i* sometimes coalesces with another vowel, as *a* and *o* do. In Virgil we find

"Stellio et lucifugis."  
"Auræ composuit sponda."  
"Unâ eademque viâ."  
"Uno eodemque igni."  
"Perque ærea scuta."

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Verses 58 and the following are out of their order. They stand thus:

"Rura colit nemo: mollescent colla juvenis:  
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris:  
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus:  
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram:  
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris."

The proper and natural series is, together with the right punctuation,

"Rura colit nemo: mollescent colla juvenis,  
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus;  
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris.  
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,  
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram."

Because here the first, the second, and the third, refer to the same labour, that of ploughing: the fourth and fifth to the same also, that of cultivating the two kinds of vineyard. In one kind the grapes are cut low, and fastened on poles with bands of withy, and raked between: in the other they are trained against trees: formerly the tree preferred was the

elm, at present it is the maple, particularly in Tuscany. The branches are lopped and thinned when the vines are pruned, to let in sun and air. By ignorance of such customs in agriculture, many things in the classics are mistaken. Few people know the meaning of the words in Horace,

"Cum duplices ficu."

Most fancy it must be the purple fig and the yellow. But there is also a green one. The Italians, to dry their figs the more expeditiously, cut them open and expose them on the pavement before their cottages. They then stick two together, and this is *duplices ficus*.

We now come to graver faults (and faults certainly the poet's) than a mere transposition of verses. In the palace of Peleus there is a piece of tapestry which takes up the best part of the poem.

"Hæc vestis prisca hominum variata figuris," exhibits the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Their adventures could not have happened five-and-twenty years before these nuptials. Of the Argo, which carried Peleus when Thetis fell in love with him, the poet says, as others do,

"Illa rudem cursu prima imbuat Amphitriten."

But, in the progress of sixty lines, we find that vessels had been sailing to Crete every year, with the Athenian youths devoted to the Minotaur. Castor and Pollux sailed in the Argo with Peleus; and Helen, we know, was their sister: she was about the same age as Achilles, and Theseus had run away with her before Paris had. But equal inconsistencies are to be detected in the *Eneid*, a poem extolled, century after century, for propriety and exactness. An anachronism quite as strange as this of Catullus, is in the verses on Acragas, Agrigentum.

"Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe  
Mœnia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum."

Whether the city itself was built in the age of Eneas is not the question: but certainly the breed of horses was introduced by the Carthagenians, and improved by Hiero and Gelon. The breed of the island is small, as it is in all mountainous countries, where the horses are never found adapted to chariots, any more than chariots are adapted to surfaces so uneven.

Verse 83, for "*Funera Cecropiæ*," &c., we must read "*Pubis Cecropiæ*."

Verse 119. "*Quæ misera*," &c., is supposititious.

Verse 178. "*Idomeneos-ne potam montes? at gurgite lato*," &c.

Idomeneus was unborn in the earlier days of Theseus. Probably the verses were written,

"*Idam ideone petam? Montes (ah gurgite vasto Discernens!) ponti truculentum dividit æquor.*"

Verse 191. Nothing was ever grander or more awful than the adjuration of Ariadne to the Eumenides.

"*Quare facta virum multantes vindice pœnâ Eumenides! quarum anguineo redimita capillo Fronis expirantes præportat pectoris iras, Huc, huc adventate!*"

Verse 199. Doering explains,

"*Vos nolite pati nostrum vaneſcere luctum,*"

"*Impunitum manere.*" What? her grief? Does she pray that her grief may not remain unpunished? No, she implores that the prayers that arise from it may not be in vain.

Verse 212.

"*Namque ferunt olim [classi cum mœnia Divæ] Linquentem, natum, ventis concrederet Ægeus, Talia complexum juveni mandata dedisse.*"

The mould of the barrel has been doing sad mischief there. We must read

"*Namque ferunt, natum ventis quum crederat Ægeus.*"

Verse 250. "*At parte ex aliâ.*"

This scene is the subject of a noble picture by Titian, now in the British Gallery. It has also been deeply studied by Nicolas Poussin. But there is a beauty which no painting can attain in

"*Plangebant alii proceris tympana palmis, Aut tereti tenuis tinnitus ære crebant.*"

Soon follows that exquisite description of morning on the seaside, which we have already transcribed, and placed by the side of Milton's personification.

Verse 340.

"*Nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles, Hostibus haud tergo sed forti pectore notus, Qui persæpe vagi victor certamine cursûs Flammea prævertet celeris vestigia cervi.*"

It is impossible that Catullus, or any poet whatever, can have written the second of these. Some stupid critic must have done it, who fancied that the "*expers terroris*" was not clearly and sufficiently proven by urging the car over the field of battle, and had little or nothing to do in outstripping the stag.

Verse 329. Rarely have the Fates sung so sweetly as in these to Peleus.

"*Adveniet tibi jam portans optata maritis Hesperus, advenient fausto cum sidere conjux, Quæ tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore Languidosque paret tecum conjungere somnos Lævia substernens robusto brachia collo.*"

CARMEN LXV. *Ad Hortalum.*

He makes his excuse to Hortalus for delay-

ing a compliance with his wishes for some verses. This delay he tells him was occasioned by the death of his brother, to whom he was most affectionately attached, and whose loss he laments in several of his poems. In this he breaks forth into a very pathetic appeal to him:

"*Alloquar? audiero nunquam tua facta loquentem?*"

*Nunquam ego te, vitæ frater amabilis!*

*Adspiciam posthac! At certe semper amabo, Semper mæsta tuâ carmina morte canam."*

The two following lines are surely supposititious. Thinking with such intense anguish of his brother's death, he could find no room for so frigid a conceit as that about the Daulian bird and Itylus. This is almost as much out of place, though not so bad in itself, as the distich which heads the epistle of *Dido to Æneas* in Ovid.

"*Sic, ubi Fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis Ad vada Mœandri concinit albus odor.*"

As if the fates were busied in "*calling white swans!*" Ovid never composed any such trash. The epistle, in fact, begins with a verse of consummate beauty, tenderness, and gravity.

Verse 21. "*Quod miseræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum, Dum adventus matris prosilit excutitur.*"

These require another punctuation.

"*Quod miseræ (oblitæ molli sub veste locatum)."*

The Germans to whom we owe so much in every branch of learning, are not always fortunate in their punctuation: and perhaps never was anything so subversive of harmony as that which Heine has given us in a passage of Tibullus.

"*Blanditiis vult esse locum Venus ipsa.*"

Who could ever doubt this fact? that even Venus herself will admit of blandishments! But Tibullus laid down no such truism. Heyne writes it thus, and proceeds,

"*querelis Supplicibus, miseris fletibus, illa favet.*"

The tender and harmonious poet wrote not "*Blanditiis*" but "*Blanditis.*"

"*Blanditis vult esse locum Venus ipsa querelis; Supplicibus, miseris, fletibus, illa favet.*"

Here the "*blanditiæ*" are quite out of the question; but the "*blanditiæ querela*" are

complaints softly expressed and coaxingly preferred.

To return to Catullus. The following couplet is,

"Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu;  
Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor."

*Manat* can hardly be applicable to *rubor*. We would prefer

"*Huic manet in tristi conscius ore rubor.*"

the opposite to "*agitur*" *decursu*.

Those whose ears have been accustomed to the Ovidian elegiac verse, and have been taught at school that every pentameter should close with a dissyllable, will be apt to find those of Catullus harsh and negligent. But let them only read over, twice or thrice, the twelve first verses of this poem, and their ear will be cured of its infirmity. By degrees they may be led to doubt whether the worst of all Ovid's conceits is not his determination to give every alternate verse this syllabic uniformity.

#### CARMEN LXVI. *De Comâ Berenices.*

This is imitated from a poem of Callimachus, now lost. Probably it was an early exercise of our poet, corrected afterwards but insufficiently. The sixth verse, however, is exquisite in its cadence.

"Ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans  
Dulcis amor gyro devocat ærio."

Verse 27. "Anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo  
regium adepta es  
Conjugium, quod non fortior ausit  
alis."

Berenice is said to have displayed great courage in battle. To render the second verse intelligible, we must admit *alis* for *alius*, as *alid* is used for *aliud* in Lucretius. Moreover, we must give *fortior* the expression of *strength*, not of *courage*, as *forte* throughout Italy at the present time expresses never courage, always strength. The sense of the passage then is, "Have you forgotten the great action by which you won your husband? an action which one much stronger than yourself would not have attempted." For it would be nonsense to say, "You have performed an action which a braver person would not have dared." In the sense of Catullus are those passages of Sallust and Virgil,

"Neque a 'fortissimis' infirmissimo generi resisti  
posse."

"'Forti' fidis equo."

Verse 65. "Virginis, et sævi contingens namque  
Leonis Lumina."

*Namque* may be the true reading. The editor has adduced two examples from Plautus to show the probability of it, but fails.

"Quando hæc innata est nam tibi."—Pers. li. 5. 13.  
"Quid tibi ex filio nam ægre est."—Bacch. v. 1. 20.

He seems unaware that *nam*, in the first, is only a part of *quidnam*, the *quid* being separated; *quando-nam*, the same for *ecquando* (*ede quando*) "tell me when," *quianam*, &c.; but *namque* is not in the like condition, and in this place it is awkward. The *nam* added to the above words is always an interrogative.

#### CARMEN LXVII. *Ad Januam, &c.*

Verse 31.

"Atqui non solum se dicit cognitum habere  
Brixia, Cynææ supposita speculæ,  
Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela,  
Brixia Veronæ mater amata meæ."

Why should the sensible Marchese Scipione Maffei have taken it into his head that the last couplet is spurious? What a beautiful verse is that in italics!

#### CARMEN LXVIII. *Ad Manlium.*

A rambling poem quite unworthy of the author. The verses from the beginning of the twenty-sixth to the close of the thirtieth appertain to some other piece, and break the context. Doering has given a strange interpretation to

"Veronæ turpe Catullo," &c.

The true meaning is much more obvious and much less delicate. In the sixty-third we must read "*Ac*" for "*Ac*:" this helps the continuity. After the seventy-third, we must omit, as belonging to another place, all, until we come to verse 143. Here we catch the thread again. The intermediate lines belong to two other poems; both perhaps, addressed to Manlius; one relating to the death of the poet's brother, the other on a very different subject: we mean the fragment just now indicated,

"Quare quod scribis, Veronæ turpe Catullo," &c.  
Verse 145. "Sed furtiva dedit, mirâ munuscula  
nocte,  
Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio."

The verses are thus worded and punctuated in Doering's edition and others, but improperly. "*Mirâ nocte*" is nonsense. We must read the lines thus:

"Sed furtiva dedit, mirâ munuscula nocte  
Ipsius ex ipso," &c.

Or thus:

"Sed furtiva dedit mediâ munuscula nocte  
Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio."

Verse 147. Quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur  
unus,  
Quem lapide illa diem candidiore  
notat."

Doering thus interprets :

"Quare jam illud mihi satis est, si illa vel unum diem, quem mecum visit, ut diem faustum felicemque albo lapide insigniat."

That the verses have no such meaning is evident from the preceding :

"Quæ tamen etsi uno non est contenta Catullo Rara verecundæ furta feremus horæ."

This abolishes the idea of one single day contenting him, contented as he professes himself to be with little aberrations and infidelities. Scaliger has it :

"Quare illud satis est, si nobis id datur unis : Quod lapide illa dies candidiore notat."

And it appears to us that Scaliger has given the first line correctly ; but not the punctuation. We should prefer,

"Quare illud satis est, si nobis id datur unis Quo lapide illa diem candidiore notet.  
'Quo,' ob quod."

Verses 69,70. "Trito fulgentem in limine plantam Innisa argutâ constituit in soleâ."

The slipper could not be *arguta* while she was standing in it. Scaliger reads "constituit soleâ." The one is not sense : the other is neither sense nor Latin, unless the construction is "*constituit plantam*;" and then all the other words are in disarray. The meaning is, "she placed her foot against the door, and, *without speaking*, rapped it with her sounding slipper:" then the words would be "*argutâ contigit soleâ*."

Verse 78. "Nil mihi tam valde placeat, Rhamnusia virgo, Quod temere invitis suscipiatur heris."

In Scaliger it is :

"Quam temere," &c.

The true reading is neither, but

"Quam ut temere."

Such elisions are found in this very poem and the preceding :

"Ne amplius a misero."

and,

"Qui ipse sui gnati."

#### CARMEN LXXI. *Ad Virronem.*

Doering thinks, as others have done, that the poem is against *Virro*. On the contrary, it is a facetious consolation to him on the punishment of his rival.

"Mirifice est a te nactus utrumque malum," means only "*for his offence against you*." We have a little more to add on this in CXV.

#### CARMEN LXXV. *Ad Lesbiam.*

Here are eight verses, the rhythm of which plunges from the ear into the heart. Our attempt to render them in English is feeble and vain.

None could ever say that she,  
Lesbia ! was so loved by me.  
Never all the world around  
Faith so true as mine was found :  
If no longer it endures  
(Would it did !) the fault is yours.  
I can never think again  
Well of you : I try in vain :  
But—be false—do what you will—  
Lesbia ! I must love you still.

#### CARMEN LXXVI. *Ad Sciprum.*

They whose ears retain only the sound of the hexameters and pentameters they recited and wrote at school, are very unlikely to be greatly pleased with the versification of this poem. Yet, perhaps, one of equal earnestness and energy was never written in elegiac metre. *Sentences* must be read at once, and not merely distichs ; then a fresh harmony will spring up exuberantly in every part of it, into which many discordant verses will sink and lose themselves, to produce a part of the effect. It is, however, difficult to restrain a smile at such expressions as these from such a man.

"Si vitam puriter egi,  
O Dii ! reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea !"

#### CARMEN LXXXV. *De Amore suo.*

"Odi et amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris :

Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior."

The words in italics are flat and prosaic : the thought is beautiful, and similar to that expressed in LXXV.

I love and hate. Ah ! never ask why so !  
I hate and love—and that is all I know.  
I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

#### CARMEN XCII. *De Lesbia.*

The fourth verse is printed,

"Quo signo ? quasi non totidem *mor* deprecor illi  
*Assidue*."

*Mor* and *assidue* cannot stand together. Jacobs has given a good emendation.

"Quasi non totidem *mala* deprecor illi," &c.

#### CARMEN XCIII. *In Casarem.*

Nothing can be imagined more contemptuous than the indifference he here affects toward a name destined in all after ages to be the principal jewel in the highest crowns ; and, thinking of *Cæsar's* genius, it is difficult to see without derision the greatest of those

who assume it. Catullus must have often seen, and we have reason to believe he personally knew, the conqueror of Gaul when he wrote this epigram.

I care not, Cæsar, what you are,  
Nor know if you be brown or fair.

CARMEN XGV. *De Smyrnâ Cinnae Poetae.*

There is nothing of this poem, in which Cinna's *Smyrna* is extolled, worth notice, excepting the last line; and that, indeed, not for what we read in it, but for what we have lost.

"Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta . . ."

The word "monumenta" is spelt improperly: it is "monimenta." The last word in the verse is wanting: yet we have seen quoted, and prefixed to volumes of poetry—

"Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta laboris."

But Catullus is not speaking of himself: he is speaking of Cinna; and the proper word comes spontaneously "*sodalis*."

CARMEN XCIX. *Ad Juventium.*

"Multis diluta labella  
Guttis abstersisti omnibus articulis."

How few will this verse please! but how greatly those few.

CARMEN CI. *Inferiæ ad Fratris tumulum.*

In these verses there is a sorrowful but a quiet solemnity, which we rarely find in poets on similar occasions. The grave and firm voice, which has uttered the third, breaks down in the fourth.

"Multas per gentes et multa per æquora vectus  
Adveni has miseras, frater, ad inferias,  
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis  
Et mutum nequidquam alloquerer cinerem."

Unusual as is the cadence, the cæsura, who would wish it other than it is? If there were authority for it, we would read, in the sixth, instead of

"Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi!  
Heu nimis," &c.

Because just above we have,

"Adveni has miseras, frater, ad inferias."

CARMEN CX. *Ad Anfilenam.*

Doering says, "Utrum poetæ an scribarum *socordiae* tribuenda sit, qua ultimi hujus carminis versus laborant, obscuritas, pro suo quisque statuat arbitrio. Tolli quidem potest hæc obscuritas, sed *emendandi genere liberimo*." We are not quite so sure of that: we are only sure that we find no obscurity at

all in them. The word *factum* is understood, and would be inelegant if it could have found for itself a place in the verse.

CARMEN CXV.

It is requisite to transcribe the verses here to show that Doering is mistaken in two places; he was, at LXXI, in one only:

"Prata arva, ingentes sylvas saltusque paludes-  
que

Usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum.  
Omnia magna hæc sunt, tamen ipse est *maximus ultor*."

He quotes LXXI, forgetting that that poem is addressed to Virro, and this to Mamurra, under his old nickname: Mamurra, whatever else he might be, was no *maximus ultor* here. The context will show what the word should be. Mamurra, by his own account, is possessor of meadow ground and arable ground, of woods, forests, and marshes, from the Hyperboreans to the Atlantic. "These are great things," says Catullus, "but he himself is great *beyond them all*." "ipse est *maximus, ultra*:" sc. Hyperboreas et Oceanum.

In how different a style, how artificially, with what infinite fuss and fury, has Horace addressed Virgil on the death of Quintilius Varus. Melpomene is called from a distance, and several more persons equally shadowy are brought forward; and then Virgil is honestly told that, if he could sing and play more blandly than the Thracian Orpheus, he never could reanimate an empty image which Mercury had drawn off among his "black flock."

In selecting a poet for examination, it is usual either to extol him to the skies, or to tear him to pieces and trample on him. Editors in general do the former; critics on editors more usually the latter. But one poet is not to be raised by casting another under him. Catullus is made no richer by an attempt to transfer to him what belongs to Horace nor Horace by what belongs to Catullus. Catullus has greatly more than he; but he has much; and let him keep it. We are not at liberty to indulge in frowardness and caprice, snatching a decoration from one and tossing it over to another. We will now sum up what we have collected from the mass of materials which has been brought before us, laying down some general rules and observations.

There are four things requisite to constitute might, majesty, and dominion, in a poet: these are creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, the pathetic. A poet of the first order must have formed, or taken to himself and modified, some great subject. He must

be creative and constructive. Creativeness may work upon old materials: a new world may spring from an old one. Shakspeare found Hamlet and Ophelia; he found Othello and Desdemona: nevertheless he, the only universal poet, carried this, and all the other qualifications, far beyond the reach of competitors. He was creative and constructive, he was sublime and pathetic, and he has also in his humanity condescended to the familiar and the comic. There is nothing less pleasant than the smile of Milton; but at one time Momus, at another the Graces, hang upon the neck of Shakspeare. Poets whose subjects do not restrict them, and whose ordinary gait displays no indication of either greave or buskin, if they want the facetious and humorous, and are not creative, nor sublime, nor pathetic, must be ranked by sound judges in the secondary order, and not among the foremost even there.

Cowper, and Byron, and Southey, with much and deep tenderness, are richly humorous. Wordsworth, grave, elevated, observant, and philosophical, is equidistant from humour and from passion. Always contemplative, never creative, he delights the sedentary and tranquillizes the excited. No tear ever fell, no smile ever glanced on his pages. With him you are beyond the danger of any turbulent emotion, at terror, or valour, or magnanimity, or generosity. Nothing is there about him like Burns' *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, or Campbell's *Battles of Copenhagen and Hohenlinden*, or those exquisite works which rose up like golden spires among broader but lower structures, *Joan* and *Casabianca*. Byron, often impressive and powerful, never reaches the heroic and the pathetic of these two poems; and he wants the freshness and healthiness we admire in Burns. But an indomitable fire of poetry, the more vivid for the gloom about it, bursts through the crust and crevices of an unsound and hollow mind. He never chatters with chilliness, nor falls overstrained into languor; nor do metaphysics ever muddy his impetuous and precipitate stream. It spreads its ravages in some places, but it is limpid and sparkling everywhere.

If no story is well told by him, no character well delineated, if all resemble one another by their beards and Turkish dresses, there is however the first and the second and the third requisite of eloquence, whether in prose or poetry, Vigour. But no large poem of our days is throughout so animated, or so truly of the heroic cast, as *Marmion*. Southey's *Roderick* has less nerve and animation: but what other living poet has attempted or shown the ability, to erect a structure so symmetrical and so stately? It is not enough

to heap description on description, to cast reflection over reflection: there must be development of character in the development of story; there must be action, there must be passion; the end and the means must alike be great.

The poet whom we mentioned last is more studious of classical models than the others, especially in his *Inscriptions*. Interest is always excited by him, enthusiasm not always. If his elegant prose and harmonious verse are insufficient to excite it, turn to his virtues, to his manliness in defence of truth, to the ardour and constancy of his friendships, to his disinterestedness, to his generosity, to his rejection of title and office, and consequently of wealth and influence. He has laboured to raise up merit in whatever path of literature he found it; and poetry in particular has never had so intelligent, so impartial, and so merciful a judge. Alas! it is the will of God to deprive him of those faculties, which he exercised with such discretion, such meekness, and such humanity.

We digress; not too far, but too long. We must return to the ancients and more especially to the author whose volume lies open before us.

There is little of the creative, little of the constructive, in him: that is, he has conceived no new varieties of character; he has built up no edifice in the intellectual world: but he always is shrewd and brilliant; he often is pathetic; and he sometimes is sublime. Without the sublime, we have said before, there can be no poet of the first order: but the pathetic may exist in the secondary; for tears are more easily drawn forth than souls are raised. So easily are they on some occasions, that the poetical power needs scarcely be brought into action; while on others the pathetic is the very summit of sublimity. We have an example of it in the *Ariadne* of Catullus. We have another in the *Priam* of Homer. All the heroes and gods, debating and fighting, vanish before the father of Hector in the tent of Achilles, and before the storm of conflicting passions his sorrows and prayers excite. But neither in the spirited and energetic Catullus, nor in the masculine and scornful and stern Lucretius, no, nor in Homer, is there anything so impassioned, and therefore so sublime, as the last hour of Dido in the *Eneid*. Admirably as two Greek poets have represented the tenderness, the anguish, the terrific wrath and vengeance of Medea, all the works they ever wrote contain not the poetry which Virgil has condensed into about a hundred verses: omitting, as we must, those which drop like icicles from the rigid lips of

Eneas; and also the similes which here as everywhere, sadly interfere with passion. In this place Virgil fought his battle of Actium, which left him poetical supremacy in the Roman world; whatever mutinies and conspiracies may have arisen against him in Germany or elsewhere.

The *Ariadne* of Catullus has greatly the advantage over the *Medea* of Apollonius: for what man is much interested by such a termagant? We have no sympathies with a woman whose potency is superhuman. In general, it may be apprehended, we like women little the better for excelling us even moderately in our own acquirements and capacities. But what energy springs from her weaknesses! what poetry is the fruit of her passions! once perhaps in a thousand years bursting forth with imperishable splendour on its golden bough. If there are fine things in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius, there are finer still in those of Catullus. In relation to Virgil, he stands as Coreggio in relation to Raffael; a richer colourist, a less accurate draughtsman; less capable of executing grand designs, more exquisite in the working-out of smaller. Virgil is depreciated by the arrogance of self-sufficient poets, nurtured on coarse fare, and dizzy with home-brewed flattery. Others, who have studied more attentively the ancient models, are able to show his relative station, and readier to venerate his powers. Although we find him incapable of contriving, and more incapable of executing, so magnificent a work as the *Iliad*, yet there are places in his compared with which the grandest in that grand poem lose much of their elevation. Never was there such a whirlwind of passions as Virgil raised on those African shores, amidst those rising citadels and departing sails. When the vigorous verses of Lucretius are extolled, no true poet, no sane critic, will assent that the seven or eight examples of the best are equivalent to this one. Even in force of expression, here he falls short of Virgil.

When we drink a large draught of refreshing beverage, it is only a small portion that affects the palate. In reading the best poetry, moved and excited as we may be, we can take in no more than a part of it. Passages of equal beauty are unable to raise enthusiasm. Let a work in poetry or prose, indicating the highest power of genius, be discoursed on; probably no two persons in a large company will recite the same portion as having struck them the most forcibly. But when several passages are pointed out and read emphatically, each listener will to a certain extent doubt a little of his own judgment, in this one particular, and hate you heartily for shaking

it. Poets ought never to be vexed, discomposed, or disappointed, when the better is overlooked and the inferior commended. Much may be assigned to the observer's point of vision being more on a level with the object. And this reflection also will console the artist, when really bad ones are called more simple and natural, while in fact they are only more ordinary and common. In a palace we must look to the elevation and proportions; whereas a low grotto may assume any form, and almost any deformity. Rudeness is here no blemish; a shelf reversed is no false ornament; moss and fern may be stuck with the root outward; a crystal may sparkle at the top or at the bottom; dry sticks and fragmentary petrifications find everywhere their proper place; and loose soil and splashy water show just what nature delights in. Ladies and gentlemen who at first were about to turn back, take one another by the hand, duck their heads, enter it together and exclaim, "What a handsome grotto!"

In poetry, as in architecture, the Rustic Order is proper only for the lower story.

They who have listened, patiently and supinely, to the catarrhal songsters of goose-grazed commons, will be loth and ill-fitted to mount up with Catullus to the highest steeps in the forests of *Ida*, and will shudder at the music of the *Corybantes* in the temple of the Great Mother of the Gods.

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ART. IV.—*Mittheilungen aus dem Reise-tagebuche eines Deutschen Naturforschers. England.* (Extracts from the Travelling Journal of a German Naturalist. England.) Basle. 1842.

THE German naturalist made a pleasant excursion in England, and having been very hospitably received, not only by his scientific brethren (one of whose meetings at Birmingham he came to this country to witness), but also by many of the gentry, possessors of handsome houses and parks, kind dispensers of good cheer, he has seen the country in its most agreeable aspect, and writes of it with grateful good-nature. And so simple, kind hearted, and unassuming seems the German man of science to be, that his reader cannot fail to be pleased with his companionship, and to share his good humour. It is a fine thing to travel, even in imagination, through the rich inland counties of England in the cheerful summer-time; to go from one fine house to another, where welcome, plenty, elegance, and kindness await you;



where all the men are hearty and kind, all the ladies handsome and smiling; where the claret is of the very best, the lordly parks in full leaf, and the best of venison in season. There is scarcely any foreign traveller that we know of who has not been duly affected by such things; and whose records of them are not, by reflection, pleasant. We have had many harmless Barmecide feasts in the company of Dukes and Earls to whom we have been presented by his Highness Fürst Pückler, that thoughtful dandy chronicler. Who has not spent a month in the Highlands, in the castle of the Duke of G-r-d-n, and cheek-by-jowl with his Excellency the Earl of Ab-rd-n (M-n-st-r of State for F-r-gn Affairs), being introduced to those great personages by the incomparable Mr. N. P. Willis? And with Miss Sedgwick, or Mr. Fenimore Cooper for a conductor, have we not had the honour to dance at Devonshire-house, to dine with Lord S-ston or Sir George W-rr-nder, to breakfast with Mr. Samuel R-gers,—in fact to enjoy all the delights of the best company of the greatest city of the greatest country in the world! Of all these modern travellers in genteel English society, only one has been discontented with what he saw or ate—and if Mr. Fenimore Cooper's notions of equality are such that he cannot brook superiority in his neighbours, and his stomach so delicate that hospitality and kindness make him sick, at least it may be said of the others that they were pleased with the attention shown to them; and expressed their sense of the good things enjoyed by them each in his way. Sometimes, perhaps, in perusing their descriptions of feasts given, and great and beautiful personages seen, the English reader may feel a little pang of mortification that he, being an Englishman and no foreigner, may live to be a thousand years old, and never have a chance of figuring at Almack's, or hobnobbing with a Duke at dinner; but such little outbreaks of envy are soon suppressed in the well-regulated mind; and the next best thing to enjoying a good thing one's self, is to see another honest fellow heartily and kindly enjoying it. Besides, we have in our turns this consolation, that be we bakers' sons, or retired linendrapers, or erratic lawyers' clerks, with a sufficient sum of money to carry us genteelly through a six-months' continental tour, we need only purchase a fancy volunteer's uniform from some fashionable tailor in Holywell-street, and may in our turn figure in foreign courts, dancing quadrilles with

the best duchesses at the Tuileries, or eating sauer-kraut by the side of German counts and dukes of thirty descents. Let all English persons excluded from the fashionable world and envious that foreigners should so easily be admitted to it, take the above remark into consideration, and remember that if genteel England is shut to them, all Europe on the other hand is their own.

Our honest "Naturforscher" (who as we conjecture from certain very pertinent though severe remarks which he makes concerning the German "adel" has not himself the privilege of writing "von" before his respectable name) is not in the least degree blinded or puffed up into vanity by the attentions paid him by great people, and instead of taking advantage of their kindness to fanoy himself a dandy and an aristocratic personage, as some of the travellers before mentioned have done, his sense of the hospitality he has received only takes the shape of perfect good-humour and contentment with things about him; and we would almost venture to assert, that the friends whom this simple, shrewd, kindly German traveller has visited, would be glad to see him again.

He writes of all he has seen without the least affectation, and with so much pleasantry and liveliness, that the reader at the end of the volume comes to have a warm personal liking for the author—the English reader certainly; for he is in love with our country, its men and its women, its manliness, and straight-forward simplicity: somewhat of a tory, perhaps, he still modestly avoids all political discussions, which do not even interest him, he says: he thinks port wine capital (accounting especially for our partialities that way): we find him coolly taking his share of "einigen bouteillen double stout" on the very first day of his arrival: add to this, he hates a Frenchman heartily, having a most thorough contempt for his braggadocio and his disposition to chatter, and his absurd pretensions to be the leader of civilisation. In these opinions upon French and English manners, and the beer of the latter country, Monsieur Victor Hugo and others may not agree; but perhaps it is one of the reasons why, as an Englishman, one cannot help having a sympathy with the honest, jovial *Naturforscher*. He begins with saying:

"In a former period of my life, I passed many years in Great Britain and France: to the last-named country I brought a great number of letters of recommendation,—to the former, but

one. In both countries, especially in the capitals of each, I made many acquaintances—those made in France have long since ceased, and did not indeed survive may stay in Paris; while those contracted in England still exist, with all the old intimacy, although, since first they were formed, almost a score of years have passed away. For close private friendship, the chief part of Frenchmen do not seem to be formed; their personal intercourse is generally pleasing and obliging, though it must be presumed that these social virtues exhibit themselves in words rather than in actions. Out of sight out of mind, seems to be the Frenchman's motto, and the foundation of this sort of forgetfulness lies in the heartlessness of his character. How different is the Briton! In outward appearance cold, haughty, selfish, unsympathising,—inwardly he is warm, highminded, accommodating, and ready to make personal sacrifices: these and other virtues will be found to develop themselves in the Englishman, by those who know the right way to move him.

"This preface will enable my readers to understand the reason which led me (it is now some short time back) to cross the channel for the third time.

"For this end two routes were before me. The one lay through *La belle France* and its capital, the other by the great water-road, the Rhine. The charms of a journey through beautiful France, I had already sufficiently experienced. The comforts of a dirty diligence, and the exquisite society to be found in it, the bad roads of the pattern land of Europe, the *ennui* of the journey, and of a sojourn in some of those dismal provincial towns, pitiful reflexes of the capital, were already so well known to me, that I did not hesitate a moment as to the road I should take.

"One Saturday morning, then, in the month of August, I bade farewell to my home. How different are the feelings with which a lad leaves it on his travels, to those which fill the heart of a husband and father, who is separating himself for a while from all that in earth is most dear to him! The one goes *omnia sua secum portans*, the other leaves a part of himself behind him. I was obliged to put some restraint upon my feelings as I pressed a last kiss upon the cheek of the little one still sleeping, and said the last word to its mother, and I do not care to confess that my eyes were not dry, as the 'Stadt Strasburg,' the steamer in which I was, shaped its course northward down the stream, and I had a last glimpse of the wife's waving handkerchief on the bridge."

On board the Stadt Strasburg our author finds himself almost in England, and passes away the voyage from Cologne in a pleasant gossip, with much about his fellow-passengers. There was a lord on board, and he does not fail to remark how eager all our beloved countrywomen were to get a sight of this great man, and what a noble interesting-looking creature they thought him. What a strange simple adulation it is that we pay to that picture of an English coro-

net;—we who look down with such a grand contempt upon all foreign titles; talking of swindling French counts, beggarly German barons, shabby Italian princes, with lofty indifference and scorn! And yet is there any single person of the middle classes who reads this who would not be pleased to walk down Regent-street with a lord? or any lady who will not confess that at the very minute of reading this she has a peerage upon her drawing-room table? There is no other country but ours where such a work is known; and it would be curious to call for a return of the number of such books which have been sold to the middle class for the last fifty years—to people who have not the slightest connexion with any one of the august families whose names and arms figure in that great book of reference—to people who never see a lord except in the park or at the opera, and will die and never speak to one. The writer of this once asked the servant of an eminent Paris surgeon, who has much practice amongst the English there, to bring him a dictionary from the library. The man immediately brought back the Peerage. "That's the book," said he, "which *Messieurs les Anglais* always call for." And there it was, the last edition of Mr. Burke's national work,—not a year old,—but bearing strong evidences of having been well and frequently read. Is it not a fact that respectable families in the country have interleaved Peerages? that they strike off the deaths and births of the aristocracy, and insert their marriages or other accidents in neat crow-quill manuscripts? Shakspeare, De-brett, and Mrs. Rundell, may be said to be the first books of the British genteel library: and, taken as a rule, the former is never read; the latter often: the second always. But let us hear the German tourist's description of the lord who has given rise to this unwarrantable disquisition. His lordship is young it appears, and married to a ladyship, much older than himself, and evidently doting on him, and the noble pair are in the habit of travelling about with Italian greyhounds. From this description, and from their own intimate knowledge of the aristocracy, perhaps some of our readers can discover who really this nameless lord is.

"'Dear me,' said a somewhat ancient British spinster, 'is it indeed Lord —, what a fine and noble-looking man he is!' 'Yes,' answered her neighbour, 'after all there goes nothing beyond an English nobleman.' If his lordship and his companions had before been the subject

of general conversation, now that his title was ascertained, he was still more watched. . . . . Towards evening the young lord presented himself once more upon the common show-place of our ship, but this time in a costume so different, that he could scarcely be recognized. His elegant travelling-dress of the morning had been exchanged for a sort of robe or talar, which almost swept the ground, and which was brilliantly illuminated with all the colours of the rainbow. The nobleman's hips were bound by a girdle of brown silk, at the end whereof hung a couple of gigantic tassels; on his head was a cap which had a tolerable resemblance to a turban; and his lordship's fair white hands glittered with rings, formed of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, which, no doubt, were more valuable than the estates of many a German count. The chief ornament of our lord, however, consisted of a pipe, of which the head was of finest meerschaum, the pipe-stick being decorated with the richest amber, likewise from this depended a pair of tassels, wonderful in size and variety of colour. So accoutred, his lordship trod the deck with a measured step, blowing right and left from his pipe portentous clouds of tobacco into air, with a look of godlike ease, and an oriental indifference, which, I am sure, Ali Pacha himself cannot excel, as he sits cross-legged on his ottoman and smokes and sips his Moka. With the greatest pleasure did I watch the movements of the British nobleman, and could not but admire that grandeur of *nonchalance*, the true test of gentility, which his lordship had attained. But more delightful even than this sight, was it to behold the astonishment which was depicted on the countenances of the worthy English gentlemen and ladies on their stools and benches around—an astonishment occasioned not so much by the quasi-Turkish appearance which my lord now wore, as by the fact that that noble and beautiful mouth of his should be so polluted as to become a chimney for foul tobacco-smoke. As soon as my lord turned his back upon one of his countrywomen, the lady drew forth her handkerchief, and turning up her nose in disgust, began flapping the kerchief to and fro, to drive the odious smoke from her. As may be imagined, the flapping was endless; and had not the smoker been Lord —, the whole British society on board would have risen at once, and called upon the captain instantaneously to remove the individual who sinned so against good manners.

"His lordship's appearance as a smoker was to me the cause of especial satisfaction. Some short time before his arrival, certain gentlemen had been amusing themselves with their pipes, although they did not in the least offend the English noses by so doing, having for the purposes of their enjoyment modestly betaken themselves to the lower deck, which, as it is known, none but *low people* frequent. This circumstance gave occasion to some English ladies, and my insignificance, to hold a discourse upon smoking; in which dispute it was advanced on the British side that this habit was *exceedingly vulgar*, and that in England a person pretending to the title of a *gentleman* never would dare to indulge in it. Much also was discoursed regarding Germany and its love for the 'horrid weed,'

in which epithet I could not myself concur, from patriotism in the first place, and also because to a good Havanna cigar I am not altogether unfriendly. But my fair islanders, who, be it remarked, were somewhat blue, and deep in German metaphysics—declared that tobacco smoke had had as much effect upon the modern philosophy of Germany, of late years, as steam had had upon the trade and manufactures of Great Britain; which reasoning, finding my patriotism growing too hot, I cut short by presently pointing out my lord as he came towards us puffing into our noses aromatic clouds from Kanaster of the best sort, and asking if his lordship was considered in England a gentleman?"

From the lord, our good-natured German goes to examine a dark, downcast, austere-looking personage in black, who after sitting down in various parts of the ship, is observed in rising to leave little *büchelchen* behind him—*tractätchen* in a word (in English, tractikins); treating of *fluch* and *Höllenstrafen*, which words cannot be translated into polite English. The tractarian and the philosopher have a dispute together, in which the former as usual talked of the vanity of earthly pursuits, while the other insisted that the earth was divine and beautiful, good to study and dwell in: but it does not appear that either disputant was convinced by the other's argument, though to do the Englishman justice, he was ready to continue the fight, long after his opponent had given in. We have more amusing sketches on board, those for instance of two old maids, who have been making a continental tour for the first time in their lives, and of course measure all things by their "English or rather Yorkshire" rule. These worthy dames were of opinion that the castles on the Rhine were merely sham ruins, that "no noblemen" could ever have inhabited such queer places, and that they were merely built for picturesque effect.

As in the last number of this periodical, it was related how Monsieur Victor Hugo travelling on the banks of the Rhine heard (besides the voices of his own proper reason), other celestial voices, which informed him that the left bank of the Rhine must inevitably be restored to France; it may be curious to know what conclusion a German draws from the sight of the self-same towns and provinces, which the Frenchman visited about the same period.

"I had not seen the Rhine bank from Mainz to Cologne for fourteen years, and was curious to note the difference which time had occasioned: and indeed everywhere were to be seen marks of increasing prosperity, beauty and progress. How much pleasanter have Mayence and Cob-

lentz, Bonn and Cologne, become since the year 1825. The last city especially, when I first saw it, gave me a by no means favourable impression: it appeared to me then to be dark, dirty, and ruinous; and I found it now exceedingly altered for the better. Many of the streets were now airy and light, which previously had been dismal and dark; many open squares and places stood now upon the ground which formerly was covered with labyrinths of narrow lanes and alleys; there were handsome shops where poor booths stood formerly; and the people, as well as the houses, wore a more agreeable aspect, and seemed better clothed. In a word, a long peace had produced its beneficial consequences, and the effects of increased trade and careful government were visible everywhere.

"The Rhinelanders should thank Heaven daily, that it has once more in its grace united them to Germany, and released them from the yoke of France. What would their cities have been at the present moment had the Great Nation still governed them? No doubt, as other towns in France are, poor imitations of the capital—dull, empty, robbed of all characteristics of their own, dirty and neglected. And what would the Rhinelanders themselves be with the French to make sport of them, as they now do of the Alsatian, who, in spite of his attempts to imitate the Frenchman in speech and manners, passes only with the latter for a dullard, a butt for his jokes and his wit. I think the Rhinelanders know their own interests too well, have too much political foresight and patriotic feeling ever to think of separating from Germany, and reuniting with our hereditary enemy. I know them too well to believe what the journalists on the banks of the Seine are in the habit of presenting to their credulous vain countrymen, viz.—that all German hearts on the banks of the Rhine are ripe for treason, and are only waiting the first opportunity to fling themselves into the arms of the French, and to break through a union which is of a thousand years' duration. Can the Rhinelanders be more shamefully calumniated, or more deeply disgraced in the eyes of the world, than by attributing such designs to them?"

French journalists, poets, and the like, who are in the habit of demanding their "natural frontiers of the Rhine," would do well to reflect upon this passage, and upon a thousand similar ones, that the angry German press puts forth upon the question. Our German naturalist is not very just certainly—he speaks of France with contempt much too savage and bitter; but it seems to be the genius of France of late years to raise such feelings against itself throughout Europe. It insults every country with which it has to deal, by absurd assumptions of superiority; it threatens all with war, or discord, or invasion; it shuts up its ports to foreign commerce; and distrusting every one, cheating where it can, bullying where it dares, and inso-

lent always, it bewails the unfriendliness of Europe, and complains of unjust isolation. However, the French have the ingenuous habit of never listening to one single word that may be unfavourable to their own opinions; and it is probable that the protest of our friend, the *Naturforscher*, and his innumerable German brethren, will pass among them for mere outbreaks of individual spleen; and that they will still think the Rhine is pining to be French again.

We must not, however, detain the reader too long upon the left bank of the Rhine, or with the author's hatred against the "Great Nation," but must follow the German naturalist to England; in which country it becomes the reviewer's stern duty to say, that the naturalist is disposed to praise everything too much, as in France he was determined to blame. Suppose, for instance, that he had embarked from Rotterdam; that he has been very ill upon the voyage (which calamity is described with much good-humour); that he has fallen asleep after his illness, and wakes next morning in a calmer sea, and with a great sea appetite. He forthwith breaks out into the following outrageous eulogium, which we doubt whether the most delicate meal at Tortoni's would have elicited from him.

"The surest sign of returning health was the strength of the appetite now awakened within us. With great pleasure we beheld preparations made for breakfast, and with still greater joy did we sit down to take a share of the same. And certainly for a hungry stomach, there is nothing more inviting and exciting, than an English *ship breakfast*. That he who enjoys it, truly breaks his fast, no one can deny. Juicy beefsteaks an inch thick and half a foot long, plates of well-smacking mutton-chops, gigantic cold roast beef, soft-boiled eggs, snow-white bread, brown-golden roasted toast, gold-yellow butter, white and red radishes, and tea and coffee in immeasurable supplies: such are the usual ingredients of a breakfast given on board an English ship. I need hardly say that we did the fullest justice to this admirable meal, and amply made up the losses of the previous day."

A man must be very grateful, and have a very good natural appetite, or be a very strong Anglomaniac indeed (both of which qualities and defects our author possesses), to speak in such terms of that abominable meal, a steam-boat breakfast. Could the naturalist have been seriously unwell the night before? We doubt it: otherwise the very sight of the "zollidicke und halbfusslange saftige beefsteake" would never have delighted him as they did, and the

"wohlschmeckende *mutton-chops*" would have affected him as they would every other refined mind first rising from the horrible couch of sea-sickness. We give this passage up to the French, as a proof of the blind and unjust admiration which the German *Naturforscher* exhibits for our country.

At any rate, if by chance there be any truth in the above description; if there be any steam-boat sailing to and from Rotterdam, where the *mutton-chops* do smell well, where the snow-white bread is not stale, and the gold-yellow butter is not rancid, where the immeasurable tea and coffee are not muddy and detestable, and where they are supplied (as they should be) with a corresponding measure of milk; the *Naturforscher* ought to have told the name of the ship for the benefit of future travellers. Many a reader of this review is doubtless thinking of a tour Rhinewards at this very season; and would be thankful for the information:

Here, however, we have the name of an inn, which very few of our readers have probably frequented, and which they may try if so inclined, as it lies on the direct road between Grosvenor-square and Rotterdam.

"In the Ship Tavern in Water Lane then, we abused the Custom House at our leisure (I mean my original Englishman and my own Insignificance), and there we spoke out our anathemas against douanes and duties, and all such accursed modern inventions. We did not, however, in our enthusiasm for free trade, and our anger against all bar to commerce, allow our appetite to go uncared for; but commenced a frightful attack upon a capital shoulder of mutton and an incomparable *beefsteak pie*, and were equally pitiless towards the *potatoes*, *vegetables*, and *rice pudding*, which Mr. Bussy, who seemed to take great pleasure at the enormity of our appetites, laid on our table. With some bottles of *double-stout*, and a pint of particular port, we accompanied our substantial meal, and so restored our spirits after the voyage.

"My excellent companion,—who had in the course of a long stay upon the continent, contracted a love for certain foreign habits and in the course of our voyage had not been a little satirical upon various customs of his own country,—felt, as he took his first meal upon English ground, all his *John-Bullism* and love of fatherland return, and in the height of his enthusiasm held out his glass towards mine, in continental fashion, clattered the two glasses together so hard that I thought they would break, and cried out '*Old England for ever!*'"

"As I am by no means ill-disposed towards a country that has been so wrongly hated, I drank willingly enough to the health of the remarkable island; and with the more goodwill, because in two previous visits to the country I had gained

an attachment for it, and made connexions, to the renewal of which I warmly looked forward. Now English inn-rooms are generally very quiet, even when full of guests, who take their places between two partition-walls, separated from one another by some five or six feet, and containing two benches and a little table. This unsocial arrangement is called, I believe, by the English a box; a box can, if necessary, hold four persons, but is commonly only occupied by one. As soon as an Englishman enters the room, he examines the boxes before him, and chooses that one in which there may be no company. Here solitary, and unseen by his neighbours, he devours his beefsteak and potatoes, reading, at the same time, very likely the gigantic *Times*, or some other English journal. The reigning silence is only broken by the clatter of knives and forks, the rustling of a newspaper, or the occasional cry of '*Waiter!*' Such a chamber was Mr. Bussy's, in Water-lane, and afforded a fair specimen of Old-English tavern-rooms.

"We, who were new comers, did not, however, conduct ourselves in our cell as the English are accustomed to behave. We talked, and perhaps more loudly than was quite requisite for the mere purposes of hearing; we laughed, and so loud that our laughter might be heard outside our box; nay, we clinked glasses after the German fashion: all which behaviour was so different to the customary English manners, that the frequenters of the room could not but pay attention to us; and some of them, in going out or entering, actually went out of their way in order to look into our box, and stare at the wonderful foreign wild-beasts that were there sitting and brawling.

"I must say, though, that in the behaviour of both of us there was, on our parts, a certain design. We both knew English customs too well not to have easily accommodated ourselves to them, so as not to sin against them, if we thought proper. But it was pleasant to shock a little the score of beef-steak devouring city Philistines round about, and at the same time to afford them the pleasure of contrasting their own superior elegance and gentility with our foreign rudeness; and I doubt not but that our end was fully attained, and that, at tea-time that evening, many a *shopkeeper's* family was entertained with an account of the '*parcel of foreigners*' in the Ship Tavern, and that we were flatteringly called *vulgar* and *low*.

"Being upon the subject of the Ship Tavern in Water-lane, let me here recommend that inn unreservedly to such of my readers as shall ever have occasion to visit the Custom-house of London. The landlord, Mr. Bussy, is a most civil and honest host, taking every pains to make his guests comfortable. The house itself is by no means of the elegant sort, and the entrance to it is not particularly favourable. The situation, too, is dismal, and a ray of sunshine seldom visits the Ship: the rooms are small, and certainly not luxuriously furnished. I stayed several days in the house before I was familiar with the complicated architecture thereof; for little steps and narrow passages join and cross each other in the most extraordinary fashion, making quite a labyrinth of the place. Spite, however, of the thick

atmosphere of fog and coal-smoke under which the house lies the whole year through, the house is cleanly kept; and I found myself as well treated there as it is possible to be in the neighbourhood of the Custom-house and the Thames.

"'Roast-beef, beef-steaks, roast-mutton, mutton-chops, veal,' and fish, those cardinal dishes of the English kitchen, are here excellent, and 'the bottled ale and double stout' are of classic perfection. You may have, too, a good glass of port wine; and even the coffee, in the confection of which the English as yet have attained no great skill, is here tolerable to a continental palate. And the reckoning which Herr Bussy demands from his guests must likewise be considered cheap for England: two shillings for a bed, one shilling and sixpence for a plentiful breakfast, two or at most three shillings for a dinner, which at least suits my taste and satisfies my appetite better than a five-franc *dîner* in the *Palais Royal*, are not prices of which one can complain; and there is many a Swiss landlord who would wonder that they should be so low."

Is any one tired or annoyed that beer, whether strong or small, should be chronicled in this way? There are some, perhaps, who would expect a German natural philosopher to talk to them of much loftier subjects than Ship taverns and steam-boat breakfasts; but such persons must be warned that the philosopher has kept his science for a scientific work, (to which they can refer,) and that he here wishes to unbend and talk like any simpleton. Other readers again, of a genteel taste, may object to descriptions of low society in Thames-street, of beef-steaks, bottled stout, and such vulgar articles of food. For the latter class of persons we have in store a circumstantial account of a repast served at the house of no less a man than the Right Hon. Baronet at present Prime Minister of England; and if this be not a respectable matter to speak of, what is? Being with the other sages of Europe at Birmingham, the Naturforscher received an invitation to Drayton Manor-house, whither he went, in the company of several distinguished scientific men. There had been riots in Birmingham, and some question of pelting Sir Robert if he attended the association; he wisely sacrificed any intention which he might have had of visiting this illustrious society, and contented himself with begging a few of the most celebrated Naturforschers to dinner at Drayton.

"Your humble servant had the honour to be of the number of invited guests, and I scarcely need say that the invitation was not declined, for it gave me an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with a man whose name is closely united with the modern history of his

country, and who may with justice be considered as one of the leading statesmen of Great Britain or of Europe. At the end of our sitting, that is, at a very late hour in the afternoon, our little society, consisting of about twelve persons, took their places in one of the coaches of the Derby railroad; and though this road was ten miles longer than the ordinary one, yet it brought us more quickly to our goal. It was quite night, however, by the time we reached the Tamworth station, which is about two miles from Sir Robert's estate. Here we found waiting for us the elegant coaches of the Baronet, with a number of his brilliantly-clad domestics; and so, after a brief pause, the learned caravan moved forward to Drayton Manor-house. We reached our place of destination at about half-past eight, and Sir Robert received us at the door with the most friendly politeness. He led us through the large hall, brilliantly lighted and covered with costly carpets, in which a great number of powdered red-cheeked serving-men, in short scarlet breeches, with silk stockings, buckles to their shoes, and coats whereof the nature I forget, stood waiting in rank and file. Although dinner in England is taken at a very late hour, yet the time of our arrival was later even than the fashion, and the first thing we had to do in the Peelish house was to wash away the coal-dust from hand and face, and put on such a garment as was suitable to the table of our host. At nine o'clock the dinner-bell rang, and our little society was soon assembled in the stately drawing-room, where collectively and individually we had the honour to be presented to Lady Peel by her husband. We were not long kept waiting for our meal; our host, indeed, might imagine that we were in want of it; and the glad summons 'dinner is ready' was speedily heard. Dr. Buckland offered his arm to our amiable, polished, and still beautiful hostess, and we followed after him in measured footsteps, taking our places at table as chance directed. However hungry our long fast might have made us, Sir Robert's board offered wherewithal to satisfy the most implacable appetite: it was only the choice of the dainties that could confuse us in any way. I am really grieved not to be able to give my gastronomic readers a full account of all the delicacies which were set before us. It would make their mouths water to hear of all that we ate of, especially when I say, that everything was dressed in the very best way possible, leaving to the most fastidious palate nothing to desire. Let the gourmand, however, be informed, that all the natural kingdom, and all zones, had brought their richest tribute to the feast of which we that day partook in Drayton Manor-house."

For our parts we honestly confess a regret that the Naturforscher did not give us the bill of fare. He must remember it, that is quite clear; no man ever spoke in such terms of a dinner without recollecting every dish he ate of; and why this squeamishness as to naming them? 'Tis not unworthy of a Naturforscher to like his dinner, and we can fancy a dozen of them, great stalwart hungry philosophers:

—these from Trinity College, Cambridge (where the art of eating is not neglected); these, fellows from Oxford, where likewise the *magister artis ingenique largitor* is allowed the honour of his degree; yonder, a lean and famished Yankee; and finally the jolly German himself, who comes from a country where appetite enormously flourishes in spite of cookery; indeed it must have been a great sight! As for the conversation, our friend says justly enough, in his waggish simple way, that “at first it was not *sonderlich belebt*, not particularly lively; for who,” says he, “could think about being witty or entertaining when he was perishing of hunger?” And as for the philosophers, “since 9 o’clock that morning they *had brought nothing over their tongues*,” and their voracity may be imagined. “When the first attack upon beef, venison, grouse, and other good things, had been concluded, our tongues were loosed, and we thought about” —

About what does the reader suppose that the twelve sages thought, when their tongues were loosed and they had done eating? Why, when they had done eating they thought about—drinking—and long life to all such philosophers, say we.

“Then right and left you heard challenges to drink. *Will you do me the honour of taking a glass of wine with me? Will you drink a glass of wine with me? May I have the pleasure to take some wine with you?* and similar invitations were heard on all sides, followed naturally by an affirmative reply. Sir Robert’s cellar was, it need scarcely be said, as well cared for as his kitchen; the finest Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian wines were here in abundance, as well as the choicest French wines, and Germany’s best drink, the noble Johannisberger. The latter was no doubt from the best source, for Sir Robert and the possessor of the crown of all vineyards are old friends, and would willingly do each other a favour.

“Most people from the continent find the English habit of having a bottle for individual consumption, and the obligation to ask or to be asked by another to take wine, a disagreeable restraint. I for my part do not share this opinion, and consider the British custom as more social and less egotistic than ours, which gives no opportunity to friendly attentions as the former plan does. It gives the person who is challenged to drink the opportunity of selecting his wine (as other persons when challenged are free to choose their weapons), and so in the course of an English dinner, one has the opportunity of tasting a considerable number of different wines. Port-wine and Madeira, Bourdeaux and Champagne, Rhine wine and Constantia, are all drunk indifferently, *in moderate measures, of course, and not in pint glasses*. It is superfluous to observe that ladies at table are not called upon to

maintain the point (of honour) in drinking: you ask them to drink as well as the men, but naturally the lady is not bound to empty the filled goblet to the dregs; as soon as the rim of the bowl has touched the beautiful lip, and when the latter has sipped a drop or two of the liquid within, the woman’s drink duty is fulfilled, and so may every lady accept invitations to drink a dozen times and even oftener, without having any fear lest she should do too much of the good thing.”

Here the honest professor goes off into a dissertation upon the absurd custom prevailing among continental ladies, who fancy it is an insult if at table you offer to fill their glasses: the English dames, he says, “in respect of drinking, are not so over-squeamish, having the reasonable notions that heaven made wine for women as well as for men; they will not therefore shrink from publicly drinking a little glass of port-wine or claret.” And why should they, when philosophers as we see set them the example? How exquisite is that outbreak of natural-philosophic eloquence which occurs, when the sages have done eating and begin to think of drinking. ‘Sir, a glass of wine! Will you *drink* a glass of wine? Will you *take* a glass of wine? Will you do me the honour to take *some* wine?—Noble variety of phrase! We know that Socrates and Plato were not averse to a cup, and can see in imagination Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland hobnobbing together. His Very Reverence Herr Peacock and Ely calls on the Naturforscher to try a glass of the real Metternich Johannisberger; round about pass noiselessly “*dienstbarer geister in scharlachenen kurzen Beinkleidern*,” and in the midst of the sages, Sir Robert like a gallant Alcibiades urging Socrates to a bumper of champagne, or Plato to improve the sweet flow of his eloquence by a draught of the honeyed Constantia. “*Portwein und Bordeaux, Madera und Champagner, Rhein-wein und Constantia, alles wird untereinander hineingetränken*,” and properly grateful is our philosopher for the chance which the English custom gives him of mixing these delightful liquors—“of course in moderate glasses and not in pint-tumblers”—no, no, there is no philosophy, however deep, that can bear to be drunk out of *schoppengläser*.

The room which we could afford to devote to the German naturalist’s description of English society was but small, and we find that we have filled it completely with accounts of the eating and drinking which prevail in our happy country. The subject, however, is one that is not un-

grateful to men of the world and the mere general reader; and we have pretty clear proof, from the above extracts, that men of science are likewise partial to it; where is the need then of an apology for having enlarged on it at some length? But it must not be supposed that the *Naturforscher* treats of eating alone: no, we have under our eyes, chapters headed—Faraday's Laboratory—the Electric Cell—Buckland and Geology—On the Causes of the Beauty of the English Nation—the Progress of Catholicism in England—Wheatstone's Voltaic Telegraph—Peeping Tom—Davy's Journal—and five hundred other subjects, on which the good-natured German prattles in a kindly, shrewd, simple way. If he paints English society in a manner somewhat too flattering; if, in speaking of the condition of the people, he says that there is somewhere a little distress!—at least we cannot quarrel with him for being good-humoured, or for not describing what he has not seen. Many a traveller cannot be accused of the latter kind of neglect; and the German's trip to England was a holiday excursion, passed in sunshine and pleasure, amidst all sorts of feasts and recreations, scientific and bodily—Who shall be angry with him for speaking thus out of the mere fulness of the heart?

five hundred pages are devoted rather to a review of French history for fifteen years before the present monarch came to the throne, and of the means and causes by which his three predecessors gained and lost it. The author's tendencies are strongly republican; he has formerly, as we should presume, participated in some of the several abortive conspiracies which were directed against the dynasty of the elder branch of the Bourbons; he judges, and not perhaps without justice, that the final revolt which overthrew them was a republican movement, seconded only by the middle classes when the danger was over, and directed by them to their own ends: and he shows some bitterness against the *bourgeoisie*, as he calls them, for their conduct, and especially for their success. How much further his reforms would go than '89; whether he is prepared to reconstruct the system of universal suffrage, according to the fiction of '92; which of the half-dozen revolutionary governments he would wish to have restored, and what peculiar new one he would establish; M. Blanc does not, for the present at least, inform us. In the mean time, differing from all parties that have ruled (since the year 1804 at least), he is able to write of each with pretty equal impartiality, and, shut out from the pains or pleasures of government himself, to look on at those who were battling for it, and judge them with not too much ill-temper. Many persons in England might be unwilling to accept the testimony of a writer holding republican opinions: for as the French, in their notions of us, still continue the traditions of the war, discover treachery in all our actions, and paint the features of our national character in the most odious caricature: we, in like manner, have not got rid of the old antijacobin hatred, take Robespierre for our type of a republican, and fancy that the guillotine is one of the chief articles of the liberal creed. But those who are acquainted with French society, have little need to be told that the republican party on the other side of the channel is very different in point of intelligence and respectability to that small class professing the doctrine here. Were a French republic to be proclaimed to-morrow, it would find the people not at least unprepared; and they would pass from a citizen-king to a citizen-president without any necessary convulsions. That stage of the revolution was passed fifty years ago; and the fifteen years' history of the Bourbons' reign

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- ART. V.—1. *Histoire de Dix Ans.*, 1830—1840. (History of Ten Years.) Par M. LOUIS BLANC. Tome 1er. Paris. 1842.
2. *Histoire de la Restauration, et des causes qui ont amené la chute de la branche aînée des Bourbons.* (History of the Restoration, and of the Causes of the Fall of the Elder Branch of the Bourbons.) Par un Homme d'Etat (M. CAPEFIGUE). Paris. 1832—1836.
3. *Continuation de l'Histoire de France d'Anquetil.* (Continuation of Anquetil's History of France.) Par M. LEONARD GALLOIS. Paris. 1837.
4. *Histoire de la Restauration, suivie d'un Précis de la Révolution de Juillet.* (History of the Restoration, with a *Précis* of the Revolution of July.) Par EMILE RENARD. Paris. 1842.

THE volume at the head of our list has but little to do with the circumstances of Louis Philippe's reign. M. Blanc's first



is only the story of attempts, more or less adroit, violent, or successful, to revive the extinct traditions of the monarchy, and to replant in France the old aristocracy, which the revolution had violently torn out of the soil. Is the movement ended yet by the advent of Louis Philippe and his family, or may we speculate upon the changes which fifty more years will bring? One of the ministers of Charles X. said finely, that "in 1830 the monarchy went down full sail." Giving Louis Philippe all credit for the miraculous manner in which he himself swam to shore, one may doubt whether many political underwriters would be disposed to ensure his family.

At least the king has been too wise to overload the boat with any of the aristocratic crew whose weight served to sink Charles X. He has taken the middle class for his supporters—the middle class for whom M. Blanc, in his republican independence, entertains no better liking than he has for the nobility. A million of chartist voices in England would echo no doubt the French radical's opinion, and shout that—aristocracy of money or wealth, they are all the same, both equally the poor man's tyrant and enemy. There is no call here to enter into the question, otherwise it might be argued, that the so-called middle class is the aristocracy of the people, as distinguished from the aristocracy of the crown. It is formed, as it were, of the champions and chiefs who have struggled into eminence out of the ranks of the poor, with the wealth and power acquired by their hands and their heads, to oppose to the power and wealth of ancestral acres and privileges. And seeing the men of his own class thus rising into distinction, in the persons of Napoleon and his generals conquering all the aristocracies of Europe; in such men as Guizot and Thiers performing the duties of statesmen as well as the oldest Duc et Pair; has not the *prolétaire* reason to be proud rather than peevish?—let him have but talent sufficient and the way is as open to him as to any other. Thiers and Bonaparte once wanted a dinner as much as any other unemployed workmen: and as we cannot all be statesmen and generals, let us at least be contented that the prizes may be drawn by some one. So much, at least, have the efforts of Monsieur Blanc's much-despised *bourgeoisie* gained for the people.

It was not until the last days of Napoleon's reign that the two parties came fairly into struggle. The emperor's aristocracy was in infancy during his time: in

the reign of his successors it was grafted into the old noblesse, which had been away from France since the days of emigration, or so cowed by the revolution and the emperor as to be scarcely anything more than a title. Nor had the peaceful citizens and the middle classes, living in the midst of the perpetual flurry of war, and in times so exceptional as to render a dictatorship almost necessary, as yet had much time to define their liberties or their place in the state. Only after the reverses of the empire did the civilians and *bourgeoisie* dare to be discontent, and they first began to show themselves as a body at its ruin:—a timid, talkative, useless body certainly;—but, considering what the Chamber of Representatives was in Napoleon's time, how entirely subdued and slavish, they could not but be frightened at suddenly finding themselves independent,—and disappeared before they had time to do anything but talk of their freedom.

How the first restoration was effected is a point about which some books might still be written, were the truth of much consequence to anybody. In 1814, when all the places in France were to be given away by the conquering party, there were numberless claimants for the honour of having effected its restoration. Fouché vowed that it was his doing: Monsieur de Talleyrand declared that it was his; for, having seized upon the Emperor Alexander and lodged him in his hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, the Prince of Benevento would not let his imperial host out of his house until he had agreed to restore the monarch whom France sighed for. Then there was Monsieur de Vitrolles (to whom our author, M. Blanc, seems to give the credit of having effected the return of his legitimate sovereign): Monsieur de Pradt, again, had his pamphlets out, to show that he and he only had been the means of bringing this blessing to his country: Monsieur de Chateaubriand published brochures which were said to have an immense effect, in reviving the loyalty of the nation: finally, half a dozen gentlemen of *Vieille Souche* (of whom grateful history has kept the names) paraded Paris with white cockades in their hats, waving a white handkerchief from a stick, and shouting in the presence of the astonished Parisians "*Vive le Roi!*" For three-and-twenty years such a sound had never been heard in Paris: not since the day when Louis XVI. reviewed his last troops in the garden of the Tuileries, and the men seeing him gave a feeble shout, and were left to be murdered at their

posts, while the king sought for safety elsewhere.

The histories of the period are full of details regarding the numerous intrigues and consultations which took place, before Napoleon's conquerors had settled who should succeed him. Various princes were named and canvassed; among others (and the Carlists have not failed to recall the fact since the revolution of 1830, as a proof that he was even then engaged in conspiracy), the Duke of Orleans was mentioned as a person fit to occupy the vacant throne. One point, however, seems to be certain, that the people had forgotten the Bourbons; and it was not until the allies were in possession of Paris, and after many parleys with the generals of the emperor, that the sovereigns at length pointed out the Count de Provence as the future monarch of France.

Meantime, while the negotiations were going on, the Imperialists were settling their last accounts as hastily as might be. The emperor took leave of his weeping guard, the only men in France, as he truly said, that were faithful to him. And as for the regency of Marie Louise, which had disappeared from Paris to Blois, at Blois it now vanished altogether with the whole flying pageant of chamberlains, kings, prince-arch-chancellors, emperors and kings of Rome. Cambacères wrote from Blois to ask how the princes of the empire were to be provided for, and whether his services might not be useful to his legitimate sovereign; and as soon as the name of the new monarch was ascertained, the warriors of Napoleon offered him their allegiance and their swords. The emperor fled to his little island of Elba; noble royalists offered to murder him upon the road; and he was compelled to disguise himself it was said, and hide from a rabble that pursued him. *Monsieur* came, the king's lieutenant-general, and smiling, told the people not to be alarmed, that there was "but one Frenchman more." There were enough Frenchmen without him.

As soon as he was installed in the Tuileries as governor of the kingdom (which honour the senate conferred upon him), many "Frenchmen more" made their appearance who had never been heard of for years even before the 10th of August. It was a mob of nobles which besieged the palace now, trooping from their provinces where they had lain *perdus* so long, while the *manans* of the republic and the empire were making Europe tremble. Pedigree

in hand, they came to rally round the monarchy of which they were, they said, the natural supporters. Who does not remember the admirable portrait that Béranger has given us of one of them? But they did not forget the unhappy liberal tendencies of the Count de Provence; they determined, in spite of him, to save the monarchy, and to leave France governed as it was governed in the good old days, when kings were absolute and charters unknown.

At length the happy day of April came, which brought King Louis XVIII. and his family to live henceforth among his faithful Parisians. He was saluted with some loyal cheering, but the allies had been received previously with much greater acclamations; and after the carriage, which contained the royal stranger, marched sad and gloomy the remnant of the gallant Old Guard, that had but a month before made exertions so prodigious and so vain in behalf of the exiled emperor. The people seeing their old defenders, forgot to shout "*Vive le Roi!*" and gave the best of their acclamations to the guard. Besides, the king kept his hat on his head during the procession, and the public (says the legitimist Capefigue), *ne pouvoit pardonner à sa corpulence Anglaise*. With the king was the lady, whom her family persisted in calling their Antigone, and whose virtues and sufferings they were always sentimentally bringing forward as a claim to the sympathies of the nation. Alas! Antigone's stern expression and stiff figure, dressed as she was in an English spencer and poke bonnet, awakened only the laughter of the lively people amongst whom she came, and who thought much more of her bad looks than of her misfortunes. It is impossible to say how much harm that high-waisted spencer and Quaker bonnet of Madame d'Angoulême did to the royal cause—it associated the family with something outlandish and ridiculous; and fifteen years afterwards, when the Dauphiness and her son were flying from the country for a third time, the walls of Paris were placarded with grim caricatures of her in her famous dress of 1814, which the implacable ridicule of the people had never forgotten. With the king and his niece in their ridiculous English habits, rode their cousin, the Prince of Condé, who came dressed like a Marquis of the old court, faithful to the pigtail and the *ailes de pigeon*.

"Are they bringing us back to 1780?" cried the sneering Parisians. Indeed, the

king's friends would have done so if they could, and he was the only liberal of his family.

Already, in the negotiations relative to the *charte*, Monsieur's party had shown their hostility to any such innovations, and vowed that a King of France returning to his people was not called upon to make them any promises, or to condescend to accept his sceptre upon any conditions whatever. It was strongly against their will that the charter was granted at all; and as a compromise between his majesty and his faithful noblesse, it had been arranged that the *charte* should come, not as demanded by the people, but as *octroyée* by the monarch of his free good will. There seems to have been a fatality about the family. In the course of their reign, Louis XVI. and Charles made concessions enough; but they never conceded with good grace, or time enough; and in 1814 Monsieur did not care to hide his contempt for the *charte* and the privileges of the nation: it was only the next year, when the people were deserting him and Napoleon at the gates of Paris, that the poor feeble despot came forward, and with useless hypocrisy, took an oath to maintain the laws which were now quite powerless to defend him.

With the king, who had been a liberal in 1789, and vowed that had his brother listened to his counsels his throne and his life would have been preserved to him, the *charte* was, on the contrary, an object of great predilection. He said, that it was to be his title to fame. The language of the document had undergone his own special revision and polish; he was proud of it as a literary composition; and was always, in the main, and as far as his family would allow him to be, faithful to it.

But by the time his household had been established, and Monsieur de Dreux-Brézé had arranged the infinite ceremonials of the court;—when the Garde Ecossaise, and the Maison Rouge had been formed, and the mousquetaires *noires* et *gris*;—when the tabourets of the duchesses had been placed in proper order, and the privileges of holding the king's shirt at his levee, or carrying his bougeoir at night, had been satisfactorily distributed among the ancient followers of his family, the representatives of the chivalry and glory of France;—it became time for the worthy old monarch to give up those honours and delights of his crown. For Napoleon was loose again, and marching towards Paris.

The newspapers of the day tell the story in a much more lively way than that of any

professed historian. The doubts, lies, hesitations, perversions, half-confessions of the *Moniteur* and the *Débats*, are as eloquent descriptions of cowardice as could be given by the best rhetorician, and show admirably what were the feelings of king and country. On the 1st of March, in the year 1815, a certain person landed upon the coast of Provence, whose arrival—(miserable *Corse*, *brigand*, *usurpateur* as he was, and without the slightest chance of conquering, with his *poignée d'assassins*, the millions of faithful soldiery who thronged round the "banner of the lilies")—whose arrival was speedily known at Paris, whither Rumour (with that mysterious swiftness which she possesses, and which exceeds sometimes the fastest courier, or steam-coach, or even telegraph) had brought the awful news. "*Napoleon est débarqué!*"—The news reached the brilliant *cohue des rois* at Vienna on the same evening that it was officially received at Paris, and history records the effect it produced there. Austria, dropping his cards, took Russia into a corner, where they were joined by Prussia: and if Marie Louise, the empress, received the announcement with much greater terror than might be expected from one who had a throne in prospect from the event, "Alas!" says a French historian, "all the world knows that she had reason to dread his arrival; *sa conduite avait été plus qu'imprudente, plus que légère.*"\*

Meanwhile, at Paris, the reigning party were preparing for the struggle with the giant that was marching towards them, just as one might expect such a party would prepare. Monsieur de Blacas was of opinion that the monster, ere this, was tracked and shot to death like a wolf: if not so destroyed already, quick a proclamation was prepared that must infallibly put an end to the tyrant: and on the report of the king's "*ami et féal chevalier, Chancelier de France, commandeur de nos ordres,*" an ordonnance appeared, by the very first article of which "Napoleon Bonaparte was declared traitor and rebel; and all governors, &c., were enjoined to run him down, (*de lui courir sus,*) seize him, and deliver him up incontinently to a council of war."

The same number of the *Moniteur*, (March 7, 1814,) which contained that famous ordonnance, (there is no need to borrow any further article of the procla-

\* Léonard Gallois.

mation, for the first contains the pith of the matter) — the same *Moniteur* says, "that it has not previously alluded to the news of Bonaparte's debarkation, as nothing certain was known:" a very proper precaution. And now, in a breath, and as if to meet the greatness of the danger, ordonnance follows upon ordonnance with gigantic energy: the Chambers were convoked, the most pathetic proclamations, written in the king's own hand, were addressed to the army. Could they resist the well-known elegance of his style? He said to the troops, "I am your father: c'est moi qui me charge de vos récompenses: c'est dans vos rangs, c'est parmi l'élite de vos soldats fidèles, que je vous choisirai des officiers." And when the faithful Chambers were gathered together, the king, mounting his throne, (supported on each side by a soldier of the royal guard, of the line, of the national guard.) giving leave to his peers to sit, and by an officer signifying to the commons his permission that they should enjoy the same privilege, thus read to them a speech which drew tears from all.

In the midst of the general "*attendrissement*," and as if affected by it more than any other, up starts Monsieur from his *pliant*, on the right side of the king's throne, and apologizing for departing from all rule, and speaking after the king, lifts his hand to heaven, and says to all present: "Jurons, sur l'honneur de vivre et de mourir fidèles à notre roi et à la charte constitutionnelle qui assure le bonheur de la France."

The brother's rushed into each other's arms, and wept "*à fendre le cœur*." Nor was it the first time that Monsieur had expressed his opinion in favour of the charter; for the scene had been arranged previously, and rehearsed by the august actors of the play. That wonderful chronicle of imbecility and baseness, that brazen mirror of lies, the *Moniteur*, concludes its reports of the above speeches and proclamations by stating, "*Ce matin MONSIEUR est parti pour se rendre à Lyon*." All is safe: the "true model of French chivalry," the hero of Quiberon is off for Lyons, and the monarchy may repose at its ease.

The muse of history has been represented to us hitherto as a grave personage; narrating the events of which she has to take cognizance, in sounding periods, and treating with solemn hypocrisy the hypocrites with whom she has to deal. It is in this decent, passionless, polite kind of

way that the inexorable *Moniteur* records, day by day, the above transactions; but its very gravity is a thousand times more laughable and more bitter than that of the most cruel satirist that ever lived, and no one can express the ridicule of those famous personages of 1815, so well as they themselves record them. What impotent lies, and blind conceit, and useless meanness! "It is from among yourselves," says the king to the army, "that your officers shall henceforth be appointed"—and at that moment half of the stout old soldiers of the republic had been driven from their commands, to make way for lads with pedigrees, or feeble old men who had never drawn a sword except against their country a score of years before. "Let us swear, on our honour, fidelity to the charter," says the model of French chivalry: and the Count d'Artois' hatred to the charter, in those days, was as well known, as it was proved in later times. At the end of the farce *Monsieur* disappears, shrieking his war-cry, and waving his powerless sword,—Monsieur, who had gone down on his knees, in '94, to be allowed to run away,\* and leave his Vendéans to their fate. Is it possible that the pigmies and their king deceived themselves for a moment with regard to the issue of the combat with Napoleon, and fancied that their puny efforts were likely to check him? It seems so. Condé upon his *ailes de pigeon*, flew to La Vendée, to rouse up the old spirit of the Boccage; the Duke d'Angoulême, with Antigone, made for the south, where indeed both showed plenty of courage, if not of wisdom, and where Madame Royale, especially, was indefatigable in reviewing, inspecting, haranguing. As for the country, according to the veracious *Moniteur*, its enthusiasm knew no bounds: and we had paragraph upon paragraph to show how, in this place, "*Vive Henri Quatre*" was sung again and again, amidst tears and shouts of loyalty; how prefects and generals spoke in praise of Louis le Désiré; and how countless bands of royalist volunteers were formed everywhere, and longed to march against the Corsican. Did not "500 men of the 61st regiment, and having at their head the music of the regiment, and a superb company of sappers, march out from Nantes to surround the person of the king?" The *Moniteur* says so. You would suppose that the beards of the sappers must have frightened Napoleon back to

\* See the Memoirs of his Aide-de-camp, M. D. Vauban.

Elba again. At Beauvais, did not M. de Richemont, Brigadier de MM. les Gardes du Corps, compose some verses which were sung by the first actress—which were sung in a full theatre, to a parterre, “qui a rivalisé d’enthousiasme avec toutes les loges?” Whatever boxes and pit could do, all France did. If embracing, and weeping, and singing, and talking big could arrest the monster, he would have turned back from Grenoble; but he was a callous monster, and did not care for tears, or embraces, or music, or the best and loudest of talk, and on he came, in spite of pit and boxes, and sentiment of all sorts.

Other experiments were tried. Marshal Soult, the war minister, was dismissed, and the Duc de Feltre placed in his stead. Will it be believed that, in spite of this concession, and in the teeth of Clarke, the unconscionable invader still advanced? A notable plan to stop Napoleon’s advances was that of Benjamin Constant, who said that the government must look for a man as great as the Corsican himself, and to this end proposed—Lafayette! This plan not being agreeable to the court, Constant tried another almost as effective. The author of *Adolphe* wrote a long leading article against Napoleon, which may be seen in the *Débats* to this very day. Not even this could shake him. Nor the following tremendous attack upon the usurper, which appeared in that same journal on the 21st of March, 1814.

“Il n’est pas possible de se tromper. La France ne veut point de Buonaparte—d’un tigre qui n’eût jamais pitié pour personne, et qui ne peut regner que par le sang—Paris verroit renaitre des proscriptions plus affreuses que celles de la terreur, et regretteroit bientôt ce jour exécration de vendémiaire, où Buonaparte foudroyoit ses citoyens sans défense, au milieu des rues et des places publiques—digne apprentissage d’un tyran!

“Toutefois son triomphe sera court. L’Est et le Midi sont armés contre lui. Le Nord n’a point écouté les perfides suggestions de ses émissaires. L’Ouest n’a pas oublié d’être fidèle à ses rois. Et au dehors c’est en vain que Buonaparte a promis l’Alsace, la Lorraine, la Franche-Comté pour prix d’un secours honteux qui ne lui sera point accordé. L’Autriche met ses troupes en mouvement, mais c’est pour écraser l’enfracteur des traités les plus solennels. L’Empereur Alexandre fait marcher 600,000 hommes pour garantir le traité de Paris. La Bavière, le Wurtemberg, la Prusse, l’Angleterre se lient à cette confédération libératrice; l’Europe entière promet à la France de sauver de son impitoyable ennemi, si la France ne peut se sauver elle-même! Cet opprobre et ce malheur ne nous sont point réservés! Nous n’implorerons pas de générosité de nos voisins les ressources que nous avons en-

core dans notre courage. Ce grand peuple qui a triomphé du monde ne verra pas sa gloire échouer contre le petit souverain d’une petite île de la Méditerranée échappé de ses côtes en fugitif, et débarqué sur les nôtres en brigand. La France sera délivrée par la France, ou la France cessera d’exister; et le néant vaudra mieux pour elle que la honte de retomber sous l’exécrable joug de son bourreau.”—*Débats*, March 21.

The reader knows very well what was the day on which this furious piece of declamation appeared in the *Débats*—the very day which brought the emperor back again. How strange the two paragraphs look in the *Moniteur* of the next morning. What an immense barrier does that leaden line set between them!

“Le roi et les princes sont partis dans la nuit.”

“S. M. l’empereur est arrivé ce soir à 8 heures dans son palais des Tuileries.”

All seems to be over. As for the honest *Débats*, which was rather for plunging headlong into nothing than “implored from the generosity of its neighbours the opprobrium and misfortune of calling in their aid against Bonaparte,” (a logical phrase, and complimentary to the writer’s country as well as his talents)—as for the

• “Deceit is possible no more. France is sick of Bonaparte, and of a tiger who never felt any emotion of pity, and only reigned by blood. If he return, Paris may look out for proscriptions more ruthless than those of the reign of terror, and may soon regret that execrable day of Vendémiaire, when Bonaparte cannonaded her citizens without defence in the midst of her streets and public places. It was the worthy apprenticeship of a tyrant!

“At all events, however, his triumph must be short. The South and the East are in arms against him. The North has not listened to the perfidious suggestions of his emissaries—the West has not forgotten to be faithful to its kings. And abroad again, it is in vain that Bonaparte has offered Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche Comté, to Austria, as the price of a shameful succour. It will not be accorded to him—Austria has put her armies in motion, but they march to annihilate the breaker of the most solemn treaties. The Emperor Alexander sends forward 600,000 men in order to maintain the treaty of Paris. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Prussia, England, have joined this confederation for freedom; all Europe has promised France to save her, if France cannot save herself!—But no—this shame and grief will be spared us! We will not ask, from the generosity of our neighbours, the resources which we still possess in our own courage. The great people which triumphed over the world will never yield to the petty sovereign of a petty isle in the Mediterranean, who has quitted his coast as a fugitive, and landed upon ours as a brigand. France shall be delivered by France, or France shall exist no more; and not to exist would be better for her than again to fall under the execrable yoke of her executioner.”

*Débats*, it had forgotten in the course of a single night its contempt for the little sovereign of the little island in the Mediterranean, and says with admirable naïveté,—

"The family of Bourbons quitted Paris last night: the direction which they have taken is not as yet known.

"To-day, Paris presents an aspect of *security and joy*. The Boulevards are covered with an immense crowd, impatient for the arrival of the army, and the hero who is restored to them. The emperor found no other enemy than *the miserable libels* which have been scattered in his way."

It was the fashion of Louis XVIII.'s court to sneer at the proclamations of Monsieur de Bonaparte, and to point with pride to the superior neatness and elegance of the compositions of their own monarch. It must be confessed however that the emperor's style had a merit of its own, and that even in the turning of an epigram he was sometimes not unsuccessful. Take a sentence from an imperial and a royal proclamation.

(Louis XVIII.) "Bonaparte nous méprise assez pour croire que nous pouvons abandonner un souverain légitime pour partager le sort d'un homme qui n'est plus qu'un aventurier. Rallions nous autour de la bannière des lys, à la voix de ce père du peuple; il met à votre tête ce prince modèle des chevaliers Français, dont l'heureux retour dans notre patrie a déjà chassé l'usurpateur, et qui aujourd'hui va par sa présence détruire son seul et dernier espoir."

(Napoleon.) "Français, il n'est aucune nation, quelque petite qu'elle soit, qui n'ait eu le droit, et ne se soit soustraite au deshonneur d'obéir à un prince imposé par un ennemi momentanément victorieux. Lorsque Charles VII. entra à Paris, et renversa le trône éphémère de Henri VI. il reconnut tenir son trône de la vaillance de ses braves et non d'un Prince Régent d'Angleterre."\*

\* Louis XVIII. "Bonaparte despised us sufficiently to believe that we could abandon a legitimate sovereign to share the fortunes of a man who now is but an adventurer. Come, let us rally around the banner of the lilies, at the voice of the father of our people. He places at our head that prince who is a model of French chivalry, and whose happy return among us has already once chased the usurper from our country; and who goes by his presence to destroy his last and only hope."

Napoleon. "Frenchmen! There is no nation, however small it may be, but has not had and exercised the right of freeing itself from the dishonor of obeying a sovereign imposed upon it by an enemy victorious for a time. When Charles VII. entered into Paris, and destroyed the ephemeral throne of Henry VI., he acknowledged that he owed his throne to the valour of his faithful soldiers, and not to a Prince-Regent of England."

How manly is the retort of Napoleon compared to the wretched abuse of the royal proclamation! What miserable stage claptraps are those regarding "the banners of the lilies;" and who but an *émigré* would ever have thought of talking of the Count d'Artois as a model of chivalry, and telling the old soldiers of Wagram and Eylau, that Monsieur's appearance had been enough to *chasser* their old victorious leader?

This character of gentleman and chevalier is one which the courtiers of Charles X. have always persisted in giving to that prince, just as we in England in Charles's time were accustomed to hold up our Prince of Wales as the first gentleman of Europe, the pink and model of all that was gallant and graceful. But surely if any monarch of modern days deserve the title, poor old Louis Stanislaus Xavier merited it most especially, and was indeed a gentleman king. In the course of his long chequered life, he never departed from his rôle of gentleman. When D'Artois was dancing on the tight-rope, Louis was occupied in a gentlemanlike way with his favourite classics; making a gentlemanlike liberal opposition to the mad conspiracies of his younger brother, or the haughty insolences of the following of Antoinette.

He had a kind and gentle heart, too, shrinking from brutality, and averse to giving pain; and though a great prince, and of the best blood in Europe, had such natural parts as to fraternize, to a certain degree, with all others possessing similar qualities of mind; forgetting his pedigree in his wit. The followers of Artois and the Queen could little understand such liberality; and the saloons of the Luxembourg, during the time the Count de Provence occupied them, were considered almost as dangerous as those of the Palais Royal. Louis did not emigrate until after his brother; and because he did not breathe the curses against *the canaille* of Paris, and vapour and rage, like the impotent maniacs who were raving round the silly white flag of the emigration, his loyalty was voted questionable, and the vulgar energy of his younger brother was received as true chivalrous daring.

In the course of his long wanderings as a crownless, kingdomless king, his conduct was always noble and worthy; and his little scanty court, with its two or three old gentlemen, each providing his frugal meal from the slender common purse, looks to the full as worthy as the Tuileries

of the same day, crammed with its aristocracy of grenadier-bullies, and sham highnesses and majesties. Napoleon always respected that poor, wandering, royal Quixotism, in the days when the principle it represented seemed as dead as the chivalry which *Monsieur* did not represent. How dignified are the letters, the protests of the feeble old man! The very impotence of them renders them, as it were, worthy of still more respect and pity; and Napoleon was no savage Neoptolemus, to grow furious before the harmless shafts of this poor Priam; he always seemed to treat Louis's enmity as a part of the exiled prince's duty, and did his character justice in good or evil fortune. When the emperor returned to the Tuileries (the armies of the most Christian king, the heroism of Monsieur, the tears of Madame Royale, having failed to arrest the progress of the Corsican upstart,) the stout old man for a long time vowed that he would take his place upon his throne, and there meet the usurper face to face. It would have been a curious interview, and worth the listening to. But if the attempt to resist the advance of the great imperial ocean, by sitting Canute-like, and rebuking it from an arm-chair, sound ridiculous, there was that in the king's behaviour which was not. He had won over, in a few months, Napoleon's statesmen and soldiers by his prudence and wisdom; he had gained the hearts of every single person who approached him by gentleness and appropriate courtesy; high and low in the palace parted from him as from a father, and wetted their cockades with tears before they flung them away.

After the disaster of Waterloo, there was yet some doubt whether the French would not be allowed to choose their own government; and the proclamations of the allied generals certainly were directed against Napoleon alone. But while Blücher and Wellington were advancing towards Paris, the family of Ghent passed into France at their heels; and the generals were too much occupied with what was before them, to think of looking back. The plan of the Bourbons was not an unadroit one, and required some courage, too; for the advancing allied armies left several fortified places behind them in the hands of Napoleon's troops—bands of them still covered the country—and a bold dash upon Louis and his court, such an one as Exelmans made upon a Prussian detachment at Versailles, might have

put the whole august family into the hands of the tricolour party, with Talleyrand and Chateaubriand, and all their noble retinue.

The tricolour party, however, was too much occupied with other matters to think of any such act of daring. During the emperor's absence with the army, the Chamber of Deputies had, on a sudden, found its powers of speech. The liberals talked of their rights and of those of the people; and murmured, not without reason, at the incompleteness of the *Acte Additionel*. When the news of the Waterloo disaster arrived, and a few hours afterwards Napoleon himself—this time too harassed and sad to enter *son palais des Tuileries*—the language of the liberals was still louder than ever, and the old smothered republican hate broke out and raged unchecked. It must have been a delight to old Lafayette and the party to hear their own voice once again—to be able to spout proclamations and propose resolutions, and to take oaths never to separate until the work of regeneration should be complete. For two or three days they carried all before them; they railed and kicked, and the old lion was too sick and weak to repel them: indeed, the spirit of the man was not equal to disaster, and he never, in any one instance, in Egypt or in Russia, at Fontainebleau or at St. Helena, showed himself great in it. Instead of parleying with the prating liberals, he should have done as Blücher did a week afterwards—sent a guard to shut up their assembly-house—and should have sent Lafayette and Lanjunais to Vincennes. But he clung still to the hope of being able to please them; and condescended to all sorts of poor subterfuges and entreaties in order to get their suffrages. One man he sends down to the Peers with a false account of the battle of Waterloo. "Two days after the grand victory of Fleurus," says Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, speaking in his name, "in which the Prussian army was cut to pieces, a second affair took place, in which the advantage was on our side, and in which the English army met with enormous loss. At eight o'clock in the evening we were masters of the field of battle: we were only four leagues from Brussels. During the night, reports spread by ill-disposed persons occasioned alarm; the consequence was, in the first place, a disorder, and in the next a disaster, to which the emperor was unable to put a stop."

But Ney starting up wildly in his place, demolished the fabric of falsehood; and

the liberals fell to shouting again; and with more oaths, resolutions and protests, called for the abdication of the only man who might still have made head against the storm that was coming, with terms at least (for a delay and appeal to the nation would have been fatal to the cause of the Bourbons) which might have given some chance to their liberal plans.

It has been the fashion for writers of that line of politics much to exaggerate Fouché's influence in the second restoration of the Bourbons, and to attribute their return chiefly to his intrigues. But considering that there was a nation, and an army of fifty thousand men, the former more than indifferent, the latter previously hostile to the Bourbon family,—a nation, and an army, and two chambers to direct them if they chose,—Fouché must have been a clever intriguer indeed to have taken the power out of their hands, had they but shown the commonest courage, or union, or strength of will. But as the chambers did not really seem to know what they wanted, except to shout and talk and get rid (like so many silly school-boys as they were) at any price of their old master, the crown fell naturally into the power of the first person who was at hand to claim it, and for once Louis XVIII. was not far off. Fouché's intrigue does not seem to have gone much beyond warning the king of the unpopularity of the emperor, the imbecility of the patriots, and the necessity to be on the spot, to take advantage of whatever might befall.

So once more Louis Stanislas took up his residence in his ancestor's old palace, and made belief to govern the Beau Royaume de France. Once more the great Dreux Brézé was in his glory, and the good old customs of Louis XIV.'s court almost as nobly observed as they had been a hundred and fifty years before. Royal guards accompanied the king's meat from the kitchen, and noble bayonets surrounded his wine as it was brought from the cellar. None of the old traditions of the monarchy were forgotten; not even the ceremony of a mistress, who had her private entrances to the cabinet of the poor weak old man, and held her court as it became the mistress of a French king to do. Madame Royale had her priests and confessors, and indulged in her immitigable grief to her heart's content; and seminaries for the faithful sprung up everywhere; and noble young virgins were consigned to them, as in the good old days, that elder brothers might be enriched, and the glory of ancient

families preserved. Missionaries from the Jesuits to the congregation preached repentance in the provinces, and marched from village to village singing lugubrious hymns and parading with banner and cross. Fast days were multiplied, and every courtier who had his fortune to make, took a scourge and a confessor, and was ready to walk barefoot to church. Even in the first month of the king's reign, old heathen Soult was converted; and marched gravely in a procession with a candle in his hand, instead of his worldly marshal's staff. The wondering old soldiers of the republic saw each regiment provided with a chaplain, called with a true French ingenuity *premier capitaine*, and were marched to mass as regularly as to dinner. It was chiefly through the piety and good sense of Monsieur, that these salutary reforms were effected; the party surrounding him in the Pavillon Marsau said that the hope of the nation rested entirely in him, and looked upon the king as little better than a Jacobin and an *impie*.

The contest between the king and the royalists, so much more royalist than himself, lasted now with little intermission until the death of Louis. On his return from Ghent, the party had discovered that the monarch's old favourite during the emigration, M. de Blacas, was excessively odious to the nation; and succeeded in procuring the dismissal of that minister, who went into an honourable exile as ambassador at Rome. He was not much missed by the monarch, who though faithful in his likings, had an easy good nature, which reconciled him quickly to the absence of his friends, and who had already a substitute for Blacas in the person of M. Decazes. The new favourite was young and docile; persevering modesty was the means of his success. He is said to have misquoted Horace in order that his master might have the pleasure to correct him; and the old prince vaunted him as his pupil, as Louis XVI. had done in the case of Chamillart and other secretaries of his time.

The opening days of Louis's second reign must indeed have been humiliating to the monarch and to the country. It was the prince's pride to be a Frenchman, while his brother and his party had almost forgotten the title: and a legitimist historian has even shown, that when the king and their commander the Duke of Wellington were loyally hastening the period for withdrawing the army of occupation, the Carlisle viewed their retreat with sorrow,



and even intrigued and conspired against the measure that was once more to set France free of its invaders. But it must have been a sad sight for the prince, to view from his palace windows English red coats and Prussian cannon—the Bois de Boulogne burning in some drunken outrage of the one, the monuments of the capital threatened by the brutal hatred of Blucher. The Louvre and the Museum were emptied of the precious spoils that the victorious robberies of Napoleon had gathered there; and though the measure was one of retaliation quite justifiable in people once conquered who had become conquerors in their turn, it mortified French vanity as much as any other disaster which had befallen the nation, and still forms the subject of angry complaint and declamation.

Then came a measure, in the interest of the king and his allies still more necessary—the disbanding of the gallant imperial army, which though longing to revenge its defeat at Waterloo, had consented to quit the capital on the approach of the allies, and had retreated behind the Loire. The execution of this measure was confided to almost the only military leader who had passed through those difficult times without a stain upon his honour, the noble and loyal Macdonald. Making some conditions, which were afterwards unfulfilled, these brave men bravely laid down their arms, and their glorious old colours; and retired to their homes, to labour and live as they best might, or to starve in neglect and inaction. The Carlist party, those admirable heroes and patriots, pursued with insults their triumph over these gallant men, and talked of the *brigands de la Loire*! Instead of prating and spouting in their silly chambers of representatives, why had not the provisional government (the national government as it called itself), after Napoleon's abdication, retreated with these troops to Tours, and made a stand in favour of the people?—but their faculty only lay in talking: they were now lurking in hiding-places, or fugitive, and the conquering party were preparing their lists of proscriptions, and meditating their revenge at leisure.

According to Labourdonnaye's notorious project of "Amnesty," no less than eleven hundred of the first men in France were to fall under the proscribed list. No enemy that France ever had, no tipsy Prussian who was for blowing up bridges and monuments, no Cossack or English barbarian (as the polite inhabitants of *La Nouvelle Athènes* were accustomed

to call their conquerors), ever insulted the nation so much as Frenchmen themselves insulted it in those wretched days of '15. Quite furious with the king's unchristian charity, it is said that the royalists of the south meditated having a kingdom of their own, the kingdom of Aquitaine, with Antigone and the Duke d'Angoulême for queen and king: meanwhile their bands ravaged the country, organizing massacres and murdering officers and marshals in cold blood, for the glory of God and the advancement of the Catholic religion. The authors of those massacres were *never punished*, scarcely even sought for; and having their orders from Paris, no attempt was ever made to discover from whom the orders emanated. It was thus the Carlist party were laying the foundations for the throne of their favourite monarch, that true model of French chivalry.

The king's first ministry had been rather of a liberal cast; but the Carlist party found Talleyrand too gentle, and Fouché odious. The Duke of Otranto was endeavouring to exercise his functions of police minister, as humanely as was possible; but the Chamber would not suffer him; it was said that Madame would fall down "*raide morte*" at the sight of one of the murderers of her father: so the king compromised; the Talleyrand cabinet was dissolved to make way for that of Richelieu; and Joseph Fouché thought no doubt, that it was a pity the young king of Rome had lost his father's inheritance, and that the army of the Loire was dissolved.

With the Richelieu ministry, into which were admitted Vaublanc and two other organs of the ultra party, came the famous chamber, which the king, in one of his unlucky compliments, called the *chambre introuvable*. It began by enacting laws against sedition; by suspending the liberty of the subject; and when a member called for an inquiry into the murderous scenes then daily enacted in the south, the royalist body rose in a fury and called the traitor to order, and the *Verdets* were left to their work. The king, with a strength of mind rather to be wondered at, found courage, in the autumn of 1816, to dissolve the *chambre introuvable*, and to modify a ministry which seemed inclined to follow his brother's orders rather than his own. Some facts of note occurred during its existence. The famous and mysterious treaty of the Holy Alliance was signed by the sovereigns before quitting Paris; the mad insurrection of Grenoble broke out and subsided, and the pitiless axe was set to work; "the handsome swords-

man" of Napoleon's army died in a vain attempt to regain the kingdom that had once belonged to him; and Ney, the bravest of the brave, was shot—the noblest of traitors. How much did the Bourbons lose in their thirst for that generous blood!

As has been the case since the revolution, (and during the empire and the republic too, and, indeed, ever since it was fairly beaten,) the ultra party hesitated at no methods to gain power: it condescended to all sorts of alliances, and professed any principles which were likely to annoy its opponents. Thus, against certain measures of the Richelieu-Decazes ministry, restricting the liberty of the press, the Ultra-Royalists were as loud as the angriest patriots of the Gauche; when, on the contrary, Gouvion St. Cyr brought forward his motion regulating the promotions in the army, the Royalists cried out against the principles of seniority, and declared that the sole giver of rank should be the king. In this year, 1818, the army on which they relied, far more than on any troops of their own, was withdrawn from France; and it is pleasing to find, in the pages of at least one legitimist writer,\* a tribute to the loyalty of the Duke of Wellington.

The same author speaks of the ministry of Dessolle as the greatest and most sincere effort made by the Bourbons to conciliate the independent party in France; and why was it unsuccessful? asks M. Capefigue: because the Independents wished for something more than mere liberty under a legitimate crown. The opinion is, no doubt, a very correct one. A Bourbon king was not what the nation wanted: he was only suffered.

But who in this struggle was sincere? The Ultras were not a whit more so than the Liberals; their vows of fidelity to the charter were mere mockery; Charles X. was their king, reigning in spite of his brother and over him, and waiting only for the time when he could dare the measures which were afterwards the cause of his ruin.

The Ultras were never deceived about their position; they knew that the country hated them: but they were a large and powerful class, possessors of by far the greater part of the soil; lords, therefore, of those who lived by its cultivation; and, aware of their danger, determined to meet and, if possible, to trample it down. They

would use, for this purpose, all means within their power; they prayed for foreign intervention, and menaced the timid king through the ambassadors of his potent allies. The prisons and the gibbet, the laws of suspicion and against the press, the terrors of hell-fire, shouted by swarms of priests to an ignorant population in the provinces—any means were employed by them, none were too great or too mean. Could they forget their noble blood, and eight hundred years of empire? Could they forget that, in its last fit of irresistible wrath, the nation had flung them from her, and that now they were come back to their own, their only means of holding it was by fear? On the other hand, had all the counts and marquises that came trooping back from exile been so many Bayards or Dunois, and all the myriads of black priests that processioned through the country so many St. Vincents-de-Paul—no doubt the nation would have hated them equally. It had given them a thousand years trial, and had flung them off at last—right or wrong, it had a prejudice against them. Louis XVIII. and one or two of his ministers might have had generous intentions; but the times were out of joint, the national party would not trust them: the men of the *Minerve* and the *Nain Jaune* were as bigoted in their way as the furious denunciators of the revolution, the mystical Marcellus, or the foul-mouthed Labourdonnaye. And so, when either party dared, it did not disguise its hatred. Manuel, in the Chamber of Deputies of the nation, talked somewhat too liberally for the taste of the majority—so the majority turned him out: against all law, right, usage if you will: but where was the need of ceremony? Having the upper hand, the Ultras were resolved to use it, and conspired as it were openly in the face of the king and the nation. Manuel and his friends were conspiring underhand; the charbonnerie was spread all over the kingdom of France, and *ventes* established in every barrack and atelier. The first six years of Louis XVIII.'s reign were passed in attempts, on the worthy old monarch's part, to reconcile himself to these irreconcilable parties. He was King of France, and had he not composed a charter for the people, and was he not kind and easy of heart? But he was the first gentleman in France, too, and must not desert his caste; so the system of his first ministers was a see-saw system, down alternately among the people, and up high among the aristocracy. Each hated him

\* Capefigue, vol. iii.

for favouring the other. The catastrophe of the Duke de Berri, however, frightened the timid old man from tasting further of his popular pleasures. Henceforth he yielded up his power into the hands of his brother; yielded up even his favourite Decazes; who, as innocent of the Duke de Berri's murder as the reader of this sentence, was, nevertheless, strangely implicated in the crime, was charged as an accomplice even in the Chamber, and was complimented by M. de Chateaubriand, in a savage figure of speech that would have been brutal in the mouth of Chactas.\*

The Duke's death was made the occasion of severe reprisals against the Liberals, who were all made answerable for Louvel's crime. The press was straightway put into irons, the representation of the country altered; the people replied with revolts and conspiracies, and the murder of his son brought Monsieur still nearer to power. The deceased prince's place was speedily filled by his son, hailed at his birth as the child of miracle, and christened by the diplomatic corps, the "Enfant de l'Europe;" and as the little boy was held at the font—the king, in the height of his happiness, distributing crosses and cordons bleus, the nobles and the diplomacy dancing and feasting for joy in innumerable balls and banquets—the greatest monarch that France ever knew was dying a lonely exile at St. Helena. What feasting and splendour had there been ten years before, when *his* son was born in that same palace of the Tuileries, what wiping of courtiers' eyes, what thundering of cannon, what thanks to Providence, too, that had thus perpetuated the heroic race of Napoleon. Indeed, the *Moniteur* is a wonderful book. There we may read both stories to this day. All that false loyalty and lying religion—all those sham tears of sentiment and hypocritical hiccups of joy—they are all put down in that great gazette, that famous unconscious satirist.

There was much good in Louis XVIII.; and it was decreed, as in the case of King Josiah of old, that the evils which were to happen to his race should not occur in his time. Before that event took place, the kind and loyal Richelieu left the ministry and died; and was replaced by Villèle, who having had his hatred gratified in the disgrace of one of his rivals, Decazes, was soon able to indulge in a triumph over a second enemy, Chateaubriand. The

great viscount, the *magnifique ambassadeur*, as he called himself, the great trumpet of legitimacy, was treated with no more ceremony than a lackey—stripped of his ministerial livery, and turned, at a moment's warning, out of doors. Any man who wants to know, what he did and thought, and how he influenced Europe, may read, in the cracked-brained poet's own loud phrases, how great a character he was for a time on the world's stage. One of his great works was the invasion of Spain, meditated by him as a means of raising the glory of the Bourbon family, by allowing them to inscribe a few victories upon their white flag. Accordingly, in spite of English remonstrances, the Duke of Angoulême, with a gallant army of a hundred thousand men, marched into Spain; became immortal by the victory of Trocadero (the arch of the Etoile, at present dedicated to another eminent conqueror, was intended by the Bourbons to have been consecrated to the Ex-Dauphin's fame); rescued Ferdinand from the Constitutionalists at Cadiz; and interceded vainly with that insane butcher and bigot, for brave men who never asked for anything but a rational liberty, and would never have been in the murderer's hands but that France had a wish to go to war.

Indeed, it would be difficult to assign any other reason. If the reader wants a specimen of oratory the most impertinent, the most egregiously conceited and pompous, and of reasoning the most utterly ignorant and false, he may be referred to the speeches of the illustrious foreign secretary of the day—the author of the *Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*, Monsieur de Chateaubriand. And when after the congress of Verona, Mr. Canning offered, through the Duke of Wellington, a mediation on the part of Great Britain between France and Spain, asking from the former a detail of the grievances which were the occasion of the meditated war, M. de Montmorency replied, "that the causes of the differences between France and Spain were not of that precise and distinct nature which would admit of an exact and special definition: that a new state of things was formed by the relations of the two countries: that the opinions favoured in Spain were dangerous to the states of his most Christian majesty: in fact that the mutual exasperation was such that France would prefer all the inconvenience of a war to the risking of the other alternative."\*

\* "His foot has slipped in the blood of the Duke de Berri."

\* Capefigue, vol. viii., p. 7.

Upon a plea so audacious as this, the hero of the South carried a hundred thousand men across the Spanish frontier. This insolence with regard to Spain seems to be in the French government, since Louis XIV.'s time, quite traditional; and we had an instance of it but the other day, when Queen Christina, banished from her kingdom, was allowed to conspire at her ease in the very palace of the king of the French, and was permitted, nay, encouraged, to send her emissaries to create a rebellion in her behalf, and to perish bootlessly in her service. Nor is the same impudent and reckless game, we see, yet thought hopeless.

It was in combating this shameless invasion of 1822, that Manuel uttered the words which caused his banishment from the Chamber. As a matter of wonder and curiosity, we may mention the words here. Manuel said, "that which caused the ruin of the Stuarts was the protection of France, which placed them in opposition with public opinion, and prevented them from looking to the nation for support. It was when the misfortunes of the royal family of France called upon it the attention of foreign powers, that republican France, feeling that she must defend herself with new force, and new energy" \* \* \* This was all—the Chamber could hear no more—a deputy was dragged from the tribune for daring to allude to a fact patent in history—in this way the laws were understood, and the compact with the country was kept.

Thus, as Louis XVIII. was on his death-bed, the principles of the famous treaty of 1815—concluded "in the name of God, our divine Saviour Jesus Christ, the Word of the Most-High," and to the benefits of which the sovereigns who first signed it called all the people and monarchs of Christendom—seemed now, indeed, to have become the law of the European continent. There is something awful in the words of that mystical treaty—a solemn proclamation, by which the kings of the earth declared themselves the allies of God, and acted as if their authority proceeded from Heaven's especial commission. In taking this awful title upon himself, one at least of the signers of the treaty, Alexander, appears to have been sincere. A strange mystic man, believing himself ordained by Providence to combat with the incarnation of evil in the person of Napoleon, and to blot out the shame and disgrace which had been brought upon the world by the temporary triumph of the

detestable Revolution. And accordingly, in Spain, in the Italian States, in Naples, in Piedmont—whenever the people, impatient under the yoke of their rulers, endeavoured to lighten or to remove it, these great lieutenants of God, as they styled themselves, used their vast strength to quell the opening disaffection, and spread out their huge arms to crush it. No conspiracy was so dark but the keen eyes of their spies detected it, nor so remote but that the immeasurable lines of their soldiery could reach and destroy it. The Spanish invasion was the act by which France signed its adhesion to the alliance. In the sickening bombast of the day, the king said that "a hundred thousand Frenchmen, commanded by a prince of the royal family, marched, *invoking the God of Saint Louis*, to maintain a descendant of Henry IV. upon the throne of Spain, to preserve that fair kingdom from ruin, and to reconcile it with Europe." The garotte and the inquisition were the mild subsequent means employed for reconciling that "fair kingdom" with Europe. The blood of Riégo was offered as a sacrifice to the God of St. Louis (God of St. Louis! as if the Almighty was the exclusive Deity of that despicable family). Twenty years of oppression and anarchy, of misrule and civil commotion, have been the consequences to Spain of this shameful tyranny on the part of the French, and the incendiary policy of the madman Chateaubriand. In the name of what God is it, that the younger branch of St. Louis's family is inclined to continue the system which has always been a favourite with his house?

One of the last acts which the old dying Louis was made to sign, was the establishment of the censorship; for little other reason, that one can imagine, except that Monsieur might be able to perform an act of popularity, by abolishing the law so soon as he succeeded to his brother's crown. Virtually, the royal power had been for some time in his hands. The astute minister had fashioned and strengthened the Ultra party so well, that all opposition was quelled, and Louis had been for a long time a mere puppet in their hands—a thing, says M. Blanc, "which, in addressing, people called Sire." Louis flattered himself, on his death-bed, that like Henry IV., he had *louvoyé entre les partis*, and given to each his due; and calling for the little Duke of Bourdeaux, recommended to his brother a similar prudence, and to *ménager* the crown of the child. His brother followed his own way: and Louis,

who had not been able to follow his, but had been obliged to sacrifice his friends, his principles, and his kindly nature to the greedy impetuosity of the fierce aristocracy surrounding him, was fain to console himself as best he might. He met death gracefully, as a gentleman should, distributing little kind epigrams to his weeping friends, uttering little apophthegms of small wisdom, and expiring with a bon mot on his lips.\*

He was carried to his grave in much greater state than ever was shown at the burial of any monarch of his family. All Paris went to witness the show; and if the people did not shed any tears, at least they were more decorous than the courtiers of the new king. A worthy man, of true devotion but small wit, Monsieur de Frayssinous, a bishop *in partibus*, pronounced the dead king's funeral oration. He took occasion to stigmatize the doings of the liberals, to chastise their impiety, to rebuke their godless desire of imparting vain knowledge even to the lowest classes. It was for this aristocratic view of the use and abuse of letters, that the Bishop of Hermopolis was probably chosen to be a member of the French Academy; to the scandal of the Parisians, to whom that institution has afforded matter for scandal ever since its establishment.

Still more sumptuous than Louis's burial was Charles's coronation, which was performed with all the Gothic ceremonies which tradition had consecrated; and which, not more singular, perhaps, than the same ceremony with us, was viewed by the mass of Frenchmen with very different feelings to those with which Englishmen a few years ago welcomed the same sight. The symbols of a religion to which they were indifferent, and a royalty which they had learned to hate and scorn, only provoked impatience and anger among the people. To this day liberals talk with anger about the cost of the affair. The *Moniteur*, with its usual trustworthiness, provided a miracle for the occasion. "When the bottle of heaven-sent oil was broken by the republicans, pious hands," said the pious journal, "gathered up the fragments, and some of the ointment was preserved. Thus it is beyond a doubt that the sacred oil which was poured upon Charles X. in the solemnity of his coronation, was the same which has con-

secrated all the monarchs of France since the time of Clovis—the same which was brought by a dove to St. Rémi." A precious talisman, truly, with its divine pedigree satisfactorily authenticated, both by contemporary testimony and subsequent events.

Magnificent representatives of all the kings of Europe attended at the ceremony; the memoirs and journals of the time are full of their splendours; and people still talk with awe of the festival given by Monseigneur de Northumberland. No king ever sat down to such a feast since the days of Belshazzar.

The first great act of the king's reign was the passing of the famous bill awarding the *milliard* of indemnity to the *émigrés* who had suffered by the revolutionary proscriptions. The chief person who profited by the measure (a three per cent. loan was established, and the creditors paid with it) was Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans, then one of the most loyal subjects of the crown. Contemporaries have recorded the prince's behaviour when admitted to occasional interviews or repasts with the king—the immense outpourings of his gratitude; how he would jump up suddenly at dinner to give vent to his irrepressible feelings; and shout, with tears in his eyes, "Vive à jamais le Roi!" He was not contented that his sovereign should have an ordinary life, he wished him an eternity; nothing less would content that loyal heart. It is said that Louis XVIII., who piqued himself upon his knowledge of the world, mistrusted this excessive tenderness of Monseigneur. But Charles X. thought better of his cousin, and made a Royal Highness of him. Out of the milliard of indemnity his Royal Highness had fourteen millions to his share.

The debates which the indemnity-question raised were extraordinarily loud and bitter, and the country was, if possible, more angry at this outlay than at the famous payments to the allies which had caused so much indignation in Louis XVIII.'s reign. To a stranger, perhaps, whose pockets are not in question, neither payment seems altogether unjust or uncalled for. The French had mulcted every state in Europe to many times the amount which they were called upon to pay. Napoleon boasted of such robberies, which paid the cost of his invasions, and made them matters of public pride and congratulation in numerous public documents and messages to his government.

\* "Un roi de France doit mourir dans son fauteuil."

Were reprisals not to be expected ? or is there any Frenchman of the present day who believes what he asserted at St. Helena, that (plundering, as it were, in self-defence) *he never began a war !* In like manner, the pillage and exaction of the Convention were too monstrous ever to be passed into a law ; for the credit of the nation it was good that such injustice should be repealed : and had the government of the Restoration dared to attempt such a system—to seize men of liberal opinions ; if present, to behead them, and then confiscate their property ; or, if absent, to take the property without the owner's head—what would have been the cry of the liberals ? and would the Revolution have provided no act of indemnity for them ?

The very small liberal fraction, however, which had seats in the Chamber, adroitly took advantage of the bill and the arrogant cupidity of the majority, to speak to the country, and renew, in the strongest language which they could venture to use, their protest against the government of the Bourbons. Their opponents gave them opportunities enough. In a house of 383 members, Monsieur de Villèle boasted to have a majority of 300 that would vote for him and for anything with him :—320 members of the house were *ex-privilegiés*, of whom 284 had titles :—260 deputies\* finally were public functionaries :—and the body proceeded to vote indemnities to itself, being judge in its own cause.

Some of the party argued (in direct opposition to the *charte*—but what mattered ?) that it was not *émigrés*, but the present holders of the estates, that should be indemnified ; the former simply re-entering into possession of the property of which the revolution had deprived them. This was the only question with the chamber ; for as to the opposition, it was almost null. But in bandying about the terms of the indemnity, the members spoke as men of their character might be expected to speak, in terms of very small respect for the party which held the property, and which had had dealings with the revolution ; and this absurd misplaced insolence was most adroitly seized by General Foy, who made it the matter of a protest with which the whole country rang. “ This law,” said he, “ which, according to the intentions of the sovereign, and discussed in another way, might have been made a

law of peace and union, has become a declaration of war and an instrument of vengeance and hate. The emigration no longer asks an indemnity, it asks to have back its estates ; by influence or by force it will have them back. And is it not clear to see that all the power is in their hands ?—if intrigue fails, who can doubt that it has stronger means to use ? Under these circumstances we have a duty to fulfil. The projects of the emigration are clear ; no one can doubt them after the present discussion. Gentlemen, the present proprietors of the national domains are, for the most part, sons of those who purchased them. Let them remember that, in this discussion, their fathers have been called ‘ *thieves and villains*,’\* and that a compromise with the ancient proprietors would be an admission of their fathers’ dishonesty, and an insult upon their memory. Let them remember, if force is employed to deprive them of property which is legally theirs, that they have the king and the charter with them, and that they are twenty to one.

This speech was called an appeal to rebellion, and indeed it was little less. It put an end, however, to the discussion upon the bill, which was voted for the *émigrés* in money and not in lands. Foy died in the course of the year, when the people showed their opinion of the rebel. It is said that two hundred thousand people attended at his funeral ; and, as he had died poor, the nation rapidly subscribed a million of francs for his widow and family. Every man who signed the subscription, or who was present at his burial, protested in his name or his person, against the Bourbon family.

And the minister still boasted of his faithful three hundred, and brought in bills after his own heart. Among these was the law against sacrilege. Robbery in a church was to be punished with the penalty inflicted on parricides, who in France march to the guillotine with a black veil on their heads ;—to make the punishment more tremendous, some sage of the chamber proposed that the culprit should be covered with a *red* veil as more suited to the horrid nature of the crime. Those who insulted the host were to have their hands cut off. Does not one fancy oneself back in the fifteenth century ?—Nay, further back still. Poor Bardolph was but hanged “ for stealing pix ”—the rude legis-

\* Léonard Gallois.

\* M. Duplessis de Grenedan had said in debate that the estates had been “ *volés par des scélérats*. ”

lators of his time had not invented anything beyond the simple rope, nor arrived at the luxury of melodramatic killing, of murder in a red veil. And these things took place only five years before the revolution of 1830, in a city calling itself the *Nouvelle Athènes*—in a place renowned for all the graces of civilisation, sparkling fashion, and refined wit! The next thing, as Count Molé said in an indignant protest in the peers,—the next thing after mutilating a man for talking irreligion, would have been to cut his tongue out for thinking it;—and who knows how far M. Villèle, his king, his clergy, and the three hundred might have gone? There was the Inquisition: were not heretics abroad, and the pious Dominic a canonized saint of the church? Was not Louis XIV. a great monarch, and his method of dealing with the protestants a stern but just one? Already, on a small scale, the catholics of the south had set this system of persecution to work; and in the interest of religion and the monarchy, some such system might be renewed advantageously—in the true interest of the people too, who might be saved from further falling into error, by the exercise of a little timely severity. Who can look on propositions such as that on sacrilege, debated and agreed on by the Bourbon parliament, and wonder at the deep hatred of the people for every member and supporter of that fatal race? M. Capéfigue, the apologist of legitimacy, speaks of the great advances which the nation made during the Bourbon reign. Commerce and manufactures flourished; the funds were high; the public works of the country advanced daily. But it is too much to attribute these benefits to the Bourbons:—we might as well be thankful to George III. for permitting the invention of the steam-engine. Peace (and that not from benevolence, but from necessity) was the only benefit that the exiled family brought to the country; even that, the nation persisted in considering as a degradation and a dishonour. They called it cowardice. Who can be surprised if the people looked with suspicion even at the good which their rulers did, if good it were? They were so false that the people could not but mistrust them, and were prejudiced through sheer experience.

Thus all the hatreds, and terrors, and admirations, of the resisting party became exaggerated. Men of very small capacity were looked upon as patriots of extraordinary virtue; the peers who were making, according to their fashion, a little polite

opposition, and a few gentlemanlike protests to the acts of the commons (whose majority of 300 were taking by far too great a share in the government of the country,) were flattered and bepraised by the liberals, for the small services they rendered. The law-courts had, too, their day of popularity; they dealt mildly with one or two incriminated journals—perhaps the members of the bar were not sorry to have an opportunity to show their superiority to the clergy; and to renew, as M. Blanc says, an appearance of the contests between the old parliaments. All parties fight with such passionate weapons, and describe each other in caricature! The report of Monsieur de Montlosier against the Jesuits, which was hailed at the time of its appearance with inconceivable eagerness, with its threatened “five hundred facts more astonishing the one than the other,” reads more like a fable now, and was read in 1828 as a text-book. By crying out incessantly against this *bête noire* of the priesthood, a journal (the *Constitutionnel*) made its fortune; copies of Voltaire and Rousseau were sold by thousands; it was a proof of liberalism to carry about the *Tartuffe* in your pocket; and such absurd books as *Ducis' Origine des Cultes* became regular family reading. Men made themselves deists out of mere opposition, and shrunk from black caps and *soutanes* with a hatred that was quite cowardly. M. Blanc sneers at this panic of the middle-classes; but the hatred, though exaggerated, was just in its origin. What feeling could a clergy excite that had already found a miracle for the king's coronation, that had open convents for men and women, that had passed the sacrilege laws, that wanted to monopolize the education of France, that sent curious missionaries prying into every family, and, by ten thousand voices every Sunday from the pulpit, cursed the revolution and all belonging to it,—all protestants, all free-thinkers, all liberals,—what could such a body expect to gain but hatred and terror? The very notion of a secret society added to such feelings. Who could tell how vast the conspiracy was?—every man's imagination might fashion it at will; and exaggerated it certainly was, beyond all the bounds of reason.

In spite, then, of the three hundred, M. de Villèle began to find his position was still susceptible of amelioration. In the midst of the perpetual tricks and tyranny resorted to with the press,—the buying up of old journals, the establishing and

withdrawing of the censorship, the imposing of numerous restrictions,—the country managed to make its ideas public, and to indicate its hatred of the ministry. On the 29th of April, 1827, Charles X. held his famous review of the National Guards, whose uniforms were never seen in Paris after that day, until they appeared behind the barricades of July. The guards, as they defiled before the king shouted "*A bas les ministres, à bas les jésuites*;" and the monarch gave vent to his anger, at sounds so disrespectful. But he had very prudently forgotten his displeasure, and the *Moniteur* was actually in possession of a document declaring that the monarch had been received with the usual affecting demonstrations of loyalty with which "*tous les cœurs Français* are animated; &c.," when news was brought that some of the companies marching home and past the windows of the ministers' hotel, had shouted their cry with redoubled vehemence. It was resolved to disband the National Guard. The *Moniteur* in inserting the one paragraph for the other, was spared the publication of one lie more; and the king, at a stroke, laid down forty thousand bayonets, that would have defended him in the days of July.

The measure, of course, excited vast murmurs and disapprobation. But the ministry thought itself strong enough to dispense with the public applause; and was, no doubt, not sorry for the occasion which it had found of setting aside this useless band of meddling, prating citizens, and of rendering them harmless by scattering them. The king was to draw the army more closely to him, and camps were formed at Saint Omer, and grand reviews held. In the midst of this splendour, and with the *beau fait d'armes de Navarin* coming to his aid, Monsieur de Villèle thought now of making a still more decided step forward. A batch of new peers (seventy-six in number), which took out of the chamber of deputies a number of royalists of the extreme right who had been insubordinate and troublesome, were flung into the upper house, which had been making some opposition. A new chamber was called, the minister thought himself secure of the elections, and of seven years (according to the new parliamentary constitution) of uninterrupted continuance of his system.

He had not, however, taken count of the growth of opposition out of the house: Foy and Manuel had not spoken in vain; and in spite of the places he had to give

away, and the corruption and intimidation which he wielded so unscrupulously, the new elections returned a very considerable number of liberals, and the people were wild with joy. Dupin, Mauguin, Bignon, were among the new deputies, and with them old Lafayette once more. The French Walpole was obliged to give in, and an accommodation-ministry was formed, to which Monsieur de Martignac has given his name.

The effect of Monsieur de Villèle's six years' successes was however to make all reconciliation between the liberal party and the crown impossible. The Martignac cabinet, though royalist of course, was formed of men whose views were known to be mild and liberal, and there was at first a sort of hope that it might conciliate both parties. But neither side would be reconciled; the cabinet was as much abused by the ultra-royalist of the right as by the liberal of the left; and was treated daily by the journals of either opinion as jacobin or despot. The king had no liking for the measures of his new servants, and his friend Monsieur de Polignac came from London,\* and returned thither, and once more came back to Paris, to take his stand by the monarchy. It is still a legend among some of the liberals in France (men of the jesuit-hating constitutional-reading sort) that the Prince de Polignac arrived with the famous ordinances in his pocket, which had been debated and dictated by the Duke of Wellington and "the northern powers." Will this strange people ever get rid of the notion that all the world is occupied with their affairs, and that the English especially are perpetually plotting their ruin? And while the liberals accuse the Duke of Wellington of inventing the ordinances of July, the Carlists, on the contrary, accuse him of creating the revolution: or, who knows?—perhaps he was guilty of both crimes: with consummate art exciting the despotism of Charles X. in the first place, that he might, in the second place, have the means of overthrowing him.

The revolution of July certainly saved us a war. The French monarchy had made an alliance with the Emperor of Russia; had already, in the affair of Algiers, awakened the distrust and displeasure of England; and was prepared, according to M. Blanc, to engage in still

\* Polignac's first arrival caused immense indignation, and he thought himself compelled to make a declaration of his principles in the house of peers.



greater schemes. The favourite project of a march upon the Rhine formed one of the articles of the new treaty. Prussia and Holland were to be indemnified at the expense of the Guelph family, who were to give up Hanover. There can be little doubt that a war with such an object would be popular in France, and the contest with Algiers would seem to have been but the first step towards an open rupture with England. But the new parliament, called on the advent of the Polignac ministry, assembled while these schemes were yet in contemplation; and the king had so much to think of near home, that he was forced to delay his march upon the Rhine.

No one had divulged the secret of Charles X. with regard to the great political change which he was determined to hazard, and yet all the world seemed to be aware of it. Any man who was in France at the time, must recollect the manner in which, in every society, the certainty of a revolution was canvassed, and the whole country overshadowed, as it were, by the "coming events" of those awful *coups-d'état*. Imperfect as the state of representation is in France (it was still more incomplete and restricted in Charles X.'s time), the electors showed their sense of the danger, by returning, for once in their lives, and in the face of all the bribery, cajolery, and intimidation of the court, that famous majority of 221, which was destined to overthrow the old monarchy. On their first meeting, and in reply to the speech from the throne, the majority declared itself in an address of want of confidence in the ministry, and something more. The monarch replied by proroguing the chamber, which he dissolved some time afterwards, in the midst of the triumphs and gun-firings after the fall of Algiers. The court party looked upon this achievement as the saving of the monarchy. *Tout le monde s'embrasse aujourd'hui*, said Charles X., in the true French way—rushing into the arms of the minister who brought the news of the Dey's defeat. But for once the people did not seem to be too much elated: the Algiers cannon were not loud enough to distract their attention from other matters which occupied it: the march upon the Rhine might perhaps have been excitement sufficient.

They say, that on the day when the ordonnances were signed, one of the ministers in the palace was found looking at the portrait of Strafford. D'Haussez, the minister of marine, asked the king whether,

even should his ministers resign, his majesty was determined to *passer outre*. The king said yes. The papers were signed by the cabinet in silence. Only Monsieur de Polignac, amongst them all, seemed to be confident that these fatal measures would be carried. They sent for the editor of the *Moniteur*. Strange omen! The ordonnances were too much even for him. *Mais parlez donc, M. Sauve*, cried the ministers. All that M. Sauve could say, was to pray for the safety of France and the monarch.

The next day the famous edicts appeared. Charles, by the grace of God king of France and Navarre,

1. Abolished the liberty of the press;
2. Changed the constitution of the Chamber of Deputies;
3. Dissolved the existing chamber;

and to the rebellion, which burst out the next day, had only ten thousand men to oppose, commanded by a man oppressed by a sort of fatality, and whose very name and presence were so odious to the nation, as to rouse the whole spirit of it against a government defended by this unlucky leader. For sixteen years Marmont's name had been synonymous with treason. The marshal was now called upon to command the troops in Paris, not from choice, but because it was his turn of duty. The lot thus falling upon him, seemed to him to be only a part of his unfortunate destiny, and he is said to have gone into the contest in despair.

It were idle to repeat the oft-told tale of the three days' battle. The deputies kept aloof; the chiefs of the *bourgeoisie* locked their doors, and would take no part; but the people rushed into the contest with a wild shout of pleasure. For fifteen years they had been panting for such a moment; and when it came, without any leaders, or conspiracies, or forethought, they met together with arms in their hands, heaped up stones, and trees, and waggons, and coaches in the streets, and from behind these defences began killing, with a great savage instinct. Every shot fired was an insult flung in the face of that detested race of kings, and insolent nobles, and shuffling Jesuits, that had been lordling it over their country. The troops marched from street to street, through so many tall lines of fortresses, from which their enemies marked them down. Across one barricade and another the poor fellows marched, dropping by the road here and there. They were loth to use reprisals, and did so very seldom. There is something very

affecting in the stories we read of these simple men, standing quite calmly to be shot down in their places, and treating their opponents with good-natured pity. Their names should have been placed in the column of July, along with those of their brethren who fell on the opposite side. Both parties were doing their duty—the people armed, and exercising an honest hate—the soldiers dying for the use and benefit of Charles X.—God wot!—and Monsieur d'Angoulême and his wife Antigone. Peace be with them all! MADAME, (as the royalists used to call her in the biggest capitals,) is quiet now; and in reading French history after 1830, one is no longer jarred by the eternal griefs, and sentimentalities, and impertinences, of this narrow-minded, shrieking woman.

There has been since, and there was at the time, much prate about "august misfortunes," to which the public are called to contribute a large tax of sympathy. A gallant captain of the guard, retreating with the remnant of his company, was shot dead by a little boy at the corner of the street of Chaillot. In the same way, a sergeant of the line—the tallest, handsomest, bravest man in the French army, it was said, who had been through the wars of the empires, and escaped death in such gigantic combats as Leipzig and Dresden—was killed by a second little boy, that fired a shot into his breast and ran away laughing. Let us sympathize with these brave fellows, or with the poor Swiss lying stark and cold in the streets, hunted down in savage sport, just as the pheasants at Rambouillet were pursued some days after. Hundreds of men fell that day fighting for what M. Chateaubriand calls the God of St. Louis—the Juggernaut God, whose service is celebrated in murder, and who smiles especially upon men the most dexterous in committing it.

M. Blanc says, that when Charles X. was going on board his ship at Cherbourg, (files of troops, in bright new cockades, keeping the people back; Odillon Barrot, that genius of talk and pomposity, with his brother commissaries, strutting by the side of the beaten king, and of the poor good-natured humble Dauphin, and of Monsieur de Bourdeaux, crying in the arms of the women;) a young fellow by the name of Bonnechose broke through the troops, and seizing hold of the king's feet, cried "*O mon roi! O mon roi!*" I never, never will abandon you!" Perhaps it is in thinking about poor Bonnechose left

behind, that one forgets to look after the "august exiles," who are disappearing in the distance, and that one's pity for the fugitive royalty dies away.

We do not know that any partisan of the restoration has taken the trouble to write the life of Charles X. Some obscure pamphleteer, at his fall, published his *Histoire Scandaleuse*; but few people would be anxious to trace the truth or the falsehoods of the statements which this sort of chroniclers make. Like others of that old worn-out school of French nobility which he represented, the prince had his stage of gallantry, and his period of devotion. In Louis XVIII.'s time, his brothers were serious and dull; the Count d'Artois was conspicuous as a *gentil* young prince, graceful and active in person, and exhibiting a most lively and precocious dissipation. He contracted debts in a royal manner; was a leader, of course, of the fashion; and admired behind the scenes of the opera. When the revolutionary troubles came, he became a sort of organ of the ultra-royalist party; emigrated when as yet there was no danger for his head; and by his insane conduct and impertinences at Coblenz, did as much to precipitate his brother's ruin as even Louis's own vacillation and want of courage could do. Once he appeared in arms in defence of Louis XVIII. Fifty thousand men were said to be ready on the coast of Brittany, the republic was disorganized, and the leaders of the Vendéens promised them success. The prince's courage failed him, and he ran away. "*Sire, la lâcheté de votre frère a tout perdu,*" wrote fiery Charette to Louis XVIII., and did the only thing which he said was left to be done—died uselessly in the king's service. It is probably because that damning sentence must have appeared in any biography of Charles that no legitimist has undertaken it.

When the allies had smoothed the way for him, MONSIEUR appeared in France, as we have seen, in his quality of *un Français de plus*; and as about this time the emperor quitted the country, the royalists, with admirable candour, gave Monsieur the credit of having expelled that upstart Corsican.

During Louis XVIII.'s reign, Monsieur caballed in favour of the noblesse and the priests, against the king and the nation. The former was feeble and he overcame him. The king dead, Charles X. continued his system against his other enemy. He said, however, he was not despotic—to use his own wise words, "you might pound

all the Bourbons in a mortar, and not find a grain of despotism." He was not pounded in a mortar: he was flung out of the country by the strong arms of the people, whose hearty stomachs turned against him. They were no longer to be fed with ceremonies, or gulled into the awe of stars, and cordons, and spangled coats. Such things might pass upon the broad backs of the republican soldiers, who having done their work might take their holiday; but upon the puny powdered shoulders of marquises and messeigneurs, the national good sense would respect them no more. They thrust them away along with the priests and their paraphernalia, and the jesuits and all their intrigue and cleverness. What a comfort it is, in reading the history of that busy, slippery race, to come to the inevitable climax! They are spied out, be it never so late, at last.

It will be much more difficult for the historian to give the character of Charles's successor;—a puzzle which, as we fancy, not time, not the sharpest reader of human character, not Louis Philippe himself, can explain.

Suppose a man placed in a situation of daily perplexity; having to consult not one interest, but half a dozen; finding, before each point that he would arrive at, a thousand obstacles that he does not know of; and being compelled to advance or retreat, to wind or to double, according to the opposition which he meets with, and of which no single party can hold count. We cry out perfidy because the man gives his word and breaks it; because he does not go straight to his point but obliquely; because he uses friends as tools merely, and seems when he has done with them to throw them away.

Such a man has Louis Philippe been. Of the three parties in the country, two he must have displeased: he has ended by discontenting all. Not one single soul out of his thirty-five millions of subjects (subjects is not the word, we forget what substitute the July revolution found for it) trusts him or loves him. He moves among all parties quite solitary. Ministers and generals come and have their audience, and cringe and smile and disappear. The king has vast shrewdness and memory. He knows how many cabinets Monsieur Molé has formed part of: how many oaths Monsieur Pasquier has taken: in what a variety of portfolios Monsieur Guizot has locked up his papers,—this with a fine imperial eagle upon it, that with a shield bearing three gold lilies, the last with the

cognizance of the *charte* that was to be a truth after 1830:—he knows that Monsieur Thiers, after his protestations of love and loyalty, will exert himself to the very utmost to destroy the foundations of his monarchy, and that his aim and the aim of his party is a republic: *Couriers Français* and *Siècles*, Chambolles, Barrots, and their like, he knows that their loyalty is a mere fiction, and could they catch him tripping, or off his guard, that the Orleans family must go as their august cousins have gone before them. He cannot tell the truth, but two parties in the country are ready to swear that he is perjured: he cannot give fifty pounds in charity, but Carlists and republicans sneer at him for not giving more: he cannot go abroad, but republicans are ready behind every tree to murder him; or stay at home, but men cry out, "Look at the tyrant lurking in his palace, and trembling before an offended people!"—The friends who raised him to the throne have disclaimed him, and cursed the day on which they ever trusted him. And every night when he goes to bed, his wife thanks God for having preserved him yet one day longer, and trembles for the next and what it may bring.

Be wise, and clever, and great, and merciful, and come to this!—Moralities about kings are stale to be sure. When Louis Philippe first came to the throne he was fond of indulging in such, and alluded on manifold occasions to his simple habits and love of home and his occupations as an honest country-gentleman, which only a sense of duty to the nation would induce him to forego.

Did he in any way prepare the revolution? The legitimatists will tell one that for years he has had the object in view, and has been conspiring like his father before him. The conspiracies at Grenoble, the murder of Louvel, Heaven knows in what dark plots they accused the prince of meddling. But this wild fanciful people have only need to hate a man in order to believe anything that may be said against him. And as they said in later days that he had conspired to murder the Duchess of Berri, then that he had conspired to swear simply her character away,—as the republicans actually dared to hint that he had conspired to murder the first husband of the Queen of Portugal, and as we know how monstrously wicked and false every one of these charges were,—in the same manner the former accusations may be disposed of, coming from parties utterly unworthy of credit. During the emigra-

tion all talk of conspiracy is absurd : who, until 1813, would ever have thought the crown of the wandering Count de Provence was worth a cabal? In the early stage of the restoration the Duke of Orleans conspired to get the graces of his sovereign, and as much land as he could possibly recover ; and he plotted to make his land as profitable as possible, driving hard bargains according to report, and unscrupulously taking all that the law could give him.

The court was shy of the son of the king-killer ; and no doubt the prince's habits and intelligence must have kept him on his own part aloof from the group of courtiers and intriguing jesuits and silly women of the Tuileries. To do him justice, he never was hypocrite enough to affect the ultra-religion of the day, to join in processions, or deal in tapers and bare feet. He was thrown upon the better class of citizens for society ; sent his children to public schools ; and was more of the bourgeois than the great prince. His palace of the Palais Royal was almost as grand as the neighbouring one which he now inhabits : he had as much money to spend as the king himself. If people's eyes turned towards this powerful prince, living simply and among them, while the seigneurs of the court scarcely deigned to notice them : if he had fought at Valmy, while the court was conspiring against its country on the Rhine : if he was simple and manly, while they were insolent and mean, and lived like a good father amidst a happy family, while they were dancing attendance at court :—at least no man will deny that Louis Philippe was in the right to conspire after such a fashion. He could not prepare his way to the throne more adroitly than by so acting ; but it was the fault of the court for giving him the benefit of the contrast. The revolution came ; and the crown fell, as it were, into his lap. There it was at last,—what could he do but take it ? What call had he to act the part of a Washington ? Would he have been justified in so doing ?—with his monarchical notions, bred up in his mind by that great agent of conviction, a strong idea that he would himself one day be called upon to rule.

The republicans are bitter against the chamber for doing what they had clearly no right to do—for appointing a king. In a matter of such importance, perhaps, primary assemblies should have been had recourse to ; and when the throne was vacant, 230 deputies of 100,000 electors of

the nation had clearly no more right to select a person to fill it, than any other 230 men. These deputies had not even taken a part in the contest ; many of the loudest patriots among them, such as Dupin and Guizot, had protested to the last moment their loyalty to the Bourbons. What right had they with appointing kings ?

None certainly—but appoint a king they did, and where is another whose first ancestor had a better title ? For some four-and twenty hours the people were contented with the deputies' choice, and believed in the quasi-republican simplicity of the monarch whom they imagined they had selected. On the 10th of August, 1830, discontents began to show themselves, and have continued from that period until now. It will be worth while on a future day to give a brief *résumé* of the twelve years' history since that period—but the task is one of very great difficulty, on account, let us say it at once, of the astonishing spirit of rancour and falsehood of every organ of the French press, and of each party when opposed to another. In the midst of this mass of calumny, which has been used indiscriminately by the Moderates against the Republicans, and by these and the Carlists together against the Government, the stranger is puzzled indeed to say where the truth lies. Falsehoods are printed on every side so audacious, so circumstantial, that it becomes an almost impossible task to pursue them. Let any man take the ten French journals of the 23d and 24th of February last (which treat of the speeches in the English parliament regarding the right of search), and see how wonderfully this spirit of falsehood displays itself there. Falsehoods in the face of all facts, in the face of all reasons, uttered deliberately for party purposes, and to minister to a national prejudice so strong, that no one dares even to whisper the truth !

It is out of such materials that a history of Louis Philippe's reign must be sifted—and in the midst of these passions, lies, and prejudices, that he has had to make his way. How he has yielded to, or humoured, or eluded, or openly resisted, or taken advantage of each, who can tell ? But amazing must have been his perseverance, his temper, and his cunning, in the midst of all this storm of intrigue and conspiracy, never for once to have lost sight of his interest, and to have kept his footing firm.

ART. VI.—*Ausgewählte Werke von FRIEDRICH BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. Ausgabe letzter Hand.* 12 Bände. (Select Works of Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué. An Edition with the Author's final corrections. 12 vols.)

THE Baron de la Motte Fouqué has been singularly fortunate in the enjoyment of contemporary fame. A popularity which was long ago ratified by the suffrages of Richter, of Coleridge, and of Scott, still remains undiminished by the lapse of forty years. The selection which he has recently published from his voluminous tales and poems affords us a welcome opportunity of attempting to contribute to the appreciation of his genius, and of its peculiar character, by this latter generation. As far as his intellectual tendencies are concerned, our task is not, we think, of a very complicated nature; for with a delicate sense of beauty, with great felicity of graphic sensuous description, and with occasional bursts of mystic sublimity, Fouqué's imagination is still essentially one-sided and incomplete. Romance is his vocation, and the region in which he lives, and he is right in looking upon it as a grave reality. But it is a very different thing to look upon romance as the *only* reality of life; to make the mind of the artist a mere counterpart to his work; and to look in common things for the solemn meaning and heroic proportions, which were the proper objects of his creative faculty, only because they were peculiar and exceptional. We judge from the passages in which Fouqué speaks in his own person, or of himself, that he has fallen into this error. Finding himself at home in the region of earnest and high-strained fiction, he seems to have wrought up his mind to a permanent state of solemn and stiff enthusiasm, which enables him to shut his eyes to the contrast between every-day life and the scenes which his imagination has created. None but a man of real genius could be so much devoted to an ideal; but with more comprehensive genius, his worship of it would be less exclusive. Religious and knightly warriors have their proper place in the real world at fitting seasons, and always in the world of romance: but they do not constitute the whole of mankind: and when we have considered them sufficiently for the time, it is better to turn our thoughts to the rest of the universe, which contains many serious and many laughable objects; yet none so serious but that, contrasted with what is greater, it has its laughable side, and none so trifling but that it deserves in itself serious attention. It seems as if Fouqué could not satisfy himself of the reality of his creations, except by imi-

tating them in his own person, and adopting their characteristics. A mind of the first order requires no external evidence of the truth of the ideal it has formed. Plato and Shakspeare knew that it was no more necessary that "who writes grave matters should himself be grave" than that "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

An extract from a postscript which is attached to the present collection will exemplify the tone of thought to which we have referred. Our readers will have observed that the works in this selection have received the author's final corrections.

"An edition in the *final* form! It is a word of solemn import to a writer, who is not accustomed to trifle with time and eternity, but seriously weighs and considers what claims to be seriously weighed and considered. And, thank God, that is the practice of him who is here speaking to the literary world, and it has been so now for many years. Not that it is exactly a parting salutation to the literary world which he intends to make with this publication. There are still many arrows in his quiver—part ready forged, part still forging—part only in their first conception—but not one poisoned one amongst them: arrows which he purposes to shoot when time and the hour comes. Oh may those do it whom he leaves behind him, should his last hour have come, and all time for him have ceased to run. But still the present work remains a testament in regard to that which the author has already before sent into the world, and testaments are affairs of a class which conveys solemn warnings."

As our present business is not with the author but with his works, we have only spoken of his peculiar turn of mind, because it illustrates and accounts for his characteristic excellences and defects as a writer. He has a warm feeling for greatness, but no sense of absurdity. His strength and his weakness may be described in three words: imagination without humour. He throws himself unreservedly into his subject, and identifies himself with it so entirely, that if the interest is such that we can wholly sympathize with it, he has attained the perfection of art, where the workman is forgotten in his work. But if the story of character has a weak point, if it presupposes the existence of particular arbitrary associations, or special antiquarian knowledge, above all, if, however remote or obsolete the manners and scenery, it is not treated from the point of view in which it would naturally present itself to an educated man of the present day, we cannot help feeling that the author is in a false position, and that, as he has not chosen to stand apart from or above his work, he shares in its incomplete and partial character. It is remarkable to ob-

serve how little irony in a writer will supersede all necessity for ridicule on the part of a reader. Let us once be satisfied that he does not quite pretend to believe in his giants and dragons, and we are ready to believe for him.

As might be expected, Fouqué's comparative success depends more than ordinarily on his subject matter. The principal works in this selection approach in various degrees to perfection. In the lowest place amongst them, though not in a low place, we are disposed to class the *Magic Ring*, which is, we think, inferior to *Sintram*. The *Hero of the North*, a trilogy composed of three dramas, *Sigurd the Serpent Killer*, *Sigurd's Revenge*, and *Aslauga*, possess great and various merit; and it may console any man under heavier failures than any which we attribute to our author, and under severer criticisms than ours, to know that by a felicitous concurrence of genius and subject matter, he has created the faultless completeness of *Undine*. The *Magic Ring* has been translated into English, and, as the present edition informs us, into French, and partially into some of the Slavonic languages. *Sintram* has been translated twice at least into English; and *Undine* into almost all European languages, including a version in Russian hexameters. We believe that the *Hero of the North* has never yet appeared in an English dress, and we are induced to hope that some account of it may not be unacceptable, by the interest of the subject, as well as by the merit of the poem. We do not believe that the serious treatment of an old supernatural legend can be a thoroughly fit employment for modern art: but it was desirable that the experiment should be fairly made: and if ever the difficulty arising from a consciousness of unreality could have been overcome, we think the poet would have succeeded here. Himself deeply interested in the primeval traditions of the north, he wrote for a nation who excel all others in their faculty of living from books and theories, and who at the time (about 1810) were eagerly looking to early history, and even to fable, for the nationality which seemed about to perish under the tyranny of France. The enthusiasm which sought, by the adoption of long beards and antiquated costumes, to revive the old German character; and which revered in Hermann, as the Arminius of Tacitus was somewhat whimsically called, the first national hero; was necessarily gratified by the older and purer form of the story of the Nibelungen which is presented in the *Hero of the North*. With so earnest a writer and so earnest an audience, if the effect of the poem is after all artificial, the reason is simply that bookish enthusiasm, even

in Germany, is not the same thing with the untaught enthusiasm which furnishes matter for books.

Those who are unacquainted with the Nibelungen-Lied will find an admirable account of it in the second volume of Mr. Carlyle's Miscellaneous Works. All who have read it will probably agree that it stands almost alone among epic poems in the natural and easy connection of the incidents with one another. From the strange wooing and wedding of Brunhild, to her quarrel with Chriemhild, and the consequent murder of Siegfried by Hagen down to the journey of the Burgundians into the land of the Huns, and the marvellous fight which leaves none alive but Dietrich Hildebrand, and Etzel; the continuity of the story is such as to preclude the suspicion of arbitrary invention or fiction on the part of the poet. We feel that he has followed the course of the tale, as it before had followed the inevitable appointment of fate. Leave out any material circumstance, and the catastrophe would be unnatural; restore it, and it is seen to be inevitable. Nor is our admiration of the poetical unity of the story diminished by the apparently opposite conclusion to which a little further inquiry will lead. It is almost as certain that the poem contains two originally independent legends, as that it forms one harmonious whole; and the perfect fusion which has been produced, strikingly illustrates the tendency to correct and reconcile different traditions which characterizes an age of epic poetry. So long as the poet and his audience alike believe in the historical truth of his narrative, and no longer, is the production of a genuine epic possible. In England we have no national epic. There were no undoubted and popular traditions fit for the purpose in Milton's time. He therefore wisely chose a subject in which his countrymen had a deeper interest and a firmer faith than in anything merely English, feeling no doubt that, at least from the time of the Reformation, the Old Testament had superseded mythology. As far as the *Paradise Lost* consists of arbitrary fiction it is not properly epic, unless it may be considered as having become so, now that it has in a great measure passed into popular belief. The poet of the Nibelungen-Lied, or those from whom he drew his information, could not but connect and harmonize events, which, if they had actually taken place, must have been mutually related; but the very earnestness and simplicity of their belief would naturally prevent them from troubling themselves about the discrepancies and occasional inconsistencies, which now supply the means of analyz-

ing the work into the parts of which it was originally composed. The application in the second part of the poem of the name *Nibelungen* to the Burgundian heroes, unconnected as they are by race with Siegfried's mysterious subjects, to whom it belongs in the first part, is an obvious instance of the variances to which we allude. The industry of German critics and antiquarians has not confined itself to mere negative conclusions or internal evidence, but has traced the story of Siegfried and the many legends which have connected themselves with it, as far back as the fifth or sixth century, beyond which no materials for the investigation exist. The authorities from Jornandes downwards will be found collected, and the origin and progress of the various traditions fully investigated, in Wilhelm Grimm's *Deutsche Heldensage* (Göttingen, 1829), and the works of contemporary writers to which he there refers.

The tale of Siegfried appears to have been originally as well as ultimately German, but it was early borrowed by the kindred Scandinavian tribes, and the oldest form in which it is now extant is to be found in the Icelandic Eddas of the eighth century, where it has not yet adopted the somewhat loose Christianity of the *Nibelungen-Lied*, but moves in the more congenial element of northern mythology. The story, if less complete and interesting to modern taste, is here purer and simpler, and the poetry is said to be of a high and tragic order as compared with the light and cheerful narrative of the *Nibelungen*. It was natural that a German poet should look to these sources for subjects of his art, and we think Fouqué's account of his reasons for seeking them as creditable to his judgment, as, in his mode of giving it, it is illustrative of his character.

"The dreams of the boy project an image of the works of the man. The poems, which here appear for the second time, occupied the dreams of him who sings them for nearly thirty years before they assumed in himself a perfectly distinct shape, and then passed forth into the daylight of the world."

In his student days, his teacher A. W. Schlegel had advised him to follow up his first attempt, "*Siegfried in the Smithy*," by a fuller treatment of the old legend; but the young poet was then, as he confesses,

"without any due reverence for the legend, and therefore, as was natural, without any sound preliminary study, or even suspicion that it was necessary."

He intended Siegfried to meet with a wonderful Being, who symbolized the genius of Poetry, or rather, as we should suppose, of

Pedantry; but this trash was fortunately cut short by the

"influence of the master, who seriously directed his dutiful and docile pupil to the *Nibelungen*, and, in the far distance, to the study of the *Sagas of the North*. The *Nibelungen-Lied* produced on the incipient poet its beautiful and providential effect; but for a time that effect by no means overcame his early arbitrary dream."

He thought proper to fancy that Vohler, the noble fiddler of the *Nibelungen*, must have been secretly but irresistibly enamoured of Brunhild, and therefore unalterably devoted to her service.

"Thence his rudeness to Chriemhild and his fearful unity of being with his brother Hagen."

—as if their gallant and heroic friendship required the machinery of a modern novel to explain it. But so the later Greeks dealt with Achilles and Patroclus. Happily Schlegel again interfered, and advised his scholar

"to look simply on the bright constellations before him of the legend and the sagas (*der Sage und Saga*). It happened accordingly. The contemplation of those solemn polar lights as they were disclosed to me by the study of the Icelandic language. . . . In a contemplation so full of riddles, and yet ever so fruitful again in solutions of them, there rose in me a reverence so engrossing, that to think any longer on the fanciful sports of my own invention was utterly out of the question. To reproduce what was transmitted to me from the old miraculous days, this was in reference to Siegfried—in the northern form Sigurd—my principal, nay, I may say, my whole and entire endeavour. Perhaps there is scarcely a modern poet, who has felt so vividly from his own experience what the old Greeks meant by the *épos*, the 'singing into' of the Muse whom they invoked. More vividly certainly no one has felt it. If I had then seen the second part of Sæmundur's *Edda*, containing the very ancient lyrical dialogues between Sigurd and Brynhildur, and other similar matter, I should scarcely have ventured to give my own composition in the passages they supplied any form but that of mere translation. Now, however, it must be neither better nor worse than it is. It was not till years after the completion of his three Sigurd poems that their singer was able to obtain a glance into those primeval lays. Before that time he could only draw supplies from the *Edda* of Snorri Sturleson, the *Normagest-Saga*, the *Wolsunga-Saga*, and some communications from antiquarian friends."

The result of this conscientious adherence to the true version of the story, as far as he could ascertain it, is, that although some apocryphal additions are admitted, the *Hero of the North* contains on the whole an authentic version of the legend as it was known in the north before the introduction of Christianity. Nor is this its only merit. The

story is skilfully told; the lyrical poetry, constructed on the model of the northern songs, is wild and sometimes sublime; and above all the true tone of tragedy, the consciousness of a struggle with destiny, is so well kept up, as to remind us, in the midst of boundless dissimilarity, of the heroic drama of Greece. If we could forget that the poet is of the nineteenth century, and therefore shut our eyes to the pervading defect of unreality, there would be little drawback to our admiration.

Siegmund, king of Netherland, of the great stem of the Wolsungs, a race sprung from Odin, *Διογενὲς βασιλῆς*, had lost his life and kingdom in battle with Lingo. His wife Hiordisa, marrying again, brought up his son Sigurd at the court of his father-in-law King Kialpreck. He is about to commence his career, and has already, by the assistance of Odin, selected from the king's herds the wonderful horse Grani, when the scene opens, and discovers the armourer Reigen engaged in forging a sword for his pupil: for he had instructed Sigurd in feats of arms in the hope of procuring by his valour the treasure which Faffner, in the form of a serpent, watched at the moor of Gnitna. When the sword is ready, the young fiery hero tries it on a stone, and on its breaking, pursues the smith, who is only saved by the intervention of Hiordisa, who brings her son the fragments of the sword Gramur, which Odin had given to Siegmund, and in the final battle with Lingo broken with the shaft of a spear. When Reigen has welded the pieces together, Sigurd cleaves the anvil on which it had been forged; and now fully equipped with horse and weapon, sets out, accompanied by the faithless Reigen, on his expedition to recover his Netherland kingdom. Sigurd's gigantic strength and unruly yet good-humoured fierceness become him well, and no doubt express the spirit of the old tradition: yet we cannot help judging a modern version by modern habits of thought, and feeling the want of that dignity which to an earlier age was supplied by reverence for bodily force, as for any other form of power.

We next find Sigurd and Reigen on the fearful heath of Gnitnaheide, after their return from a successful war with Lingo. The smith finding that Sigurd is determined to attack the magic serpent openly, makes his escape; but by the command of the same grey old man, who had twice appeared to him before—once when the horse Grani was chosen, and afterwards on his recent voyage—Sigurd, knowing that Odin has spoken, conceals himself in a cave, and pierces the serpent Faffner from below as he passes to the water. As he is taking possession of the hoard, Reigen appears again, and claims it as his inheritance, and at

the same time as the price of atonement for the blood of his brother Faffner. They two had slain their father for the sake of the hoard, but Faffner had deprived him of his share, and guarded the treasure ever since in the shape of a dragon. As Sigurd refuses to give up the treasure, he must roast the dragon's heart, and bring it to Reigen, who knows that by its magic power he will then be able to destroy him. But tasting accidentally the serpent's blood, Sigurd finds that he can hear the language of the birds, who sing of the fraud of Reigen, and give counsel that he should be killed, which the hero obeys, and yet regretting the deed, urges the wounded armourer to speak before he dies. And Reigen obeys and reveals the story of the hoard.

Heavily fall I to the darksome gulf,  
Where Hela rules pale spectres of the night;  
Yet something dwells in me, that will not go,  
But tarry in the joyous upper world—  
It is the tale, true and of meaning deep,  
Of which on all the earth I only know.  
Forth from my lips it streams, to free itself  
Out of my dying darkness.—Mark it thou,  
Young hero, unto whom its notes are poured.

Wide is the world,  
Asas would wot of it  
How wide the world reaches.  
Out there journeyed in search  
Odin with Hanir and Loki,  
Forth on their travels they fared,  
Came to the cool river;  
Cunning there fished the otter.  
Loki took quartzstone.  
Quick crushed he the otter's head,  
Took fish and otter,  
Went on contented, glad of the sport.  
Came to a little homestead.  
Hreidmar held house craftily  
With Faffner and with Reigen.  
Faffner and Reigen were both sons of the man:  
Then asked the strangers:  
Give ye us good night quarters?  
We give you good night quarters,  
Guest like, the sons said in answer.  
Step only over the door-step,  
Wanderers waited no more,  
Wandered on over the door-step,  
Bringing their booty too.  
Otter would ye not spare?  
Harsh cried the cruel one  
Hreidmar in anger—  
It was Ottur, my third son, my dearest—  
Much fish he took self-transforming,  
Ottur ye slew.—Sore your ransom—  
Bring me bright gold bars.  
Hanir and Odin I hold here—  
Loki, let him leap lightly forth—  
Away to the world—come hither:  
When the carcase of Ottur  
Thou canst cover with gold.  
In bondage staid Hanir and Odin,  
And Loki leapt lightly out  
Wide in the world wide forth;  
To procure him bright gold bars,  
Silly seized he Andwar, the rich dwarf,



Seized and forced all his gold from him—  
 Then Andwar, the prudent,  
 Prayed him in plaintive tone :  
 Leave me the only, the wondrous ring,  
 To bring me new treasure.  
 Thou shalt keep nothing, cried Loki ;  
 Rent the ring from him—Andwar cursed it—  
 Andwar cursed it, the ring :  
 Rend forth thy master,  
 Rend, ring, thy master, whoso he be,  
 Rapid to ruin—  
 Hreidmar took ring and hoard :  
 Hreidmar his evil children smote to death.  
 Hreidmar's evil children  
 Now lie slaughtered together,  
 Dead on the heath-ground, aye dead.  
 Faffner and Reigen red,  
 Red with bloodstream,  
 Surely all for the gold's sake—  
 Heed thou, oh hero-son,  
 Heed thou the lordly hoard—  
 Ware thee from Andwar's ring—  
 Curse rests upon it.  
 Rends thee too,  
 To follow the fall of Reigen and Faffner.

This story is probably very ancient, as it belongs to a time in which gods are but little distinguished from men in wisdom or in power. In the same manner Mars suffered thirteen months' imprisonment by Otus and Ephialtes, *καὶ τὸ κεν ἐνθ' ἀπόλοιοτο Ἀρης ἄτιος πολέμοιο*,\* but that Eeribœa told Hermes, *ὁ δ' ἐξέκλεψεν Ἀρηᾶ Ἠδὴ τεῖρόμενον χαλεπὸς δὲ δεσμὸς ἐδάμνα*.† It is no objection to the introduction of the legend into the story of *Sigurd*, that it evidently belongs to even a ruder and earlier age ; for mythical chronology seldom recognizes the existence of more than three or four generations before the heroic age ; and, as Grimm has remarked, the fatality attending the hoard and the ring, which in the *Nibelungen*, Siegfried takes from Brunhild, implies the previous existence of some legend to explain them. It is unnecessary to say that *Sigurd* disregards Reigen's warning. When did a hero profit by foreshadowings of his doom ?

In the next adventure or act, the three Nornas or Fates, Wurder of the Past, Werdandi of the Present, Skuld of the Future, announce in a prophetic song the approach of *Sigurd* to the flame-surrounded castle of Hindarfiall, where Brynhildur in a charmed sleep is expiating her daring and successful resistance of Odin. The God has promised victory to his servant King Hialmgunnar, but Brynhildur helped his enemy Agnar, and Odin's

will failed of accomplishment. Therefore the bold Valkyria was to sleep in full armour till the destined hero should penetrate the wall of fire. Such is the northern counterpart of the Sleeping Beauty with the hedge of thorns, and the Prince who wakes her with a kiss. *Sigurd* and Grani pass the fire and enter the castle, and the hero wins the love of the Princess, whom he weds with Andwar's ring. The scene changes to the castle of King Giuke, on the banks of the Rhine. The northern tale knows nothing of Worms and its Burgundian kings. The heroes of the Rhine are simply Giukungen, sons of Giuke,—or Niflungen, from their ancestor Niflung, whose name, however, is itself a patronymic. The Queen Grimhildur is here the mother of Gudruna, who takes the place of the Chriemhild of the *Nibelungen*. Högne, who shows no trace of Hagen's character, occupies the place of Gernot as Gunnar's next brother, and instead of Geiselher we have Guttorm. It has been conjectured that the partial coincidence of the legendary names with those which have been preserved in a Burgundian law, Godomar, Gislahar, and Gundahar, first led to the introduction of the Burgundian name into the story (see *Deutsche Heldensage*, pp. 13, 343), and that the exclusion of Högne, or Hagen, from the royal house, was simultaneous with the change in the tradition which made him the chief instrument in the murder of his friend. Grimhildur is gathering herbs for a magic potion, when her two fiery sons Gunnar and Högne return from a victorious expedition, and tell her that their youngest brother Guttorm has gone forth to seek for further adventures. For other news they bring tidings that the dragon at Gnitnahaide is slain, and that all men are speaking of *Sigurd* the Serpent-killer. The Queen listens, and proceeds with new eagerness to mix the enchanted draught. Meanwhile a second strange interview has occurred between *Sigurd* and Brynhildur. By her desire he has visited her brother-in-law, King Heimer, and climbing a tower on which his falcon had lighted, he again finds and again woos his bride. She warns him that he is destined for Gudruna, but he binds himself by an oath to remain faithful to Brynhildur, and she with a presentiment of their fate yet accepts and rejoices in his promise. This episode seems to have been invented to account for the subsequent connexion of King Heimer with the preservation of *Sigurd*'s offspring ; but there can be little doubt that it is apocryphal. There is peculiar awkwardness in the repetition of the same scene ; and it is a common feature in tradition, for a second account of the same event to be mistaken for a separate

\* "And there would Ares, insatiate of war, have perished."

† "And he rescued by stealth Ares already worn out, for the grievous bonds were oppressing him."—See II. 5, 385, & ff.

occurrence. In all other respects the relation between Sigurd and Brynhildur is far more noble and better suited to their after history, than the juggling transactions which pass between them in the Nibelungen.

Grimhildur has long been waiting for the Serpent-killer, when at last he rides up to the hill looking on the Rhine, where the good old King Giuke sat in the open air to administer justice to his people. After displaying his marvellous strength he drinks of the magic cup, and forgets Hindarfiall and Brynhildur. The queen's desire is accomplished: he loves Gudruna and marries her; and the house of the Niflungen, with the aid of Sigurd's valour and the free use of Faffner's gold, is, as she had wished, the most fortunate on earth. But her ambition is still unsatisfied. She knows of Hindarfiall and its wonders, and that it is in Sigurd's power to win Brynhildur for Gunnar. Sixteen months had in some degree worn away the effect of the cup of forgetfulness, and Sigurd is troubled with confused recollections, when he hears of the heroine and the hedge of fire; but with chivalric devotion he consents to accompany and assist his friend. Gunnar fails in his attempt to enter the castle; but a charm effects an exchange of outward form between the friends, and Sigurd in the form of Gunnar once more rides the fearless Grani through the flames, and the wandering princess betroths herself to him with the fatal ring of Andwar, which on his return to the Rhine he gives to Gudruna.

As in the Nibelungen, Brynhildur and Gudruna quarrel on the subject of the comparative greatness of Sigurd and Gunnar. The Queen finds that she has been deceived, and withdraws in speechless indignation. She tell her wrongs and demands revenge, and then for three days remains moveless and silent. Gudruna laments her error in vain, Grimhildur withdraws herself to seclusion, and Sigurd knows that his end is at hand, but once more speaks to Brynhildur, and offers even yet to live for her. She refuses, and he leaves her with Gunnar and Högne. In wild lyrical complaints she appeals to her husband for revenge, and he consents, and Högne with him, to the death of Sigurd. But they had both bound themselves by oath to protect him; and Guttorm, who now returns home, is tempted by Faffner's gold to undertake the murder. The invulnerability of the Siegfried of the Nibelungen, and of him of the horny skin, is not attributed to Sigurd, and so far the earliest opinion coincides with modern taste. The similar change which took place in the traditions respecting Achilles, proves

that there is a point at which popular feeling demands that a hero's outward attributes should be exalted in every possible way, even at the expense of his character. Yet the change of an invincible into an invulnerable warrior is little more than a different expression of the same admiring spirit. Guttorm stabs Sigurd in his sleep, and falls himself by the last stroke of the wonderful sword Gramur. But Gunnar and Högne derive little pleasure from the accomplishment of their purpose. Gudruna retires to a lonely castle to mourn. Brynhildur stabs herself, and commands a mighty funeral pile to be raised, on which, with Sigurd and Guttorm, and Sigurd's child, with attendance of sacrificed slaves, after prophesying the destruction of the Niflungen, she is consumed. From the smoke the three Nornas shape themselves forth, and sing of the vengeance which is to come.

The second part of the Trilogy commences at the same point as the second part of the Nibelungen-Lied. Years have elapsed since Sigurd's death, and Gudruna still dwells alone in her mysterious tower; but the great King Atli has heard of her beauty, and demanded her of her brothers, with a threat of war as the alternative. We believe that Fouqué has fallen into error in identifying the Atli of the northern story with the historical Attila. Originally the land of the Huns appeared in the legend only as an unknown region lying southward from Scandinavia. In some traditions it is the kingdom of Sigurd, and it is everywhere unconnected with Atli. Even here we find Atli's palace on the sea-shore; and the king himself is brother of the Schild-jungfrau Brynhildur, who is undoubtedly a northern Valkyria. It seems that the application of the story to Attila, as we find it carried out in the Nibelungen, arose partly from a coincidence of name, partly from the historical fact of the destruction of the Burgundian army by the leader of the Huns, and in some degree, perhaps, from the story of his death by the agency of a second wife. In the Nibelungen there is only a historical inconsistency between the mild and hospitable Etzel and the fierce conqueror; in the story before us, the character of Atli might not be ill suited to Attila; but if he had not been designated as King of the Huns, and further identified by the name of his brother Blödel or Bleda, there would be nothing to connect him with history. Another apocryphal feature is probably to be found in the introduction of Herche, who instead of being like Helche, the worthy predecessor of Chriemhild, is here the degraded rival of Gudruna.

Grimhildur with her two sons appear before Gudruna's tower, and Högne blows a blast on his horn, and sings

"On woody way  
Wide hence wandering  
Over lake, over land  
In sun and night,  
Stand here two stately kings  
Waiting the web-worker,  
Who, in the moss-grown hold,  
Abides at the loom.

*Gudruna*.—Can ye two kings  
Keep your house king-like,  
Royally ruling,  
What drives you from home?  
Can ye not compass it?  
Kings are ye never.  
Trouble the worker not,  
Take you away.

*Högne*.—Castle keeper  
Cunning artist,  
Bring rest, bring repose,  
To rich broidery.  
Fleet needle no longer  
Fly ever forward,  
Thou wilt wax weary,  
Thy working gear too.

*Gudruna*.—We live, and have light  
In the love of our labour.  
Thread is sparkling,  
Needle shining.  
Ever weaves Mistress, and weeps.  
Old time invokes,  
And image on image  
Opens its light out."

He continues to appeal to her, but it is only by reminding her of Sigurd that he can induce her to come forth. Gunnar urges upon her in vain the danger of Atli's anger, and the necessity of making atonement to him for the death of Brynhildur; but she yields to Grimhildur's entreaties, and consents to drink of a second magic potion, like that which had brought Sigurd's misfortunes upon him. So she forgets for a time her former life, and becomes the Queen of the Huns, and has two children, Ortlieb and Asmund.

Herche the mistress of Atli has instilled into him a suspicion of his wife's faithlessness with King Dietereich, who escapes from his vengeance with difficulty. Gudruna defies the King and Herche, but for the sake of her children proposes to undergo the ordeal of boiling water. Her innocence is established, and Herche given up to the vengeance of the people. Atli, under pretence of compensation for the wrong he had done, proposes to invite her brothers to his court; but she, well knowing his scheme to get possession of the Faffner hoard, sends by the messenger who invites them, a warning in Runic writing and a ring twined with a wolf's hair. Vengeance for Sigurd is no longer her object; and so far

the story has an advantage over the *Nibelungen-Lied*, where Chriemhild, after a formal reconciliation, still for many years prepares the destruction of her nearest friends. Wingo, the faithless envoy, discovers Gudruna's precaution and forges another letter. Gunnar, under the influence of wine, promises to accept the invitation; and Högne with generous devotion resolves on sharing his brother's fate. But before they depart they pour the hoard into the Rhine, where, if they do not return, none will ever be able to find it. Their wives, Kostbera and Glamwor, bind Wingo by a solemn oath to restore the guests in safety; but when the Niflungen approach the castle of Atli, and find no one to welcome them, the traitor betrays his joy and tells them that they are lost. They kill him with the hafts of their battle-axes.

And now, as in the *Nibelungen*, begins the last great battle; but like all the second part, the northern legend is far less wealthy here than the southern version. We have none of the preparatory symptoms of treachery, no change of fortune or temporary success of the strangers. Above all, we miss the fierceness of Hagen, and the gallantry of Volker with his sword fiddle-bow. Gunnar and Högne defend themselves heroically, and Gudruna, sallying out with her maidens to their aid, kills Blodel who was galling them from a hill with missiles. But at last they are overpowered by numbers, and taken, all their followers being slain, with the exception of Niflung, Högne's son, who, by his father's command, escapes and conceals himself. Gunnar is thrown into a pit full of serpents, and Gudruna and Niflungen hear him singing in the depth. "Throw open in Walhall's realm, quick throw the doors open, a bold warrior, a king, rides in. From evil den of earth, even from serpents' nests; but shining still in light of his own joy and strength." They withdraw to prepare their revenge, and Reidbold, a follower of Atli, comes to offer Gunnar even yet his life, if he will give up the secret of the hoard. He had already told Atli that he would not disclose it till he saw Högne's heart; and now when the hero has climbed up to the grating above the pit by a rope which several Huns can scarcely hold against his gigantic weight, a bleeding heart is shown him in a golden vessel, but he is not deceived by it.

"This is not Högne's, not my brother's heart,  
For this poor heart, it throbs in fearfulness,  
And that is not like a Niflungen heart.  
Bring me a better ere I will believe.  
Now go I back into the serpent-nest;  
Wouldst thou aught further with me, thou  
canst call."

For Atli had tried him first with the heart of a good-for-nothing servant, whom he ordered to be killed for the purpose. But now the king sends him Högne's real heart, and Gunnar knows that the secret remains with him alone. No man shall hear him speak again, but from the depth of the cavern his last song is heard. "Beat not complaining, like a heart of little men, thou high heart of Gunnar. Stop not with struggle, strong breath; end, end fully thy corpse-song—*Reidbold*. He died. In Walhall sits he with the gods."

But the tragedy is not yet complete: Gudruna had entreated her children to plead for her brothers with Atli; and on their refusal, she determines on revenging herself on her husband like Medea. She invites him to a funeral feast, where he eats the flesh of his children, and drinks out of their skulls, and then with Niflung's aid she stabs him in his sleep. The Hunnish warriors threaten vengeance, but first they must celebrate the great king's obsequies, and Gudruna sets fire to the hall where they are assembled, and consumes them all in the flames. Last of all, she throws herself into the sea, and Dieterich, returning to Atli's castle, sees her disappear in the waters. But first she has told Niflung his melancholy fate.

"Wide on the moorland  
Wanders a boy,  
Pale-faced, and poorly clothed;  
Marsh lights for guides,  
Fields for his bed,  
Night clouds his hospitable roof.  
Where is thy sword?  
It broke in war  
For those who now are thankless.  
Where is helm?  
It is hewn asunder  
For smiles of false love.  
Where didst thou leave gold,  
Goods of thy fathers?  
It went away in the wind of fair words.  
Where the pride of thy castles,  
Praise of all time?  
Ruined, they mourn on the Rhine stream.  
Poor boy.  
Servants stand  
High above thy noble head.  
Not the singer,  
Only the prophetess  
Sings in sorrow thy woe.  
Wouldst comfort, child?  
Only mournful comfort  
Have I. I breathe it into thine ear.  
Grass-surrounded  
I saw a grave.  
Rest dwelt there, but not glory.  
The heath is silent  
All round the hill  
Woolly herds graze thereon.  
But dip thee soon  
Deep below.  
Fortune gives thee no better favour."

And so, with the last of the Niflungen, ended, we do not doubt, the whole of those heroic races: as far removed in time from the first historical men who heard of them as they are from us. But Fouqué has thought otherwise, and has followed an apocryphal authority in the third drama, *Aslauga*. The heroine is a daughter of Sigurd and Brynhildur, an infant mysteriously preserved by King Heimer from the attempts of her father's enemies. The poetical reasons, which have induced him to add this conclusion, are better than the mythical. After the gloomy end of Sigurd and of the Niflungen, he wishes to finish in a more cheerful strain:

"Spring's loveliness outbudding from the grave,  
Life in new glory rising out of ashes,  
In brief, the light of Hope sings my last lay."

The old king, carrying the child about the world in a lute, comes to a hovel on the wild moor of Spangarhaide, where he is murdered by the old cottagers Ake and his wife Grisna. Aslauga is brought up under the ill-sounding name of Krake, and her golden hair is concealed under a black cap. But the Danish king and hero, Regner Lodbrog, coming with his fleet to the coast, hears of the wonderful beauty of the shepherdess Krake, and marries her. His followers, though at first overpowered by her miraculous loveliness, become dissatisfied with her meanness of origin, and spend much wit of a heavy kind on her name Krake. Regner is persuaded by them against his own inclination to offer marriage to Ingibjorg the Swedish king's daughter, but Aslauga tells him her real name and descent, and they live happily together to a good old age. Why she had not given him the information before does not appear.

Although we do not admire the general scheme of the story, and are convinced that no daughter of Sigurd's ever married the historical King Regner, there can be little doubt that many of the minuter incidents are derived from traditions of considerable antiquity. The riddle by which Regner tries the ingenuity of Aslauga, occurs, we believe, in other legends. The poetical execution of Aslauga is on the whole, we think, inferior to that of the other dramas, but the songs of the shepherdess on Lindisnes are perhaps equal in true lyrical spirit to the more tragical strains of Brynhildur or Gudruna.

"High up, oh! ram, and higher,  
The merry flock lead after.  
Above, in purer winds, there waves  
The softest, the wholesomest grass.  
Above there bud, in purer light,  
The balmiest of hill plants.  
High up, oh! ram, and higher,

The merry flock lead after.  
 The flock I lead to pasture  
 Must have high place o'er others ;  
 Must have choice food in plenty,  
 And mirror-like stream water.  
 Hear ye them bubbling above us,  
 The high, the clear streams of the mountain ?  
 Ever yet bolder, higher away  
 Up to the crown of the promontory."

Such is an outline of the story of Sigurd and of the Niflungen, as we find it in the *Hero of the North*. It seems almost an act of ingratitude to criticise the poet who has reproduced with so much enthusiasm and earnestness the fine old heroic legend ; and we only add a few words in explanation of that objection to this and to all similar works of imagination, which is founded on their unreality. The age of hostile scepticism which follows the first period of mythological belief, gives way in turn to the time in which a rational and scholarlike appreciation of ancient poetry leads serious men to attempt to adopt its forms to the ideas which make up their intellectual world. We believe there is but one way in which this can be done in harmony with the laws of art : by an unconcealed indifference to all anachronisms of thought or feeling, such as that which accompanied the transformation of the Devil and Dr. Faustus into the Faust of Goethe. By placing his character in a distant age the poet gains picturesqueness of costume and freedom in the invention of incident ; by remaining in his own age he secures reality ; and by showing his consciousness of the contrast between the two scenes he indicates the humorous equanimity, which, of all the attributes of genius, is that which perhaps exercises the most certain mastery over the mind of the reader. Now Fouqué is, as we said before, devoid of humour ; or, in other words, incapable of seeing the same thing in two lights at once ; and being fully in earnest in his enthusiasm as a reader of the Eddas and Sagas, and thinking it possible to be in earnest as the writer of a modern Saga, it became his business to avoid anachronisms altogether ; and his very considerable success is attributable as much to his own sound taste, as to the advanced state of critical and antiquarian knowledge. But there was one anachronism which could not be avoided. The old northern singers were neither critics nor antiquarians, and would never have thought of ignoring or concealing any knowledge they possessed ; and we believe that the Baron de la Motte Fouqué would have been more like one of them in his own person, with all his philosophy and politics thick about him, than in the assumed simplicity with which he receives the *hereinsingen* of his muse. The

muse never tells her tale in its original freshness to people who are advanced enough to speculate about the full force of the word *ἐνέπειν*. It was impossible that the genuine story of Sigurd should be dedicated, as this poem is, to Fichte.

Neither was it possible to avoid minor defects of keeping throughout. Sometimes he has fully caught the spirit of his original, and almost reminds us of the wild lyrical dialogue of the Suppliants of Æschylus ; but again he naturally is tempted to give a modern meaning to some old opinions, as when the prophetic power which belonged to women in all Teutonic lands is explained away by Brynhildur, into the unreasoning but felicitous practical intuition which is so universally characteristic of the feminine intellect. Nay, even the word *sîn* is used by Gudruna to Atli ; and in many passages a moral is implied in a proposition, which when it was first framed was sufficient in itself. No poet was ever less inclined than Fouqué to follow Euripides—he loves no crafty and sophistical heroes ;

ἀλλὰ πνέοντις ὄρου καὶ λόγῃς, καὶ λευκολό-  
 γους τραυαλείας,  
 καὶ πῆληκας, καὶ κνημίδας, καὶ θυμοῦ ἐπτα-  
 βόειους.\*

but in despite of himself the rationalizing spirit of his age is upon him,

λογισμὸν ἐνθεῖς τῇ τέχνῃ  
 καὶ σκέψιν, ὥστ' ἤδη σοτεῖν  
 ἀπαντα.†

It was not without reason that Friedrich Schlegel, in a review published thirty years ago, passed from a laudatory notice of the *Hero of the North* to Shakspeare with the remark that it was in him that the legendary poetry of the north had found its ultimate development. Of modern writers, none has approached Scott in the skill with which he makes use of tradition ; but he in his best works seldom went back more than a century or two ; and he had a general belief of the truth of his story, as well as an unaffected sympathy with the feelings and habits of past generations. Not even he could have unchristianized and uncivilized himself with advantage.

The "Magic Ring" originated in a conver-

\* "But men who breathe the lance and the spear, and crests with snowy plumes waving, Helmets also, and also greaves, and spirits of sevenfold bulls'-hide."

† "Introducing calculation into the art, and consideration [scepticism], so that they have come to understand all things."—*Aristoph. Frogs*.

sation between the baron and his lady, "the now departed Caroline, Baroness de la Motte Fouqué," herself a well-known writer of fiction, and contemplating at the time the production of a romance which was to have its scene among the earlier French. "Although his wife had infinitely more practice and skill in modern French than he, yet on the other hand he was far more at home in those by-gone heroic days and their language, partly from the original circumstance of his descent, partly also through his studies and the collective bent of his most inward life. As in the course of a lengthened description of manners taken from the times of romantic gallantry in the land of his ancestors he became warmly excited, a hint from his lady was sufficient to make him determine on the production of an old French knightly romance, and a glance into his own heart to convince him of the necessity of an original German hero, as an ancestral stock for French chivalry, and indeed for the kindred chivalry of Europe, including even the Arabian."

For it may be necessary to inform some of our readers that the Fouqué family were driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and that the poet is a grandson of the general who first won distinction for the name in Germany, as one of the favourite officers of Frederick the Great. The baron is himself a knight of St. John, and feels, we presume, that his patriotic associations are so inseparably fused into one with his chivalrous spirit, that he cannot conceive the pure knightly character apart from the German feelings which belong to it in his own case. The scheme which he has adopted to solve the problem he has proposed to himself is singular enough. The young knight Otto of Trautwangen leaves his old father Sir Hugh in his castle on the banks of the Danube, and travels through the world in quest of adventures. He is himself invincible, and in one of his earliest combats defeats the hitherto unconquered Folko of Montfaucon, the flower and pride of the chivalry of Normandy and France. Otto is the champion of the fair Gabriële of Gascony, who claims a magic ring, which had been promised to her mother by the great stranger knight Messire Huguenin. Afterwards, however, marrying the widowed Lady of Montfaucon, Huguenin had left the ring, on his final departure from France, to their infant daughter Blanchefleur, and to the guardianship of his step-son Folko, whom he had himself instructed in all knightly exercises. Often had Gabriële obtained the ring by artifice, but as often was she requested to name a champion from whom he might win it back, and neither England,

nor France, nor Germany, had yet produced a match for Montfaucon. Last of all he had overthrown in the plain below Trautwangen the redoubtable Count Archimbald von Waldeck, and when the yet unknighthed Otto offered to undertake the combat had reminded him that he was not yet an opponent of sufficient rank. The young German knight, forgetting his cousin Bertha in the beauty of Gabriële, wins the ring for her, and the promise of her hand for himself. We admire the strict sense of historical propriety which has hardened the author's heart so far as to induce him to expose even to a single failure this paragon of chivalrous valour and courtesy; who has, moreover, a nearer and dearer claim upon him than that of mere literary parentage. Folko's arms are blue and gold, and such are the colours of the shield of the house of La Motte Fouqué. In Normandy they were of old called Foulqué, and, as their present representative conjectures, Folko; and Montfaucon was one of their castles. But his principles do not allow of his compromising the supremacy of German chivalry.

The nuptials of Otto and Gabriële are broken off, and we next find the hero on the Swedish border fighting against the heathenish Finns, in company with the brave sea-king Arinbiörn of Norway. Whatever land he visits, he hears a tale of some fair lady, who, like the deserted widow of Montfaucon, has had cause to regret her attachment to a stranger knight. Already the Italian merchant Tebaldo had told him of the fair Lisberta of Milan, who died for the sake of the faithless Uguccione; and in Arinbiörn's castle the armourer Asmundur relates to him the loves of Hugur the strong and Astrid the Fair. She died like Procris, by a mistaken blow from her husband's hand; and afterwards he had carried her sister, the enchantress Hildiridur, into southern lands, where no one had heard of them again. Whatever human strength can do in the war is achieved by Otto and Arinbiörn; but the main stress of the contest between Sweden and Finland lies in the charms and countercharms which are exchanged between the Lady Minnetrost and the heathen sorceress Gerda. A long northern winter passes without a decided result, although Otto is on the whole successful. But the Finns too have their redoubtable Ottur, who is retained on the heathen side by hopeless love for Gerda; and he is in form and feature the perfect image of the Christian Otto.

And during Otto's wanderings, his cousin, the fair Bertha of Lichtenried, has also left Sir Hugh and the castle of Trautwangen, and travelled as becoms a lady-errant through

the world. Her sorrows have been consoled by her kinswoman the Lady Minnetrost (Love-solace), and with her brother Heerdegen of Lichtenreid she has been present at Otto's ill-omened betrothal to Gabriële. The great emir Nureddin hears of her beauty and noble character, and an overhasty follower carries her by force from the coast of Gascony and brings her to the emir's palace at Carthagen. There is no talk of love between them, but the Mussulman and the lady form a friendship, and he tells her the tale of the maiden and the rose of Damascus. The maiden had been carried away to the island of Crete, and her only comfort was to tend her damask rose; but there came under her window a stranger, whose name was Hygies, and he told her that he had a sword also from Damascus.

"Maid, rose, and sword, from Damascus—that is three—

Easily shall sword make rose and maiden free."

So they fled to the cavern, where in old time the great magician Zeus was born, the same whom the blinded heathen afterwards worshipped as a god. They were traced to their hiding-place, and the lady was slain in the fray, but Hygies fought his way to the shore, carrying his infant son, who was afterwards brought up among Arabs, and became the great Emir Nureddin, the terror of Christendom. He is now determined to strike a deadly blow at the Christian metropolis, Rome, and he invites Bertha to accompany him in his voyage to Ostia. The pope hears of the approach of the armament, and resolves to die in defence of the holy city: but when the Arab army has landed, two forms advance in front of it, the emir and a lady, and kneel before the holy father, from whom Bertha requests that he will baptize the great Mussulman, whom she has converted on their voyage from Carthagen.

Meantime Otto has found in the Lady Minnetrost his mother, who is no other than Hil-diridur, the wife of Hugur the Strong, who in Germany is called Sir Hugh of Trautwangen, and is, indeed, "the original German hero," who, as Messire Huguenin, Ugucione, Hugur, and Hygies, has served as "the ancestral stock for French chivalry, and indeed for the kindred chivalry of Europe, including even the Arabian." And now, after many difficulties and adventures, the whole widespread race meet together at the castle of Trautwangen. Tebaldo, the son of the fair Lisberta, attempts to avenge her on his father by the aid of the magic ring; but he is saved by Bertha, to whom the pope had given some holy water of special virtue against enchantments; and all ends well. Folko wins Ga-

abriële of Portamour, the converted Gerda unites herself to Count Archimbald, and Bertha and Otto, with the other pairs, are married by the priest Ottur, who is the son of Hugur and Astrid the fair. But Blanchefleur prefers the minstrel Aleard to the gallant Arinbiörn, and Tebaldo goes alone in penance to the Holy Land, and Nureddin, who has adopted from the gigantic saint of the ford the name of Christopher, remains in dignified celibacy. Thus the German patriarch sees himself as it were the representative of the great Teutonic stem: with all its branches, of Northern asceticism, of Moorish gallantry, of Provençal poetry, of Norman chivalry, and of Italian readiness and activity: yet it seems as if there was one land where Fouqué's "glance into his own heart" had not convinced him of the necessity of an original German hero; for the feast of reunion is honoured by a passing salutation from one in whose lineage the many-named Sir Hugh had no share, from no less a hero than the head of all living knight-hood, Richard Cœur de Lion.

The "Magic Ring" is written with a quaint and rich solemnity of style, which is useful in leading us away from the region of modern associations into a sphere where we can believe in the wonderful tale before us; and in the numberless adventures which take place in Norway, Gascony, or Carthagen, it is pleasant to feel the centripetal force by which the author gradually draws them in to the common point of their completion in the Suan-bian castle on the Danube. But it is rather with the curiosity which watches a skilful conjurer, than with the interest excited by an artist, that we wait for the solution of the complicated problem. There is a general impression of a moral purpose over the whole; but it is difficult to know exactly what it is, or to feel it except as something external: some conflict of power between angels and demons rather than an internal contrast between good and evil in their very essence. Some of our readers may have felt the effect which we mean to describe, in the contest between Misnar, the sultan of the Indies, and the Enchanters, in the Tales of the Genii. We are told that religion is on one side, and crime on the other; but all we see is valour contending with valour. Placed halfway between allegory and reality, the story offers one side to the fancy and feelings, and the other to the understanding: but the knights and ladies are neither living and lifelike enough to call out our sympathies strongly, nor so strictly typical as to amuse us by analogies or to instruct us by a moral. Attracted into the imaginary world presented to us, and yet unable to lose ourselves in it and forget

that it is unreal, we are at last carried on by the secondary impulse of love for wonderful events and picturesque scenes.

The first æsthetic interest of a child, and one of the last which leaves a man, is sympathy with bodily strength and valour displayed among strange and supernatural circumstances. "Mögt Ihr nun Wunder hören sagen,"\* is an appeal which will always find an audience. The arms and the horses are so vividly brought before us, and the battles so graphically described, that we are willing to forget for the time that it is all a melodramatic show. Perhaps the thirteenth century is rather too late an age for knight-errantry and magic, but on this point we defer to the author's antiquarian knowledge. We might also be willing to believe, on his authority, that wonderful knights in days of enchantment rode on wonderful horses; but when he calls upon us to believe that the feats of Otto's horse are possible in prosaic times, we must, at the risk of incurring the baron's contempt, suspend our belief. "As to the wonderful properties of horses," he says, "instances of the kind, out of the sphere of the Magic Ring, may be recounted of the most undeniable reality, as the author could abundantly prove from his own experience and from authentic tradition—not to mention the noble instances of sagacity which travellers report of Arabian and Persian horses. Moreover practised riders have never found anything objectionable in those pictures in the 'Magic Ring,' but only people who in the consciousness of their own helplessness and timidity, when they are compelled in case of necessity to come near horses, only do so with trembling, scolding, and grumbling." Reviewers may not be practised riders, but there is an interest in the stable innate in an Englishman, which makes us proof against the sneer at the want of horsemanship which may possibly be effective in silencing German sceptics.

The tale of Sintram and his companions is written in a more elevated tone, and with greater unity of purpose. The attention is no longer distracted by multifarious adventures, and the conflict of good and evil, though still externally personified, is also carried on morally in the will and affections of the hero. The courage of the religious warrior is displayed here rather in battles with temptation and with himself, than in feats of arms; and the chief danger to which the melancholy Sintram is exposed arises from the presence of the lovely Gabriële, now the lady of Montfaucon. We have compared the Magic Ring to one popular eastern tale, and we cannot

illustrate the general character of the story of Sintram better than by comparing it to another form of the same or a similar oriental legend,—the poem of Thalaba. We have here the same high-pitched tone of religious enthusiasm, the same perpetual combat with the force and fraud of supernatural enemies, and the same ultimate success. But Sintram is far more gloomy than Thalaba, as befits the dark and monotonous scenery which surrounds the character and events of the story. The storms, and snow, and long winters of the north, form a suitable environment for the stern remorse of Biörn, and the solitary gloom of Sintram; which is only the more strongly brought out by contrast with the courtly cheerfulness of the faultless Folko of Montfaucon, and softened rather than brightened by the beneficent influence which is transmitted from the distant cell of the saintly Verena, his cloistered mother.

She had taken the veil in the hope of atoning for the crime of her husband Biörn, and of warding off the curse which hung over her son. For the fierce Norwegian warrior, a kinsman of the gallant sea-king, Arinbiörn, though a Christian, still kept the pagan feast of Yule, and made vows like his ancestors on the golden boar of Freya; and once he had sinfully sworn to kill the first burgher of a Hanseatic town on whom he could lay hands, when Gotthard Lenz of Hamburg, and his son Rutlieb, entered the castle. In despite of his wife's entreaties, Biörn swore that he would keep his vow, and devoted his child Sintram and himself to Death and to the Devil if he failed. But although two strange forms mixed among his men at arms, and urged them on to the murder, the strangers were miraculously saved through the intercession of the pious Verena; and afterwards the half-repentant knight gave an unwilling consent to her wish to take the veil, and lived alone with his son Sintram, who at every Yule time was grievously disturbed by fearful dreams. He also met with strange companions: a tall and crazy pilgrim with a garment set with dead men's bones: and, after Folko and Gabriële came to visit their Norwegian kinsman, with the hateful and dwarfish Kleinmeister, who told him tales of the fair Helen of Troy, and the fortunate knight, Paris, who carried her off—as it might be to a castle like Sintram's lonely residence of Steinburg on Mondfelsen. Sometimes he was almost unable to distinguish between the fair enchantress Venus and the hated Kleinmeister; and often when he had met the pilgrim he thought that it was another and yet the same; and even the pilgrim himself would tell him that there was another like him, but far mightier than he. With the

\* "Ye may now hear wonders told."



thought of the fair Helen he struggles with various success, never altogether yielding, but yet being tempted to detain Folko and Gabriële by unlawful means, when they meditate their return to Normandy. His chief safeguard consists in looking at the sword which Gabriële had girded on him, when, in battle with Jarl Eiric the Old, he had slain an unknown warrior, who was no other than Kleinmeister himself, and had received knighthood from the honoured hand of Folko. This long series of struggles and sufferings has something of directly human and more of symbolical interest. Good and evil, outwardly presented to men, would cease to be good and evil, or to act upon our inclinations and conscience; but it is in the imperfect projection of these abstractions into personality, in the identity of beings without us with motives within us, that the mysterious character of the romance consists. It is possible to maintain for a time a dreamy state of excitement in which we require nothing further to satisfy the imagination; but as we have often said, nothing can be thoroughly true and sound in art, which is incapable of approving itself to the waking judgment; and skilfully as the wild and mystical tone of the story is maintained, we cannot but feel, sometimes, that the writer is assuming a character for an artificial purpose, and that such a legend, if it were really "*hineingesungen*" to him, would be received, and therefore reproduced, in a different spirit, and from the point of view of the nineteenth century. Voltaire's eastern tales are in one sense more earnestly and seriously written than the work before us, because it was more natural to Voltaire to sneer, than it is even to Fouqué to look on magic with solemnity. The inherent defect, however, of an overstrained attempt at earnestness is only perceptible in a continuous work. It is perfectly natural in a separate scene, as in the following, where Kleinmeister has told Sintram that he may still avert Gabriële's immediate departure,

"'Is then the sea thy slave?—Are the storms thy journeymen?'—'Rebels they are to me, accursed rebels,' muttered Kleinmeister within his red beard. 'Thou must bear a share in it, Sir Sintram, if I am to command them; but for that again thou hast no heart.'—'Boaster—troublesome boaster!' the young man burst out, 'what dost thou require of me?'—'Not much, Sir Knight, for one who has force and fire in his soul—truly not much;—I ask thee only for the space of half-an-hour to gaze out on the sea with that steady and piercing gaze, and not cease with all intensity to will, and ever again to will, that it foam, that it swell, that it rage, and rest not till rigid winter is over your hills. Then will the winter be sufficient to stop Duke Menelaus from proceeding in his voyage to Montfaucon. And

give me also a lock of thy black hair—in truth of itself it flies around thee as wild as hawks' or raven's wings.' The young man drew his sharp dagger, cut in utter wildness a lock from his head, threw it away to the stranger, and now gazed as he required, with mighty exercise of will, out on the billows of the sea. And gently, all gently began a motion in the waters, as one whispers in painful dreams, and would fain rest and cannot. Sintram was intending to leave off; but in the moonlight a ship passed, with white and swelling sails, away toward the south. Dread of seeing Gabriële also soon sail away in like manner came over him; willing ever more strongly, he pierced with his fixed gaze into the watery abyss. 'Sintram,' one would have cried, 'oh, Sintram, art thou then indeed the same, who looked but now first into the moist heaven of the lady's eyes?' And the waves swelled ever more mightily up, and the storm marched whistling and moaning past; already were the foamy crests of the billows visible in the moonshine. Then Kleinmeister threw the lock of the young man's hair forth to the clouds, and, as it floated and swung and swayed in the eddies of the air, the stormwind arose in such wrath, that sea and sky met together in obscurity, and far away the anguished cry of many thousand sinking mariners was heard. But the crazy pilgrim with the dead men's bones went past the shore on the waters, of giant height, tossing fearfully; the vessel on which he stood was not seen, so mightily were the waves piled up around him. 'Him must thou save, Kleinmeister, him must thou anyway save,' so rang Sintram's voice of angry entreaty through the tumult of waves and winds; but Kleinmeister answered with a laugh, 'Only be at ease about him, he will save himself for thee—to him the waters do nothing—seest thou?—They are only begging of him, and therefore spring up to him so high. And he gives them costly alms, right costly, of that I can assure thee.' In fact, it was as if the pilgrim strewed some skeletons into the flood, and then passed unscathed by. Then Sintram felt a horrible shudder quiver through his blood, and burst with wild speed away to the castle. His companion had as it were dispersed and become dissipated away."

In the spring, however, Folko and Gabriële return to Normandy, and Biörn lives on gloomily in his castle, and Sintram in his lonely hold of Steinburg. He has long ago buried the pilgrim, who is no other than Weigand, the early lover of Verena, and by a powerful struggle of will he has once saved his father from Kleinmeister: but though he is now growing old he is still unhappy and disturbed by fearful dreams. One trial more remains, the scene which first suggested to the author the conception of the work. In a print from Albert Dürer, he found the group which he finds thus described. "A harnessed knight of elderly appearance is riding his war-horse, accompanied by his dog,

through a fearful valley, where clefts of rocks and roots of trees are distorted into horrible shapes, and poisonous fungi grow on the ground.—Reptiles are crawling between.—Beside him rides Death on a little shrivelled horse; from behind a devil is stretching out his claw to him. Dog and horse have a strange look as if infected by the horrible company around them: but the knight rides calmly on his way, and carries on the point of his lance a molch (a serpent with a human head) which he has already transfixed. Far off appears a castle with its rich and pleasant pinnacles, from which the loneliness of the vale penetrates still deeper into the soul.”

Sintram had set out from Steinburg on his way to Biörn's, when “there came one up sideways riding on a little horse, and Skovmaerke, who had run to meet and examine the strange form, now came back with drooping tail and ears, howling and whining, and pressed in alarm close to his master's war-horse.” Sintram's horse took the alarm, as well he might, for, “in the ever-deepening twilight, Sintram could not satisfy himself what the being before him really was—only a very pale face—at first he thought it was covered with fresh-fallen snow—shone towards him from the garments in which it was enveloped. It seemed that the stranger carried a little box wrapped up on his arm; his little horse drooped his head to the ground, as if in deadly weariness, whereby a bell which hung under his throat from the squalid torn bridle, sounded strangely.” Sintram defended his dog and horse from the imputation of cowardice, and the figure answered,

“‘Good Sir Knight, then ride with me into the vale.’—‘Into the vale will I ride, but I need no companion.’—Still, I perhaps need one—see you not that I am unarmed? and about this time, at this hour, there are horrible witch monsters here.’ Then, as if to add a fearful confirmation to the stranger's words, from the nearest rim-covered tree there swung down a thing, whether it was snake or whether it was molch could not be distinguished, which coiled and twisted, and seemed bent on attacking from above either the knight or his companion. Sintram thrust at it with his lance and transfixed it—but amidst the most horrible contortions it sat firm on the spear-point above, and the knight exerted himself in vain, to rub it off against rock or bush. Then he rested the lance behind him on his right shoulder, so that he could no longer see the loathsome creature, and said calmly to the stranger, ‘It seems however as if I can help you, and the company of one unknown is not directly forbidden me: forwards, then, and into the vale.’—‘Help!’ so sounded back the melancholy answer—‘Help—no—perchance I may help thee;—but God pity thee, if ever there comes a time when I can help thee no longer: then wert thou lost, and I were right terrible to thee. Yet we will

into the vale, and I have thy knightly word for it—come.’ They rode forwards, Sintram's horse still frightened, his faithful hound still whining on, but both obeying their master's will, the rider quiet and firm. The snow had fallen away from the smooth cliffs, and in the light of the rising moon were seen on the walls of rock many intertangled outlines, forming some figures of snakes, some human faces—but it was only strange veins in the cliffs, and peering through them half-naked roots of trees, which had fixed themselves there in obstinate stiffness. Strange and high looked Castle Drontheim through a cleft in the mountain, as if to take leave. ‘Then the knight looked keenly into the face of his guide, and it almost struck him as if Weigand the slender was riding beside him. ‘In God's name,’ he cried, ‘art thou the shade of the departed hero, who suffered and died for Verena?’—‘I suffered not—I died not; but ye suffer and ye die, ye poor beings,’ the stranger muttered. ‘I am not Weigand—I am that other who looked so like him, and whom thou also hast already met in the wood.’ Sintram wished to rescue himself from the horror which fell on him at these words. He looked at his horse; it appeared to him quite changed in form—on its head the dry coloured oak-leaves glistened like sacrificial flames in the glancing of the moonbeams. He looked down at his faithful Skovmaerke; him, too, had fear strangely disfigured. On the ground lay skeletons in the way, and foul lizards glided, and, in despite of the winter season, fungi were bursting out with a poisonous glow. ‘Is this, then, on which I ride, still my horse?’ the knight asked himself in a low voice; ‘and is the trembling animal that runs beside me my dog?’ Then some one behind him cried with a shrieking voice, ‘Hold, hold! or take me then also with you.’ Looking round, Sintram beheld a horrible little form, with horns and the face half of a boar, half of a bear, stepping on upright on horse-hoofs, a strange and hateful hook or scimitar in his hand,—it was the Being, who at other times troubled him in his dreams; and oh! it was the pernicious Kleinmeister too, and with a wild laugh it stretched out a long claw towards the knight's hip. In confusion, Sintram muttered, ‘Doubtless, I have fallen asleep, and now my dreams are breaking out.’—‘Thou wakest,’ replied the rider of the little horse, ‘but me also thou knowest from thy dreams, for lo! I am Death.’ And his garments fell from him, and from out of them came a putrefying corpse with the flesh stripped off, a half-dead face with a diadem of snakes; what had lain concealed under his cloak, was an hour-glass almost run out. This Death held towards the knight in his fleshless hand. The bell on his horse's neck accompanied it with a very solemn sound. It was a death-bell.—‘Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit,’ said Sintram in prayer, and rode with solemn resignation toward Death as he beckoned him on. ‘He has not got thee yet—he has thee not yet,’ screamed the horrible monster from behind; ‘rather give thyself up to me—in a moment—for speedy are thy thoughts, speedy is my power—in a moment thou standest in Normandy—Helen still blooms as fair as when she went from here, and she is thine this night.’”

Sintram rejects the temptation, and by a conjuration drives the demon away. "He will not come back," said Death in a friendly tone. "Then, doubtless, I have now become altogether thine, my solemn companion."—"Not yet, my Sintram—after many, many years, I come to thee, but forget me must thou not till then."

The errand of Death is to Biörn, but Sintram has saved him from Kleinmeister; and he lives on after his father's death, till Gotthard and Rudlieb Lenz bring him Engeltram of Montfaucon, Folko's only son, to be brought up after his example. And how the young knight profited by his teaching, and what deeds he afterwards wrought alone, the author intimates that "his future labours shall not leave untold."

It is pleasant to pass from critical carping to unmixt praise and to agree with all Europe in admiration of Undine. But that delightful romance is so universally known, that it would be a waste of our own and our readers' time to attempt any account of the story. While it has long delighted those for whom it was, perhaps, chiefly intended,—*Virginibus puerisque* of many nations,—philosophers have found in it new psychological ideas, and polemical writers a new testimony to catholicism. For ourselves, we will for the present be content to find in it an illustration of the law of taste, which has, as we have endeavoured to show, been more or less violated in all the other fictions which we have noticed. The pleasure of wonder at supernatural agency is not purchased here at the expense of suspicion and doubt. The great inward miracle on which the story turns, the conversion of the light elemental spirit into a thoughtful human soul, has so much symbolical truth, and so much direct natural interest, that it commends itself at once to our sympathy and belief. There is nothing violent in the transformation of Undine; from the first she is graceful in the midst of her waywardness, and beloved by all before she has learnt to love; and afterwards there is

"Nothing in her that doth fade;  
But doth suffer a love change  
Into something rich and strange."

And the miracle will perhaps least seem a miracle to those who have most observed and reflected on actual life. The other supernatural circumstances, the agency of Kühleborn (Coolburn) and of Undine herself, are skilfully shaded off into probability by the partial surprise which is from time to time excited and again allayed by familiarity, in the minds of the human personages of the story. The old fisherman and his wife are but half aware

that the forest is inhabited by spirits and goblins, and to the last Hulbrand is uneasy and displeased with his connexion with the water-spirits. The resemblance between Kühleborn and the waterfall or thunder-shower, from which he shapes out his grey form, leaves a becoming indistinctness and uncertainty on our minds, which we feel no call to examine more minutely, because we perceive that Bertha, or Huldbrand, or the old priest, represent fairly our natural scepticism. It is a high achievement in art to interpose a medium between the story and the reader, which shall intercept all interchange of improbability and incredulity; and it is accomplished by the poetical earnestness which communicates to fictitious characters a portion of the individual consciousness of the writer. Deeply are we indebted to the imagination of our author for his beautiful creation. It was suggested to him by some of the writings of Paracelsus, or "to give him his full title, Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus ab Hohenheim." "My copy of the image," he says, "was better and more consistent from the fact that the old magician treated with the most immovable conviction—one was almost tempted to call it matter of faith—of the positive reality of his elementary spirits; not only of the Undines or Undenes as he expresses himself, but also of the Sylphids or spirits of the air, of the Salamanders or spirits of fire, of the Gnomes or spirits of the earth. From the three latter classes, the author has since brought to light two other novels, and, as he may venture to say, not without success. But to apply here the words of his old master, A. W. Schlegel, which were spoken on a widely different occasion, 'Undine remains the first love, and that is felt but once.'"

The present collection contains, in addition to the works which we have noticed, several tales, including "The Eagle and the Lion," "Rosaura and her Kindred," and "Aslauga's Knights," and several poems, some of them legendary and romantic, but the more interesting part of them connected with the Baron's personal experience. He seems to us to have been singularly fortunate in the circumstances and the age in which he has lived: for it is his ambition to be known in a twofold character. "Er ist ein treuer Ritter, und dient den Frau'n mit Schwerdt und Zither;"\* and certainly since the age of chivalry has departed, there never was a struggle in which poetry and action came so near together, in which religious consciousness was felt by soldiers in the field, so fully as in the great

\* "He is a true knight, and serves the ladies with sword and lyre."

struggle of Germany to liberate itself from France. "Our marches (in Silesia and Saxony in 1813) might, in more than one sense," he says, with a solemn pun, "be called Kreuzzüge—*crusades, cross-marches*." After serving in the campaigns on the Rhine in 1794 and 1795, Fouqué lived in literary retirement for many years: but, like all other true Prussians, he felt the disgrace and oppression of the French dominion from 1806 to 1813 as a personal misfortune: and his feelings of sorrow and of hope attracted him, like so many others of his noblest countrymen, to rally round the only spirit which appeared to stand erect in the general prostration. There is something almost inexplicable in the patriotic enthusiasm with which Fichte's *Addresses to the German Nation* were received. Fouqué writes of them with grave admiration,

"Thus spake a true and faithful mouth  
Out of a faithful heart of truth;  
Amidst envenomed foes he spake,  
While anxious friends around did quake:  
Forth flowed his accents strong and true,  
Set light and life in open view;  
And yet, of all the wicked there,  
None harmed him in a single hair;  
So far true German Act transcends  
All schemes to compass evil ends."

Now these celebrated lectures are principally devoted to an examination of the superiority which Germany enjoys over the rest of Europe in the possession of an indigenous language: from which the orator deduces the inference that in Germany alone can true freedom be realized. He warns his hearers earnestly against the error of attempting to recover external freedom, till a new and better generation has grown up under an altered system of education; and throughout, it appears to a reader of the present day, as if the practical exhortations of the philosopher must have been rather satisfactory than otherwise to the French officers who heard it, even if we make the very improbable supposition that they understood German and metaphysical reasoning sufficiently well to attach any meaning whatever to the language of Fichte. And yet there is no doubt whatever that he was incurring danger and arousing his country. Men who are all of one mind will find the key to any cipher; and the bookish German nation have a wonderful sympathy with scientific language. A great man was speaking to them on the subject of subjects, and they understood his end if not his methods. It was felt to be a continuation of the same appeal when, in 1813, he exhorted his pupils to join the army—though for reasons which appear to us incredibly whimsical—from considerations connected with the early migra-

tion of the Franks, the aboriginal settlements of the Germans, and the Corsican origin of Bonaparte.

Fouqué joined the army with the rank of captain, and we can well believe that he carried into the field the energy of his poetical battle-scenes. Indeed he sometimes had felt presentiments of future action, which were now satisfactorily realized. In painting the victory of the Swedes over the Finns, where Otto of Trautwangen, as he breaks into the enemy's infantry, shouts exultingly to his squadron of horse, "Strike, my Swedes, strike!"—the poet had a presentiment of a deed of arms yet to come.

"As he wrote the words down, and as often as he read them again, he was seized with a profound, one might almost say a mournful enthusiasm. In the battle of Lützen, where he charged a French square at the head of the Jägers, he felt the completion, and mingled with the hurrah of the squadron, in reference to Otto of Trautwangen, his shout of exultation, 'Strike, my Jägers, strike!'"

On another occasion, one of the princes of the blood came to Fouqué's corps when he was absent with a detachment, and asked for Heerdegen of Lichtenried. "Whom does your royal highness mean?" said a volunteer. "Why him with the scar on his brow—Fouqué."

Several of the minor poems in this collection refer to this campaign, and to the baron's retirement at its close in consequence of ill health. We select a few stanzas on the death of Major Wilhelm Von Röder, who fell at Culm, when Kleist with his Prussians crossed the line of Vandamme's retreat to Dresden, and completed the investment of his army. They seem to us to illustrate the high and religious spirit of the time, and in themselves to be nearly perfect in their grave simplicity. Of course the original will not be supposed to share in the awkwardness of a nearly literal translation.

Perhaps there was not one who rode  
So cheerful to the fray,  
Yet few so solemnly on God  
Have thought, and dying day;  
And lovingly on child and wife,  
And Earth so fair to view;  
And gave so freely blood and life,  
A Christian hero true:  
Therefore 'mid victory heralds mild  
To him God's summons bore:  
Through clouds of powder-smoke they smiled—  
He rested evermore.  
Good night, dear friend—Heaven's franchise now  
Unites thee with the blest:  
Ye who still watch, upon the foe,  
Your turn will come to rest.

It would be easy to add many general con-

considerations on Fouqué's genius, but we hope that the remarks which we have thrown out will be sufficient to explain our views, and in some degree to illustrate his works. We think he well deserves his wide reputation. The compliment is not ill chosen which has been paid him by Büsching in dedicating to him his translation of the *Nibelungen-Lied*, under the title of Volker; for, like the noble fiddler of Alsace, the baron is ready alike for music and for battle, and whether he or Otto charge the squares of infantry, we feel

How mightily he fiddled, the noble Fiddleman.

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ART. VII. — *Mathilde. Mémoires d'une jeune Femme, par EUGENE SUE.* (*Mathilde. Memoirs of a Young Woman.*) 5 vols. Paris. 1842.

It would be difficult to find a collection of incidents more unnatural, or a set of characters more exaggerated, than those which compose the *Mathilde* of Monsieur Sue. And yet it has been the most popular book of the season, the most universally read, and not undeservedly so: for it interests, and has a foundation of truth and spirit at the bottom of its extravagances, which draws the reader on from volume to volume.

We understood that the French had grown tired of their extravagant school; that the distortions of Hugo and Balzac had palled upon the public taste; that *Hans of Iceland* and *Bug Jargal* no longer inspired horror, but *ennui*; and that, in commercial phrase, there was a demand for the natural and simple. Madame Dudevant at first promised to satisfy this taste, and it was one of the secrets of her early success. But Madame Dudevant unfortunately gave herself to philosophical studies and speculations upon human life, which removed her ninety degrees from anything like nature. The misty spectacles she put on distorted all objects fully as much as the green vision of either Balzac or Hugo. Then came Charles Bernard as the type of the natural school, and clever and successful he proved. But in the end his condiment was found not full-flavoured enough for French palates, and all run back to Monsieur Eugene Sue's catering.

The true secret of *Mathilde's* success, however, is the story coming so home to every French female. Their life begins at the moment when their prudent relatives

betroth or sell them to a mortal possessing the requisite qualifications for a husband. Of old, ladies were not unwisely nurtured in convents, awaiting the time of sacrifice, with curiosity and *espiglerie* unrepressed perhaps, but still unsophisticated, and unspoiled by a full sight and inspection of the world, as is now the case. The young lady is not, indeed, allowed the use of her tongue and of free intercourse; but she has eyes and ears, and is allowed the full liberty of judgment, if not of choice. Then however close may be drawn the curtains of the French nursery, the prevalent ideas, the moral atmosphere which reigns and prevails without, penetrate in some degree within, and coming upon the simplicity of youth, beget strange effervescence. The last century in France was corrupt enough; but there was a world of light and a world of darkness—purity, strictness, religion in the one; the very contrary existing or affected in the other. Now there are no such compartments. Good and Ill in persons, in sentiments, in things, are intermingled, as veins in marble, past tracing or separating. And there is no retreat from pleasure to devotion. The young female is no longer entrusted to the priest and the convent; but is allowed to form her own code of morality, her own tissue of sentiment, which in generous minds is of course romantic.

There is, hence, a great tendency in France towards exchanging the matter-of-fact simplicity, which hitherto marked the young French damsel, for a degree of sensibility and sentimentalism which surpass even the English standard. The work at present under review is written to meet this taste. It has a Grandisonian hero, and a heroine very unlike one of Balzac, or Madame Sand: a virtuous, high-minded, self-denying female. Hitherto the female sex has been caricatured by French romancers. M. Sue's portrait of his heroine at least is more like the truth of the time. And the fury with which it is snatched up and read, shows that it has started a vein of nature yet unexplored.

M. Sue takes *Mathilde* at her childhood, an orphan left to the care of a maiden aunt. This aunt, *Mademoiselle de Maran*, is one of the best characters of the book: a kind of female Talleyrand.

But let the author speak for himself.

"*Mademoiselle de Maran* abhorred and eschewed marriage; she was deformed, expert at wit and raillery. In spite of her deformity, her downright ugliness, and shortness of stature, a

physiognomy could with difficulty be found so imposing and haughty as hers. She certainly did not inspire that respectful deference which noble features or dignified affability command; but her presence begot a kind of fear and self-diffidence in others. Acute, adroit, full of penetration, dreaded for her sarcastic malignity, which neither feared nor spared any one, Mademoiselle de Maran made her sex and her deformity pretexts to wound all within her reach. She incurred ridicule willingly, on condition of being allowed to employ it unsparingly. With the most dangerous art, she made use of those secrets which she had the tact of drawing from thoughtless or unsuspecting persons, to astonish her dupes afterwards with her knowledge; well acquainted with the vulnerable points of others, the fear of giving pain never stopped her. She affected in general a certain familiarity of speech approaching vulgarity. Having passed a portion of her youth at *Ponchartrain*, with old Madame Maurepas (when Monsieur Maurepas was banished to that place), she had contracted a habit of using very free expressions, common in the time of the regency, and which in some circles continued late in the reign of Louis XV. Louis XVIII., who was fond of epigrammatical severity and coarse jokes, took much pleasure in my aunt's society, and was heard to say, that he felt more at his ease with her than with a man, and less constrained than with a woman. She was an adept in political affairs. I am convinced now that all *femmes politiques* are alike. They are a spurious race, possessing the ambitious egotistical passions of man, without any of the qualities and graces of women: barrenness of mind, impotency of heart, hardness of temper, ridiculously exaggerated pretensions to knowledge, those are their distinguishing characteristics. In a word *femmes politiques* are a mixture of the pedagogue and the stepmother. When a child I was always afraid of Mademoiselle de Maran; her long, thin, dark face, her strongly-marked features, were rendered still harsher by a quantity of false hair half concealing a forehead flat like an adder's. She had thick, grey eyebrows, and small, piercing, brown eyes. She wore in all seasons a dark-brown silk dress, with a bonnet of the same colour; the latter rarely quitted her head; she even wore it in bed, in a morning, when she usually breakfasted, read, or wrote, enveloped in a brown silk cloak. At the back of the alcove curtained with dark red damask, containing her bed, was a large crucifix of ivory on black velvet ground. This was merely an affectation of piety—a kind of decorous show, for I do not remember ever seeing my aunt at mass. Nearly all the windows were of painted glass. Among other subjects was a beheading of John the Baptist. Upon the marble secretary stood two cases containing the deceased father and grandfather of her lap-dog. Several family portraits stood out from the wainscoting. Finally the chimney was ornamented with two immense china figures, whose rolling eyes and wagging heads struck terror into my young heart."

This maiden aunt conceived a deadly dislike to Mathilde, torments her childhood, corrupts her youth, and instils vanity and

malignant passions. She gives her as companion a young and poor relative; in order to beget in Mathilde the heartless manners of a superior, and in the cousin the rancour of one treated as an inferior. As far as Mathilde is concerned, the aunt fails. Her heart remains generous and disinterested. Mademoiselle de Maran, however, winds up her malignity by betrothing Mathilde to a spendthrift, attached to the court; with a fine name and handsome person; weak, the slave of pleasure; and in short a bad husband *par excellence*. The consequences,—that is, the mortifications, disappointments, disasters and struggles of a French wife,—fill five of Monsieur Sue's volumes.

Amongst the merits or demerits of the novel is the introduction of living, or well-known characters; so changed indeed, or veiled, or exaggerated, as scarcely to be taken as a resemblance: but still like enough to pique and entertain curiosity, and amuse by their traits. Thus, the villain of the piece—Lugarto—has some points in common with Demidoff, a man more fond of pleasure than plagued by scruples, and the malicious public has set down the caricature for a portrait. We mentioned the likeness of Mademoiselle de Maran to Talleyrand. Ursule, the companion of Mathilde, is an amplification of Madame Laffarge.

This is the sketch of Lugarto:

"Lugarto is scarcely twenty-three: he is of Brazilian origin. His father, son of a slave half-caste, was set free in his infancy. This man, who had been steward to a very distinguished Portuguese nobleman, had managed so well—or so ill—his master's property, that he ruined him completely, and acquired a great portion of his wealth. Such was the origin of a fortune, which, at first considerable, became at length colossal, by mining and other speculations, in South America; so that at his death M. Lugarto left his son more than sixty millions of francs. Lugarto, the father, had lived in the colonies with the pomp and depravity of a satrap. Deeply corrupted, avowing a disbelief in all virtue, as cowardly as wicked, it is said he had, in a fit of anger, so cruelly maltreated one of his wives, that she died from the effects of his violence. After setting his son a most frightful example, he died; leaving Lugarto, at the age of fifteen, master of a princely fortune, surrounded by depravity and adulation of all kinds. At twenty he already felt the disgust and satiety of old age. He had indulged in excesses of all the pleasures which gold can procure; his constitution is frail and delicate from having outgrown his strength; young only in years, his countenance, in spite of agreeable features, has something morbid, withered, convulsive in it, indicating premature infirmity. The morals of Lugarto are exceed-

ingly depraved; he is faithless, without courage, without goodness, with a sovereign contempt for men: nearly all having basely flattered his supremacy. By turns madly prodigal, or sordidly avaricious, his expenditure has but one source, pride; but one end, ostentation. The shrewdest attorney has not a better knowledge of affairs than he; without any assistance he manages his immense riches, with a skill and sagacity really wonderful, and increases them every day by the least honourable speculations. A faithful likeness of his father, the ignoble rapacity of the slave struggles in him with the ridiculous vanity of the freedman. Everything proves his double nature: his rigidly-regulated luxury, his high-sounding but parsimonious pomp: even to his public alms-giving, done carelessly, without any sympathy for the misfortunes he relieves. Two incurable wounds, however, poison Lugarto's imperial opulence; his lowness of birth, and the consciousness of how little personal merit he possesses. Thus, by a compromise, which deceives none but himself, he has procured the title of count, and has invented some ridiculous coat of arms. Exalted by adulation and pride, adulation and pride torture him. He knows that it is to his fortune alone he owes the attentions accorded him: poor to-morrow, he would be completely despised: at times his rage against fate knows no bounds: but like his father, Lugarto is as cowardly as wicked, and repays prosperity so unjustly heaped upon him, by ill-treating in the most cruel manner all whose position compels them to support his violence. Women—even women—have not escaped his brutality. Notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding his odious vices, the world has always received him with smiles; the boldest have shown him but indifference."

The following is a tilt between the male and female demon of the tale. It is rich in malice.

" 'M. Lugarto!' exclaimed Mademoiselle de Maran suddenly, without quitting her knitting, interrupting one of those pauses so frequent in conversation, 'was that your carriage I saw you in the other day?' 'Why,' said M. Lugarto carelessly, 'do you ask?' Instead of replying to this question, Mademoiselle de Maran asked another. 'Why were there arms painted on the panels if it be yours?' 'They are mine, madame,' said he, reddening with vexation, for his usual audacity failed him when his pretensions to nobility were attacked. 'Did you pay much for those arms, M. Lugarto?' There was for a moment a very embarrassing silence. M. Lugarto frowned, bit his lips, then looked at Gontran in a manner at once angrily and beseechingly, who exclaimed quickly, 'Apropos of arms, Mademoiselle de Maran, will you have the kindness to lend me your Hozier? I want to seek one of the collateral branches of our family.' 'Be quiet with your collateral branches,' replied she, 'you are interrupting a very interesting conversation!—I say, M. Lugarto, if they sold you those arms dearly, you have been nicely robbed. I lay a wager that it is the invention of your coachmaker; if so, permit me to tell you there is no

sense in them. As if you should follow the advice of such persons! Since you had that whim, you should have addressed yourself to —,' 'But, madame,' said Lugarto, pale with suppressed passion—'But, sir, I repeat, your coachmaker, or his painter, are fools. Was there ever such a thing seen in heraldry as metal upon metal? They have cheated you in the grossest manner, with their *gold stars in a silver field*: they imagined that, perhaps, as giving the most ingenious idea of your heaps of piastres and doubloons.' Without reckoning the two lions rampant with which these blockheads have loaded your shield—though, do you know, they would have a superb effect, those two lions rampant, if they did not happen to belong to the royal family of Aragon.'

" 'I did not invent those arms, madame, they belong to my family,' said M. Lugarto, rising with impatience, and casting a furious glance at Gontran. The latter in vain tried to put a stop to the conversation; Mademoiselle de Maran did not so easily abandon her prey. 'Ah! *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* Really now—they are the arms of our family!' exclaimed she, taking off her spectacles and clasping her hands on her knees with an appearance of the most natural *bonhomie*. 'Why did you not tell me that before? After all, there is nothing unnatural in that. It is possible, you see, that a Lugarto, for some great deed of arms against the Moors of Aragon, obtained from the King of Spain the signal favour of bearing two lions rampant on his arms: the same as our kings granted the *fleur-de-lis* to certain French families. Like your *étoiles d'or en champ d'argent*, I am quite sure some great heraldic mystery is buried in the archives of your family. And I who laughed at them! But now, I assure you upon my word, that I quite admire your *étoiles d'or en champ d'argent*! It is, perhaps, in its kind, a blazon as singular, as particular, as the cross of Lorraine, the *créquier* of Créquy, the *mâcles* of Rohan. It must be excessively curious, the origin of your *étoiles d'or en champ d'argent*! Do find it out for us, will you?' 'Madame, if this is a raillery, I must own frankly that I think it in very bad style,' said M. Lugarto, endeavouring to be cool. 'Not at all, not at all, my dear sir, I assure you I never was more serious. For I remember you are of Brazilian origin. Brazil belongs to Portugal, Portugal did belong to Spain: you see in going back we approach the kings of Aragon. There is now but one small circumstance which stops my progress towards the past.' 'Bless my soul, Madame! do not trouble yourself any further. I return you my thanks for all your solicitude,' exclaimed M. Lugarto. Mademoiselle pretended not to hear him, and continued, 'Ah, yes! there is but that little difficulty! they say that your grandfather was a negro slave, or something like it.'—'Madame, you abuse'—'It is that,' said Mademoiselle de Maran, continuing her knitting, 'which puts me out; for I cannot figure to myself your grandfather with a count's coronet on his head. I fancy he would have resembled those ugly savages of Bougainville, who wore a cross of Saint Louis at the tip of the nose. Do not you think so?' I shuddered at the almost ferocious expression of M. Lugarto's

countenance at that moment, more especially as he burst into a fit of convulsive laughter. 'Now is not mine an amusing comparison, M. Lugarto?' 'Very, Madame, very,' he replied; 'but you must own that I show good temper.' 'Why certainly, the best in the world; and I am sure you bear no malice. And you are right; for there is nothing more innocent than my jokes.' 'Malice!' said Lugarto; 'could you imagine such a thing? As a proof, I shall run away with Gontran, in order to laugh at our ease at my gold stars on a silver field.'

"While you are about it, you may as well laugh at the lions rampant," added Mademoiselle de Maran, 'they are the best part of your blazon. But this is all folly; keep your arms. It is all that is necessary for the eyes of the bourgeois, for your innocent pretensions to aristocracy do not pass the threshold of the ante-room. As for us, you have much more to dazzle or rather charm us, than your *étoiles d'or en champ d'argent*; you have all kinds of good qualities, both of heart and mind; immense knowledge and modest ingenuity: so, if even you were not a *millionnaire* you would still be a man *joliment intéressant*,—mind, I tell you so.' 'I am quite sensible of the value of your praises, Madame; I will endeavour to repay you suitably, and if possible extend my gratitude to your family, and those in whom you are interested,' replied Lugarto, bitterly casting a furious look at me. 'I rely upon your word, for I am not an egotist,' said Mademoiselle de Maran, with a strange smile."

This semi-Brazilian, semi-French satrap, of course makes love to the wife of his friend, De Lancry, who, on his part, secure of her affection, deems it unnecessary to offend the rich Lugarto, on whom he is in a great measure dependant. Such conduct brings him into obloquy in the world and disgrace at court. A mock quarrel and duel ensue. De Lancry is obliged to absent himself; and by counterfeiting De Lancry's writing, Lugarto entices Mathilde to a lone house in the neighbourhood of Chantilly. He makes her swallow a sleeping potion in her supper, and then appears, like Mephistophiles, to acquaint her that she is in his power. All this may appear very commonplace, improbable, and absurd: yet French readers lend an ear to it, knowing how very similar the facts are to those that befell a lady of the noble family of La Rochefoucault not many years since, from a wealthy Lugarto.

We have here the scene in the lone house.

"M. Lugarto said to me, with one of his diabolical looks, 'The inhabitants of this house are devoted to me. No human power can deliver you.' Struck with horror I rushed to the window, exclaiming, 'Approach me not!' He merely

shrugged his shoulders, and drawing out a pocket-book which he laid on the table, said, 'Come, you had better sit down, for I have a great deal to tell you.' 'Great God! have pity on me,' I said, throwing myself on my knees. After a fervent prayer I rose more firm; and, casting a look of defiance on M. Lugarto, I said, 'There is a God in heaven; I have friends upon earth!' 'If you rely upon M. de Mortagne you may despair, for his carriage was broken in the descent from Luzarches. He was taken out nearly dead; you have a proof of that in seeing me so quietly sitting here. He and M. de Rochegune have been dogging my steps for the last two months, and have seduced from me those I thought incorruptible. They have already been the cause of my failing in two places against you. This time I have them.' 'Oh! you are as cowardly as cruel,' said I, clasping my hands in horror. 'No! I am merely nervous, because I have no desire to die at present. I am in love with you. By-the-by you must think me either a great novice or a very cold admirer, that I am in no hurry to talk of my passion, when I have one of the prettiest women in Paris in my power. But do not be impatient. I will explain the reason of my appearing rather too respectful. Look at that timepiece, you see it is now half-past eleven. Mark me well—before midnight you will be completely in my power. At supper you took a powerful narcotic; you must already feel symptoms of heaviness; meanwhile, in awaiting the critical moment, let us have a little conversation.' I uttered a terrible cry, for I had imagined that the dull heaviness I felt merely proceeded from fatigue and want of sleep. I questioned as it were my sensations, with dreadful uneasiness; I pressed my hand to my forehead, it was burning; my head was heavy; I could scarcely raise my eyelids; I tried to rise, my knees bent under me. 'This, indeed, is not sleep,' I exclaimed in affright; 'it is agony, living death. It is dreadful—I feel my strength going. God of heaven! God of vengeance! will you then abandon me?' Alas! whether it was that my imagination, struck by the revelation of M. Lugarto, hastened the effects of the narcotic, or that it acted naturally, I felt a kind of languor and oppression which I could not overcome. In spite of myself I fell again into the arm-chair, by the side of the table where that dreadful supper had been served. I trembled convulsively; I could scarcely speak; in my terror I supplicated the monster by signs. 'I was quite sure of the effects of the narcotic,' he at last began: 'I have often tried it. Good! now you are seated, soon you will be unable to move, but you can still hear. Listen to me—it will amuse you.' It is true I heard, but vaguely. I seemed a prey to some horrible dream; my eyes were fixed; twice I endeavoured to rise and call for assistance: my strength, my voice failed.

"I tell you it is useless," said Lugarto. 'Listen to me—you shall now know your beloved Gontran, and the reason of my aversion to him. Two years ago, in Paris, I discovered in an humble position a pearl, a treasure of beauty, a noble heart, enchanting wit,—in fact, an adorable young girl. She knew me not for what I am. This young girl loved me, but she was virtuous.



Irritated by contradiction, I became so enamoured of her,—I found her so lovely, good, ingenuous,—that I should have been fool enough to marry her. An infernal spirit I am sure led me to become acquainted with Gontran de Lancry at that time; I became intimate with him; I confided my secret, my projects to him. I presented him to this young girl as my most intimate friend. A month after this presentation, I was dispossessed, supplanted by him. He had revealed—vilified my intentions, seduced her, till then so pure. The unfortunate committed suicide on finding herself soon after abandoned by De Lancry. This was the work of your husband—he withered, destroyed, the only true affection I have perhaps felt in my life—at one blow, and for ever, wounded my heart and my pride, in snatching from me so disdainfully a conquest that I would have purchased with my hand. This is what I will never pardon him. You do not know what that man has made me suffer! M. Lugarto seemed to quit his tone of cold irony as he uttered the last words. ‘You have at least known one generous sentiment,’ I exclaimed. ‘In the name of it, I entreat you, have pity upon me: I feel my strength, my senses, abandon me!’ M. Lugarto replied, with a loud laugh, ‘Why, what a child you are! It is quite plain: I give you a narcotic: it is to take effect: your sleepiness will increase until you are quite overcome. To return to De Lancry. If I have forgotten that young girl,—the rage at having been sacrificed to Gontran, the thirst for vengeance, still remains in my heart. Had I had the courage to fight with De Lancry, it seems to me that I must have killed him, I hated him so much; but, as I have before told you, I am nervous. I have waited. And then vengeance, as it is vulgarly said, *se mange très-bien froide*. Besides, some warning voice whispered me that sooner or later Gontran would not escape me. Last year I was in London; he came there with the wreck of his fortune; he wished to appear with a certain splendour in order to catch some rich heiress in marriage. I met him with an open countenance; I began by laughing at the capital trick he had played me in taking off that young girl; he laughed at it also, and was delighted to find that I took it so well; we again became intimate. His marriage made no progress. I spread the report of his ruin and his interested designs, adding that he was already laughing at the heiress he expected to catch in his conjugal nets. Finally, notwithstanding his title, his wit, his good looks, the charming De Lancry was not able to catch an obscure citizen’s heiress. But this chase after one had exhausted his last resource. His uncle, the Duc de Versac, would not give him a sou: your dear Gontran was reduced to the last extremity, when the demon inspired him. He borrowed money from me for the first time; from that day he was in my power. I lent him a thousand louis so easily—he knew my fortune to be immense—that he accepted it without scruple and returned to the charge. I advised him for his own interest to appear with renewed splendour. It had been said he was ruined, he would prove it to be false. He would not fail this time to make a good match. As to the ex-

pense, I would furnish him the means and he could then repay me. I seem a fool to you, perhaps, for De Lancry might not marry, and I should lose my money. But, in order to succeed in my designs, it was necessary for me to inspire him with a blind confidence in my generosity and my friendship. You will see that I make good use of my money. Each time that I had lent him a considerable sum, I had given him merely a simple draught signed by me upon my banker,—take notice of this. One day I quitted London suddenly without informing De Lancry. I knew he was without money. I sent him a certain sharp Jew who offered him thirty thousand francs upon his recognizances. De Lancry, reckoning upon my payment, signed.

“I was at Brighton, from whence I watched him. My project was ripe—gold is a magic wand. Some time after the loan I caused a young person, the heiress of 150,000 francs a-year, to be proposed to Gontran. I was unacquainted with the parents; they had the greatest confidence in me. I had engaged myself that De Lancry should have more than two millions; only I persuaded the parents not to treat upon the money question before my arrival. From habit, De Lancry always gave out that he was a *millionaire*: he sued the young lady; and a day was agreed upon for the arrangements. When this was arranged I wrote from Brighton to De Lancry: his answer was, a demand for two thousand louis to pay the Jew, for the time of payment was nearly expired: the Jew was un pitying, and he might arrest him. It would have been rather disagreeable to be imprisoned just as he was going to obtain such a fortune. The evening before the day of payment arrived, I had well calculated, De Lancry was in a dreadful agitation; when I wrote to him by post, without giving my address—mark this—sending him a draft for two thousand louis, payable at sight, on my banker, with merely the usual words: “Bon pour deux mille livres sterling. Brighton. Comte de Lugarto.” I only wrote a few lines, to tell De Lancry that I was quitting Brighton, and would inform him soon where I was. I arranged that the letter should arrive in the evening. De Lancry had a valet of my recommendation. When the draft arrived he put it in a drawer, and went out, leaving the key in the lock, for he is not famous for order. The servant took the draft, and returned it to me by my orders. The next day De Lancry sought his draft, of course in vain, the valet knew nothing about it. He played his part well. The Jew arrived, insisted upon having his money, and threatened to speak to the family of the young lady, and thus prevent his marriage. De Lancry, almost distracted, related to his valet, in whom he had the greatest confidence, his terrible embarrassment. My man then, following rigidly my instructions, pretended to hesitate, and at last said, ‘The Count de Lugarto has sent your lordship a draft for two thousand louis; he intends lending your lordship, then, that sum; you have lost the draft. What harm would there be if your lordship wrote another?’ ‘What, villain! a forgery?’ ‘But if M. de Lugarto has sent your lordship a draft, and this draft is lost—it comes to the same thing. Whom

would it harm if you made another!' Your dear Gontran allowed himself to be persuaded by this rhetoric, after a few scruples of conscience: an hour after, he presented a forged draft to my banker. But this arouses you,' added M. Lugarto, seeing that I made a desperate effort to rise. 'You lie! you lie!' I exclaimed, in a weakened voice, 'Gontran is incapable of such infamy.' Exhausted by this movement, I again fell back in my chair. From this moment everything appeared strange to me. I seemed to see all the persons he mentioned appear before me as in a dream. 'As a proof that I do not lie in accusing De Lancry of forgery,' replied Lugarto, showing me a paper, 'here is the forged draft. Some days before, I had confidentially informed my banker, under the seal of the greatest secrecy, that De Lancry, making an abuse of my friendship, might perhaps present a draft from me; but, from respect for the name he bore, I begged him to pay it without taking notice, but to keep the draft and draw up a statement of the crime; that if my unworthy friend did not amend I might punish him. This was done: sure and honourable witnesses were procured, who saw De Lancry bring the draft and receive the money. These witnesses signed a verbal process, which I have here. You see I have but a word to say, in order to send your husband to the galleys.' I hid my face in my hands with horror. 'This explains the secret of my power over De Lancry. Although the Jew was paid his thirty thousand francs, Gontran's marriage did not take place. I withdrew my guarantee without explaining why. De Lancry being asked to prove his possession of the fortune he pretended to have, of course could not; every one turned their backs on him, and he again became as poor as Job; his only wealth the 200,000 francs which he owed me. It was dear, but his soul belonged to me, as Satan would say. When De Lancry found himself thus in my power he became furious; but what could he do? resign himself, under pain of being — It was then he received a letter from his uncle, proposing a marriage with you. That delighted me; my vengeance would be doubled; I should have two lives to dispose of instead of one. In order to make the fine project of Made-moiselle de Marand, and M. de Versac succeed, I lent Gontran 100,000 francs in advance upon your marriage portion. The marriage took place. I was ill in London, or I would have assisted at the wedding. As soon as my health was restored I wrote to interrupt De Lancry's honeymoon. I ordered him to return to Paris. As soon as I saw you I loved you, and determined that you should be mine. Now, what I will—I will. I declared to your husband that I would make love to you, he resigned himself in a rage. However, he trusted to your principles of virtue, and he was right—you have forced me to have recourse to force. You know the rest, even to the scene at Tortoni's. His headstrong passion overcame him. At two in the morning, however, he was in my house on his knees, weeping, and imploring pardon for himself and for you. I again allowed myself to be softened, on these conditions. First—a duel was necessary, and I was too nervous to accept one. It was

agreed that we should be reported to have fought with only two soldiers as witnesses: that I had received a sword wound; which was done, and I pass for a *crâne*. Second—Lancry was to leave Paris immediately for London, where he is now. Before his departure I made him write to you, without telling my reason, the first letter which you received in Paris, and which induced you to come here. The others are from me, for your husband is not the only person who can counterfeit writing and commit forgery. I have forgotten nothing, I think—No.

"Now, as a little sense still remains, look well at your position. For two months, thanks to me, the world is persuaded that we are on the best possible terms with each other, and, if it could be doubted, they can now judge from facts. You came here willingly: you have concealed this journey from your aunt, M. de Versac, and Madame de Ksernika, since you told them by letter that you were going to join your cousin, Madame Sécherin; it is thought that your husband wounded me in a duel; it will be thought that you have come to attend upon me, to console my sufferings;—how will you deny it? where are your proofs? My forged letters, you will say; but presently, when you are asleep, I will take them from you and burn them. Your servants are all devoted to me, and besides they will say they acted by your orders. This is not all. To crown the whole, one of your relations, hearing, without doubt, of your infamous conduct, has followed you to prevent your dishonouring yourself. Your passion has blinded you so far that you assist a servant to make this virtuous relation fall into an abominable snare, where he has, perhaps, lost his life. What can you say now? I defy the most skilful attorney to contradict this—to prevent you falling under these appearances. And I have managed so well that it is known that you have not been to Madame Sécherin, and that you have come to give me a sad and tender adieu. To-morrow morning (your sleep will last eight or ten hours) I set off for Italy. I will leave you to awake at your leisure, and to write to Gontran, *poste-restante*, London, to return and console you if that amuses him. I will take with me the forgery—that infernal thread at the end of which I hold the soul of Gontran and your own. As for the 300,000 francs that your husband owes me, I have the acknowledgments here. After my departure you will find them torn up, for I am a gallant and generous man.' This last piece of infamy roused the little strength that I had left. M. Lugarto arose, looked at the timepiece, and said, "In ten minutes you will be in my power." In making a desperate movement to rise from the chair where I seemed nailed, my eyes fell on a knife. I now scarcely remember if I wished to destroy myself to escape from dishonour, or if I fancied that the loss of blood would rouse me from the horrible state in which I was; but I seized the knife, and with all my remaining strength endeavoured to plunge it into my breast: the blade slid and wounded me slightly in the shoulder. This movement was so rapid that Lugarto did not perceive it. A well known voice exclaimed with horror: 'Mathilde, hold!' I rose up with a movement almost convulsive

—I stepped forward—and fell into the arms of M. de Mortagne, who rushed towards me from the next room.

"M. de Rohegune who accompanied him, seized M. Lugarto by the collar with one hand and double-locked the door by which he had entered. The surprise of seeing M. de Mortagne and M. de Rohegune, recalled my fleeting senses entirely. Perhaps the slight wound I had given myself had a salutary effect also, for I felt almost in my natural state of health. While M. de Mortagne stopped the bleeding, M. de Rohegune seized M. Lugarto's papers; the latter had become livid with terror. The face of M. de Mortagne was scratched and bruised; his clothes, as well as those of M. de Rohegune, were covered with mud. I then began to think of the providential succour which had reached me. I thanked God for having saved me from worse than death. I was a silent spectator to the following scene, but it is graven on my heart in indelible characters. After having attended to my wants and placed me in an arm chair, M. de Mortagne said to me, 'My poor child, you are now going to witness the judgment and execution of this monster.' And he turned towards M. Lugarto. 'What do you intend to do to me? You will not surely take advantage of your superior force?' cried the latter, extending his arms supplicatingly. 'On your knees first—on your knees!' said M. de Mortagne, in a terrible voice; and with his powerful hand he seized Lugarto by the collar and forced him on his knees. 'Why it is an ambush—an abuse of—' 'Hold your tongue,' cried M. de Mortagne. 'But—' 'One word more and I gag you.' M. Lugarto, overcome, suffered his head to fall on his chest. 'Listen to me well,' said M. de Mortagne: 'you must write to De Lancry that you send him back the forged bond which may ruin him; I wish him to think that you act on your own free will, and that no person is in your horrible confidence. You understand me.' The features of M. Lugarto, which had been for a moment changed, regained their accustomed audacity. Still on his knees, he looked askance at M. de Mortagne and said: 'You take me for a child, then; it is true you may seize my papers by force, but I defy you to make me write your wishes.' 'You will not write?'—'Non!—Non!'—'Once more, then, non.' M. de Mortagne was silent for an instant and looked round the room, then said suddenly: 'Rohegune, give me the cord that fastens back the curtain; is it strong?' 'Very strong,' said M. de Rohegune, giving him a long silken cord. 'What are you going to do?' cried Lugarto, half rising. M. de Mortagne again forced him on his knees. 'I will put this cord round your forehead and tighten it till you yield. This is a means of torture I have often seen practised in India. Thanks to it, the most obstinate yield.' 'You will not, dare not, do that!' cried Lugarto, trembling—'Law, justice!'—'I take upon myself to answer them. The important part of the business is that you write,' said M. de Mortagne, with the most terrible coolness, as he made a slip-knot in the cord. 'But I will not suffer myself to be'—'Look at me well, look at M. de Rohegune, then took at your own puny person,

and you will see if you can resist us.' 'But'—'Oh! let us end this. Rohegune, take his hands.' The face of M. Lugarto became hideous with terror. I put my hand on my eyes. A kind of struggle took place, then a piercing cry, and I heard M. Lugarto say in a trembling voice, 'Mercy—mercy!—I will write; but you are two to one, and you take advantage of it.' 'Will you write?' thundered M. de Mortagne. Lugarto resigned himself and wrote what M. de Mortagne dictated. 'I have kept up the joke too long with you, my dear Lancry, about you know what. I send you back the papers in question. Let this secret rest henceforth between you and me, for I am quite ashamed of it. I am off to Italy. Adieu, yours—LUGARTO.'

" 'I hope this is all,' said he, 'I yield to force alone.' 'But patience, patience. How much does M. de Lancry owe you?' said M. de Mortagne. 'The bonds of De Lancry are in that pocket-book,' said M. de Rohegune, '320,000 francs.' M. de Mortagne wrote a few lines and gave them to Lugarto. 'Here,' said he, 'is a draft for that sum payable on my banker. You must get your correspondent to receive it.' He then tore up the acknowledgments of Gontran. 'Why this is infamous, it is a robbery!' 'And Gontran's forged draught?' said M. de Mortagne, without answering him. 'It is here,' said M. de Rohegune. M. de Mortagne added it to the letter that Lugarto had just written to De Lancry, and put the whole in his pocket-book. Seeing the means by which he might continue to torture his victim thus snatched from his hands, M. de Lugarto uttered a cry of fury almost savage. 'It is infamous—force, trapping, violence!' 'You wish me to gag you, then?' exclaimed M. de Mortagne. 'I forbid you speaking unless I question you—write again.' 'But'—'Rohegune, give me the cord.' M. Lugarto raised his eyes to heaven and obeyed. M. de Mortagne dictated."

Lugarto here writes a letter in the words demanded of him, being an ample confession of his crime and intrigue.

The scene then changes to *bourgeois* life. The friend and companion of Mathilde's childhood, Ursule, has married a worthy manufacturer of Touraine, of whose rusticity the said Ursule is marvellously ashamed. Madame Sécherin, the severe old mother, is well depicted, as well as Made-moiselle de Maran, in the midst of such a group. But as these portraiture is taken from the family of Madame Laffarge, of infamous celebrity, we need not dwell upon them.

A French novel can only be eked out by culpable attachments. Ursule, despising the manufacturing Sécherin, carries the affection of De Lancry, who after much wavering between love and neglect abandons his wife in a state of pregnancy. His abrupt departure with Ursule destroys her hopes of being a mother. And thus ends the first part of the novel.

When it opens again, Ursule is residing with Mademoiselle de Maran in the richest and gayest house of the metropolis, the expense of which is defrayed by Mathilde's fortune, which De Lancry is recklessly spending. Mathilde herself has retired to the quiet society of some old noble families, discontented with the arrangements of 1830. The group is well depicted. Here she becomes re-tormented by the intrigues of Lugarto, and perplexed as well as consoled by the attentions of her old admirer, M. de Rochegune. A divorce from her ingrate husband has become attainable, and the story seems approaching its *dénouement*, when a young beauty, the daughter of her intimate friend, falls in love with M. de Rochegune. Mathilde instantly waives her uncertain hopes to ensure the happiness of the young Emma, whom Rochegune reluctantly espouses. The act of self-sacrifice is well and dramatically depicted, and is the more painful, since, to induce Rochegune to forget her and to marry another, Mathilde is obliged to return to her worthless husband. The busy Lugarto, however, contrives to inform Rochegune's young and loving wife, that he espoused her from pity. This in the end causes her death, and leaves Rochegune a widower. Ursule dies repentant. A scene in which Mademoiselle de Maran is represented crippled by illness, unable to move, and tyrannized over by her servants, is very forcible. Though deprived of the merest necessities which her state requires, she has not a friend to vindicate her authority over her household, or change it. M. Sécherin, the husband of Ursule, kills De Lancry in a duel, and M. de Rochegune is finally united to Mathilde.

Such is a rapid sketch of the most successful French novel of the day. It is diffusely written, and much of its passion given in long letters, which are sure to fall into the hands of the person from whom they were intended to be kept secret. It is difficult to give specimens of such a work, or to indulge in extracts, without becoming interminable. We have merely said enough to entice those who are curious to look further, and to satisfy the incurious with a brief idea of the stuff of which popular French novels are composed.

HENRY WILDE. 2 vols. New York. 1842.

UPON the minuteness and obscurity of our attainable evidences with regard to a single important portion of a great poet's history—the Love and Madness of Tasso—great light is thrown by these clever volumes. And further additions to a very meagre stock are not, it seems, to be absolutely despaired of. The Medicean Records may be laid under more liberal contributions, and the Archives of Este cease to remain impenetrable. What even if a ray of light should straggle over the unsunned hoards of sumless wealth in the Vatican? "If windows were in heaven, might this thing be."

But in our days the poorest loophole will have to be broken, we suspect, with far different instruments from those it is the fashion to employ just now in Italy. It is enough at present if the oily instances of this or the other Minister-Residentary operate so happily upon the ruffled apprehensiveness of this or the other Chamberlain-Omnipotentary, as to allow a minute's glimpse of the Fortunate Isles through the incessant breakers that girdle them. The rude sea now and then grows civil, indeed; but a positive current setting landwards is the thing wanted, and likely to remain so. Ever and anon we seem on the point of a discovery. A scrap of letter turns up, or a bundle of notices drop out, and the Head Librarian for the time being considers the curiosity of some Dilettante Ambassador for the place being, and, provided the interest of the whole civilized world is kept out of sight with sufficient adroitness, becomes communicative.

"The anger of the Grand Duke arises from his being informed that I had revealed to the Duke of Ferrara . . . ! I cannot write all freely, but this is the gospel." So writes Tasso to "the one friend he now believes in, Scipio Gonzaga." And "this blank" sorrowfully subjoins Mr. Wilde, "is found in the first copy of the letter furnished for publication by the learned and candid Muratori, then librarian to the Duke of Modena." It contained an expression, says he, which it would be indecorous to repeat! Thus, at every step, where there is the slightest prospect of a clue to the truth, are we mortified by its destruction, through reserve or timidity. And if things were so in the green-tree time of the Muratoris, what shall be done in the dry stump of modern Lombardy or Tuscany?

ART. VIII.—*Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Impri-sonment of Torquato Tasso.* By RICHARD

Of certain important manuscripts recently discovered at Rome, and now in the course of publication, we regret to learn that the authenticity is considered too questionable to allow of their being brought forward to any useful purpose: so that, for the present, this result of Mr. Wilde's labour, now before us, must be regarded as conclusive: and fortunately our last, proves also our best, news. It is pleasant to find that the popular notion (we might say instinct) concerning this particular point of Tasso's career, grown up, uncertain how, from biographical gleanings here and gatherings there—somewhat shaken, as it was sure to be, by subsequent representations—seems again confirmed by these latest discoveries.

A couplet in a canzone, a paragraph in an epistle, had thus been sufficient to begin with. "Tasso was punished in a living hell by angels, because he unburthened his bosom to his lyre." "He would fain be released from this prison of Saint Anna, without being troubled for those things which from frenzy he has done and written in matters of love." After these, and a few other like notices, Professors might search, and Abbates research; the single Leonora become "three lady-loves at once;" and the dim torture at Ferrara a merciful effect of Duke Alfonso's consideration for "Signor Tasso, the noted poet's, deplorable madness;"—but the world, satisfied with its own suspicion, remained deaf to it all.

"If we suppose," sums up Mr. Wilde, "that his imprisonment was occasioned by the accidental or treacherous disclosure of amatory poetry, suspected to be addressed to the princess, everything becomes intelligible—his mistress's early injunctions of silence—his directions to Rondinelli—the dearer mysteries of his heart half-hinted to Gonzaga—the reference to her who corresponded so little to his love—his heavy sin of temerity—Madalò's more important treasons—the attempt to extort confession—the bitter rigour and unwonted arts—the words and acts that might increase Alfonso's ire—the order to feign insanity—the sacrifice of Abraham—the command that he must aspire to no fame of letters—the prohibition to write—the anger of the princesses—the allusions to his fond faults—to his Proserpine—to Ixion, and to the angels that punished him. By this supposition, also, Leonora's voluntary celibacy, notwithstanding the most advantageous offers of marriage, and Tasso's constant devotion to the duke, in spite of the rigour of his chastisement, are sufficiently accounted for."\*

How much that establishes old convictions, and how little that is even supplementary to them, have we here!

Such as it is, however, in what Mr. Wilde has done, he has gone the right way to work, and done it well. He has steadily restricted himself to the single point in question. It is that point in the poet's history, indeed, from which those to whom sonnets and madrigals, the Rinaldo and the Aminta, are all but unknown, will take warrant for some belief in their reported truth and beauty. It is undoubtedly that to which every student of Italian verse must refer the touching glimmer, as an outbreak through prison-bars, that colours every page of the *Giurusalemme*. Still it is but a point; and Mr. Wilde has not, perhaps, done less gracefully and wisely in leaving the rest untouched, than in accomplishing so thoroughly the task he took in hand. He relies upon his subject; is sure of the service he can render by an efficacious treatment of thus much of it; nor entertains any fear lest the bringing in a Before and After, with which he has no immediate concern, should be thought necessary to give interest to the At Present on which he feels he can labour to advantage. We suspect that if we would make any material progress in knowledge of this description, such works must be so undertaken. If, for example, the materials for a complete biography of Tasso are far from exhausted, let some other traveller from the west be now busied in the land of Columbus and Vespucci with the investigation—say, of the circumstances of the wondrous youth of Tasso; the orations at Naples and the Theses at Padua—and in the end we should more than probably have two spots of sunshine to find our way by, instead of one such breadth of dubious twilight, as, in a hazy book, written on the old principle of doing a little for every part of a subject, and more than a little for none, rarely fails to perplex the more.

Thinking thus, and grieving over what must be admitted to be the scantiness of the piece of sunshine here, and the narrow and not very novel track it would alone serve to lead us into,—a book\* was sent to us on a subject not very different from Mr. Wilde's, but on which the service he

\* Vol. II., p. 166.

\* "The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, with Notices of his Life, a History of the Rowley Controversy, a Selection of his Letters, and Notes Critical and Explanatory." Cambridge. 1842.

has sought to render to the memory of Tasso has not hitherto been attempted for a memory more foully outraged. We make no apology for a proposed effort to render some such service. It is no very abrupt desertion of the misfortunes of Tasso, to turn to the misfortunes of Chatterton. All these disputed questions in the lives of men of genius—all these so-called calamities of authors—have a common relationship, a connection so close and inalienable, that they seldom fail to throw important light upon each other.

To the precocity of genius in the Neapolitan boy at seven years old—the verse and prose from the College of the Jesuits—no parallel can be found in modern times, till we arrive at the verses of Chatterton, to whom Campbell has very properly said “Tasso alone may be compared as a juvenile prodigy.” But the parallel will in other respects admit of application. The book before us, for example, on the love and madness of the Italian, is in itself a direct text from which to speak of what concerns us most in the disputed character of our own countryman. As the whole of Mr. Wilde’s argument may be said to include itself in his commentary upon the opening couplet of the first Sonnet of the collection of *Rime*,

“True were the loves and transports which I sung,”

so let us say of the Englishman, that his were far from that untruth, that absence of reality, so constantly charged against them. In a word, poor Chatterton’s life was not the Lie it is so universally supposed to have been; nor did he “perish in the pride” of refusing to surrender Falsehood and enter on the ways of Truth. We can show, we think, and by some such process as Mr. Wilde adopts in regard to Tasso, that he had already entered on those ways when he was left, without a helping hand, to sink and starve as he might. And to this single point we shall as far as possible restrict ourselves.

Mr. Wilde remarks of the great Italian, that though there are indeed passages in Tasso’s life and letters, scarcely reconcilable with the strict regard for truth which Manso, his friend and contemporary, ascribes to him,

“yet that to whatever dissimulation he may have been driven, upon some memorable occasions—by a hard and, if you will, a criminal, but still almost irresistible necessity—there is no reason to believe him habitually insincere; and that, avoiding every subtle refinement, it cannot

be too much to assume that he was like other men, who in the absence of all inducement, were not supposed deliberately to utter falsehood.”

It shall be our endeavour, by extending the application of this text from Tasso to Chatterton, to throw a new light upon a not dissimilar portion of the latter poet’s career, and in some degree soften those imputations of habitual insincerity with which the most sympathizing of Chatterton’s critics have found themselves compelled to replace the “great veracity” attributed to him by his earliest and most partial biographer.

For Tasso, a few words will say how his first false step was an indiscretion; how, having published love-poetry under a false name, and suffered himself to be suspected its author, he, to avoid the ill-consequences, feigned, at the Duke’s suggestion, Madness; and how his protracted agony at Saint Anna was but an unremitting attempt to free himself from the effect of this false step without being compelled to reveal the truth, and disavow his whole proceedings since the time of that sad starting-aside from the right way. But before we speak of the corresponding passage in Chatterton’s story, something should be premised respecting the characteristic shape his first error took, as induced by the liabilities of that peculiar development of genius of which he was the subject.

Genius almost invariably begins to develop itself by imitation. It has, in the short-sightedness of infancy, faith in the world: and its object is to compete with, or prove superior to, the world’s already recognised idols, at their own performances and by their own methods. This done, there grows up a faith in itself: and, no longer taking the performance or method of another for granted, it supersedes these by processes of its own. It creates, and imitates no longer. Seeing cause for faith in something external and better, and having attained to a moral end and aim, it next discovers in itself the only remaining antagonist worthy of its ambition, and in the subduing what at first had seemed its most enviable powers, arrives at the more or less complete fulfilment of its earthly mission. This first instinct of Imitation, which with the mediocre takes the corresponding mediocre form of an implied rather than expressed appropriation of some other man’s products, assumed per-

force with Chatterton, whose capabilities were of the highest class, a proportionably bolder and broader shape in the direction his genius had chosen to take. And this consideration should have checked the too severe judgment of what followed. For, in simple truth, the startling character of Chatterton's presentment, with all its strange and elaborately got up accompaniments, was in no more than strict keeping with that of the thing he presented. For one whose boy's essay was "Rowley" (a Man, a Time, a Language, all at once) the simultaneous essay of inventing the details of muniment-room treasures and yellow-roll discoveries, by no means exceeded in relative hardihood the mildest possible annexing—whatever the modern author's name be—to the current poetry or prose of the time. But, alas! for the mere complacent forbearance of the world in the one case, must come sharp and importunate questionings in the other; and, at every advance in such a career, the impossibility of continuing in the spirit of the outset grows more and more apparent. To begin with the step of a giant is one thing; suddenly for another's satisfaction to increase to a colossal stride is a very different. To the falsehood of the mediocre, truth may easily be superinduced, and true works, with them, silently take the place of false works: but before one like Chatterton could extricate himself from the worse than St. Anna dungeon which every hour was building up more surely between him and the common earth and skies, so much was to be dared and done! That the attempt was courageously made in Chatterton's case, there are many reasons for believing. But to understand his true position, we must remove much of the colouring which subsequent occurrences imparted to the dim beginnings of his course of deception. He is to the present day viewed as a kind of Psalmanazar or Macpherson, producing deliberately his fabrications to the world and challenging its attention to them. A view far from the truth. Poor Chatterton never had that chance. Before the world could be appealed to, a few untoward circumstances seem to have effectually determined and given stability to what else had not impossibly proved a mere boy's fancy, destined to go as lightly as it came, and leave no trace, save in a fresh exertion of the old means to a new and more commensurate end.

In September, 1768, a New Bridge at Bristol was completed, and early in the

next month the principal newspaper of the city contained a prose "description of the Fryar's (Mayor's) first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an old manuscript." The attention of—what are called in the accounts we have seen—"the literati of Bristol," was excited. Application was made to the publisher for a sight of the surprising and interesting original. No such thing was forthcoming; but the curiosity of Literati must be appeased; and the bearer of the newspaper marvel one Thomas Chatterton,—a youth of sixteen, educated at Colston's Charity-school, where reading, writing, and arithmetic only were taught, and, since, a clerk to an attorney of the place,—was recognized on his appearance at the printing-office with another contribution, and questioned whence he obtained the first-named paper. He was questioned "with threatenings in the first instance, to which he refused any answer, and next with milder usage and promises of patronage,"—which extorted from him at last the confession, that the manuscript was one of many his father (parish clerk, usher, or sexton) had taken from a coffer in the church of St. Mary, Redcliff.

It was his own composition; and being the first of what are called the Rowleyan forgeries, suggests a remark upon literary forgery in general, and that of Chatterton in particular.\*

\* That there should have been a controversy for ten minutes about the genuineness of any ten verses of "Rowley," is a real disgrace to the scholarship of the age in which such a thing took place: we shall not touch on it here, certainly. Conceive the coloring on such a discussion at all, when the poor charity-boy had himself already furnished samples of Rowley in the different stages of partial completeness, from the rough draught in the English of the day, unguished by a single obsolete word, to the finished piece with its strange incrustation of antiquity! There is never theft for theft's sake, with Chatterton. One short poem only, *The Ronaunt of the Cuyghte*, is in part a tacking together of old lines from old poems, out of rhyme and time, yet at the same time not so utterly unlike an approximation to the genuine work. And why? Because the Mr. Burgum, to one of whose ancestors it is attributed, and whose taste solely it was intended to suit, happened to be hopelessly incapable of understanding any composition of the mind sort which Chatterton had determined upon producing; and which, retaining what he supposed the ancient work should also include every modern refinement. The expedient which would alone serve with the good Mr. Burgum, was to ply him with something entirely unintelligible, so begetting a reverence; and after that with another thing perfectly comprehensible, so ministering to his pleasure. Accordingly, Chatterton, for that once, attempted to write thorough old verse, because he could, as he did, accompany it by thorough new verse too: a modern paraphrase, to wit.

But though we will not touch the general and most

Is it worth while to mention, that the very notion of obtaining a free way for impulses that can find vent in no other channel (and consequently at liberty conceded to an individual, and denied to the world at large), is implied in all literary production? By this fact is explained, not only the popular reverence for, and interest in even the personal history of, the acknowledged and indisputable possessors of this power—as so many men who have leave to do what the rest of their fellows cannot—but also the as popular jealousy of allowing this privilege to the first claimant. And so instinctively does the Young Poet feel that his desire for this kind of self-enfranchisement will be resisted as a matter of course, that we will venture to say, that in nine cases out of ten his first assumption of the licence will be made in a borrowed name. The first communication, to even the family circle or the trusted associate, is sure to be “the work of a friend;” if not, “something extracted from a magazine,” or “Englished from the German.” So is the way gracefully facilitated for Reader and Hear-

er finding themselves in a new position with respect to each other.

Now unluckily, in Chatterton's case, this communication's whole value, in the eyes of the Bristolians, consisted in its antiquity. Apart from that, there was to them no picturesqueness in “Master Mayor, mounted on a white horse, dight with sable trappings wrought about by the nuns of St. Kenna;” no “most goodly show in the priests and freres all in white albs.” Give that up, and all was given; and poor Chatterton could not give all up. He could only determine for the future to produce *Ellas and Godwyns*, and other “beauteous pieces;” wherein “the plot should be clear, the language spirited; and the songs interspersed in it, flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple; the similes judiciously applied; and though written in the reign of Henry VI., not inferior to many of the present age.” Had there but been any merit of this kind, palpable even to Bristol Literati, to fall back upon in the first instance, if the true authorship were confessed! But that was otherwise; and so the false course, as we have said, was unforeseeingly entered upon. Yet still, from the first, he was singularly disposed to become communicative of his projects and

needless question, it happens that, by a curious piece of fortune, we have been enabled, since taking up the subject of this article, to bring home to Chatterton one, and by no means the least ingenious of his “forgeries,” which has hitherto escaped detection. Rowley's *Sermon on the Holy Spirit*, with its orthodoxy and scripture citations, its Latin from St. Cyprian, and its Greek from St. Gregory, is triumphantly referred to by the learned and laborious Jacob Bryant, (who wrote one folio to disprove the Tale of Troy, and another to prove the Tale of Rowley,) as a flight clearly above Chatterton's reach. Now this aforesaid Greek quotation was the single paragraph which struck our eye some two or three days since, in looking hastily through a series of sermons on the Nature of the Holy Spirit, by the Rev. John Hurrion, originally printed, it should seem, in 1732; on a reference to which we found Rowley's discourse to be a mere cento from their pages, artfully enough compiled. For example, thus saith ROWLEY:—“Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holy Spryte toe assyste hys flocke ynn these wordes, The Holye Spryte's communion bee wythe you. Lette us dhere deseyr of hymn to ayde us . . . lette us saye with Seyncte Cyprian, ‘*Adeslo. Sancte Spiritus, et paraclesin tuam expectantibus illabere calitus; sanctifica templum corporis nostri et consecra inhabitaculum tuum.*’ Seyncte Paulle sayethe yee are the temple of Godde; for the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleynie bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde? . . . The Spryte or dyvnye will of Godde moovedd upponn the watters att the Creatyonn of the worlde; thys meaneth the Deelite . . . Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the posessynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne sayedd toe be borne of Godde? Itt requyareth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette such dothe the Spryte. Thus sayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz. of the Spryte and hys wurchys:

Γεννῆται Χριστὸς ἐκ τῆς πνεύματος. Βαπτίζεται ἡρώδης. Παιδίσκῃται ἡρώδης. Διὰ τῆς ἐκκλησίας ὑποτασσεται. Αὐτοχρησται.” And now let us listen to HURRION, *Serm. 1.* “As therefore the apostle prayed on the behalf of the Corinthians . . . in these words. ‘The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you,’ it is very proper to apply to him for his gracious aid and assistance. An example of this we have in Cyprian: ‘O Holy Spirit be thou present,’ &c.—*Cyp. de Spir. S.*, p. 484, [quoted, no doubt, at length, like the other references, in the first edition.] . . . Now if he that dwells in us as his temple is God, what other conclusion can be drawn from thence but this, that we are the temple of God? &c. &c. [The rest of the verse, with the authority of St. Paul, being the text of the Sermon.] . . . which is also God—as when it is said ‘the Spirit of God moved upon the waters,’ in the creation of the world. *Sermon 4.* Believers are born of the Spirit . . . this is a new creation, and requires the same Almighty power to effect as the first creation did . . . if the Spirit is not God by nature . . . how are they said to be born of God who are regenerated by the Spirit? ‘Christ,’ says one of the ancients, ‘is born—the Spirit is his forerunner,’ &c.” And in a foot-note the Greek text and proper authority are subjoined.

It is, perhaps, worth a remark in concluding this note, that Chatterton, a lawyer's clerk, takes care to find no law-papers in Canning's Coffers, of which tradition had declared it to be full. That way detection was to be feared. But the pieces on devotional subjects, to which his earlier taste inclined, came so profusely from the “Godlie preeste Rowlie,” that Chatterton thinks it advisable, from the time of his discoveries, to forget his paraphrases of Job and Isaiah, and to disclaim for himself a belief in Christianity on every and no occasion at all!



contrivances for carrying them into effect. There was, after all, no such elaborate deception about any of them. Indeed, had there only happened to be a single individual of ordinary intelligence among his intimates, the event must assuredly have fallen out differently. But as it was, one companion would be present at the whole process of "antiquating," as Chatterton styled it, his productions (the pounding of ochre and crumpling of parchments); another would hear him carelessly avow himself master of a power "to copy, by the help of books he could name, the style of our elder poets so exactly, that they should escape the detection of Mr. Walpole himself;"—and yet both these persons remain utterly incapable of perceiving that such circumstances had in the slightest degree a bearing upon after events at Bristol! It is to be recollected, too, that really in Bristol itself there was not anything like a general interest excited in the matter. And when at last, yielding to the pertinacity of inquirers, these and similar facts came lingeringly forth, as the details of so many natural appearances with which unconscious rustics might furnish the philosopher anxious to report and reason upon them—Chatterton was dead.

Of several of his most characteristic compositions, he confessed, at various times, on the least solicitation, the authorship. He had found and versified the argument of the Bristowe Tragedy—he had written the Lines on our Lady's Church. But these confidences were only to his mother and sister. Why? Because mother and sister were all who cared for him rather than for Rowley, and would look at his connexion with any verses as a point in their favour. As for his two patrons, Barrett and Catcott, they took great interest in the yellow streaks, and verse written like prose without stops; less interest in the poetry; and in Chatterton least, or none at all! And a prophet's fate in his own country was never more amusingly exemplified than when grave Deans and Doctors, writing to inquire after Chatterton's abilities of his old companions, got the answer on record. "Not having any taste myself for ancient poetry," writes Mr. Cary, "I do not recollect Chatterton's ever having shown such writings to me, but he often mentioned them, when great as his capacity was, I am convinced that he was incapable of writing them." "He had intimated," remarks Mr. Smith, "very frequently both a desire to learn, and a design to teach himself—Latin; but

I always dissuaded him from it, as being in itself impracticable. But I advised him by all means to try at French. As to Latin, depend upon it you will find it too hard for you. Try at French, if you please: of that you may acquire some knowledge without much difficulty, and it will be of real service to you." "And, sir," winds up Mr. Clayfield, "take my word for it, the poems were no more his composition than mine!" With such as these there was no fellowship possible for Chatterton. We soon discover him, therefore, looking beyond. From the time of his communication of the Rowley poems, "his ambition," writes Mrs. Newton, his sister, "increased daily. When in spirits he would enjoy his rising fame; confident of advancement, he would promise that my mother and I should be partakers of his success." As a transcriber, we suppose! We find Sir Herbert Croft, to whom this very letter was addressed, declaring "that he will not be sure that the writer and her mother might not have easily been made to believe that injured justice demanded their lives at Tyburn, for being relatives of him who forged the poems of Rowley." Thus only, in this sideway at the best, could the truth steal out.

Meanwhile the sorry reception given to the so-called falsehood produced its natural effects. On the one hand there is a kind of ambition on being introduced to Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott, which increases daily; but on the other we are told that his spirits became at the same time "rather uneven—sometimes so gloomed,\* that for some days together he would say very little, and that by constraint." No doubt, and no wonder! For there was the sense of his being the author of the transcendent chorus to Freedom, or the deli-

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\* The only word in Chatterton's communication to the genuineness of which Walpole seems to have objected. "The modern gloomy," says Chatterton, in reply to some critical exception taken against poems he had sent, "seems but a refinement of the old word Glomming, in Anglo-Saxon the twilight." And in a note to a line of the ballad of Charity, "Look in his glommed face," &c. he observes, "'Glommed' clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion that 'glum' and 'glom' are modern cant words, and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley MSS. 'Glummong,' in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light, and the modern word gloomy is derived from the Saxon 'glum.'" It is to be added that Chatterton, throughout only objects to men's doubting the genuineness of Rowley on the insufficient grounds they give—and is in the right there.

cious roundelay in *Ella*; ever at fierce variance with the pitiful claim he was entitled to make in the character of their mere transcriber.

We shall not pursue this painful part of the question. Day followed day, and found him only more and more deeply involved. What we have restricted our inquiry to, is the justice or injustice of the common charge that henceforth the whole nature of Chatterton became no other than one headstrong spirit of Falsehood, in the midst of which, and by which, he perished at the last. And we think its injustice will be shown without much difficulty, in showing that he really made the most gallant and manly effort of which his circumstances allowed to break through the sorry meshes that entangled him. We purpose-ly forbear, with any view to this, taking for granted the mere instigation of that Moral Sense which it is the worst want of charity to deny to him, and with direct and strong evidences of which his earliest poetry abounded. We will simply inquire what, in the circumstances referred to, would have been the proper course to pursue, had the writer of the "*Bristowe Tragedy*" chanced to adopt on a single occasion the practice of its hero, "who summed the actions of the day each night before he slept." Confessions at the market-cross avail nothing, and most injure those to whom they are unavoidably made. Should he not have resolutely left Bristol, at least? and, disengaging himself from the still increasing trammels of his daily life of enforced deceit, begun elsewhere a wiser and happier course? That he did so may in our opinion be shown. It is our firm belief that on this, and no other account, he determined to go to London.

"A few months before he left Bristol," mentions his sister, "he wrote letters to several booksellers in London—I believe to learn if there was any probability of his getting an employment there." He had some time previously applied to Dodsley, the noted publisher, for his assistance in printing the tragedy of *Ella*; on the strength of a submitted specimen, which the great man of the Mall did not vouchsafe, it seems, to glance over. He was led, therefore, to make a final experiment on the taste and apprehensiveness of Horace Walpole: not, as in Dodsley's case, by enclosing the despised poetical samples, but by sending a piece of antiquarian ware in which his presumed patron was understood to especially delight. Of nothing are we so thoroughly persuaded as that these at-

tempts were the predetermined last acts of a course of dissimulation he would fain discard for ever—on their success. The Rowleian compositions were all he could immediately refer to, as a proof of the ability he was desirous of employing in almost any other direction. He grounded no claim on his possession of these MSS.; he was not soliciting an opportunity of putting off to advantage the stock in hand, or increasing it; and when Walpole subsequently avowed his regret at having omitted to transcribe before returning, the manuscript thus received, what has been cited as a singular piece of unprincipled effrontery, appears to us perfectly justifiable. For even after the arrival of a discouraging letter, Chatterton's words are, that "if Mr. Walpole wishes to publish them himself, they are at his service." Nay—Mr. Barrett, or "the Town and Country Magazine, to which copies may be sent," or indeed "the world, which it would be the greatest injustice to deprive of so invaluable a curiosity"—may have them and welcome. And Chatterton's anxiety to recover them afterwards is only intelligible on the supposition that his originals were in jeopardy. To the very conceited question Walpole himself has asked—"Did Chatterton impute to me anything but distrust of his MSS.?"—we should answer, Everything but that. Let the young poet's own verses, indeed, answer.

Walpole, I thought not I should ever see  
So mean a heart as thine has proved to be:  
Thou, who in luxury nursed, behold'st with  
scorn  
The boy who friendless, fatherless, forlorn,  
Asks thy high favour. Thou mayst call me  
cheat—  
Say didst thou never practise such deceit?  
Who wrote *Otranto*?—but I will not chide.  
Scorn I'll repay with scorn, and pride with pride.  
Had I the gifts of wealth and luxury shared—  
Not poor and mean—Walpole! thou hadst not  
dared  
Thus to insult. But I shall live and stand  
By Rowley's side, when thou art dead and  
damned.

In this unhappy correspondence with Walpole,—it never seems to have been admitted, yet it cannot be said too often,—there is no new "falsehood" discernible: there is nothing but an unavailing and most affecting effort, to get somehow free from the old. He makes no asseveration of the fact of his discoveries; affirms nothing the denial of which hereafter would be essentially disgraceful to him; commits himself

by only a few ambiguous words which at any time a little plain speaking (and blushes, if we will) would explain away. Let it be observed, above all, that there is no attempt to forge, and produce, and insist on the genuineness of the MSS.; though this was a step by which he could have lost nothing and might have gained everything, since Walpole's recognition of their extraordinary merit was before him. In the course the correspondence took, alas! that very recognition was fatal. If Walpole could suspect a boy of sixteen had written thus, and yet see nothing in a scrivener's office and its duties which such an one had any title to withdraw from, all was over with Chatterton's hopes. At this point, accordingly, he simply replied that, "he is not able to dispute with a person of his literary character: he has transcribed Rowley's poems from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity," (poor Catcott!) "and he will go a little beyond Walpole's advice, by destroying all his useless lumber of literature and never urging his pen again but in the law." Is this any very close or deliberate keeping of Rowley's secret! In a word, he felt that Walpole should have said, "Because I firmly believe you, Chatterton, wrote or forged these verses of Rowley, I will do what you require."\* And so we all feel now.

\* Walpole's share in the matter may be told in a few words. Indifferent antiquary as he was, at best—in these matters, at worst, his ignorance was complete. "The admirable reasoning in Bryant's work" could "stagger him," he confesses. On receiving Chatterton's first letter and specimens, as his belief in them was implicit, so his mortification on Gray and Mason's setting him right was proportionable. "They both pronounced the poems to be modern forgeries, and recommended the returning of them without any further notice,"—stepping a little out of their province in that, certainly; but they might have felt Chatterton safer at Bristol than nearer home. Walpole himself did more in the refusal he gave, than avail himself of Chatterton's own statement that his communications were "taken from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who was assured of their authenticity." This unknown personage had clearly the first claim to the good things of the Clerk of the Pipe and Usher of the Receipt, and to the unknown they were left, therefore, without more heed. Who can object? Truth to say, he of Strawberry Hill was at all times less disposed to expend his doit on a living beggar than a dead Indian; and, in his way, crows-full of Ellas and Godwyns were nothing to a spurious cardinal's hat, empty enough. Beside, what was there to him in the least pressing in the application of a mere transcriber ("who had not quitted his master, nor was necessitous, nor otherwise poorer than attorneys' clerks are"), to "emerge from a dull profession and obtain a place that would enable him to follow his

And what was it the poor baffled youth required? To ascertain this will in a manner satisfy our whole inquiry—so let us try to ascertain it. His immediate application to Walpole, on his succeeding in forcing his notice, and seemingly engaging his interest, was for some place in a government office. Did he want to be richer? who had from his earliest boyhood been accustomed to live upon bread and water, and who would refuse to partake of his mother's occasional luxury of a hot meal—remarking, that "he was about a great work, and must make himself no stuper than God had made him." Did he

propensities." Therefore it is more a pity that ten years after, when he had partly forgotten the matter (this must be allowed, since, with respect to two points which strengthen his case materially, he professes uncertainty), Walpole should have made, on compulsion, a statement of its main circumstances, and leisurely put himself in what he conceived the handsomest of positions,—which turns out to be not quite so handsome. Never for an instant, forsooth, was he deceived by Rowley. "Chatterton had not commenced their intercourse in a manner to dazzle his judgment, or give him a high idea of Chatterton's own." "Somebody, he at first supposed, desired to laugh at him, not very ingeniously, he thought." Little imagining, all this while that his letters were in existence, and forthcoming! and that every piece of encouragement to further forgeries, by the expression of belief in those before him, which he professes would have been the height of baseness in him to make, *he had already made!* Indeed the whole statement is modelled on *Benedick's Old Tale*:

"If this were so, so were it uttered—but it is not so, nor 'twas not so—but, indeed, God forbid it should be so!" One while, he "does not believe there ever existed so masterly a genius as Chatterton." And another while, he has regard to the "sad situation of the world, if every muse-struck lad who is bound to an attorney were to have his fetters struck off." Wanting is the excellent Horace Walpole, in short, through all these unhappy matters, in that good memory which Swift has pronounced indispensable to a certain class of statement-makers.

And here would enough seem to have been said on the subject, did not one vile paragraph in the Walpole Explanations leer at us—the news to wit, that, "all of the house of forgery are relations, and that Chatterton's ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and it is believed, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, promissory notes." House of forgery!—from one not only enabled by his first preface to Otranto to march in at its hall-door, but qualified, by a trait noted in "Walpoliana," to sneak in through its area-wicket! *Exempli gratia* "The compiler having learned that the celebrated epistle to Sir William Chambers was supposed to be written by Mason, very innocently expressed to Mr. Walpole his surprise that Mason, the general characteristic of whose poetry is feeble delicacy, but united with a pleasing neatness, should be capable of composing so spirited a satire. Mr. Walpole, with an arch and peculiar smile, answered, that it would indeed be surprising. An instantaneous and unaccountable impression arose that he himself was the author, but delicacy prevented the direct question," &c. &c.

want to obtain leisure, then, for this work ; in other words, for the carrying on of his old deceptions ? "He had," says his sister, "little of his master's business to do—sometimes not two hours in a day, which gave him an opportunity to pursue his genius." Mr. Palmer states, that "Chatterton was much alone in his office, and much disliked being disturbed in the day-time." We should like to know what kind of government-office would have allowed greater facility for the pursuit of poetical studies and "forgeries" than he was already in possession of ; since what advantages, in a literary life, government-office-labour can have over law-business, we are far from guessing. It may be said, that the pure disgust and weariness of that law business had formed motive sufficient. But our sympathy with Chatterton's struggles—were nothing to be escaped from worse than this "servitude," as he styles it—would seriously diminish, we confess. Relieve Henry Jones from the bricklayer's hod, and Stephen Duck from the thrasher's flail, if needs must : but Chatterton from two hours a day copying precedents ! Ay, but "he was obliged to sleep in the same room with the foot-boy, and take his meals with the servants—

• which degradation, to one possessing such pride as Chatterton, must have been mortifying in the highest degree ! " Now, Chatterton taking his stand on the inherent qualities of his own mind, shall part company with an Emperor, if he so please, and have our approbation ; but let him waive that prerogative, and condescend to the little rules of little men, and we shall not sufficiently understand this right—in a blue-coat charity-boy, apprenticed out with ten pounds of the school fund, and looking for patronage to pipe-makers and pewterers—to cherish this sensitiveness of contamination. There are more degrading things than eating with foot-boys, we imagine. "The desire," for example, "of proving oneself worthy the correspondence of Mr. Stephens, (leather breeches-maker, of Salisbury,) by tracing his family from Fitz-Stephen, son of Stephen, Earl of Aumerle, in 1095, son of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness." In a word, Chatterton was very proud, and such crotchets never yet entered the head of a truly proud man. Another motive remains.

Had he any dislike to Bristol or its inhabitants generally ? "His company pleased universally," he says : "he believed he had promised to write to some hundreds

of his acquaintance." And for the place itself,—while at London, nothing out of the Gothic takes his taste, except St. Paul's and Greenwich Hospital : he is never tired of talking in his letters about Bristol, its Cathedral, its street improvements : he even inserts hints to the projectors of these last, in a local paper : nay, he will forestall his mother's intended visit to him at London, and return to Bristol by Christmas : and when somebody suggested, just before his departure, that his professed hatred for the city was connected with ill-treatment received there, he returns indignantly, "He who without a more sufficient reason than *commonplace scurrility* can look with disgust on his native place, is a villain, and a villain not fit to live. I am obliged to you for supposing *me* such a villain !" Why then, without this hatred or disgust, does he leave Bristol ? Whence arises the utmost distress of mind in which the mad "Will," whereby he announces his intention of committing suicide, is written ? On being questioned concerning it "he acknowledged that he wanted for nothing, and denied any distress on that account." "The distress was occasioned," says Dr. Gregory, "by the refusal of a gentleman whom he had complimented in his poems, to accommodate him with a supply of money." Here are his own reasons. "In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I keep no worse company than myself : I never drink to excess, and have, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity. No : it is my PRIDE, my damned, native, unconquerable pride, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that nineteenth-tenths of my composition is Pride. I must either live a Slave, a Servant ; to have no Will of my own, no Sentiments of my own, which I may freely declare as such ; or DIE. Perplexing alternative ! But it distracts me to think of it—I will endeavour to learn Humility—but it cannot be HERE."

That is, at Bristol. It is needless for us here to interpose that our whole argument goes, not upon what Chatterton said, but what he did : it is part of our proof to show that all his distress arose out of the impossibility of his saying anything to the real purpose. But is there no approximation to the truth in what has just been quoted ? Had he *not* reduced himself to the alternative of Rowley's transcriber, "a slave, with no sentiment of his own which he might freely declare as such," or

"dying?" And did not the proud man—who, when he felt somewhat later that he had failed, would bring his poverty to accept the offer of a meal to escape "dying"—solicit and receive, while earlier there was yet the hope of succeeding, his old companions' "subscription of a guinea apiece," to enable himself to break through the "slavery?" This, then, is our solution. For this and no other motive—to break through his slavery—at any sacrifice to get back to truth—he came up to London.

It will, of course, be objected that Chatterton gave the very reasons for his desire to obtain a release from Bristol that we have rejected. But he was forced to say something, and what came more plausibly? To Walpole the cause assigned was, "that he wished to cease from being dependant on his mother;"—while, by a reference to his indenture of apprenticeship, we find him to have been supplied with "meat, drink, clothing, and lodging" by his master. To others the mercantile character of Bristol is made an insuperable objection;—and he straightway leaves it for Holborn. As who, to avoid the smell of hemlock, should sail to Anticyra! It may also yet be urged—as it has been too often—that Chatterton gave to the very last, occasional symptoms that the fabricating, falsifying spirit was far from extinct in him. "He would turn Methodist preacher, found a new sect," &c. Now no one can suppose, and we are far from asserting, that at word of command, Chatterton wholly put aside the old habit of imposing on people—if that is to be the phrase. But this "imposing upon people" has not always that basest meaning. It is old as the world itself, the tendency of certain spirits to subdue each man by perceiving what will master him, by straightway supplying it from their own resources, and so obtaining as tokens of success, his admiration, or fear, or wonder. It has been said even that classes of men are immediately ruled in no other way. Poor Chatterton's freedom from some such tendency we do not claim. He is indeed superior to it when alone, in the lumber-closet on Redcliff Hill, or the lath-walled garret at Shore-ditch; but in company with the Thistlewaites and Burgums, he must often have felt a certain power he had, lying dormant there, of turning their natures to his own account. He, knowing that a great genius can effect anything, endeavoured in the foregoing poems to represent an Enthusiastic Methodist, and intended to send it to

Romaine, and impose it on the infatuated world as a reality;—but Now, no sooner is the intellectual effort made than the moral one succeeds, and destroying these poems he determined to kill himself. Every way unsuccessful, every way discouraged, the last scene had come. When he killed himself, his room was found "strewn thick over with torn papers."

To the Rowley forgeries he had recurred but in one instance, the acknowledgment of which by a magazine only appeared after his death. He had come to London to produce works of his own; writings he had hoped to get some hearing for. "At the Walmsleys," says Sir Herbert Croft, "he used frequently to say he had many writings by him, which would produce a great deal of money, if they were printed. To this it was once or twice observed, that they lay in a small compass, for that he had not much luggage. But he said he had them, nevertheless. When he talked of writing something which should procure him money to get some clothes—to paper the room in which he lodged; and to send some more things to his sister, mother, and grandmother—he was asked why he did not enable himself to do all this by means of those writings which were 'worth their weight in gold.' His answer was, that 'they were not written with a design to buy old clothes, or to paper rooms, and that if the world did not behave well, it should never see a line of them.'"

It behaves indifferently, we think, in being so sure these were simply fresh books of the "Battle of Hastings," or remodellings of "the Apostate." Look back a little, and see to what drudgery he had submitted in this London, that he could but get the means at last of going on his own ground. "A History of England"—"a voluminous history of London; to appear in numbers the beginning of next week"—"necessitates him to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near."—*Anything but Rowley!* And when the hopes he had entertained of engaging in such projects fail him, he cheerfully betakes himself to the lowest of all literary labour. He writes anything and everything for the magazines. Projects the *Moderator*; supports the *Town and Country*; "writes, for a whim, for the *Gospel Magazine*;" contributes to the *London, Middlesex Freeholders', Court and City*;—and *Registers and Museums* get all they ask from him. Thus, we say, with these ultimate views, was he constantly at work

in this London pilgrimage; at work, heart and soul; living on a halfpenny roll, or a penny tart, and a glass of water a day, with now and then a sheep's tongue; writing all the while brave letters about his happiness and success to his grandmother, mother, and sister at Bristol, the only creatures he loved as they loved him; and managing, in as miraculous a way as any of his old exercises of power, to buy them china, and fans, and gowns, and so forth, out of his (we cannot calculate how few) pence a day;—being, as such a genius could not but be, the noblest-hearted of mortals. To be sure he had better have swept a crossing in the streets than adopted such a method of getting bread and water; but he had tried to find another outlet till he was sick to the soul, and in this he had been driven to be resolved to stay. If he could, he would have got, for instance, his livelihood as a surgeon. "Before he left Bristol, Mr. Barrett," says his sister, "lent him many books on surgery, and I believe he bought many more, as I remember to have packed them up to send to him in London;" and almost the only intelligible phrase in a mad letter of gibberish, addressed to a friend about the same time, is to the effect that "he is resolved to forsake the Parnassian mount, and would advise that friend to do so too, and attain the mystery of composing *smegma*"—ointment we suppose. But nobody would help him, and this way he was helping himself, though never so little.

Sufficient for the Magazine price and Magazine purpose was the piece contributed. "Maria Friendless" and the "Hunter of Oddities" may be a medley of Johnson and Steele;—the few shillings they brought, fully were they worth, though only meant to give a minute's pleasure. As well expect to find, at this time of day, the sheep's tongues on which he lived unwasted, and the halfpenny loaves no way diminished, as find his poor "Oratorio" (the price of a gown for his sister), or bundle of words for tunes that procured these viands, as pleasant as ever. "Great profligacy and tergiversation in his political writings!" is muttered now, and was solemnly outspoken once, as if he were not in some sort still a scrivener—writing out in plain text-hand the wants of all kinds of men of all kinds of parties. Such sought utterance, and had a right to find it—there was an end. There might be plenty of falsehood in this new course, as he would soon have found; but it seemed as truth itself, compared with the old expedients

he had escaped from. The point is, *No more Rowley*. His connection with the *Magazines* had commenced with Rowley—they had readily inserted portions of his poems—and we cannot conceive a more favourable field of enterprise than London would have afforded, had he been disposed to go on with the fabrication. No prying intimates, nor familiar townsmen, in Mrs. Angel's quiet lodging! He had the ear, too, of many booksellers. Now would have been indeed the white minute for discoveries and forgeries. He was often pressed for matter; had to solicit all his Bristol acquaintance for contributions (some of such go under his own name now, possibly); but with the one exception we have alluded to (affecting for a passage in which his own destitute condition is too expressly described to admit of mistake)—the *Ballad of Charity*—*Rowley was done with*.

We shall go no farther—the little we proposed to attempt having here its completion—though the plastic and co-ordinating spirit which distinguishes Chatterton so remarkably, seems perhaps stronger than ever in these few last days of his existence. We must not stay to speak of it. But even in Chatterton did his acquisitions, varied and abundant as they were, do duty so as to seem but a little out of more in reserve. If only a foreign word clung to his memory, he was sure to reproduce it as if a whole language lay close behind—setting sometimes to work with the poorest materials; like any painter a fathom below ground in the Inquisition, who in his penury of colour turns the weather-stains on his dungeon wall into effects of light and shade, or outlines of objects, and makes the single sputter of red paint in his possession go far indeed! Not that we consider the mere fabrication of old poetry so difficult a matter. For what is poetry, whether old or new, will have its full flow in such a scheme; and any difficulty or uncouthness of phrase that elsewhere would stop its course at once, here not only passes with it, but confers the advantage of authenticity on what, in other circumstances, it deforms: the uncouthness will be set down to our time, and whatever significance may lurk in it will expand to an original meaning of unlimited magnitude. But there is fine, the finest poetry in Chatterton. And surely, when such an Adventurer so perishes in the Desert, we do not limit his discoveries to the last authenticated spot of ground he pitched tent upon, dug intrenchments

round, and wrote good tidings home from—but rather give him the benefit of the very last heap of ashes we can trace him to have kindled, and call by his name the extreme point to which we can track his torn garments and abandoned treasures.

Thus much has been suggested by Mr. Wilde's method with Tasso. As by balancing conflicting statements, interpreting doubtful passages, and reconciling discrepant utterances, he has examined whether Tasso was true or false, loved or did not love the Princess of Este, was or was not beloved by her,—so have we sought, from similar evidences, if Chatterton was towards the end of his life hardening himself in deception or striving to cast it off. Let others apply in like manner our inquiry to other great spirits partially obscured, and they will but use us—we hope more effectually—as we have used these able and interesting volumes.

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ART. IX.—*France, its King, Court, and Government; and Three Hours at St. Cloud.* [By GENERAL CASS, American Envoy in Paris.] Second Edition. New York. Wiley and Putnam.

THE perusal of this book has relieved us from no small anxiety. To all who view with pain and alarm the simultaneous kindling, in France and in the United States, of that common hatred to England which might unite into one flame of hostile alliance, it was a subject of uneasiness to think that the Cabinet of Washington had got a representative in Paris, whose abilities equalled his rancour towards Old England. Since the days of Franklin, we have reason to fear the efforts and talents of American diplomacy. Having such sprouts as Cooper and Willis, what might not be its full-grown and full-blown plants? General Cass is a demure, quiet-seeming person, with aspect which one might more expect to see beneath a quaker brim, than a general's cocked-hat. His first pamphlet on the Right of Search was temperate as well as forcible. It came seasonably, and its effect was not to be despised, though felt merely amongst the few readers of English that the French possess. All this led us to fear a Franklin in General Cass. A perusal of the present volume, however, removes at once all such fears. Being at first anonymous—though now, not we presume without the General's permission, publicly advertised

as his through all the Union—it was the unreserved unbosoming, the natural expression, of the diplomatist's mind and heart. Both are clearly reflected in its pages, and we can fully appreciate and measure both. It is therefore with some satisfaction that we perceive this effusion of the American diplomatist to be about the most little and commonplace twaddle that bad temper ever begot or vulgar prejudice.

The main object of the book is to panegyrize Louis Philippe, and to exalt his court and government, to the disparagement of those of England. How fairly General Cass has set about the invidious task, his book frankly avows. He judges and describes the court of the Tuileries and St. Cloud from personal experience and inspection, while his knowledge of the English court is derived from Burke's speeches: not from the chivalrous speeches of the orator, but from those with which he supported his reform of the Civil List. To make a fair comparison, General Cass ought to have derived his estimation of Louis Philippe and his court from the writings of Marast or Cabet.

By an avowal equally frank, indeed curiously and unusually frank for a diplomatist, General Cass admits that he came to France completely ignorant and misinformed respecting the leading characters and the main features of French history. He had entertained quite an erroneous idea of Napoleon, derived, he says, from English newspapers. And he was astonished and enlightened to discover that Napoleon was a legislator; that he had enacted a great code; nay, had himself presided over the knot of juriconsults who drew up this code, joining in their discussions, and overruling their objections. Of Louis XIV. too, General Cass admits he knew but little: he received, however, full instruction on this subject by being present at an after-dinner discussion between some French generals, who put Louis XIV. even on a par with Napoleon, as a monarch of martial spirit and successful conquest.

All this merely proves the very monstrous defects in the diplomatist's education, and how fitted so ignorant a man was to receive and swallow the first impressions which should come to him recommended by flattery and complacence. Had he been equally well received in English society, and taken the same trouble to examine its spirit and habits, he could not have fallen into so preposterous an absurdity as to quote Lord De Roow and a doorkeeper of the House of Peers as specimens of the honour and temperance of the higher classes of England.

One can certainly understand the simple

etiquette of the French court being far more pleasing to an American, than the stiff ceremonial and graduated ranks of St. James's. One can comprehend his impatience of those aristocratic obstructions which freeze the life-blood, and check the healthy circulation of sympathies and thoughts throughout our national arteries. We can allow to an American whole volumes of just complaints against us: complaints that we will echo at need. But what we cannot comprehend is to see the proud stomach of the republican, which turns in loathing from the pride of our court, the pretensions of our aristocracy, and the injustice of our laws,—at the next moment put up with, and swallow, nay admire, the policy and habits of a court and government, which, beneath some specious semblance of equality, rules in the most tyrannic spirit, on the most despotic principles: which has belied every national hope, perjured every royal promise, and trodden under foot every element of that liberty, the support and protection of which formed its sole claim to sovereignty.

General Cass, at the very opening of his book, launches into the field of political speculation. Personal admiration of the King of the French is his prevailing sentiment: to excuse, and laud, and magnify him, is the one sole aim. The king, in General Cass's view, is immaculate; and if the French are discontented with him, it is their fault. The effect of the revolution was, according to the General, "to exalt the minds of the French to a point inconsistent with the necessary and salutary restraints of even the freest governments." The conclusion of this eminently republican argument is easily drawn. The people were wrong—the *vox populi* was a *vox diaboli*—and the King of the French has been perfectly right in annulling all liberty of the person, all freedom of the press; and in governing the country through a close borough of 150,000 electors, amongst whom he has at least 300,000 salaried places to distribute.

Alas! poor monarchists that we are, bowed down under the yoke of an aristocracy, we can never admit, with our republican friend, the necessity of delivering up and sacrificing the first rights of humanity. The French people are of the same opinion too; and though the republican envoy seems quite ready to throw them prostrate under the wheels of Louis Philippe's car, they protest, and murmur, and rebel.

Do they deserve to be so harshly judged, and Louis Philippe so immeasurably extolled? Who will assert, that the revolution of July was not a most legitimate and glorious revolution—unparalleled for energy, un-

equalled in humanity? Who will deny, that the French people, victorious in the contest, had every right to expect the full re-establishment of those main every-day liberties, so proverbial, so indispensable to a people, arrived at such a period of development as France now is? The Liberty of the Person, the Trial by Jury—at least for political crimes—the Freedom of the Press, the fair Extension of Electoral Rights, were principles so fully purchased by the revolution, that it seemed quite superfluous to assert them as written clauses of the charter. It was for this reason that no *habeas corpus* law was drawn up. Some demanded a more precise sanction of the Liberty of the Press; but Louis-Philippe observed, with a smile, that surely after what had taken place, such a clause or such a law was useless. One of the journals, which first set the example of resistance, and commenced the revolution of July, was the *Temps*. What a comment upon Louis Philippe's promises is the fact, that within the last week or two the *Temps* newspaper has been suppressed! And this was done without a jury, by the mere decree of a police court!

With regard to the liberty of the person in France, late events furnish also a striking example. The editors and municipal magistrates of the city of Toulouse were arrested, and sent from Toulouse to be tried in the next county, at Pau. We may premise, that they were acquitted by the tribunal before which they were sent. Yet these most respectable and innocent citizens were transferred, a few months back, from one town to the other, on foot, in open day, chained together by the necks, like galley-slaves. So much for the liberty of the person under the Monarch of France, so panegyricized by the Republican Envoy.

We give these as facts of recent date. Were we to go back, we could give instances, even more glaring, of the mode in which the promises of 1830 were kept to the French. Much argument has been spent upon these royal promises. They have been interpreted away, cavilled at, denied. The promise of *A Monarchy surrounded by Republican Institutions*, is considered a good joke; that of *The Charter being henceforth a Truth*, an unmeaning assemblage of words. Grant all this. Grant that all the words uttered by his Majesty were, as General Cass declares, ambiguous, and that no legal court could convict him of breaking his word. Yet was there not, as the French themselves would say, a *moral promise*? Had the French not a right to expect some more freedom than that which they enjoyed under the government which



they overthrew. And when they saw in succeeding years the same or a worse system continued; when they saw themselves more than ever at the mercy of the police; when they saw the press gagged, association prohibited, and all crimes which could be construed as political, even to the publishing of a pamphlet, taken away from the jury, and referred to the jurisdiction of the Peers Court, a court completely led by two old, hackneyed, and salaried Prefects of Police;—how was it possible, we ask, for the French to rest contented, and not to become “exalted” by such treatment? General Cass, however, thinks the French wrong. He accuses them of the diabolical act of framing secret societies. But what forced them to do so? Why, the law against associations: forbidding a score of people to dine together and talk politics, under penalty of being instantly incarcerated and unlimitedly mulcted. And mark you, General Cass, this crime had been committed by all the statesmen and ministers of Louis Philippe. M. Guizot, under the elder Bourbon, was a leading member of the *Aide-toi* Society. Chancellor Barthe was one of the three chiefs of the *Carbonari*. And poor men were condemned to *deportation* in 1835, for what the ministers who prosecuted them had done themselves in 1825! nay, had done with the cognizance and for the cause of the present King! For all know there was an Orleans party among the *Carbonari*. We say, then, General Cass, that the excitement or “exaltation” of the French were, both before and after 1830, produced by the unfairness, and iniquity, and folly of their rulers; and that you have no right to declare that on that account they have forfeited, or deserved to forfeit, the rights of freemen.

The French are now in a discontented, irritated, mortified state. They feel that they have gained nothing by the last Revolution. That, as an experiment or stepping-stone to liberty, it has failed. That as the development of national prosperity it has failed also.—For it has neither increased commerce abroad, nor founded anything to be proud of at home. The French therefore are now, what they were in 1799, sick of home experiments at liberty and constitutions; and they have turned their attention now, as they did then, to conquest and military achievements. A state of peace, they have found, humiliates them. They would try war as a change, and they will try it. History will not forget, that it was to this *pass* Louis Philippe brought the French nation. The Napoleon of Peace has brought the country into the sentiment, the desire, the necessity, of War. He has proved the *quod absurdum* with respect to peace,

and the necessary consequence is, let us try war. We will ask, then, does this monarch deserve the pacific crown! Does he deserve, even though he may succeed in keeping down the soldiery during the remaining years of his reign, does he deserve to go down to history as the preserver of peace, when he was more truly the preparer for war—not merely in the building of fortresses, the embodying of armies, and the confestion of the most ample military *material*, but in so mismanaging, irritating, and unsatisfying the national mind of the French, that he will bequeath them War as their sole thought and their first necessity. Of what use his keeping closed during his life the gates of the temple of Janus, when he has managed so that his death must be the signal for their bursting open?

Strange to say, one of the things which most excite General Cass's admiration, is the mode of the Court of Peers' administering justice on political trials. We should have thought that to an American this would have been one of the greatest blots and blemishes of the French system; and that this abrogation of the trial by jury would excite as much indignation in an American mind, as the very mention of a Star Chamber does in an English one. The republican general is, however, an unqualified admirer of the new French principle, that the popular conspirator should be tried, not by *his* peers, but by peers appointed by the government.

“The prosecution in the Peers,” writes the general, “gave birth to one of the most extraordinary publications in the whole history of human society. Its disclosures furnish an entirely new chapter in the progress of human civilization, and exhibit the social and political condition of France in the most sombre colours. This publication is the official report made by the committee of the Chamber of Peers appointed, according to the usages of that body, when sitting as a court of criminal justice, to draw up the history of the offence upon which the parties are brought to trial. This *acte* of accusation has nothing in common with the miserable contrivance, called an indictment, which we have so recently copied from the English law, and which announces to the accused, and to the accuser, and to the court, the offence for which the justice of the country is invoked. It would be hardly credible among other nations, and yet the fact is not less true, that in the freest government in the world every person may be brought to trial, from one end of the country to the other, and called in the face of that country to answer the most heinous charge, upon a brief formal statement which has the least possible connection with the true circumstances of his case.

“The indictment of the French law is a very different procedure. It contains a full narrative of all the circumstances leading to, attending, and necessarily following the alleged crime—

not got up in dry technical language, but related with perspicuity, in the style which one would naturally use on such an occasion. The *acte* prepared by the committee of the Chamber of Peers, for the trial of the persons accused of the revolutionary attempts of May last, has been published, and forms a pamphlet of upwards of a hundred and fifty pages."

Now this precisely is one of the habits of the French law procedure most complained of. The moment a plot is discovered, it and its culprits, or supposed culprits, are referred to the Court of Peers. The chancellor and referendary of that court are two prefects of police, the intimates of the king, and privy to every state secret. They have the true management of the trial, and they manage it always for political effect, not with a view to justice.

They direct the interrogatories, decide upon the witnesses to be brought forward, and upon the degree of guilt to be attributed to each accused. They act confessors to the accused, and to interest them is known to ensure escape. The drawing up of the Act of Accusation is their work, and on this document depends the whole trial. For the examination of the accused and of all witnesses is conducted after this document, and by the Chancellor himself. The consequence is, that it is these two officers who direct and decide everything and dictate the sentence. The infamous condemnation of the innocent Dupotet last year was procured in this way. Such is the system, of which the republican General Cass avows himself the unqualified admirer.

A great portion of the diplomatist's book is filled with lighter matter: for example, with an itinerary of the journeys of the King of the French, when Duke of Orleans, through the United States. This contains no anecdote or adventures worth recording. There are indeed some rare specimens of the rudeness and impertinence of American innkeepers, such as turning gentlemen out of their houses for wishing to dine alone, or for finding their sheets dirty. All these General Cass records, like a Yankee Plutarch, as proofs of independence in his countrymen. The general also gives the most minute and tedious descriptions of his reception at the royal chateau of St. Cloud. Every portion of this, dinner included, meets with the envoy's approbation. The only thing he objects to is the music, for which he avows the most sovereign contempt. Nay, he gives it as his "firm belief" that

people go to the Italian Opera to keep up a reputation for fashion "without the slightest real regard for music." And it is of his beloved France and its court, that the self-constituted *arbitrer elegantiarum* is speaking.

We must therefore advise our friends over the Atlantic to take their General-Envoy as a guide neither in small things nor in great. We doubt, indeed, that he could trust to his own guidance or experience; for we learn that all his admiration and fulsome panegyrics of Louis Philippe have not prevented General Cass from falling into discredit with that personage, and from exchanging his own devotion for distrust. When General Cass wrote the present volume some months ago, he was merely endeavouring to found, in theory, a French school in America opposed to the English one. Latterly his efforts have been more serious and practical. He has undertaken to produce a political alliance between France and the United States, against England. He has made a hobby-horse of it, has got astride of it, and thereon seems bent on repeating the triumphant diplomacy of Franklin. But Louis Philippe, blind and ungraceful, does not approve of the general's Quixotism. He cannot see what France, or his own dynasty, are to gain by a contest with England, undertaken in behalf of the freedom of the slave trade. In vain did the general represent that for France to ratify the signed treaty for the Right of Search was to cut from behind her the claim of a defensive alliance with the United States. Louis Philippe shook his head, and told his excellency, that he did not see *any* event or case which would render a war with England desirable, or advisable, or possible. On hearing this, General Cass shook off the dust from his shoes, and departed in dudgeon from the palace of the Napoleon of Peace.

We expect that his next book will be a satire on Louis Philippe, as the one under review is a fulsome eulogium. The liberal party in opposition and the men of the movement, are therein represented as turbulent and unreasonable men, whom the king does well to castigate with an iron sceptre. But now General Cass swells the opposition outcry, adopts the language, fans the hopes of the war and movement people, and appeals to the "exalted" state of the public opinion against the over-tame prudence of his Majesty. We sincerely hope that General Cass may continue these letters, in order that we

may have both sides of the picture from the same hand.

ART. X.—*Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale.* (Journey through Southern Russia and the Crimea.) By M. ANATOLE DE DEMIDOFF. Illustrated by sixty-four designs, by M. RAFFET. Paris, 1841.

It is in general but a poor compliment to a book to say that its chief attraction is to be found in its pictorial illustrations; but here the remark may be made without disrespect to the author, who sends forth his volume in a style which as a matter of trade no publisher could possibly have ventured on. Independently of the plates embodied in the work itself, M. de Demidoff has added a folio atlas, enriched by a profusion of drawings, intended to familiarize the eye with the people and manners of Southern Russia; followed by a second atlas, illustrative of the natural history of a part of Europe, hitherto but little visited by the tourist or the scientific inquirer. To such extraneous embellishments, however, we can give but passing notice; to the literary merit of the work our attention is more immediately directed; and though we shall be obliged to qualify commendation, we have read the narrative of our munificent traveller with considerable interest, and find it on the whole sufficiently important to justify our placing before our readers a brief abstract. We are the more disposed to do this, as the book is likely to be confined in a great measure to the collections of the wealthy.

The family of Demidoff are possessed of estates in the southern provinces of Russia. With that spirit of enterprise which knows how to make private interests go hand in hand with the development of national resources, M. Anatole resolved in 1837, to cause some scientific investigations to be made, with a view to the discovery of mineral treasures supposed to lie concealed under the surface of his landed possessions on the banks of the Don and Donetz. With this intention he engaged a party of French engineers to proceed to the country in question; and, acting on the approved maxim of Franklin that the eye of the master is often the best stimulant to the exertions of his workmen, he had no sooner sent away the scientific part of his expedition, than he prepared to follow in person, to satisfy himself of the zeal with which the proposed researches were carried on, and of the prospects they might hold out of an ultimate pecuniary return.

M. de Demidoff left Paris in June, 1837. He was accompanied by M. Raffet, an artist, and by M. Sainson, a naturalist. Of the abilities of these two gentlemen, the embellishments of the work offer the best guarantee. At Domremy, the native village of the Maid of Orleans, our travellers paused to render their homage to the humble roof under which the ill-requited heroine is supposed to have been born. The very cham-

ber is still shown to the curious wayfarer; a book is kept to receive the autographs and inspirations of believing visitors; and the village hostelry seeks to recommend itself to public patronage, by the somewhat ostentatious display of what among the credulous peasantry passes for a genuine portrait of the redoubtable Virgin of Vaucouleurs. The faithfulness of the likeness may be questioned. It does not indeed require a very close examination, to divine the ingenious metamorphosis which this rural work of art has, at no very remote period, undergone. The green coat of somewhat modern cut, the epaulets, the military boots, and the white charger pawing the ground, sufficiently indicate the hero for whom the picture was originally designed. A helmet and plume, and a very chivalrous pair of gauntlets, are almost the only alterations which the artist has deemed requisite to convert the great Napoleon into a strapping Amazon.

Passing through Baden, Stuttgart, and Munich, our travellers arrived at Vienna, whence M. de Demidoff proceeded by land towards Bukharest, while his companions, desirous of becoming acquainted with the banks of the Danube, chose the less fatiguing conveyance of a steamboat. The wretched roads of Hungary, however, soon convinced "the chief of the expedition" that he had not selected the most agreeable mode of travelling. At Pesth, accordingly, he rejoined his companions, and glided down the river to Orsova, a quarantine station, where travellers arriving from the lower part of the river, have to purge themselves by an imprisonment of fourteen days of that infection, of which, in the more civilized parts of Europe, everybody who arrives from Turkey is supposed to be the bearer. The steamers that navigate the upper part of the Danube, cannot of course extend their route beyond the quarantine station, without entering into the region of the plague. At Orsova, therefore, the passengers of the *Francis the First* were duly transferred to a larger vessel, which brought them to Giurgevo, whence by the aid of their small but spirited Wallachian post-horses, they were conveyed in a few hours to Bukharest.

A wealthy Russian noble could hardly fail of a hospitable reception at the capital of Wallachia, and M. de Demidoff appears to have thought himself in duty bound to repay the kindness of his hosts by an approval of everything that met his eye. An entire forbearance from censure forms the prominent characteristic of the whole work. As our author approaches the Russian frontier he assumes more and more the tone of the eulogist, and when once in Russia the passion of praise rises to a pitch of enthusiasm, often calculated to awaken the smile of those to whom the scenes he describes are already familiar: either from a personal visit, or from the most received accounts of preceding travellers. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. With an evident anxiety to give offence to no one, there is not the least appearance of insincerity about M. de Demidoff's narrative. Where he cannot speak without blaming, he remains silent, and directs his attention to those objects only on which he believes he can honestly fasten com-

mentation. A work written in such a spirit can, as a whole, have but little ethnographical value; but it may, as in the present instance, offer a number of fragments, which, taken by themselves, are well deserving of attention.

Our travellers did not fail to attend one of the sittings of the Wallachian Chamber of Representatives, a somewhat sounding title for a parliamentary assembly, held in what can at present be deemed little better than a Russian dependency.

"The Hall of Deliberation, situated in a building connected with the metropolitan church, is remarkable for its extreme simplicity. At the end of a long and narrow room is placed a chair with a canopy for the metropolitan, who is, *ex officio*, the president of the assembly. The chamber consists only of 43 members, nearly the whole of whom were present at the period of our visit. Several of the old boyards retained their beards and calpacs, and the majestic costume which they had worn during the period of Turkish domination. Those who held military rank appeared in uniform with their sabres by their sides. The members speak from their places, having a table covered with green cloth before them. There is no separation of the ministers from the members of the assembly. We found them engaged in the discussion of some proposed modification of the constitution, and this led to some inquiry into the validity of certain ordinances that had been issued during the interval between that and the preceding legislative session. The minister of justice, M. de Stirbey, sustained nearly the whole weight of the discussion, which, as long as we continued there, never overstepped the limits of a decorous conversation. There were but few spectators in the places reserved for the public. Indeed it was but recently that the public had been admitted at all, and the newspapers had not even yet obtained permission to print reports of the debates. On leaving the chamber, we were accompanied by one of the deputies, Colonel Philipezko, who belongs to one of the oldest families of the country. This officer enjoys the advantage of having received an excellent education in France. He commands the first Wallachian regiment, and affords to his native city the remarkable example of that solid instruction, which excludes neither a graceful deportment nor elegance of manner."

Under this polite compliment to the gallant Colonel there certainly seems to lurk a sly rebuke to the "*élite de la société de Bukharest*," by whom M. de Demidoff tells us he was so cordially received.

Bukharest covers an immense extent of ground for a town of less than 80,000 inhabitants. Viewed from the eminence on which stands the metropolitan church, the city assumes a pleasing and picturesque appearance, on account of the multitude of its steeples and spires, of the gaily painted roofs of the houses, and of the large gardens which in every direction break the masses of buildings, and relieve the eye by a luxuriance of verdure: but for a description of the filthy crooked streets of Bukharest, and of the wretched squalid objects that present themselves at every corner, we must look elsewhere than in the pages of our aristocratic tourist.

Our author gives the following table of the elements composing the population of Bukharest:

Boyards or nobles . . . . .	2,598
Their servants . . . . .	5,757
Inhabitants of other classes . . . . .	46,604
Secular priests . . . . .	256
Their families and servants . . . . .	1,058
Monks . . . . .	137
Jews . . . . .	2,583
Foreigners . . . . .	1,795
	<hr/>
	60,788

To these must be added about ten or twelve thousand individuals, who, without having any permanent residence in the city, are frequently attracted to it by business or pleasure. The city itself contains 10,074 houses, twenty-six monasteries, ninety-five churches, three printing-offices, two hospitals, one literary society, and one military school. Two newspapers are published there. The usual food of the mass of the people consists of Indian corn, meal or millet, boiled into a kind of pudding. Animal food is rarely tasted by any of the humbler classes.

M. de Demidoff devotes several pages to an explanation of the existing institutions of Wallachia, but here his anxiety to praise everything Russian or of Russian origin, detracts a good deal from the value of his remarks. We have little doubt that the administration of General Kisseleff was incomparably less mischievous than the despotic stupidity of Turkish functionaries, but a native Wallachian parliament, be the system of its elevation ever so corrupt, is probably better than either.

Wallachia at present is governed by a Hospodar elected for life by an extraordinary assembly of Boyards, but the election must be approved of by Russia, and the prince must receive his investiture from Turkey. Situated as the principality is, between Austria, Russia, and Turkey, its political existence is about as fragile and uncertain as that of the *free* city of Cracow; but should the political jealousy that undoubtedly exists between Russia and Austria, ever lead to a war between them, Wallachia may be called on to play a much more important part than it has ever yet sustained in the politics of Europe. While the Russian sceptre is grasped by an energetic hand, Wallachia and Moldavia, and to a certain extent even Turkey itself, are little better than Turkish provinces; but the prosperity of a country ruled by a despot, depends so much upon the character of the ruling monarch, that the protracted rule of one Paul may undo all that a dynasty of Alexanders and Nicholases could do in a century.

The Chamber of Representatives of Wallachia, as we have seen, is composed of forty-three members, one of whom, the Metropolitan, holds his seat in virtue of his office; the other forty-two are elected by the Boyards or nobles. The elections are by ballot; the council or divan constitutes a kind of upper house, in which the great officers of state form a majority.

According to the census of 1837, Wallachia contains a population of 349,403 families, which, as each family on an average is estimated at five individuals, is equal to 1,747,015 souls. To these our author adds 4167 for monks and va-

grants; about one-sixth of the whole, or 53,117 families, belong to the nobility, clergy, and other privileged classes, who are exempt from all taxes. Of the non-privileged classes nearly the whole are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. To the class of merchants and traders belong 4810 families; to that of mechanics, 4430. Among the privileged classes are included gipsies and aged and infirm paupers, from whom the state, as a matter of course, cannot expect to levy any direct revenue.

"Wallachia contains twenty-two towns dignified with the denomination of *cities*, and fifteen that are not deemed entitled to so high sounding a name. It contains likewise 3,560 villages, and about 340,000 houses. The whole territory is divided into seventeen districts, five beyond, and five within the Alouta. Each of these districts is administered by two *Ispravniks* taken from among the boyards. A justice has recently been attached to each district, and a *samessi* who audits the financial administration of the *ispravniks*. The *samessi* is a permanent appointment, whereas the *ispravnik* must be renewed in office every year. This is a remnant of the Turkish system, and ought promptly to be abolished, if there is a wish to place the public administration upon a respectable basis.

"The chief town of each district is administered by a municipal council, composed of three members, under the direction of a president or mayor. Before the Presidency of General Kisseleff (1829), no system of registration of births, &c., existed in Wallachia. At present the registers are in the hands of the clergy, who are bound to make out two copies, of which one remains at the parish church, and the other is sent to the civil magistrates of the district."

Several pages are occupied by an explanation of the manner in which the law is administered. The details cannot interest our readers, to whom it will be sufficient to know that the system of jurisprudence has been greatly amended, but that, even in our gently-judging author's estimation, a vast field still remains for the exercise of a spirit of reform. The Wallachian code, promulgated in 1818, is that by which the country is still governed, and this code was itself based upon the Roman law, and upon the customs of the principality. At the time M. de Demidoff was at Bukharest, it was in contemplation to adopt the criminal and commercial codes of France, with a few modifications. The assembly had already enacted a portion of the commercial code, but the criminal code had been postponed till the ensuing session.

The tribunals are open to the public, "except where the *scandale* of the cause or the honour of families necessitates the closing of the doors." This means, of course, that the public are admitted to all trials, as long as the authorities see no objection to the admission.

Murder is still punishable with death, but capital punishments have fallen entirely into disuse. Since the administration of General

Kisseleff, every sentence of death has been commuted into hard labour for life in the salt-works.

The only criminal statistics in Wallachia given by our author, are comprised in the following table.

	1835.	1836.
Acts of Theft . . . . .	457	331
— Burglary and Highway		
Robbery . . . . .	24	23
Murders . . . . .	56	66
Attempts to murder . . . . .	26	8

Premeditated murders are of rare occurrence.

Those enumerated in the preceding table were, in almost every instance, the consequence of intoxication. Wine is abundant and cheap in the country, and liable to no other tax than a small octroi duty on passing into any of the cities; but the oppression under which the people live contributes probably more than the cheapness of their wine to their habits of intemperance.

The Greek church is the established religion of the state, and to judge by the number of churches and monasteries one would be led to think that the religious wants of the people must be abundantly provided for. Wallachia, a country smaller than Ireland, and with less than a third of its population, contains no less than 3753 churches and 202 monasteries.

Public education is placed under the direction of the minister for ecclesiastical affairs. There was in 1837 a public school at Bukharest, and another at Crayova; the former, with two dependent establishments, educated nearly 1000 pupils; the latter about 240. There were also at Bukharest twenty-two private schools with 704 pupils; three boarding-schools for boys, and two for girls. At Crayova, sixty-five children were receiving instruction in private schools, and there was one boarding-school for boys. Of district schools there were twenty-six, of which twelve were maintained by the state. Every parish priest moreover is bound to teach the children of the peasantry to read and write. This regulation, if duly enforced, would produce an immense moral effect in a few years; but unfortunately we have the example of Ireland before us to check any sanguine hopes of national amelioration from the mere enactment or existence of so excellent a law. In Ireland the clergyman of every parish is also bound by law to keep a school for the instruction of the children of the poor. Had the clergy obeyed that law, and really made themselves the instructors of the poor, the Protestant faith would not have been all but extirpated in Ireland by the unceasing activity of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the country would at the present day have contained a more moral, a more civilized, a richer and a happier population.

The finances of a state of such recent birth will no doubt interest many of our readers, and we shall therefore make no apology for transcribing the whole Wallachian budget, as given by our author.

## INCOME.

	Piasters.*
Headmoney paid by agriculturists .....	8,210,670
Do. do. Masiles or inferior nobles .....	121,645
Do. do. Gipsies exercising a trade .....	147,860
Licenses for trades, &c. ....	438,970
Farm of the salt-works .....	2,500,000
Farm of the Customs .....	1,405,050
Oetroi at the gates of cities on wine, brandy, tobacco, &c.; export duty on corn and cattle; and a few branches of minor revenue .....	2,000,000
	14,824,195

## EXPENDITURE.

	Piasters.
Annual tribute to the Porte .....	1,400,000
Civil list .....	1,600,000
Department of Justice .....	2,158,440
Internal Administration .....	1,857,480
Police .....	360,540
Militia .....	2,750,000
Dorobantz or gendarmerie .....	179,240
Post Office .....	1,107,418
Quarantine establishments .....	600,000
Repairs of roads and bridges .....	200,000
Paving Bukharest .....	48,000
Wood for fuel .....	80,000
Prisons .....	70,000
Pensions .....	1,500,000
Mendicants and paupers .....	100,000
Hermitages .....	92,000
Public education .....	350,000
Foundings .....	100,000
Hospitals .....	150,000
	14,633,118

Manufacturing industry of every kind was entirely out of the question under the Turkish administration, when the inhabitants were not allowed to sell to any but their masters the Turks, who fixed an arbitrary value upon every article. Since the emancipation of the principality, there had already (1837) been established 631 *fabriques*, including 180 distilleries and 184 tanneries.

Gold dust has been found in all the rivers between the Oltez and the Yalomnitsa: carbonate of copper has been found in the district of Mehedinzi, on the river Bourba, where copper mines were formerly worked, a fact of which no record appears to exist, though the truth is abundantly shown by the ruins of the works that lie scattered about. Native mercury has also been discovered oozing from the ground near Pelesti in the district of Arghesh. Salt, however, is the only mineral production from which a profit is derived in Wallachia. The principal salt-works are at about a league from Rimnik, and at Slanik in the district of Sabueni. The salt of Slanik is considered the best.

The climate of Wallachia is temperate. From

the meteorological tables of 1834, 5, and 6, given by M. de Demidoff, it appears that the frost continues at Bukharest without interruption during January and February, when the thermometer often falls below the zero of Fahrenheit, and occasionally as much as eight degrees. In March, April, and May, the temperature fluctuates between 40° and 70°, and in June, July, and August, the maximum heat appears to have been 83°. In the plains on the Danube, which are liable to terrible inundations, endemic fevers prevail, but they are rarely fatal. Of the hilly districts there are many; the inhabitants of which are disfigured by *goitres*, attributed to the insalubrious quality of the water. The country is liable to earthquakes, and ten years rarely elapse without the occurrence of a serious visitation of the kind. During the earthquake of 1838 many houses fell in, burying their inmates in the ruins.

The population of Wallachia may be divided into three principal castes or classes; the Boyards, the Wallachians, and the Gipsies. The first, who claim to be the descendants of the Roman colonists, are the privileged order, and the almost exclusive proprietors of the soil, whence, however, they derive but a small share of the wealth which under a wiser administration they might hope to obtain from it. All public offices must be filled by the nobles, who on the other hand are exempt from taxation, and contribute no portion of their wealth to the exigencies of the state. Nevertheless, with all their privileges, the Boyards are in no very prosperous condition; we may gather from M. de Demidoff, that the majority of them are in embarrassed circumstances. But such is the usual fate of the privileged orders all over the world.

"The boyards at the present day participate so much in public affairs, that we may hope to see them some day take a just view of questions of domestic economy, which, after all, are intimately connected with a good public administration. The superior education which the rising generation of nobles are receiving, may safely be admitted as a guarantee for future improvements. Hitherto the manner of living of the privileged class remains impressed with that reckless spirit of fatalism naturally engendered by oriental habits and a precarious government. Nothing can be more elegant than the family circle (*entourage intime*); but look on the crowds of idle and ragged domestics, on the vast but naked rooms of their mansions, and you are struck by the symptoms of misery that everywhere obtrude themselves amid all this appearance of luxury and opulence. The courtesy of the master of the house; the grace and accomplishments of the female members of his family; the purity with which the languages of central Europe are spoken; the taste, the tact, nay the very frivolity of the conversation, all combine to convince you that you are mingling with the most polished society in the civilized world; but you need only pass the door of the saloon, and look upon the horde of dirty and disgusting servants, not to speak of the gipsies who lie sleeping in the hall, and on the very steps of the staircase, and you are immediately reminded that you are in Wallachia."

The Wallachian peasants, the native race of the country, form the bulk of the population.

\* The piaster of Wallachia and Moldavia is equal to about 3¼d. sterling.

They are a hardy and much-enduring people, and though rendered indolent by centuries of slavery and oppression, there is that about them which promises a more glorious future. At present they occupy themselves chiefly with the breeding of cattle, but in proportion as the feeling of security grows stronger, agriculture will no doubt flourish, and commerce become domesticated.

The gipsies or Tsigaans of Wallachia are chiefly remarkable for their numbers, forming nearly one-tenth of the entire population. Their features are different from those of the Gitanos of Spain, whose purity of race has evidently been destroyed by an intermixture of Moorish blood. There is no country in Europe where the gipsy appears to be more at home than in Wallachia. Some of them maintain themselves by their labour, and pay their head-money. It is the gipsy generally who collects the gold dust among the sands of the rivers, an occupation peculiarly suited to an idle race, as it holds out to them the continual prospect of great gains, though to the majority of those engaged in it it brings only poverty and disappointment. The masons, smiths, and cooks, are always gipsies; the Wallachian looking upon these occupations as in some measure disgraceful. The great mass, however, of the gipsies live in a state of servitude little better than actual slavery about the houses and estates of the Boyards, whose mansions they fill with a useless and repulsive crowd of servants. Several thousands of gipsies also live, scattered through the country, in a state of utter vagrancy, with no other means of livelihood than begging and stealing.

In Wallachia as in Moldavia, the language spoken by the people is a mixture of Slavonian and corrupt Latin. This dialect was first reduced to grammatical rules in 1735, a period remarkable on account of the enlightened attempts of Prince Constantine Mavrocordato. Among the Boyards the modern Greek is the language most generally spoken, having been for centuries the dialect of the courts of the Hospodars. At present, French is beginning to supersede every other language in the aristocratic circles of Bukharest and Yassy.

Moldavia already assumes many of the characteristics of the Steppe, and on crossing the Pruth, these become still more pronounced. A quarantine of fourteen days detained our travellers at the Russian frontier, a delay for which they sought to atone by the rapidity of their subsequent progress.

We have so recently had occasion\* to entertain our readers with an account of Odessa, that we shall not now trouble them with a repetition of what is much more ably described in the amusing pages of M. Kohl. At Odessa our travellers embarked in the steamer for Yalta, whence, travelling along the southern coast of the Crimea, the Russian Italy, they soon arrived at the ancient Genoese fortress of Arabat, whence a long narrow slip of land runs northward, and divides the Putrid Sea from that of Azoff. The Putrid Sea, or the sea of Sivach, well deserves the name

which it has borne from the earliest antiquity. It consists of a vast lagoon of stagnant water, from which the most offensive exhalations are continually rising. The natural dyke, however, which confines the waters of this vast pool, forms an admirable road, on which several post stations are established for the convenience of travellers, who are at all times anxious to perform this part of their journey with the greatest possible expedition.

Taganrog, where our travellers arrived in 76 hours after leaving Yalta, has acquired a melancholy interest in the eyes of every Russian, in consequence of its being the place where the Emperor Alexander breathed his last. It is a well-built town, agreeably situated, and promised at one time to become a place of considerable importance; but since the same commercial privileges have been extended to Kertch, the growth of Taganrog has been arrested, and a large share of its trade has been transferred to its younger rival. The quantity of sand brought down by the Don is gradually filling up the sea of Azoff, and has already deteriorated the port of Taganrog so much that vessels of a moderate size cannot approach the land, but are obliged to lie off nearly a league from the landing-place. The maximum depth of the Sea of Azoff is seven or eight fathoms, but in few places does it exceed one or two. At the commencement of the present century, the port of Taganrog was, nevertheless, visited by many foreign vessels, there being then no quarantine establishment at Kertch where ships could purge themselves of the infection which they were supposed to have received on passing the Bosphorus. In 1833, however, the wished-for privilege was extended to Kertch, which was raised to the dignity of a quarantine port, and the disastrous effects of this measure were immediately felt by Taganrog. Since then the Sea of Azoff may be said to have been closed against all foreign navigation, and none but coasting vessels now appear upon its waters. Kertch has become the central point for the whole of the commerce of the eastern part of the Black Sea.

Few things serve more to characterize this portion of the Russian empire than the state of isolation in which the different races that form the population live in their several towns and districts. This state of isolation would be impossible under any but a purely despotic government. The German colonies are essentially German, rarely mingling either with the Russians or with the colonists of other nations. Odessa may boast a more mingled population, yet even there but few Russians are found except among the civil and military servants of the state. Nearly all the chief mercantile establishments belong to Greeks and Italians, and such are the advantages which Russian hospitality extends to foreigners, that few are ever desirous to forfeit their privileges by accepting the questionable favour of naturalization. In the Crimea, Sevastopol is a thoroughly Russian town, but within a few miles of it is Bakshi-Serai, the ancient capital of the Tatar Khans, of which the population continues to be exclusively composed of Tatars, and which has lost none of its Oriental character by passing under the domination of Russia. In Nakitchewan,

\* See Foreign Quarterly Review, No. LV.

a place not far eastward of Taganrog, we have a city wholly peopled by Armenians. Close to this again is Novo Tsherkask, the capital of the Cossacks of the Don. M. de Demidoff visited Nakitchevan on the express invitation of its inhabitants.

"It is a town," he says, "interesting on account of its quaintness, and, at the same time, on account of the bustle that pervades it. From this remote corner of the world its intelligent and enterprising inhabitants maintain an active correspondence with their compatriots at Astrakhan, at Leipzig, and in Asia Minor. They have all but monopolized the commerce of the valley of the Don, and their numerous and well-stocked warehouses are ready at all times to inundate the fairs of the interior. These quick-sighted traders have not failed to secure to themselves the whole produce of the vineyards of the Don, and by means of these native wines, the greater part of Southern Russia is abundantly provided with *château-lafitte*, and *haut-sauterne*. The shops of this little city are richly stocked with Persian and other Oriental wares."

On leaving Nakitchevan, our author entered upon the country of the Don Cossacks, a vast plain traversed by the river of that name, from the point where it issues from the government of Voronej, to that where it discharges its waters into the sea of Azoff. These Cossacks, though subjects of the Russian empire, are governed by their own laws and usages. The hetman, or chief of the district, is elected by the inhabitants, and so is every other civil officer. The only appointment which the emperor reserves for himself is that of hetman in chief, which is held at present by the heir-apparent to the throne. Civilisation has made but little progress among the Cossacks. Such as they were fifty years ago, they are at the present day. Though possessed of a fine country, which, with a moderate degree of cultivation, would abundantly supply their wants, they are ill clad, ill housed, and ill fed, and afflicted with diseases the result of an habitual want of cleanliness. The military habits which the Russian government has introduced among them constitute the only improvement, if improvement it can be called, for which the Cossacks are indebted to their present masters. The peasant soldier has been taught to keep his accoutrements bright, though he has not yet learned to extend the same care to his person; he religiously brushes his uniform every day, but he never dreams of subjecting his hands or his face to an ablution.

After M. de Demidoff had seen his engineers at work, he repaired to Vosnessensk to witness the splendid cavalry reviews, which a few years ago occupied so large a space in our newspapers, but which have now passed into oblivion—amid a multitude of stirring events of even more recent occurrence, that to the actors engaged in them seemed likely to lay strong hold on immortality. Our author is in ecstasies with the splendours of the reviews, and how, indeed, could a loyal Russian be otherwise; but the pageantry of Vosnessensk, deemed at the time indicative of vast designs of conquest, is now quietly inurned along with the other court frivolities of the day, and we feel no wish to revive the recollection of scenes

that owed their temporary importance only to the political views which it was at that time the fashion to attribute to Russia.

From Vosnessensk M. de Demidoff retraced his steps to Paris, to resume his position in the circles, and to write a book, which, but for the rank of the author, would never have commanded much public attention, so far at least as its literary merit is concerned. Yet the style is tolerably good, the remarks are for the most part sensible and well-timed, and the information is often new. What the author has seen he tells in a straightforward and unassuming manner, but it is unfortunately little that he has seen of the country he attempts to describe. He passed rapidly from town to town in his luxurious equipage, and held little intercourse save with the magnificoes of the land. Of the people, in the proper sense of the word, he either saw nothing, or has thought it prudent to say nothing. Some statistical information relative to the Russian provinces on the Euxine we certainly looked for, but have not found; and on taking leave of him, we can only repeat the equivocal compliment with which we set out—the embellishments are certainly beautiful.

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ART. XI.—*Ariana Antiqua. A Descriptive Account of the Antiquities and Coins of Afghanistan, with a Memoir on the Buildings called Topes*, by C. M. MASSON, Esq. By H. H. WILSON, M. A. F. R. S., &c. &c., and Boden Professor of Sanscrit, in the University of Oxford. London. 4to. 1841.

MANY learned antiquaries and zealous inquirers in Russia, France, and Germany, in India, and England, have been eminently successful in recovering from the bowels of the earth traces of an early commerce, and evidences of an ancient civilisation, which once enriched vast localities long since become wildernesses, or at best the transient abodes of scanty and half-barbarous populations. Within twenty years, and more especially within the last ten years, thousands of coins have been collected, calculated to illustrate the history of many dynasties of eastern sovereigns, and to show the fluctuations of refinement during fifteen centuries, from the foundation of the Asiatic colonies of Alexander the Great. Whilst these researches have been going on abroad, a similarly good spirit has prevailed in Europe, where numerous books have been published on various branches of the subject. This article is limited to a brief consideration of Fossil Coins; without more than very general allusions to the filiation of languages, or to eastern historical records: from both of which great contributions have been gained towards a familiar acquaintance with important but utterly forgotten events.

Among the circumstances attending this triumph of science, one deserves to be particularly mentioned. In the last century an English Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Robert Ainslie, devoted much zeal to collecting Parthian, Cufic,



Persian, Greek, Latin, and ancient Turkish coins. Wishing to sell them, he readily found purchasers of the classical series in Lord Northwick, and Mr. Payne Knight; but, says Dr. Marsden, from whom the anecdote is taken, their pursuit did not include what was *barbarous*; and they therefore rejected the Cufic coins, professing to disregard what "they did not understand," (*Marsden's Numismata orientalia*, vol. i., p. vi.) and forgetting, that to separate the classical from the barbarian coins found in the same localities, must deprive the former of a great part of the interest that arises from inquiries into the progress and decay of the fine arts and of national wealth. This error is not likely to be committed again. The volumes before us show that the whole subject has for some time been studied in an improved spirit; and being no longer confined to exclusive inquiries, it is in all respects better understood than formerly. Happily we are returning to the example of the Leibnitz' and Gassendis of the 17th century, to whom learning and science were not only mutual helps, but both were employed as hand-maids to the elevation of the whole human race, not of any one favoured branch of it.

The subject is indeed one which singularly invites us to consider the influence of the more civilized upon the less civilized races of men. Money is an universal language, perhaps the only language that will ever be intelligible to all; and to spread a good coinage over the globe is one effectual means of promoting general confidence and refinement. Of this, Pliny the elder gives a proof in an interesting story of the favourable impression made upon a king of Ceylon by the *equal weight* of the well-formed Roman money. In the note we give the original of the very curious passage of Pliny alluded to.\*

So, a few centuries later, in the reign of Justinian (A.D. 565), as is stated by Cosmas Indicopleustes, a great traveller and merchant, and ultimately a monk and pious writer, the Roman coins were used for commercial purposes in the remotest region: "all men admired their incomparable beauty." This was at a period when this author declares the Christian religion to

have also become familiar to the Huns and Indians; and among the latter he notes the names of great trading emporia on the Indus,\* the use of which river has somewhat rashly been mid of late to be unknown since the time of Alexander and Nearchus.

These two authorities support the following account given by the late Mr. James Prinsep, who was one of the most distinguished students of numismatics in India.

"The Roman coins," says Mr. Prinsep, "found in India, are chiefly of the common currency of the eastern part of the empire, and if it were allowable to argue from such insufficient data, the predominance among our specimens of the copper coin of Egyptian fabrication confirms what is known from history of that country having been the principal channel of commerce between India and the Roman empire."—"In the *Asiatic Researches*, vol. ii." continues Mr. Prinsep, "is a notice of the discovery of a number of Roman coins, chiefly of gold, of the second century, by a peasant, in digging the remains of what appeared to be an old Hindû temple, near Nellore, 100 miles west of Madras, in the year 1787. Many were melted up as old gold, but thirty were recovered by Nawab Amir-ul-Amra, who allowed the governor of Madras to select two from the number for himself. He chose an Adrian, and a Faustina, of which drawings were sent to the Asiatic Society. 'Some of the Trajans were in good preservation, and many of the coins could be seen have been in circulation, they were so fresh and beautiful.' This printed record is all that now remains in the archives of Calcutta of the interesting discovery. The coins were probably brought to India by the Christian and Jewish refugees, who emigrated to Mysore in the third and fourth centuries of our era."†

Many centuries of revolutions, and conquests, and the overthrow of cities and kingdoms, in these regions passed away, until their very ruins seemed to be lost; but from out of those ruins,—as if to bear witness to the grandeur of the multitudinous nations whom bad policy destroyed, and to show that wise measures may replace them with new flourishing communities,—men are now collecting vast quantities of coins and seals, and other precious memorials of the past, in gold, silver, and copper, with pottery, urns, sculptures, tombs, and the foundations of buildings. The language of the inscriptions, the style of the various works of art, and especially the names on the coins, have enabled judicious inquirers to establish from them a series of historical facts of great interest. It was known from classical authorities, that, after Alexander the Great's inroads upon the remote east, strong traces of Greek civilisation were left there either by the colonies which he planted, or by the influence which his successors exercised; and one kingdom at least of a Greek character, the kingdom of *Bactria*, was generally believed to have flourished for a considerable period. The absence, however, of writings by the civilized Bactrians, at a time when other civilized nations

\* "Hactenus a priscis memorata. Nobis diligentior notitia Claudii principatu contigit legatis etiam ex insula advectis. Id accidit hoc modo: Annii Plocami, qui maris Rubri vectigal a fisco redemerat, libertus circa Arabiam navigans, aquilonibus raptus præter Carmaniam, xv. die Hippuros (called Ophir by Bochart) portum ejus invecus, hospitali regis Clementia sex mensium tempore imbutus alloquio, percontanti postea narravit Romanos et Cæsarem. Mirum in modum in auditis justitiam ille suspexit, quod parvis ponderibus denarii essent in captiva pecunia, cum diversæ imagines indicarent a pluribus factos. Et hoc maxime sollicitus ad amicitiam, legatos quatuor misit, principe eorum Rachia. . . . Ultra montes Emodos, Seras ab ipsis aspicere, notos etiam commercio. . . . Cætera eadem, quæ nostis negotiatores. . . Sed ne Taprobane quidem, quamvis extra orbem, à natura relegata, nostris vitibus caret. *Aurum argentumque et ibi in pretio.*"—*Plinii Naturalis Historia*. Lib. 6, c. 22. Parisiis, 1723. Folio. Vol. i., p. 324.

\* Montfaucon *Nova Collectio Patrum*. Folio. Vol. ii., p. 113.

† *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, vol. i., p. 394. *Calcutta. Svo. Ibid.*, p. 397.

of antiquity produced great authors, who have survived to our days, could not fail to shake this belief. It was forgotten, that although such writers, for example, as Strabo, in Asia Minor; Terence, in Spain; Trugus and Ausonius, in Gaul; attested the extension of literature beyond the neighbourhood of Athens and Rome; yet that elsewhere, as in Britain,\* civilisation was unquestionably established without leaving similar evidence of its existence. Another capital point also forgotten was, that the classics were mainly preserved by the Christians, and when Christianity was abolished as in Central Asia, ancient learning also disappeared. It was desirable, therefore, that means should be found to show the precise degree of progress made by the Greeks in their union and struggles with these Asiatics. The discoveries now under review seem likely to offer such means; to be aided by Chinese authorities, as well as by Greek, Latin, and other writings; all of which, by throwing light on each other, will be read at present with far more advantage than in times past.

The advances made in the study of those coins are various, and eminently illustrative of the patience and sagacity of the long list of inquirers who have at length been rewarded by remarkable success. In tracing this list we rely on the interesting volumes of Professor Wilson, to whose well-deserved reputation the *Ariana Antiqua* gives new honours. We venture to add one or two points to which he seems scarcely to have done full justice.

In the spirit of that earnest encouragement to the enterprising, which Washington Irving derives from the ultimate success of Columbus after eighteen weary years of exertion to convince men of the existence of the new world,—Professor Wilson opens his work with an admirable remark, applied to some important inquiries now only in progress.

“It can rarely happen,” says he, “that talent and perseverance toil in vain. . . . It has not unfrequently occurred, that at the moment when interest most languished and hope grew faint, fortune proved propitious, and unexpected success rewarded the resolution that gave not way to despair. . . . Scholars and antiquaries have not yet unrolled the entire volume of the Egyptian records, but the labour which so long sought in vain for a key to the characters in which they are concealed, has not been wholly disappointed of its reward, and they may reasonably now look forward to a more brilliant recompense. We seem to be at last upon the

eve of becoming familiar with whatever the inscriptions of Babylon or Persepolis may have preserved from periods anterior to authentic history; and the doctrines or facts perpetuated on rocks or columns, or in inscriptions on stones which so long crippled the industry and erudition of Indian orientalists, have been at last made accessible to the world by the more fortunate applications of learning, talent, ingenuity, and perseverance. Instances of this description cannot fail to demonstrate the advantage of not desisting from a course of inquiry, merely because the attainment of its objects is not apparently nigh at hand.”

The new facts ascertained by these researches are very important. Instead of what Sir John Malcolm, only thirteen years ago, called the “blank in eastern history,” which all former records of nearly five hundred years from the death of Alexander, did not fill up, we now know, as Professor Wilson says, that

“The latest of the princes of Greek origin must have ruled until within a brief interval of the era of Christianity.”

And he adds that in illustration of the Christian histories, the coins enable us to trace

“several and successive dynasties of barbaric rulers, Sakas, Getæ, Parthians, Huns, and Turks; who from the beginning of the Christian era, or a brief period before it, to the fifth and sixth centuries after it, occupied with fluctuations for times, the country on the west of the Indus, from the Hindu Koosh to the Indian Ocean.”

It curiously confirms the conclusions drawn from the numerous Greek and Barbaric coins found in Afghanistan, which is the region here described, that very little Roman money is among those coins. Some of it has been found by the recent zealous explorers, but less than was long since stumbled upon by accident in Hindostan, as shown above from the “Asiatic Researches.” The truth is, that the Romans never possessed Afghanistan, although embassies frequently reached Rome from India. Consequently the only coins deposited in the ground would be the comparatively few brought by trade to the country, as intimated in the passage quoted above from Cosmas Indicopleustes; and in the same way as a few Russian coins were brought as curiosities to Mr. Moorcroft twenty years ago in Central Asia.

Alexander died in the year 324 before our era; and it is not until 60 years later that the history of the times is held to be elucidated by recently found coins. His are well known, but they seem to be usually found in more westerly situations. The confusion which followed upon the death of the great conqueror, directed the attention of those who shared his dominions exclusively to less remote countries than those bordering on the Indus, and those north of the Himalaya mountains. At length, however, upon Seleucus leading an expedition towards India, he obtained the mastery of Bactria, and of the whole region to the Indus; and from the year 130 to 256 before Christ, as is inferred from coins with Greek inscriptions and figures, a regular succession of sovereigns of Greek origin continued uninterruptedly to hold the country.

\* It is true that the Roman poet mentions the success of the British Students in jurisprudence.

† Life of Columbus, 12mo edition, p. 56.—“Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties, in the prosecution of any great and worthy undertaking, remember that eighteen years elapsed after Columbus conceived his enterprise, before he was enabled to carry it into effect; that the most of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle; and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about fifty-six years of age. His example should teach the enterprising never to despair.”

Their names cannot be mistaken, Theodotus, Euthydemus, Demetrius, Eukratides, Lysias, Antimachus, Heliokles, Philoxenes, Menander, Apollodotus, Diomedes, Agathokles, Pantalon, and Hermæus. All these men must have had a Greek origin, and their coins prove that they were sovereign princes. Some of them had separate cotemporary kingdoms, as was probable in disturbed countries bordering upon a more disturbed world of barbarians.

The confirmation and correction of history by means of those ancient coins will be best shown by an example, and we take that of Menander from Professor Wilson.

"According to Strabo," says the Professor, "Menander was one of the Bactrian kings by whose victories the boundaries of the kingdom were chiefly extended towards the east. He crossed the *Hypanis*, and passed eastward as far as the *Isamus river*; the latter is considered to be the *Jumna*, the *Hypanis* being the *Setlej*. It appears likely, also, from what follows, that the occupation, if not the conquest of *Patalene*, is ascribed to Menander; and this harmonises well enough with the fact mentioned by the author of the *Periplus*, that, in his time, the end of the first century after Christ, the drachms of Menander and Apollodotus were still current at *Barygaza*, or *Baroach*, on the coast of *Guzerat*.

"Menander is spoken of by *Arrian* as a king of *Bactria*, and *Plutarch* gives him the same designation. The title, however, is applied by them without any consideration, and it may be doubted if he ever reigned in *Bactria*. *Bayer*, following *Valens*, makes him either the brother or a kinsman of *Euthydemus*, and his successor; he calls him also king of *India* and *Bactria*, assuming the former from the record of his Indian victories, and a passage in the summary of a chapter of *Trogus Pompeius*, which, however, does not necessarily indicate the reign of Menander in *India*. The only authority, therefore, we have for his ruling over any part of *India* is the writer of the *Periplus*.

"Upon examining the coins, however, of this prince, we have every reason to believe that he never was King of *Bactria*, but that he reigned over an extensive tract from the foot of the *Paropamisian mountains* to the sea. How far he held sovereignty on the east of the *Indus*, or even in the delta of that river, is somewhat doubtful, as his coins have not been found in those directions; they are most abundant in the vicinity of *Kabul*, in the *Huzara mountains*, and at *Baghrum*; they are obtained in the *Punjab*, but apparently they are brought thither for sale. *Colonel Tod*, however, discovered his coins of *Apollodotus* and *Menander* on the *Jumna*, and there is no reason, therefore, why they may not be dug up in any of the intermediate spots. The chief seat of their issue was the neighbourhood of *Kabul*, and here was in all probability the royal capital of Menander.

"That Menander was never king of *Bactria* is to be inferred from the total absence of any tetradrachms, or any other coins, silver or copper, with a mono-lingual inscription. The largest coin found of this prince is a drachm, which, although of neat workmanship, is inferior in spirit and execution to the tetradrachms of *Heliokles*; it bears also an *Arianian* as well as a Greek legend. His smaller silver coins are very numerous, and the copper are in great variety as well as number, from which we may ascribe to him a long and prosperous reign. Thus in war a reign of military exertion is also deducible from the portraits of the king, who not only

wears the fillet of peaceful rule on the helmet and defensive armour, but is exhibited in an attitude of attack, or as launching a javelin in battle. His coins, therefore, give precision to the indication of history, and leave little doubt that he was a king of *Paropamisian India*, and a conqueror of the neighbouring provinces. His progress to the north was probably checked by the advancing power of the *Scythians*, whose contests with the *Arsacidan monarchs* deterred both from molesting Menander; his arms were therefore turned against his own countrymen, as well as against Indian princes; and such fragmentary portions of Greek dominion as may have subsisted to his day were perhaps once consolidated under his reign.

"It does not appear that there is any satisfactory ground for making Menander a brother of *Euthydemus*, and the style of his coins is evidence of his being subsequent not only to that monarch, but to *Eukratides* and *Heliokles*. He first adopts the title 'Soter,' which may have been suggested to him by the example of *Demetrius Soter of Syria*; to whom, however, if the conjectural date here given is near the truth, he was considerably subsequent. His extensive conquests in *India* cannot well have been anterior to those of *Mithridates*, which makes him posterior to 137 before Christ, and the probability that he was preceded by petty dynasties to which he put an end, cannot allow us to date him much earlier than 126 before Christ. The prevailing device on his coins is the *Minerva Promachos*, which is found on *Thessalian*, *Macedonian*, and *Seleucidan* medals, generally executed in a much more masterly manner. Some of his coins offer a similar indication, and denote his attachment to the same goddess by the representations of her attributes, as her owl and her ægis. On a small copper coin, which is very abundant, we have the head of an elephant on one side, and the club of *Hercules* on the other; and these, as well as the *Minerva*, connect him, if they have any such purport, with *Euthydemus*, or rather with *Demetrius*. The presence of a winged *Victory* offering a regal diadem on some of his coins may, however, as conjectured in regard to other princes, intimate his being the founder of a new dynasty. Of others of his devices the import is not obvious, as the dolphin, bear's head, and the wheel; of the first of these the style is more like Roman than Greek, though distinguished from both by the usual quadrangular shape. A single coin has been found bearing the title ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ, and having on the reverse a panther; a title and a type which would seem to connect him with *Heliokles* and *Agathokles*, but which may merely indicate his being posterior to both those princes.

"An anecdote is related of Menander by *Plutarch*, which is curiously analogous to one of an *Indian* origin, although relating to a different individual. Menander, it is said, enjoyed such favour with his subjects, that upon his death, which happened in camp, different cities contended for the possession of his ashes, and the dispute was only adjusted by their agreeing that the relics should be divided among them, and that they should severally erect monuments to his memory. This story is told of *Gaulama*, or *Sakya Sinha*, in all the traditional biographies of him which are current amongst the nations following the faith of *Buddha*. Upon his death, and the cremation of his corpse, eight cities contended for the ashes; the precious remains were divided among them, and each built magnificent shrines for their reception. The existence of such monuments in *Bactria* and *Paropamisus* was known in the second century, and the persons with whom the knowledge of the fact originated may have mis-

taken or misstated the object of the posthumous honours.”\*

Several points in this curious passage, which is a fair specimen of the learned Professor's own volume, might be discussed with profit; but the passages in italics are connected with by far the most interesting circumstance in the new learning recently brought to something like perfection in regard to the East. These coins, and the languages of the Asiatic tribes, compared with our own and the *Chinese* books, of which improved translations of considerable extracts have lately appeared in France, not only establish ancient history upon indisputable foundation, so as to open altogether a fresh insight into the condition of very extensive portions of the whole globe in times heretofore utterly dark, but present the more important people of Asia under circumstances altogether novel and hopeful.

The first circumstance to which we allude is the illustration of the Greek-Asiatic story by reference to the faith of *Buddha*: which Colonel Sykes has put in an exceedingly satisfactory point of view in a paper, or rather a volume, published last year by the Royal Asiatic Society.† In the year 399 A. D., a Chinese Buddhist priest, Fa-Hian, travelled through Afghanistan and India; and in the years 502 and 650, other Chinese frequented those countries. Their narratives are voluminous; and the translations of extracts, by the French principally, are considerable. Without attempting to analyze the full account given of them by Colonel Sykes, we offer our tribute of applause to the able manner in which he has performed his task; and we quote with entire approbation his concluding words. These genuine documents show, says he, that Brahminism is not “*unfathomable in its antiquity, nor unchangeable in its character*,” and he infers, we venture to assert, most soundly, that “by proper means applied in a cautious, kindly, and forbearing spirit, such further changes may be made in their condition and character as will elevate and greatly improve them.”‡

It appears, that Fa-Hian, the first of those Chinese teachers and missionaries, describes a Buddhist temple which he saw near the Indus, in terms that clearly explain the figures upon the numerous Buddhist coins found lately in Afghanistan.§ This temple had two pillars before it, the pillar on the left hand had a *wheel* on it; that on the right hand an *ox*; both of which are to be seen on these coins. Colonel Sykes also remarks correctly that the Pali inscriptions on many of these coins, together with their Buddhist emblems, attest the truth of Fa-Hian. And some recent disinterments mentioned in the posthumous volume of Sir Alexander Burnes, seem to confirm the opinion that the religion of *Buddha* is the parent stock of Indian faiths.||

The same coins and Chinese books concur in

another important matter—the conquest of the civilized Greek dominions in the remote east by barbarians. The same cause which led to the overthrow of the Roman empire by the northern barbarians in Europe, inflamed the people of Asia. Mutual injuries rendered the more civilized and the less civilized furiously hostile to each other; and the latter—not suffering, as the barbarian of modern times does, the evil of being exposed in the conflict to gunpowder and very superior science—generally conquered. In those days the Chinese were invaders of foreign lands, as well as other nations; and they had so active an intercourse of various kinds with Central Asia, and towards the west, that when the Arabs pressed eastwards, the people of Afghanistan, who could not resist, appealed to the Chinese for aid. In the revolutions occasioned at an earlier period, by the progress of the more northern tribes towards the same country, the Chinese also took part against the invaders, and the transition from Greek civilisation to the state of manners which ultimately settled down into either Hinduism, or Mahometanism, with some exceptions of an obscure faith, is distinctly declared in the Chinese books, as it is distinctly marked on the face of the coins recently found so abundantly. In the present state of this transit of knowledge the subject is somewhat obscure, but enough is ascertained to gratify and excite curiosity. It is in the highest degree probable that the barbarians who, about the year 160 B.C. settled in the Greek kingdom of Bactria, “cultivated the arts of peace, and in imitation of their predecessors struck coins of gold and silver, as the Chinese report of the people of Ki-pin, on one side of which was a mounted horseman, and on the other the head or the figure of a man.”\* Mohammedan writers concur in these remarks; and the bowels of the earth daily give forth witnesses to the exactness of both. A succession of dynasties and nations follows,—Indo-Parthian,—Indo-Scythian,—Sassanian,—Hindu,—and Mohammedan.

The late Colonel Tod and Mr. Masson seem to have been the most persevering and successful collectors of these coins. The former gentleman obtained the enormous quantity of upwards of 20,000; and so long ago as in 1833, the latter, as we find in his own report in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, published in Calcutta, made in the first four months of his explorations on one spot, a most abundant harvest.

Two other Englishmen deserve special mention on the subject; Mr. James Prinsep, already quoted, one of a family distinguished for talent, and eminent in station in India, who was the first who introduced this study with effect to the literary world; and Mr. Moorcroft, whose melancholy fate has not yet excited sufficient sympathy, nor his merits had a fitting recompense. Among the many other objects to which the latter paid attention when travelling in Central Asia, he did not neglect coins and antiquities; and he found Greek relics in the heart of the soil as well as Russian copees in the hands of the population. Mr. Moorcroft was our real pioneer to the commerce of the vast regions,

\* *Ariana Antiqua*, p. 280.

† *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, May, 1841.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 450.

§ *Ibid*, p. 295.

|| Cabool, in 1836, 7, and 8, by Sir A. Burnes, p. 260.

\* *Ariana Antiqua*, p. 306.

where it is plain England is destined to play a great part; and it will not detract from the honour due to others, to place him worthily at their head. This is not an occasion upon which we enter upon the subject in the way it deserves; but we cannot help expressing regret that the learned and eminent editor of his and Mr. Trebeck's travels, did not vindicate them from some hasty misrepresentations made by another Asiatic traveller of high reputation, Victor Jacquemont. Jacquemont charges Moorcroft with having in the Himalayas mischievously assumed a false character; whereas we apprehend his views were as sagacious as his conduct was honourable.

Whilst those researches have been thus pursued with zeal and success, it is not surprising that an advantage should be sought to be made of the anxiety of collectors of "rare" coins; and already are we told by Professor Wilson, some "Brummagem" people in Hindustan have begun to increase the supply by a false coinage. This trade is an old one in Europe; and as the late labours in this field in the east are certainly but beginnings of a multitude of disinterments of antiquity from Hindoo Koosh to Bokhara, it would be an acceptable assistance to the lovers of oriental research and science to furnish them with some good tests for the detection of fraud. Another great aid in the familiar application of this new learning will be to frame *numismatic maps*, exhibiting to the eye the localities of subterranean stores, when ascertained by the numbers and sort of coins found there, as the geological maps show upon the coloured surface the real characters of the soils.

But the most effectual means of promoting these, and all other good pursuits in the east, will be to let our career be one of peace; and in order that it may become so, we call for the adoption of a wise, humane, and active system of intercourse with all the people of Central Asia open to our trade and our civilisation. It is well known that they will eagerly receive both, if offered without covert designs of domination. Science and enterprise have already brought us in this quarter, upon the borders of a people that comprise nearly a quarter of the whole human race, the Chinese. A better policy is wanted to enable us to derive from them all those benefits which their wealth may impart.

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ART. XII.—*History of Holland, from the Beginning of the Tenth to the End of the Eighteenth Century.* By C. M. DAVIES. Vols. I. and II. London: Parker. 1842.

THIS writer is well entitled to the thanks of the English reader for the compilation of a work of which our historical literature stood much in need. Of the noble struggle maintained by Holland against Spain, in the sixteenth century, popular narratives are not wanting; but it is remarkable that of the previous history of the country scarcely anything is known, except to the diligent searcher into ancient chronicles,—books rarely looked into by general readers. Yet there is, perhaps, no country whose annals ought to be read by an Englishman with more deep

interest than those of Holland. "From the similarity of their commercial pursuits, of many of their institutions, of their municipal governments, and even of their habits and language," the history of the Netherlands "may afford more practical instruction than almost any other. Links the brightest and strongest, ties the most holy, woven by patriotism and hallowed by time, bind together these two great and enlightened nations: from England the light of Christianity first shone on Holland; from Holland England imbibed her first ideas of civil liberty and commerce; with the Netherlands she made her first commercial treaty; side by side they have fought for all the dearest rights of mankind; side by side they have struggled against the tyranny of Spain, against the bigotry of the Stuarts, against the ambition of the most powerful monarch of France; when the clouds of despotism and superstition hung dark and lowering over England, it was in William of Holland that she hailed her deliverer; when Holland writhed under the lash of Alva and the Inquisition, she looked to England as her trust and consolation." Commercial rivalry may occasionally have driven the two countries into hostility; but such a state of things has been of rare occurrence, and never of long duration; and even when the governments have been arrayed against each other, the commercial intercourse between the two nations has at no time altogether ceased.

Popular freedom is a plant of slow growth. It is not to be conjured into existence by new codes artistically designed by political philosophers, but must be cherished into maturity by institutions suited to the habits and even to the prejudices of a people. When, therefore, we find the Netherlands rousing themselves against their Spanish tyrants; when we see the Dutch people, by a bold defence of their religion, by endurance of adversity, and by forbearance in the hour of triumph, proving their title to the immunities of a nation of freemen; we may rest assured that the previous history of such a nation well deserves to be studied: nay it must be examined, if we would learn the course of training by which men were prepared and fitted for the struggle. Nor was the struggle one of short duration. The Dukes of Burgundy had laboured long and perseveringly to reduce the Netherlands to a state of thraldom, but the bravery of the people, and their attachment to the institutions bequeathed to them by their forefathers, baffled the designs of these would-be despots. Municipal freedom was the school in which these sturdy citizens had been trained; and when at length they rose in one general insurrection against the tyranny of Spain, it was not to conquer but to retain freedom,—it was not to pursue a speculative advantage but to preserve for their children the rich inheritance of their ancestors. Religion hallowed the cause: but it was in the defence of long existing municipal rights, rather than of any particular mode of faith, that the Dutch rose against their Spanish oppressors; and it may even be doubted whether the Reformation would have made in the Netherlands the progress it did, had not the Catholic Church considerably ranged itself on the side of tyranny.

The less the ministers of religion mingle in political strife, the more will they be respected by their flocks. There are times, indeed, when none but a moral dastard can hold aloof; but on such occasions it is with the people, and not against them, that churchmen should side, if the cause of their church is dear to them. Much of the existing unpopularity of our own church is owing to its connexion with the aristocracy rather than with the people in the struggle that has been going on for some time between the two great elements of our constitution. In such a struggle, the only place of safety for the church is in the ranks of the people. In Holland the Catholic church perished because the church banded with tyrants to rob the people of their freedom; in France the church was humbled to the dust because it sided with those that would keep the people from freedom: and it is only since the French church has ceased to lend itself as a mere tool to tyranny, that it has recovered a portion of its former influence.

It was not our purpose, at present, to take more than a rapid glance at the work before us, of which it would not be easy to speak more highly than it deserves. Our few points of disagreement are points of minor importance, bearing upon the rivalry of England and Holland in India. In every more prominent matter connected with the history of Holland, the most praiseworthy research is displayed; the style is easy and correct; and the narrative occasionally invested with more than the interest of fiction.

The two volumes now before us bring the annals of the country down to the year 1660, a period at which De Ruyter had raised the naval glory of Holland to its highest point. The third volume, we believe, is intended to bring the history down to 1795, when the United Provinces were subjugated by the arms of the French republic, and ceased for nearly twenty years to hold their place among the independent states of Europe.

ART. XIII.—*Das Lombardisch-venezianische Königreich*. (The Kingdom of Venetian Lombardy.) Von A. A. SCHMIDL. Stuttgart. 1841.

THIS volume forms a portion of a larger work, now in course of publication, under the general title of *Das Kaiserthum Oesterreich*, &c. (the Empire of Austria), of which seven parts, we believe, have now been published. This statistical and topographical description of Lombardy will be found not only a useful guide-book to the traveller, but a valuable work of reference to all who take an interest in the development of that part of Italy which is subjugated to the Austrian sceptre. Mountains, rivers, and plains; lakes and rivers; climate, productions, &c., are minutely described in the first 54 pages; and as the book is very closely printed in a large octavo form, a great deal of information is brought within the space of 54 pages. Next follow a multitude of statistical tables, showing the amount of population in the several provinces,

and the numbers of marriages, deaths, &c. The population of the entire kingdom is estimated at 4,677,900 souls. We are among those who sympathize with Raumer when he talks of the "mute eloquence" of these dead figures. What a long tale of departing glory is told by the tables that refer to Venice! The climate has of late years been repeatedly lauded, yet the deaths annually exceed the births by nearly a thousand! The young and enterprising, to whom the state looks for the rearing of embryo citizens, quit the sorrowing city; the aged alone remain to die amid the monuments of former splendour. How different are the fortunes of Milan, where the births exceed the deaths by more than 600.

Upon the whole it would not appear from M. Schmidl's work that the climate of Lombardy can be healthy, since the total number of deaths equals 1 in 26 of the whole population. The criminal statistics are not favourable to the people of this part of the Austrian dominions. The annual average gives 254 acts of murder or homicide, 789 wounds and personal injuries, 136 condemnations for rape, 112 for coining, and 736 for minor acts of personal violence.

The different dialects of northern Italy, the costumes, the local usages, the habitual diet, and the various occupations of the inhabitants, are described with much care, and are illustrated by 88 engravings on steel, and by a multitude of very elaborate tables. We have a detailed account of the much-vaunted system of agriculture, which, the author says, "would produce very different results, if the industry and intelligence of the German peasant could be brought to bear upon the country." At present nearly all this part of Italy is cultivated "by farmers who can scarcely obtain an existence from their locations," and have neither courage nor capital to attempt improvements.

The book contains an interesting description of the system of irrigation adopted for the rice-fields. Of wine the average annual produce is stated at 2,500,000 *eimer* (the *eimer*, according to Mac Culloch, equals 12 1-2 imperial gallons), but "the treatment of the vines is slovenly, and that of the grapes even more slovenly." The Parmesan cheese appears to form an important branch of trade, no less than 28,000 cwt. being annually exported. The rearing of silk worms is on the increase, but we were hardly prepared to hear that from 1832 to 1837 no less than 34 bears and 155 wolves had been killed in Lombardy. The Alpine regions were probably the scenes of their offences and death.

The sums expended by Austria upon the construction and improvement of roads have been immense, and indeed few intelligent Italians will deny that the happiest and best governed portion of Italy is that which is subject to the Germans. Yet are the Germans not loved there, much as they have done for the improvement of the country; while the French, ruthless and destructive as was their domination, have still numerous and zealous admirers in Italy.

ART. XIV.—*Römische Briefe aus den letzten Zeiten der Republik.* (Roman Letters of the latter period of the Republic. Von OTTO VON MIRBACH. Vols. III. and IV. Mittau. 1841.

THE two first volumes of this work appeared in 1836, and treated of the years 690 and 691 from the building of Rome. The two volumes lately published are entitled to the same favourable notice as those that went before them. They introduce the unlearned to a very fair notion of Roman manners at the period in question. All existing authorities have been carefully and conscientiously turned to account, and not only the political interests of the republic, but the domestic manners and the state of public morals are described with as much accuracy as may be looked for in what cannot wholly divest itself of the character of a work of fiction. To paint the manners of ancient Rome, the epistolary form has been judiciously selected. A narrative would not have allowed the same fragmentary style, without which minute but important points must have been passed over in silence. M. von Mirbach has been guilty of some rather striking anachronisms. Thus in letters supposed to have been written during the republic, he unhesitatingly quotes from Virgil and other authors belonging to the empire; and even weaves into his own text the epigrams of Martial, who did not appear at Rome till more than a century after the death of Julius Cæsar.

The author has given in his third volume a historical narrative of public events from 691 to 703. The three succeeding years which preceded the war between Cæsar and Pompey, are described by the supposed correspondents, the war itself forming the subject of fifteen letters. The events in the East are related by C. Cassius; those in Rome, including the domestic politics of the republic, by P. Servilius; the Spanish campaign is described by Q. Cassius, and with Cæsar's arrival in Egypt the work closes.

The book is accompanied by two maps, one represents the country round Herda, the other that between Dyrrhachium and Pharsalus.

ART. XV.—*Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples.* By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M. A. London: Rivington. 1842.

THIS is an almost uninterrupted rhapsody of 645 pages, inspired by the author's journey through France, Italy, and Greece, on his way to Jerusalem. He carries his reader only to Athens, but promises a continuation in case the present work should be favourably received; that is to say, if it should sell readily, and not leave the expense of publication on the author or his bookseller. We cannot say that we wish it any such success, but we are far from apprehending that the book will want readers. There is a large class among whom there prevails a morbid taste for these religious ravings; and to do Mr. Faber justice, few works of the kind are written with

the occasional elegance of style we have here: few display the scholarship and reading which are lavished upon nearly every page of the book before us. To the Puseyite enthusiast, we have little doubt these "Sights and Thoughts" will furnish matter to be connoised over with delight; and to the wavering Protestant, whom the Tractarians have all but weaned from the faith of his fathers, the book may serve as a help to smoothe the way back to the bosom of Rome.

Mr. Faber proceeded by the way of Paris to Avignon, and thence by Nîmes to Genoa. A page here and there is made descriptive of things as they are, but the greater part of the book dwells on matters connected with the Church during the middle ages. The thought that appears to have marred, throughout, the enjoyment of our Oxford divine, was his regret that, while wandering through Roman Catholic lands, he was not in the Roman Catholic communion.

"The traveller of the middle ages," he says, "rose with the religious men beneath whose roof he had found shelter for the night; with them he sought first of all, the house, oftentimes the altar, of God, and joined in the matin service of the Western Church. He went forward on his road with prayer and benediction. A cloud of good wishes accompanied and guarded him from monastery to monastery, while the courts of bishops and the cloisters of learned men were opened to him, by the commendatory letters of his native prelates. The traveller of those times had solid advantages which a churchman nowadays may be allowed to regret, and for which he would be willing to exchange no inconsiderable portion of our modern facilities. They who are accustomed to believe and act as if there were a church, and one church only, and to deem each little fact and symptom connected with her as of more importance than political statistics, or the critical observations of the artist, will acknowledge both their profit and their pleasure to have been marred, in no slight degree, by the absence of those privileges of Christian communion, so richly dealt out of old to travellers."

These lamentations, these yearnings after a reunion with Rome, are constantly renewed throughout the book; and where Mr. Faber is desirous to put forward extreme opinions, the responsibility of which he is yet unwilling to assume, he places them in the mouth of an ideal personage, a ghostly interlocutor from the middle ages, who appears to have burst his cerements for the express purpose of engaging himself as travelling companion to the learned Puseyite from Oxford. These two theologians, he of the spirit and he of the flesh, engage from time to time in a kind of friendly discussion on the merits of the Church of England, on which occasions the gentleman of the middle ages is always politely allowed to have the best of the argument. The following may be taken as a specimen of the meek humility with which our Oxford Puseyite allows himself to be schooled by this imaginary champion for Roman supremacy:—

"'You forget,' said I, 'that we are not brought up to reverence Rome.' 'That is not well,' he answered; 'Rome is not as other churches. She is not a common city: she has no common chair.' 'Alas,' said I, 'I cannot grant—' 'Who bade you grant anything?' he interrupted; 'answer me not; I was speaking, as it were, out of the bosom of my own centuries, forgetting your hindrances; but when I do speak, answer

me not. Yet, believe me, Rome will be permitted to lie grievously on those that will not reverence her; she is marked, not by her own hand, for reverence."

Mr. Faber takes his ghostly confessor at his word, and allows him to rail in good set terms at the rebellious church of Oxford and Cambridge, without offering a word in reply, except an occasional "I should hope," or, "we may expect," always nipped in the bud by the testy old gentleman, who very consolingly tells his young penitent he has nothing to hope for, till he shall have effected his reconciliation with the parent church.

A favourite scheme of our Puseyite traveller is the establishment of monastic orders in England. His ancient friend has a plan ready cut and dry for the purpose, and recommends particularly the location of little colonies of monks and nuns in the manufacturing districts. As Mr. Faber says nothing against the scheme in his imaginary dialogues, he must be supposed to agree in its propriety. If so, why has he not the courage to say so? Why, rather, has he not the honesty to throw up his Oxford fellowship at once, and avow himself the zealous devotee to the faith of Rome, which every page of his book shows him to be? Why does he remain in even ostensible communion with a church of which he speaks in these terms?

"Am I then to believe, what I have been told on many sides, that your church is but a dream, and your churchmen dreamers, with an unrealized theology, not a branch of the Catholic vine, true, healthy, strong, vigorous, growing, pliable, gifted, tangible, substantial? Have you not made an illuminated transparency, a soothing sight for quiet times, and sat before it so long and so complacently, that you now venture to call it a Catholic church? While you talk so largely of your own church, you put no faith in her. This it is which angers me. It is a kind of hypocrisy. You do not believe that she dare loosen the pegs of her tent-cords, in order to enlarge it, lest a rough wind should blow it over in the mean while."

These words, it is true, are put into the mouth of the resuscitated personage of the middle ages; but the worthy Puseyite has not a word to say in reply, but that he is determined never to leave his church, be her sins what they may. In this prudent determination the whole spirit of Puseyism is concentrated. The revenues of the Anglican are to be held conjointly with the tenets of the Roman church.

ART. XVI.—*Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean.* By LIEUT.-COL. E. NAPIER, 46th Regt. 2 vols. Colburn. 1842.

COLONEL NAPIER is, we believe, the stepson of the gallant commodore whose achievements at Cape St. Vincent, and more recently in Syria, have placed him among England's naval heroes. The colonel has inherited some admirable qualities from the commodore—a flow of spirits, an energy of purpose, a frankness of speech, and a hearty contempt for cant and affectation of every kind. These form a good stock in trade for an

author to begin upon; and a little industry alone is wanting to turn them to account. In this, however, Colonel Napier is wanting. His sketches are spirited, but, for the most part, they are left in too unfinished a state. He has hitherto been little known in the world of literature, except as an agreeable writer of light articles for periodicals. Some excellent papers from his pen have appeared in the *United Service Magazine*, and in several of the sporting magazines; but something more solid and connected is required in a work of two volumes. The reader who takes up these *Excursions*, however, merely with a view to amusement, will not be disappointed. The colonel is a lively travelling companion, mixes familiarly with all classes, and has a quick eye for the beautiful, whether it presents itself in the shape of a southern landscape or a comely hostess. He is at all times ready for fun, and relates his frolics with a zest which shows how entirely he enjoyed them in the acting, and how willing he is that his readers should share the enjoyment;—but in the course of excursions that extended along both sides of the Mediterranean, from the Strait of Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, much and valuable information might have been collected, for which we look in vain in his pages.

It was at first his intention, he tells us in his preface, to have brought the work out in its "original shape of letters from the Mediterranean, addressed to Lady Napier. The confidential correspondence with a kind parent, however, necessarily containing many particulars void of interest, he was induced, whilst retaining the familiar epistolary style, to throw the narrative into the form of a journal."

It was towards the close of 1837, that he accompanied his regiment to Gibraltar, and while stationed there, he found means frequently to relieve the tedium of garrison duty by excursions into the territories of Morocco and Spain. The greater part of the present work is occupied by an account of the author's adventures during these excursions. When the "Old Commodore" arrived at Gibraltar in the *Powerful*, on his way to join the Mediterranean fleet under Sir R. Stopford, the colonel accepted an invitation to go on to the Levant with his step-father, and the latter part of the work gives us an account of his cruise in the Levant, in the course of which he visited Malta, a number of the Greek islands, the site of ancient Troy, Constantinople, Athens, &c. In the course of such a varied tour, he could hardly fail to see and observe much; much more indeed than could possibly be brought within the compass of two octavo volumes: and it is perhaps in attempting to compass too much that a fragmentary tone has been given to his narrative. Yet we will not be captious with so good-humoured a man. His excursions affect not to be scientific travels, or ethnographical disquisitions. He introduces his reader in rapid succession to the practical humours of the mess-room, the jovial hospitality of the monastery, and the somewhat lawless life of Spanish students; he wanders gaily with the muleteer over the Sierras of Andalusia and Grenada, and seems to realize at times the adventurous excursions of the Manchán knight; he shows us the way to the haunts of the gipsies, and the camp of the



Arabs; entertains us at one moment with an account of a Greek review, too technical perhaps for a civilian reader, but very interesting, no doubt, to his brother officers, and then dashes off with the steamer for Constantinople, to explore the bazaars, and watch the very decided preference of Turkish ladies for handsome shopmen. Nor must it be forgotten that the colonel is quite as much at home with his pencil as with his pen, of which we have many finished evidences in the volumes. To the reader who seeks only amusement, and looks for a cheerful and agreeable travelling companion, we can conscientiously recommend the colonel.

ART. XVII.—*Denkwürdigkeiten des Freiherrn Achaz Ferdinand v. d. Asseburg.* (Memoirs of Baron von Asseburg, with a Preface by VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.) Berlin. 1842.

THE memoirs of a man who has played a prominent part upon the public stage are likely to be of the highest interest, if he is disposed to be communicative; but then his communications must not be confined to trivial matters, while upon all things of which the public is most desirous of information he preserves a dignified silence. The present work is compiled from papers and documents left by Von Asseburg: but the compiler, himself a diplomatist, has been so ultra-discreet with respect to everything relative to public matters, particularly to the Russian government, that what remains might just as well have remained among the other family papers of the deceased. Who, for instance, would feel disposed to pay the smallest fraction of the price of the book, to be informed of the genealogy of the house of Asseburg? Yet to this mighty subject is the introductory part of the work almost exclusively devoted.

We are first introduced to the baron himself as a Danish general, in which character he was employed in Sweden, in 1755, in the honourable task of doing what he could to impede the regeneration of the Swedish monarchy. He was a witness of the abortive revolution of 1756, but none of the many letters here communicated throw any fresh light upon the history of that time. The negotiations relative to Holstein-Gottorp led Asseburg first to Berlin, and afterwards to Russia, and subsequently, with the consent of the Danish government, he undertook to travel through Germany to select a wife for the Archduke Paul. He was fortunate enough to find what he was in quest of, in the person of a princess of the house of Hesse Darmstadt. Asseburg now entered avowedly into the diplomatic service of Russia, and for twenty-four years filled the office of Russian Ambassador to the German diet. Had a less reserved communication been made of his papers, much information might, no doubt, have been given respecting the intrigues of Russia to establish her influence in Germany; but if such papers existed they have been withheld by the baron's literary executor. All that was worth publishing has

evidently been suppressed, and the public would have lost nothing if the rest of the memoirs had been treated in a similar way.

Varnhagen von Ense, by giving a preface to the book, becomes its sponsor to the public. This is a trick of which we have of late had frequent examples at home, though we doubt whether a dull volume can ever be rendered popular by introducing the name of a favourite author into the title-page. It is a piece of finesse that may succeed now and then, but its effect must be destroyed by frequent repetition, and the honesty of the device is at all times questionable.

ART. XVIII.—*Frederick the Great, his Court and Times.* Edited by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. Vols. I. and II. London: Colburn. 1842.

"I SHOULD feel myself degraded," says Mr. Campbell, "to be the editor of any composition unlikely to be interesting or useful to the public. If such a production were condemned, the editor would have to bear the brunt and shame of its condemnation. It would not suffice for him to say, 'I am not the author of the work;' for the ready reply would be, 'No, but you are its sponsor.' True; and if I had any such fear about these volumes, I should never have made myself their sponsor."

Mr. Campbell then is not the author of these volumes, but he comes forward as the guide of public judgment. He is the sponsor to assure the world that this anonymous life of Frederick is a good book. He anticipates the office of the reviewer. He stamps his own name upon the coin, and expects it to pass current in the world on the strength of his credit.

This little artifice, already referred to in the foregoing article, is one that has been becoming more and more customary, both in England and on the continent, and has perhaps been attacked, both here and abroad, with more violence than so venial an offence can be said to merit. The name of a popular author on the title-page not as author but as editor, can scarcely make a bad book "go down," and it may sometimes call immediate attention to a work of merit, which would otherwise have made its way more slowly into public favour. Upon the permanent position of a book the popularity of an editor can exercise no influence; but to a bookseller, to whom quick returns are of importance, it may be of use to have a sponsor whose authority forces the public to pronounce immediate sentence upon a book that might otherwise have required years to creep into notice. The editor, in such a case, is like the friend who recommends a new contributor to a popular periodical. The friend becomes the sponsor of the article offered, but he does not pledge himself to obtain its acceptance.

Still, after all that can be said for it, the artifice is one which ought to be discouraged; for it is an artifice, and is particularly dangerous to the public favourite that leads himself to it. If the book is a good one, the author ought to have

the full merit of it, and his readers will all think they would have discovered its worth without the interference of the sponsor; if the book is a bad one, the blame is all laid on the editor, and very deservedly.

Having said thus much of a practice of which we cannot exactly approve, any more than we can join in the outcry that has been raised against it, it may not be amiss to say a word or two of the book to which Mr. Campbell has chosen to stand godfather. We could have liked a more comprehensive history of the "Times" of Frederick. They were bold and stirring times. All Europe was in arms, and in almost every European state great questions were at issue. An historian could not have chosen a nobler theme. In France the great revolution was preparing. In Spain a new dynasty was becoming familiarized to the people. In England the ancient royal family were struggling to recover their lost crown. In Germany the imperial dignity was thrown down as the prize to be contended for. And in the New World a new republic was preparing to spring into life. The History of Frederick, *And his Times*, in the hands of another Robertson, might have furnished a national work equal to the Charles the Fifth, but the author of the volumes now under consideration appears to have had no such object in view. His aim has evidently been confined to a delineation of the court and camp of the Prussian monarch, of which he has furnished an amusing and probably a correct picture. He has skillfully combined into one narrative the numerous memoirs that bear upon the life of Frederick and Frederick's father; and has thus composed a very amusing book, replete with anecdote, and admirably illustrative of the courts of Germany in the early part of the last century. To the English public a large portion of the work must be entirely new, many of the letters of Frederick having been interwoven; and in the subsequent volumes, we may expect advantage to be taken of the documents which the commission appointed by the present King of Prussia is preparing for the press.

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ART. XIX.—*Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte der Gegenwart. Ein Lebensbild der Deutschen, Belgischen, und Holländischen Kirche.* (Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the Present Day.) Von L. P. W. LUTHEMULLER. Leipzig. 1842.

THE activity and enterprise of the reigning pope, and the bold efforts which he has made to recover the spiritual power wielded by some of his predecessors, has had at least the good effect of destroying much of the religious indifference which prevailed so generally over the continent, during the early part of our century. Protestants and Catholics do not live together in Germany now in the same state of harmony in which they lived fifteen or twenty years ago, but it may be questioned whether the tranquillity of stagnation into which religious sympathies had sunk, was not more dangerous to the moral

energy of the nation, than the fiery zeal which has arisen of late years, and has led to so vast an expenditure of ink and invective.

The work before us is one of the countless multitude which the reanimated zeal of sectarian controversy has latterly called into life in Germany; but it is distinguished from the crowd of its brethren, inasmuch as it is not only an erudite, but moreover a sensible and entertaining book. The author, a German, had been a devotee to rationalism at the university, but unlike the majority of those who adopt the same opinions without any very patient inquiry into the tenets they reject, he seems to have held it to be his duty on a matter of such importance, not to take even infidelity upon trust. By dint of much study and patient investigation, he at length arrived at the conviction, that the dogmas of the Lutheran church comprised the truest, the purest, and most complete system of Christianity. With these feelings he entered the church, and accepted an appointment as preacher to a Lutheran congregation that had recently been formed at Brussels. In this position he was of course brought into constant intercourse, and sometimes into collision, with the Roman Catholic and Reformed churches, as well as with the various fractions of the latter, known under the title of Independents, Baptists, &c. Of all these denominations he here presents an amusing and life-like picture, and he speaks of them all with quite as much impartiality as a man can be expected to do, who is not lukewarm in the cause which he advocates. He presents a black picture, indeed, of the intrigues and machinations of the Jesuits and of the monkish faction in Belgium, but we are not prepared to say that his statements are not in substance true, though his colours may at times be overcharged. He is never betrayed into unseemly expressions towards those whose conduct he blames, and whose opinions he rejects; and the spirit of benevolence by which he seems to be animated, and which leads him often to look into the future with somewhat too sanguine a hope, is not the less deserving of our respect for the very rarity of that union of sectarian zeal with Christian charity which characterizes his writings.

Many of the leading events and questions of the day are discussed with an earnestness not unbecoming in a churchman, who has no fear of impairing the sanctity of his office by sympathizing with his fellow Christians in matters in which the temporal welfare of millions is more or less concerned. Thus the life and discipline of the students at the German universities are treated of in a manner that shows the author to be acquainted with his subject, and well able to make it attractive. The jubilee lately commemorated by the printers of Germany, the separation of the Lutherans in Prussia, the restrictions on the German press, the utility of foreign missions, and a variety of other questions of the day, are discussed in succession. The book is rendered particularly attractive by a personal description of many of the most eminent churchmen of Holland, whom even to the majority of his German readers the author has probably introduced for the first time, and who are doubtless still less known to the English public.

ART. XX.—*Reise um die Erde, durch Nord Asien und die beiden Ozeane in den Jahren 1828, 1829, und 1830.* Von ADOLF ERMAN. Zweite Abtheilung; Physikalische Beobachtungen. Zweiter Band: Inklinationen und Intensitäten, &c. (A Journey round the World, through Northern Asia and the two Oceans.) Berlin. 1841.

THE present publication is a continuation of Professor Erman's account of the journey round the world, on which, impelled solely by a love of science, he set out in 1828, and which he performed, almost wholly, at his own expense. His object was to establish a series of magnetic observations round the whole circle of our globe. With this view he joined the scientific expedition of Hansteen through Western Siberia, and accompanied it as far as Irkutsk. The remainder of the journey was performed by Erman unassisted by any government or society. From the mouth of the Ob he travelled, by the way of Okhotsk, to Kamtschatka; thence by sea to the Russian colonies in America; and after visiting California, Tahiti, and other places, he returned by the way of Cape Horn to St. Petersburg and Berlin. The first volume of the Professor's account of this journey was published in 1833, the third in 1838, and the fourth is now before us.

The series of valuable observations made by Professor Erman during his journey, and of which the substance has for several years been known to the scientific world, are here explained more in detail. They are preceded by a minute description of the instruments used, and of the system of calculation adopted. The present volume belongs altogether to the scientific portion of the work of which it forms a part; and should we attempt to lay an abstract of it before our readers, we should only fatigue some of them by the dryness of the technology, while we should disappoint others by the incompleteness of our extracts. The scientific inquirer will be content with nothing less than the whole work; the general reader would find little attraction in tabular statements of the sort of declinations and inclinations, intensities and variations, to which the learned Professor Erman has devoted his life and his fortune.

ART. XXI.—*The Education of Mothers of Families, or, the Civilisation of the Human Race by Women.* By AIME MARTIN. Translated by EDWIN LEE, Esq.

THE subject of this book is one on which there is so much to be said that it can scarcely be unwelcome. That the bad education of women lies at the root of almost all that is unsound in the state of modern society,—that a thorough reform of this would include nearly all other reforms, might be satisfactorily proved without any great expenditure of time or labour. But "before all things," says a German writer, "if we would inquire our way, it is necessary to know where we wish to go to." It is an old observation that none are such bad seekers as those who have no wish to find—and as long as our real

object in educating our daughters, is simply to render them attractive during a short period that we may have a better chance of getting rid of them, it is vain to point out the means that might serve to the attainment of a very different end.

The cause of this "effect-defective" lies no doubt in the difficulty of providing for daughters otherwise than by marriage: in the want of lucrative and honourable occupations corresponding with what are called the liberal professions, to which women of refinement and cultivated intellect, belonging to the middle and higher classes, might devote themselves without any fear of losing caste, or of incurring that "world's dread laugh" declared to be so terrible even to philosophers, and which girls are carefully taught to shun as the greatest possible evil. Herein we firmly believe might be found the cure of the mercenary marriages, the frivolous lives, the wasted energies, the breaches of conjugal ties, and all the long train of evils on which so many chapters of lamentations have been, are, and will continue to be written.

In the mean time, as Mr. O'Connell tells his Repealers,

"Who would be free themselves must strike the blow;"

and whoever would set in motion the mighty lever that should operate so great and beneficial a change must induce women to put their own hands to it. This excellent and important object is the one M. Aimé Martin has had in view; but he would perhaps have had a better chance of attaining it, if he had indulged less in vague declamation, and avoided that tone of sentimental adulation more likely to offend than to persuade the only women to whom he could address himself with any chance of success.

It is to be feared also that the injunction to mothers to undertake themselves the cultivation of what he calls the "faculties of the soul," while they leave to others that of the intellect or "animal intelligence," will be rather difficult to work out in practice.

Morals and Religion cannot be taught like Greek and Mathematics, at certain hours set apart for the purpose; and, if a child pass the greater part of the day at school, his notion of morals and religion will be usually such as the school will supply. It may do very well for some purposes, to separate with metaphysical dissecting-knives the faculties of the intellect from those of the soul—although we do not profess to think M. Aimé Martin has always succeeded in the attempt; but education admits of no such process; and, unless women are rendered capable of instructing the intellects of their children, it is idle to talk of confiding to them the cultivation of the heart.

ART. XXII.—1 *Novellen aus dem Süden.* (Tales from the South.) Von ROB. HELLER. 2 Vols. Altenburg. 1842.

2. *Waldteufel.* (Wood Demons.) Von LAURELAUS TARNOVSKY. 3 Vols. Grünberg. 1842.

3. *De Braha und Sein Schwerdt.* Historischer

- Roman aus dem Hussiten Kriege. (De Braha and his Sword. A Historical Tale of the Hussite Wars.) In 2 Theilen. Von BERNH. HESS. Hamburg. 1842.
4. Leontin. Aus dem modernem Residenzleben. (Leontin, or Life at a modern Capital.) Von JULIAN CROWNTZ. 2 vols. Leipzig. 1842.
  5. Schmetterlinge. Eine Neujahrs-gabe für 1842. (Butterflies. A New Year's Gift for 1842.) Von C. HERLOSSOHN. Leipzig. 1842.
  6. Daguerrotypen aus Algier. (Daguerrotypes from Algiers.) Von ADO. STRAHL. Vienna. 1842.
  7. Rustan. Romantisches Gedicht in vier Gesängen. (Rustan, a Romantic Poem in Four Cantos.) Von LEVITSCHNIGG. Stuttgart. 1841.
  8. Passifloren. Novellen und Erzählungen, von JUL. KREBS. Leipzig. 1842.
  9. Novellen und Erzählungen. (Tales and Narratives.) Von DR. KARL TOLFFER. Hamburg. 1842.
  10. Graf Saint Germain. Von PH. O. v. MÜNCHHAUSEN. Göttingen. 1842.
  11. Sommerblumensträusse, den holden Frauen gewidmet. (Summer Nougays; Dedicated to the Fair.) Von L. RELLSTAB. 2 Vols. Leipzig. 1842.
  12. Der Titanide. Novelle in zwei Theilen, von KARL EITNER. 2 Vols. Breslau. 1842.
  13. Die beiden Kaiser, oder Bildergalerie aus dem Kriegsleben von 1812. Ein Cyclus Kriegshistorischer Novellen, Novelletten, Romanzen, Skizzen, und Schilderungen. (The Two Emperors; or a Picture Gallery from the Military Events of 1812. A Series of Military Tales, &c.) Von FREUND OHNESORGEN. 3d and 4th Vols. Paderborn. 1841.
  14. Die Flüchtlinge. (The Fugitives.) Novelle, von GEORG LAU. Hamburg. 1841.
  15. Erzählungen und Novellen, von C. v. WACHSMANN. Neue Folge. Leipzig. 1841.
  16. Der Fishhändler von Neapel. Historische Novelle aus der Mitte des 17ten Jahrhunderts. (The Fishdealer of Naples; a Historical Tale of the Middle of the 17th Century.) Von FR. LUBOWATZKY. Grimma. 1841.
  17. Der Dualist. Roman, von IDA FRICK. 2 Vols. Leipzig. 1841.
  18. Clementine, oder die Frommen und Altgläubigen unsrer Tage. (Clementine, or Modern Saints.) Von DR. KARL GOTTLIEB BRETTSCHEIDER. Halle. 1841.
  19. Der Pappenheimer Kürassier. Scènes aus der Zeit des dreissigjährigen Krieges. (The Pappenheim Cuirassier. Scenes from the Thirty Years' War.) Von FRIEDRICH BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. Leipzig. 1842.

A GOODLY collection of tales and novels, it must be owned; yet had we wished we might easily have stretched it out to ten times its present length, without going farther back than 1841. The titles here given are, however, enough to show that the circulating libraries of Germany are not more charily provided with this description of reading than those of our own happy land. Indeed the German novel-reader has one material advantage over the English; in England we seldom see a translation of a German work of fiction, whereas in Germany almost

every work of fiction printed in England or France is quickly brought out in a German dress. It may be asked, are we great losers in consequence of the non-translation of German novels? To such a question our answer would in general be a decided negative; but it happens, unfortunately, that though we rarely translate them we are perversely ingenious in our choice.

Among those whose titles we have here enumerated, are several that deserve a tolerable share of popularity. The first (*Novellen aus dem Süden*) consists of a series of eight tales illustrative of Oriental manners. The author, we suspect, has studied the East through the medium of books only, and practical Orientalists might discover more misconceptions than one; still he tells his story in an easy and graceful way, certain to recommend him to favour with the reader who asks only to be amused.

Tarnowski's *Waldteufel*, or Wood-demons, are for the most part intended to illustrate the legends and traditions of Silesia; and most of the tales, we believe, have already appeared in the periodicals of Germany. Witchcraft and devilry form, of course, the essential ingredients of the work, which its author thinks to recommend to our favour by gravely telling us, at the outset, that no man who believes in the existence of a God, can doubt that there are likewise ghosts and devils. Without stopping to discuss this position, we will content ourselves with assuring our readers that these Demons are not among the worst of their kind.

*De Braha und Sein Schwerdt* announces considerable power of invention in the author; nor does he show any deficiency of energy in his style, but he wants the requisite share of good taste to enable him to work his conceptions into an agreeable picture. The historical thread of his narrative is needlessly prolix, and his arguments at times bombastic, and often commonplace. Nevertheless, there is talent in the book, and the object kept in view is a good one. The scene is laid in Prague, in the year 1418, and the religious complications and civil wars arising out of the circumstances of the times, and particularly out of the insurrection of the Hussites, form the materials which go to the composition of the tale. The author endeavours to contrast the corruption of the Roman hierarchy, the insolent spirit of domination of the monks, and the boldness and cunning with which the dignitaries of the church sought to turn all the relations of private life to their individual profit, with the wild fanaticism of the simple-minded insurgents. The most prominent part is played by De Braha, the abbot of Wradimor, a man of quick parts and of great experience, but withal a heartless infidel, to whom the interests of the church are dear, only inasmuch as the clerical dignity affords him at once a convenient mantle for his crimes, and a means for the more easy gratification of his passion. The unmitigated villainy of the abbot is redeemed by no single trait of humanity. He is a disgusting ruffian whose atrocity deprives him of every poetical interest, and makes him better fitted for the Newgate Calendar, than a prose epic. The second part is played by one Tshaki whose daughter has been dishonoured and murdered. The real criminal, De Braha, in-

generously turns upon some of his own enemies the vengeance of the abused father, who thus becomes "the sword," and a destructive one, in the hands of the dark-souled abbot. T'shaki is at length undeceived and De Braha perishes by his hand. Into this history of murder and crime are interwoven a love story, and the melancholy fate of a nun whom De Braha had seduced from the shelter of her convent.

*Leontin* is intended for a picture of the manners of Vienna. The author has apparently chosen Paul de Kock for his model, but is quite unequal to the French novelist, not only in the delineation of character, and in richness of humour, but also in quickness and variety of invention. Julian Chownitz is trivial and superficial, and seems deficient even in a knowledge of the manners of the city which he attempts to describe.

The *Schmetterlinge* are no butterflies, but grubs, for they have attained the second stage of their existence. They are tales that have run their course through the pages of two popular periodicals, and are now palmed upon the novel-reading public as "spick and span" new. The tales are three in number, and pretty enough in themselves.

*Rustan* is a metrical romance, but, though written in verse, is sufficiently prosaic to figure in the present list. All that is good in the poem has been stolen from others, but M. Levitschnigg has effectually secured himself against being robbed by those that will come after him.

To the *Passifloren* the same remarks will apply as to the *Schmetterlinge*.

Dr. Toepfer's tales are neatly told, and deserve general popularity. The doctor is one of the best German playwrights of the present day, and his tales are interesting, if not very original. He is not always very scrupulous, indeed, of applying stolen goods to his own use. Where he does steal, however, he steals with judgment, and seldom spoils the foreign ware while preparing it for the home market. The old English dramatists have been a rich mine to him.

Passing over the intermediate works, whose mediocrity entitles them to no better notice, we come to the new series of tales just published by C. v. Wachsmann. They are eight in number, and in every way worthy of their predecessors. Full of invention, and, if not always within the strict bounds of probability, always at least entertaining.

*Der Fischhändler von Neapel* is the best of the various novels that have been founded on the story of Massaniello. The author gives an excellent picture of Italian, and particularly of Neapolitan, manners, and has placed the *ducas* of Naples and the *hidalgos* of Spain in admirable contrast. The historical part of the book is excellent, but the fiction woven into it may admit of censure. There was little judgment in making the great revolution of the three days originate in a love affair of the vice-queen, instead of allowing the movement to develop itself more naturally from the oppression under which the people groaned.

ART. XXIII.—*Les Prétendus*. Par FREDERIC SOULIE. Paris. 1842.

MELCHIOR FREDERIC SOULIE may certainly be classed among the most productive writers of the day. Of his innumerable dramas and novels, many are, no doubt, even below mediocrity; yet there are scattered through others of his works thoughts not only striking but new; which, though often exaggerated, and not seldom false, entitle him to rank high among the writers of fiction of the modern French school. His success in France shows that he has rightly judged of the taste of his countrymen. His play of *Clotilde*, brought out in 1832, established him at once among the most popular French dramatists of his day, having been played, if we mistake not, more than a hundred nights in succession; and though his latter dramatic writings have not been successful to the same extent, they have been sufficiently so to maintain the reputation which the author of *Clotilde* acquired.

In the summer of 1840, Soulié undertook a journey to Baden, and through those parts of Germany that are watered by the Rhine; a river that seems made for the express purpose, as Lord Brougham has it, of "worsening" the wits of the poets and politicians of France. Soulié's observations on Germany found their place among the feuilletons of the "*Journal des Débats*," and were no doubt much admired by those of his readers who knew even less about the country and the people than the author of Germany and the Germans. On the right bank of the Rhine the traveller of the "*Débats*" was, for some time, the unintentional cause of much merriment, and most deservedly so.

The tale before us is the last publication of our author's at the time we are writing, though we will scarcely undertake to say that a *newer novelty* from so prolific a source may not have been ushered into the world before these pages pass into the hands of our readers. The *Prétendus*, like most of Soulié's earlier tales, presents a lively and correct picture of French manners among the higher classes. The style is easy and often sparkling, and the interest of the story is well sustained. Even an experienced novel reader would be at a loss, when within three or four pages of the close, to guess the *dénouement*. Unobjectionable, however, as may be the manner in which the subject has been treated, the subject itself is utterly revolting. A young girl, who marries a rich youth, in whom a tendency to epilepsy has shown itself, and who does so with a predetermination to aggravate her husband's malady, that she may, at no distant period, become a widow, and bestow her hand and fortune upon a poor but favoured lover; a wife who through a series of years follows up her fiendish purpose with unwearied perseverance, and who, while to the world she wears the mask of saint-like purity, makes her husband's house the scene of her licentiousness;—form a subject so disgusting that we feel assured most readers would fling the book from them with indignation, were the plot not veiled with such art, that the extent of the heroine's atrocity remains unsuspected till we arrive at the concluding chapters, where the discovery of de-

testable schemes furnishes a solution to the multitude of mysteries that had gradually accumulated.

Around this fiend in human form are grouped a party of fortune-hunters, whom she has collected together, that they may hunt to death, i. e. into matrimony, her sister-in-law, a rich young widow, who stands in the way of her schemes, and bids fair to rob her of the fruits of all her labours, by captivating the heart of the paramour for whose sake the guilty wife has so patiently devoted herself to her horrible task. The candidates for the widow's hand, and her "deux cent mille livres de rente," are the only amiable characters that figure in the book. The husband, who is meant for a kind of injured saint, is a poor driveller, who allows himself to be henpecked by a wife whose infidelity he is fully aware of, while he seeks a consolation for his "chagrins domestiques" in the embraces of his cook, who is described as "quelque chose d'héroïque et de bon,"—one whose "courage and admirable pity, and the delicacy of whose sentiments" are held up to the virtuous sister-in-law as deserving of esteem! Is Soulié as accurate in his delineations of the morals as of the manners of modern French society?

"It is an admirable faculty of the most perfect creature of God, to be able to conceal his sentiments. It is the principle of all society; and it is horrible to think, and more horrible to say, but it must be admitted, that falsehood is the most necessary ingredient to the maintenance of social relations. (*Le mensonge est l'ingrédient le plus nécessaire au maintien des relations sociales.*) Were every man to speak, without reserve, what he thinks of himself, and what he thinks of others, all society would be dissolved at once, even were the motive of vanity alone brought into play; but how would it be if every evil wish, every evil act were displayed in all its nakedness? Be assured, human society could never resist the effect of a general confession; it would make us all fly to the forest again, each man to his own den, where he would, at most, tolerate his wife."

There must be in the mind of a man who can deliberately adopt, and thus quietly and unblushingly express, such a faith, something not very enviable.

ART. XXIV.—*Am Rauchen*. By ALPHONSE KARR.

THE signature of Alphonse Karr is of frequent occurrence to articles in the *Feuilleton* of the Parisian daily journals; and this little volume appears to be a collection of such articles. They are sketches of manners in the form of essays, maxims, and tales, agreeably, though somewhat flippantly written. In the maxims there is a good deal of point and shrewdness. Here are two or three specimens:

"Opinion attaches dishonour to the husband for the misconduct of the wife. The poor husband is like the boy given as a companion to a young prince, and whipped when the prince did not know his lesson."

"Love, for the most part, lasts just till the mo-

ment when it is becoming reasonable and founded on something real."

"A woman's friend may, by the favour of circumstances, become her lover; but a man she never saw before has much greater chance of success."

"True female modesty ought to conceal itself as much as anything else. The hand which adjusts the fold of a robe, draws attention more to what it wishes to conceal than to the virtuous delicacy which prompts concealment."

"Lovers have a sensible way of behaving in presence of a formidable rival. Instead of trying to excel him in politeness, accomplishments, and attentions, they make a point of looking cross and sulky, remaining silent in a corner, or saying ungracious and impertinent things to the woman whose preference they are contending for."

"Those boast of abstinence who have lost their digestive powers; those boast of chastity whose blood is cold and stagnant; those boast of knowing how to be silent who have got nothing to say. In short, mankind make vices of the pleasures which they cannot enjoy, and virtues of the infirmities to which they are subject."

"The first half of our life is spent in desiring the second; the second in regretting the first."

ART. XXV.—*M. de Goldon*. By MADAME DE CUBIÈRES.

THIS is an excellent novel; untainted with the vices of modern French romantic literature. We should doubt its becoming popular among Parisian novel-readers, but it may be recommended to the English public.

It is a tale of fashionable life; the principal characters belonging to the higher ranks of Parisian society, in the time of the empire and the Bourbon restoration. There is among them abundance of error and of crime; though the authoress does not deal in pictures of general and reckless profligacy. There is unbridled passion with its effects and consequences—shame, remorse, and ruin: but there is also exalted principle achieving its noblest triumph—a victory over intense and overwhelming passion. This triumph, indeed, is the great feature of the book; and the character of the young soldier, in whose person it is achieved, is one of the most striking we have met with in any work of fiction. The object and partaker of his passion, too, is an exquisite creation; in whom the most feminine softness is blended with angelic piety and unbending rectitude. Their whole history is touching in the extreme, and leaves an impression on the feelings not speedily effaced.

ART. XXVI.—*Horace*. Par GEORGE SAND. 1842.

THOUGH scarcely equal in poetical power to its predecessors, this novel possesses the advantage of greater distinctness of moral aim. The levish ambition which leads young men of the present day, more especially in France, to "quit their spheres and rush into the skies" of public life, and to regard any other function than that of government as unworthy of their exertions, is illustrated in the life of "Horace":—and its les-

sons are not the less valuable that the character of the hero, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, remains an essential common-place one, or is distinguished only by a more than common amount of vanity and selfishness.

"The *'beau jeune homme,'* to which species he belongs, is a personage of vastly higher pretensions, though of no more intrinsic worth, than that of the dandy or *'lion,'* and usually aims to take up a position at once in the worlds of literature and fashion, without any real claims on either.

Horace Dumontet is the son of a little provincial *'employé'* who has been sent to Paris to study the law, but who greatly prefers the indulgences of the passing moment and *'dreams of future glory,'* to the self-denial and regulated industry properly belonging to the noviciate of a laborious profession.

"From amongst the various professions which may be chosen for a young man, very few parents will be found to select the most modest and the most secure. Vanity and an inordinate desire of wealth are alone consulted, and it is so easy to find examples of success. 'Why,' said M. Dumontet to his wife, 'should not our Horace get on as well as such or such a one, his inferiors in talents and courage.' Madame Dumontet was a little alarmed at the extent of the sacrifices required of her by her husband with a view to start her son in this career. But it is difficult to persuade one's self that one has not given birth to a child more intelligent and more favoured by Heaven than any other. Madame Dumontet was a good woman, and a sensible one within the sphere of ideas in which her education had enabled her to move, but beyond, this existed an unknown world that she could view only with the eyes of her husband. When he assured her that since the revolution all Frenchmen are equal before the law, that there are no more privileges, and that every man of talent may cleave the press, and arrive at the goal, if he can only push a little harder than those who are born nearer to it,—she yielded to these good reasons, fearing to pass for obstinate and prejudiced like the peasants from whom she had her birth."

The proposal was no less than to sacrifice 1000 francs, the slowly-accumulated savings of many years, to the grand object of securing for her son a high place in society, by enabling him to study at Paris for a liberal profession.

"To any one unacquainted with petty, country town life, and who has never witnessed the incredible dexterity of mothers of families in such circumstances to pinch and scrape in every item of expenditure, it may appear impossible to have got together such a sum out of an income of 3000 francs a year without starving husband and children, servants, and cats. But those who have led such a life, or who have observed it closely, know that nothing is more frequent. A woman, without talent, without any lucrative employment, and with no fortune, has no other way of being useful to her family than that of exerting a singular industry in robbing herself, by retrenching every day some trifle from the comforts of her family."

Fifteen hundred francs a year are furnished by these means, in order, as is fondly supposed, to open the way to a brilliant career for the son, by supporting him for some years at Paris, where he is to study the law.

Fifteen hundred francs are however found

quite insufficient for the wants of so aspiring a young gentleman as M. Horace Dumontet, who is of that class of liberal people who, as Mr. Gore says, "are never known to deny themselves anything." He lounges away the time that should be devoted to study, squanders the hard earnings of his parents, contracts debts that he has neither hope nor intention of discharging, and is often indebted to his fellow student for the necessities of life, but finds his sense of honour too delicate to accord with the fictions of the law. His ambition regards the Chamber of Deputies as the only proper theatre for the display of his talents, and his vanity and idleness dispose him to the choice of literature as the gayest and shortest path to this distinction. Among the various chances in his favour, M. Horace Dumontet also counts one very characteristic of *'la jeune France,'* that of a new revolution.

"On the following day I asked him why, if he had such an invincible repugnance to the law, he did not study for some other profession.

"My dear sir," he replied, with an assurance that did not belong to his age, and that seemed borrowed from the experience of a man of forty, 'at present there is no profession but the law that opens the way to everything.'

"What do you mean by everything?"

"For the present," he answered, 'a seat in the Chamber, but wait a little and we shall see.'

"You are counting on a new revolution, but if it should not happen, how will you manage? Have you a fortune?"

"Not exactly—but I shall have it."

"Oh very well. In that case you will have no occasion to practise.' And for the moment I really imagined him to be in a position to justify his confidence."

Considering the grandeur of his views, Horace's friend suggests that a little preparatory study, however, might not be unnecessary.

"Study the science of humanity, history, politics—different systems of philosophy and religion."

"You mean to say, acquire ideas," he replied with a smile, and a look of triumphant complacency; 'I have them already, and if I must say so, I believe I shall never have any better—for our ideas proceed from our sentiments, and all my sentiments are great. Yes, sir! Heaven has made me great and good. I know not for what trials it may reserve me; but I say with a pride that can make only fools laugh,—I feel myself generous, I feel myself strong, I feel myself magnanimous, my soul shudders, and my blood boils at the idea of an injustice. Greatness intoxicates me to delirium. I see in it no cause of vanity, but I say with full assurance, I feel myself of the race of heroes.'"

After this it is not surprising that Horace proves a genuine scamp: suffering the little virtue that was in him to evaporate in frothy talk—returning with coldness and brutality the attachment of a woman devoted to him, whilst subsisting on her humble exertions—forming a *"liaison"* with a viscountess, with a view to obtain an entrance into the world of fashion—and ignominiously hunted out of it again for his indiscreet boasting of favours valued for no other reason.

It is impossible not to feel some disappointment that his manifold offences should in the end

meet with no other punishment than that of being dismissed to the obscure life of a country lawyer.

Beautifully contrasted with this wretched pretender, is the character of the noble, true-hearted Paul Arsene, and the simple, modest, industrious Eugenie.

The peculiar opinions of Madame Dudevant concerning certain social institutions are sufficiently well known to render any remarks on them at present unnecessary.

In Horace she has touched with a masterly hand on errors infinitely more prevalent, and therefore more injurious, than those of the St. Simonian theories of marriage.

ART. XXVII.—*Ueber die Lais, Sequenzen, und Leiche. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Rhythmischen Formen und Singweisen der Volkstlieder und der Volks massigen Kirchen und Kunstlieder im Mittelalter.* (On the Lays of the Middle Age. A Contribution to the History of the Rhythmic Form, and the Airs to which they were sung, of the popular Songs, &c., of the Middle Ages.) VON FERDINAND WOLF. Heidelberg. 1841. 8vo pp. 516.

FOR its reference to English history and literature—the novelty of its author's views, and those views supported with learning and ability—this Essay on the Lays of the Middle Ages, from the pen of the accomplished Secretary of the Imperial Library at Vienna, seems to us eminently interesting.

Ferdinand Wolf is a scholar and a ripe one. His essay on the French *Chansons de Geste*, published at Vienna in 1833; his edition of the German poem of Friar Rush, privately printed in 1835; his *Floresta de Rimas Modernas Castellanas*, reviewed in our fortieth number; his numerous learned papers in the German periodicals; and lastly the *Alt Deutsche Blätter*, edited by him in conjunction with Moriz Haupt, and which does the same good service for the early literature of Germany, as the '*Reliquie Antiquae*' of which it is the progenitor, does for that of England;—all serve to prove how well he is qualified to treat a subject so much talked of, but hitherto so imperfectly understood—the Lays of the Middle Ages.

The divided, contradictory, and oftentimes, uncertain opinions which he met with in those writers who have treated upon that peculiar class of our French and middle-English popular poetry, called *Lais* or *Lays*,—in all that regarded their name, origin, character, form, mode of recital, and connection with other classes of poetry,—determined him to enter into a full investigation of these points, so that he might be enabled to clear up, as far as possible, the obscurity in which this interesting branch of popular poetry seemed to be involved.

This volume contains the result of his investigation, and is divided into four parts.

The first treats of the original and general signification of the word *Lais*, which Wolf proves to have been the same as Tune, Song, or Air; and he then shows that the more special meaning which eventually attaches to it, was that of a Song or Popular Poem, of an epic or narrative character, as distinguished from the *Chanson* or Lyric.

The second division treats of the form of the original *Lais*, or Popular Songs, and their relation to the later epic *Lays*, or words of the Romance writers. In this division, and the notes which accompany it, the connection between the form of the Popular Song, and the Songs of the Church, is developed with great learning and acuteness.

The third division treats of the manner in which the *Lais* or popular songs, and likewise those narrated poems of the later writers which bore the same name, were recited; and in this the writer shows, that from their very nature the original *Lais* were sung or chanted with and without instrumental accompaniments. The manner in which the latter lays, or *Lais historiques*, were recited, appears on the other hand to have depended somewhat upon their form. With regard to those which are composed in rhyming couplets (to which division all the French and the majority of English works belong) he clearly shows that they were by no means intended to be sung, but merely read or recited. While on the other hand, the middle English Lays in six, nine, or twelve line stanzas, with tail rhyme, were, at least after the decline of their popularity among the nobles, as certainly sung, or at all events recited with musical accompaniments; to which purpose, from their more popular and metrical form, they were certainly better adapted.

The fourth, and by far the largest division of the work treats of those lyrical pieces or *Chansons*, which likewise received the name of *Lais*; of the genetic-historical foundation of their being so called; and of the elementary or internal relation which these *Lais* bear to the older poems so entitled, and to the German *Laichen*. In this part of the work the connection which exists between these secular poems and the Songs of the Church is most fully discussed; and in the course of his examination into the points of resemblance which exist between these apparently disconnected materials, the author displays a knowledge, and exhibits views of the history of the musical portions of the Service of the Church, which cannot fail to interest and instruct all who seek for information respecting that important subject.

From this brief notice of Ferdinand Wolf's admirable Essay, which, we should add, is accompanied by eight fac-similes of early music, and by nine musical supplements, our readers may judge of the sincerity of our wish, that some one duly qualified for the task would furnish a translation of it to the English public.



# TABLES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

HUMBLE in itself as is the labour of drawing up Chronological Charts of the different literatures of Europe, we believe that a series of such tables will be found exceedingly serviceable. We know the value of such assistance to literary study and history, having experienced the inconvenience of being without any similar map of the entire route before us, showing the whole of it at a glance. Such brief chronologies or outlines of the history of a particular literature greatly assist the memory, and help to exactness without fatiguing attention by a number of insulated dates. They may be referred to immediately; and they show who were the contemporaries of the respective writers, which cannot be ascertained from a biographical dictionary; besides which, they serve as specific indexes to works of the last-mentioned kind. The Table may at any time be filled up, as it were, by merely reading the articles in such a dictionary, *seriatim*, according to chronological order.

It is for the above reasons—should it be thought necessary for us to assign any—that we now introduce a new and somewhat unusual feature in the *Foreign Quarterly*, and commence a series of historical Tables. In some instances, a single Table will suffice for the whole of a literature, but in the case of France, Germany, Italy, &c., the literary map must be subdivided into convenient portions. And as we do not profess to publish these individual parts in any strict order, we begin with a Table of Italian Writers who have died since the commencement of the last century, bringing it down, as nearly as our materials for it will enable us to do, to the present time; and including in it a few names which, although not strictly literary ones, are those of individuals eminent in art, or otherwise distinguished.

## ITALIAN LITERATURE.

### EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

DIED.		BORN.	
1708	Caraccio, Antonio .	Naples, 1630 .	{ Poetry, "L' Imperio Vendicato."
1703, January 8	Bellini, Lorenzo .	Florence, 1643	{ Medicine, &c.
1704	Menzini, Benedetto .	Florence, 1646	{ Poetry, "Arte Poetica," Satires, &c. &c.
1707	Filicaja, Vincenzo .	Florence, 1642	{ Celebrated Lyric Poet.
1708, June 22	{ Adimari, march Lodo- vico }	Naples, 1644, Sept. 3	{ Poetry.—His Satires much esteemed.
1712	Guidi, Carlo Alessandro	Pavia, 1650 .	{ Celebrated Lyric Poet.
1712, March 2	Magalotti, Lorenzo .	Florence, 1637	{ "Lettere Scientifiche," &c. Poetry.
1718	Gravina, Giov. Vinc.	Calabria, 1664	{ Jurisprudence, Criticism, "Della Ragion Poetica."
1719	Zappi, Giov. Batt. .	1667, March 18	{ Celebrated for his Sonnets.
1727	Martelli, Pier Giacopo	Bologna, 1665	{ Tragedy, Satiric Poetry, &c.
1728, March 8	{ Crescimbeni, Giov. Filippo }	Macerata, 1663	{ "Istoria della Volgar Poesia," &c.
1729, March 2	Bianchini, Francesco	Verona, 1662 .	{ History and Antiquities, "Storia Universale."
1731	{ Borghini, Maria Sel- vaggia }	1654, Feb. 7 .	{ Poetry—a very learned lady.
1733	Pariati, Pietro .	{ Reggio, 1665, March 27 }	{ Dramatic Poetry—assisted Apostolo Zeno.

DIED.		BORN.	
1734, July 12	Lazzarini, Dom.	Macerata, 1668	Dramatic Poetry.
1735, February 17	Fortiguerra, Nic.	Pistoia, 1674	"Ricciardetto," celebrated burlesque poem.
1736, April 17	Fontanini, Giusto	{ Friuli, 1666, Oct. 30	"Dell' Eloquenza Italiana," &c.
1737, November 8	Orlandi, Pell. Anton.	{ Bologna, 1660, April 26	Artistical biography, "L'Abecedario Pittorico," &c.
1739	Manfredi, Eustachio.	Bologna, 1674	Mathematics and Astronomy—Poetry.
1740, February 7	Campailla, Tommaso	{ Sicily, 1668, April 7	Called the "Christian Lucretius,"—his poem "L'Adamo," had great vogue.
1742, May 13	{ Ottieri, Count Fran. Maria	{ Florence, 1665, July 8	History.
1742, July 12	Fagnuoli Giamb.	{ Florence, 1660, Jan. 24	Comedies, Satiric and Humorous Poetry, &c.
1742, August 15	Gagliardi, Paolo	{ Brescia, 1675, Aug. 15	Antiquary.
1742	{ Pallavicini, Stefano Bened.	1672, March 21,	Odes of Horace, &c.
1743, January 4	Lorenzini Fran. Maria	1680, Oct. 8	Poetry and Drama.
1744	Vico, Giov. Batt.	Naples, 1660	Moral Philosophy.
1747	Perfetti, Bernardino	1680, September 7	Poetry.—Crowned in the Capitol, like Petrarch.
1748, July 16	Giannone, Pietro	{ Apuglia, 1676, May 6	"Storia di Napoli."
1750, November 11	Zeno, Apostolo	Venice, 1688	Metastasio's predecessor in the Musical Drama.
1750	Becelli, Giul. Cesare	Verona,	Poetry, "Gonella," Comic Romance in 12 Cantos.
1751, May 1	{ Tagliazucchi, l'Ab. Girolamo	1674, Nov. 16	Poetry, &c.
1752	Leonarducci, Gasparo	{ Venice, about 1688	His Poem, "La Provvidenza," in 45 cantos, greatly extolled.
1752	Cantoni, Carlo	Novellera	Comic Poetry.
1753, December 5	Riccoboni, Luigi	Modena, 1677	Drama, and Dramatic Criticism—History of the Italian Stage.
1755	Maffei, march. Scipione	Verona, 1675	Antiquities, &c.
1756	Quadrio, Fran.	{ Valtellina, 1695, Dec. 1	Literary History, "Storia d' ogni Poesia."
1759	Ercolani, Gius.	Sinigaglia, 1675	Architecture and Poetry.
1761, October 27	Lodoli, Fra Carlo	1690	Architecture.
1762	{ Spolverini, march. Gio. Batt.	Verona, 1695	His Poem, "La Coltivazione del Riso," esteemed a chef-d'œuvre of its kind.
1763	{ Pasquini, Gio. Claudio.	Sienna, 1695	Dramatic Poet.
1764, May 3	Algarotti, Ct. Franc.	{ Venice, 1712, Dec. 11	Criticism, Fine Arts, "Lettere," &c.
1765, September 28	Zanotti, Giov. Andrea	Paris, 1674, Oct. 16	Poet and Painter.
1765, March 20	Rolli Paolo	Lodi, 1698	Translated "Paradise Lost"—"Anacreon," his best performance.
1765	{ Zucchi, l'Ab. Marco Ant.	Verona	Celebrated Improvisatore.
1765	Anderlini, Fran. Lucio		Comic Poetry.
1768, January	Ghedini, Antonio	{ Bologna, 1684, Aug. 16	Poetry, Latin, and Italian, &c.
1768, December 20	Frugoni, Carlo Innoc.	{ Genova, 1692, Nov. 21	Lyric Poetry, Satiric Poetry.
1768, Nov. 19	{ Mazzuchelli, Ct. Giov. Maria	Brescia, 1707	Literary History and Biography.
1768, October 4	Mazzoleni, Angelo	{ Bergamo, 1719, Nov. 9	Poetry.
1769	Valaresso, Zaccaria	Venice, 1686	"Il Bajamonte Tiepolo," Comic Poem,—Dramas.
1769, Sept. 22	Genovesi, Antonio	{ Near Salerno, 1712 Nov. 1	Philosophy and Political Economy.
1770, January 13	Faina-Medaglia	{ Territory of Brescia	A very learned Female—Mathematics—Poetry, &c.
1770	Tartini, Gius.	{ Istria, 1692, April 1	Celebrated Composer and Writer on Music.
1771, August 17	Salandri, Pellegrino	{ Reggio, 1723, April 30	Eminent Poet.

DIED.		BORN.	
1774	Frassone del Finale	Modena, 1676	Poetry.
1775, June 3	{ Bottari, Monsignor	Florence, 1689	Criticism and Fine Arts, "Lettere Pittoriche," &c.
1777	{ Giov. . . . .	{ Reggio, 1716,	{ Belles Lettres, Poetry, &c.
	{ Fontanelli, march. Alfonso	{ April 10	
1777, May 25	Zanotti, Fran. Maria	1692, Jan. 6	Physical Sciences, Philosophy, Belles Lettres, Fine Arts.
1778	Cassiani, Giuliano	Modena	Poetry.
1781, Aug. 18	Torelli, Gius.	{ Verona, 1721, Nov. 3	{ Mathematics and Physical Sciences, Poetical Translations.
1782, April 12	{ Metastasio, l'Ab. Pietro Trapassi	{ Rome, 1698,	{ Eminent Dramatic Poet.
1782, March 22	{ Vicini, l'Ab. Giov. Batt.	{ January 3	
1783, Feb. 19	{ Paradisi, Ct. Agostino	Modena, 1709	Elegiac Poetry, &c.
1785, Sept. 10	Rota, Vincenzo	{ Vignola, 1736,	{ Elegant Poet.
1785, May 19	Martinelli, Vincenzo	{ April 25	
1785, Dec. 21	Borsieri, Giamb.	Padua, 1703, May 5	Comedies.
1786, July 29	Roberti, Giamb.	{ Montecatini, 1702, May 1	History, &c., "Storia del Governo d'Inghilterra."
		1725, Feb. 18	Medical Writings, &c.
		{ Bassano, 1719	Moral Philosophy, Poetry, "Favole."
		{ March 4	Popular Prose Writer and Essayist, "L'Osservatore," Satires, &c.
1786, Dec. 25	Gozzi, Ct. Gasparo	{ Venice, 1713, December 4	
1787, Feb. 13	{ Boscovich, Rugg. Giuseppe	{ Ragusa, 1711, May 18	Great Mathematician.
1787, Aug. 5	Santi-Fabri, Marianna	Bologna	Sacred Poetry, "Vita di S. Caterina," Poem in 32 cantos.
1787, Oct. 12	{ Amoretti, Maria Pellegrina	Oneglia, 1756	Learned Female, "De Jure Dotum."
1787, Oct. 31	Galiani, l'Ab. Ferd.	{ Chieti, 1728, Dec. 2	Political Economy.
1788	Pompei, Girol.	1751, April 18	Poetry, Translations, "Le Vite di Plutarco."
1788, July 25	Filangieri, Gaetano	Naples, 1752	Celebrated writer, "Scienza della Legislazione."
1788, June 23	{ Varano, Marchese Alfonso	Ferrara, 1705, December 13	Eminent Poet, "Visioni," Tragedies, &c.
1788	Chiari l'Ab. Pietro	Brescia	Drama and Novels.
1788, July 16	Betti, Zaccaria	{ Verona, 1732, July 16	Didactic Poetry.
1788?	De Luca, Gian-Antonio	{ Florence, 1690	Satires.
1788, Nov. 30	Manni, Dom. Maria	{ April 8	Antiquities, Criticism, &c.
1789, May 6	Baretti, Gius.	{ Turin, 1719,	"Frusta Letteraria," &c.
		{ April 25	Poetry. His unfinished Epic "Tito," production of extraordinary merit, edited by Viviani, 1819.
1789	Florio, Danielle	Udine, 1718	Architect, "Vite degli Architetti e Scultori Veneti," &c.
1789	Temanza, Tommaso	Venice, 1705	"Eden," Poem in 4 cantos, much admired.
1790	Pizzi, l'Ab. Gioachino	Roma	Satiric and humorous Poetry.
1790	Mei, Cosimo	Florence, 1718	The eminent Comic Dramatist.
1793, Jan. 8	Goldoni, Carlo	Venice, 1707	"Storia della Filosofia," "Commedie Filosofiche."
1793, Dec. 17	Buonafede, Appiano	{ Comacchio, 1716, Jan. 4	Anacreontic Poetry.
1794, March 8	Cicci, Maria Luigia	Pisa, 1760	"Storia della Letteratura Italiana," &c.
1794, June 3	Tiraboschi, Girolamo	{ Bergamo, 1746, Oct. 15	Antiquities, &c., "Lettere Americane."
1795, Feb. 22	Carli, Ct. Gian-Rinaldo	{ Capo d'Istria, 1720	His Poetical Version of the Psalms, highly esteemed.
1795, Aug. 31	Mattei, Saverio	{ April 11	Dramatic writer.
1795	Calsabigi, Raniero	{ Calabria, 1742, Oct. 19	Poetry and Criticism.
1796, June 23	Ct. Rezzonico della Torre	Livorno, 1715	Political Economy, Philosophy, &c., "Storia di Milano," &c.
1797, June 28	Verri, Ct. Pietro	{ Milan, 1728, December 12	Architecture and Fine Arts, "Vite di Celebri Architetti."
1798, March	Milizia, Franc.	{ Terra d' Otranto, 1725	Belles Lettres, German Literature, &c.
1798	{ Bertola, l'Ab. Aurelio Giorg.	{ Rimini, 1753	

DIED.		BORN.	
1799, Aug. 15	Parini, Giuseppe .	Milanese, 1729, May 22 .	"Il Giorno," celebrated moral satiric Poem, &c.
1800, Oct. 18	Manara, Prosp. .	Parma, 1714, April 4 .	Poetry.
1800, July	Mascheroni, Lorenzo	Bergamo, 1750	Mathematics, and Poetry.

## NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1802, Dec. 23	Federici, Camillo .	Turin, 1751	Dramatic writer.
1802	Batacchi, Dom. .	Livorno, 1749 .	Tales à la Casti.
1803, September 1	Turchi, Adcodato .	Parma, 1724, Aug. 4 .	Pulpit Eloquence, "Omelio."
1803	Casti, Giamb. .	Montefiascone, 1721 .	"Novelle," &c. A witty but very prodigate writer.
1803, October	Alfieri, Ct. Vittorio .	Asti, 1749, January 17 .	Celebrated Tragic Poet, Autobiography.
1803	Calderari, Ottone .	Vicenza, 1730 .	Architecture.
1803, Dec. 26	Passeroni, Gian-Carlo	Nizza, 1713, March 8	"Il Cicerone," a moral and satirical Poem in 101 cantos: Fables, &c.
1803	Fortis, l'Ab. Alberto	1741	Naturalist, "Viaggio nella Dalmazia."
1803, Sept. 22	Fabbroni, Angelo .	Florence, 1732, Sept. 7 .	Literary History and Biography.
1804	{ Albergati-Capacelli, march. Fran.	Bologna, 1728	Dramatic author of note.
1804	{ Ct. Savioli, Lodov. Fontana .	Bologna, 1729	Lyric Poetry, "Gli Amori."
1804, March 12	Fumigalli, Angelo .	Milan, 1728 .	Archæology and History.
1806, January 17	Soave, Francesco .	Lugano, 1743 .	Moral Philosophy, Education, &c.
1806, April 4	Gozzi, Ct. Carlo .	Venice, Mar. 1722 .	Celebrated for his "Fiabé" or Romantic Dramas.—"Memorie Inutili," an autobiography.
1807, August 14	Bregolini, Ubaldo .	Trivigiano, 1722	Jurisprudence, Epic Poetry.
1808	Ceretti, Luigi .	Modena, 1736	Poetry.
1808, March 13	Bettinelli, l'Ab. Saverio	{ Mantova, 1718, July 18 .	Criticism and Literary History, "Il Risorgimento d'Italia," &c.
1808, Nov. 4	Cesarotti, Melchiorre	1730, May 15 .	Translation of Iliad, Ossian, &c.
1810, March 30	Lanzi, Luigi . .	{ Mont' Olmo, 1732, June 4 .	"Storia Pittorica, Saggio di Lingua Etrusca," &c.
1811	Gritti, Franc. . .	Venice, 1740 .	Comic Lit. and Romance, "Brigliadoro."
1812, January	Pindemonte, Giov. .	Verona, 1751 .	Comic and Dramatic Writer.
1812, August 5	Pignotti, Lorenzo .	{ Arezzo, 1739, Aug. 9 .	Poetry, Fables, "La Treccia Donata, 10 cantos"—"Storia della Toscana," &c.
1813, Jan. 25	{ Borromeo, Ct. Anton. Maria . .	{ Padua, 1724	"Notizie de' Novellieri," &c.
1813, Dec. 3	Lamberti, Luigi .	{ Reggio, 1750, May 27 .	Lyric Poetry, Criticism, "Lezioni di Eloquenza," &c.
1813, Dec. 5	Denina, Carlo Gio. Mar.	{ Piedmont, 1731 Feb. 28 .	History, &c. "Vicende della Letteratura," "Rivoluzioni d'Italia," &c.
1814, May 17	{ Giovio, Ct. Atanasio Giov. . .	{ Como, 1748, Dec. 10 . .	Poetry, Literary History.
1814	{ Rovelli, march. Giuseppe . .	{ Como .	Italian History and Literature.
1815, April 1	Signorelli, Pietro Nap.	Napoli, 1731 .	Satires, "Storia Critica de' Teatri."
1815	Meli, Giov. . .	Palermo, 1740	Poems in Sicilian Dialect, "Don Chisciotte," burlesque Poem, in 12 cantos.

DIED.		BORN.	
1815, December 15	Bossi, Giuseppe .	Milanese, 1777, Aug. 1 .	Painter, Fine Arts, Satiric Poetry.
1815, July 14	Golfo, Ant. .	{ Sicily, 1724, Aug. 24 .	Comic Poetry.
1816	Rosetti, Domenico .	Abruzzo, 1772 .	Poetry.
1816	Gangi, P'Ab. Venerando .	1748 .	Poetry, "Don Camilla," poem in the Sicilian dialect, Fables, &c.
1816, March 25	Amoretti, Carlo .	{ Oneglia, 1741, March 13 .	Natural History, Topography, &c.
1816	{ Verri, Ct. Alessandro .	Milan, 1741 .	"Notti Romane"—"Saffo"—Tragedies, &c.
1817	Mazza, Angelo .	{ Parma, 1740, Nov. 21 .	Poetry, Translated Pindar, Akenside.
1817, Oct. 16	Zanoja, Giuseppe .	Piacenza, 1752, Jan. 19 .	Architect, Satiric Poetry, "Sermoni."
1817, March 30	Minzoni, Onufrio .	{ Ferrara, 1734, Jan. 25 .	Lyric Poetry, Satiric do.
1817	Avellani, Gius. .	Venice, .	Poetry.
1818, February 14	Visconti, Ennio Quirino .	{ Rome, 1751, October 30 .	Celebrated Archaeologist, "Museo Pio-Clementino," &c.
1819	Selva, Giov. Antonio .	Venice, 1753 .	Architecture.
1820, April 3	{ Anelli, Angelo di Desenzano .		Drama and Poetry.
1821, February 21	Manzi, Guglielmo .	{ Civita Vecchia, 1783 .	Philology, History, &c., Translation of Lucian, &c.
1821, June 20	Bondi, P'Ab. Clem. .	About 1745 .	Poetry, Pieces of Humour, &c.
1822, October 13	Canova, Antonio .	{ Possagno, 1757, Nov. 1 .	Sculpture.
1822	Lorenzi, Bart. .	Veronese, 1732 .	Didactic Poetry.
1822, October 20	Soli, Gius. Maria .	1747, June 23 .	Painter and Architect.
1824	Moscatti, Pietro .	1740 .	Philosophy and Physical Sciences.
1824, October 20	D'Elci, Ct. Angelo .	{ Florence, 1754, Oct. 2 .	His Satires and Epigrams, highly esteemed.
1825	Carpani, Giuseppe .	1752, Jan. 28 .	Drama, Translations, &c.
1826, September 2	Brocchi, Gio. Batt. .	Bassano, 1772 .	Natural History.
1827, March 5	Volta, Alessandro .	{ Como, 1745, Feb. 18 .	Physical Sciences:—The Voltaic Battery.
1827, March 27	{ De' Rossi, Giov. Gherardo .	Rome, 1754 .	Comedies, Fine Arts, Epigrammatic Poetry, &c.
1827, June 9	Rosmini, Carlo de' .	{ Rovere, 1758, October 29 .	History, literary biography, "Storia di Milano."
1827, October 10	Foscolo, Ugo .	Zante, 1777 .	Poetry and Criticism, "Lettere di Jacopo Ortis," &c.
1828, July 1	Bossellini, Carlo .	Modena, 1765 .	Political Economy.
1828, October	Monti, Vincenzo .	Ferrarese, 1758 .	Celebrated Poet, "Morte di Ugo di Basseville," Tragedies, &c.
1828, November	Pindemonte, Ippolito .	Verona, 1753 .	Celebrated Poet, "Sermoni," &c.
1829, January 2	Gioja, Melchiorre .	{ Piacenza, 1767, Sept. 20 .	Political Economy, &c. "Del Merito e delle Ricompense," "Sul Commercio de' Comestibili."
1829, May 8	Mazzacchelli, Pietro .	Milan, 1762, July 22 .	History and Antiquities.
1829	Sabatelli, Francesco .	1803 .	Eminent Painter.
1831, Nov. 11	Colletta, Pietro .	{ Naples, 1775, Jan. 23 .	History, "Storia del Regno di Napoli dal 1734 sino al 1825."
1832, August 13	Zannoni, Gio. Batt. .	1774, March 29 .	Celebrated Antiquary.
1833, August 14	Cagnola, marq. Luigi .	Milan, 1762 .	Celebrated Architect.
1834, March 5	Cicognara, Ct. Leopoldo .	{ Ferrara, 1767, Nov. 26 .	Architecture and Fine Arts. "Storia della Scultura," &c.
1835	Giraud, Ct. Giovanni .		Comedy.
1835	Vitorelli, Giacomo .		Called the Poet of the Graces.
1835, June 8	{ Romagnosi, Gian-Domenico .	{ Piacentino, 1761, Dec. 13 .	Moral and Political Philosophy.
1835, Sept. 24	Bellini, Vincenzo .	{ Catania, 1802, Nov. 3 .	Musical Composer.
1836	Arici, Cesare .		Poetry, &c.
1836, Sept. 27	{ Albrizzi, Countess Isabella .	Corfu, 1760 .	"Opere di Plastica di Canova," "Ritratti," &c.
1836	Sgricci, Tommaso .	Arezzo, 1798 .	Very celebrated Improvisatore.
1837, June 14	Leopardi, Ct. Giacomo .	About 1796 .	Prose and Poetry.
1837	Botta, Carlo Glus. .	Piedmont, 1766 .	"Storia d'Italia dal 1789;" and many other historical works.

## DIED.

## BORN.

1837	Migliara, Giov.			{ Celebrated Architectural and Perspective Painter.
1838, January 17	Colombo, Michele	1747, April	.	{ Philology, Criticism, &c.
1839, January 2	Landriani, Paolo	Milan, 1757	.	{ Architecture, &c. " Osservazioni sui Teatri."
1841	{ Antolinini, Giov. Antonio }	1754	.	{ Architecture and Antiquities, " Rovine di Velleja," &c.

## THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL LIVING WRITERS, &amp;c.

	BORN.	
Azeglio, Massimo d'		Painter—Historical Romance, History, &c.
Bertoletti, Davide		{ "I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata," Epic Poem; Historical Romances.
Grossi, Tommaso		{ Historical Painter.
Hayez, Francesco	1791	{ Historical Romance, Tragedy, and Lyric Poetry.
Manzoni, Alessandro		{ Eminent Historian. "L'Italia avanti il dominio de' Romani."
Micali, Giuseppe		{ Tragedy, &c.
Niccolini, Gio. Batt.	1786	{ Dramatist.
Nota, Alberto	1775	{ Tragedy, &c.
Pellico, Silvio	1789	{ Historical Novel; Fine Arts, &c.
Rossini, Giov.	1776, June 24	{ History and Antiquities. "I Monumenti dell' Egitto e della Nubia."
Rossellini, Ippolito		{ Historical Painter.
Sabatelli, Luigi	1773	

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN PARIS.

[From our own Correspondent.]

AN account of French doings, sayings, thoughts, and writings during the last few months were an easy task, we should think. The sayings, indeed, were an ample theme, for never has that loquacious people talked more than it has done of late. Of deeds, however, or serious thoughts, or writings worthy of attention, there is a monstrous lack. The season has not produced a book, or a drama, or an opera, or an *émeute*, or a ministerial crisis. How the Parisians got through winter and spring without any of these gentle and wonted excitements, is a marvel, only to be explained by the fact of their having been all that time in a permanent fit of ill-humour. Our worthy neighbours are like men who had lost at play, or met with some other misadventure overnight, which had totally discomposed their morning, and made

them dissatisfied with every one and everything, —valet, cook, clothes, viands; with the most friendly faces; with fortune, and the face of nature itself. They fulminate in the journals, epigrammatise in the theatres, declare war in the parliament, and are quarrelsome past endurance in society.

It is needless to state that the origin of this diabolical humour in the French is Milord Palmerston (they pronounce every letter of his hated name), and the ungentle things which he did and ordered in Syria and Egypt. Vain it is to tell them, that the Whig Foreign Secretary was their best and warmest friend,—far too much so,—and that he bent his country's policy to favour the French in Belgium and elsewhere in a manner quite repugnant to English traditional policy. Vain it is to tell them that the bad faith of the King of the French and his ministers converted their passionate friend into as

passionate an enemy, and that they earned in Spain the blow they received in Syria. The French will not listen to reason. And if even to the soberest of them be pointed out the means of annoying or bearding England, they seize and employ those means, however disadvantageous to themselves. But there are few questions, fortunately, in which there is cause of quarrel between France and England. Their interests are not really divergent. And it was chance, more than anything else, which furnished a question into which anti-English hatred might pour itself. This was the Treaty for extending the Right of Search. It was a godsend for the session; and indeed, considering the height of French fury, it was fortunate that such an aperture was found for it to escape by—a harmless one after all. The French will delay the treaty, till they have ceased to think of it. In a few months they will have another political hobby. The Right of Search will be forgotten, as Ancona and Poland, and so many political pets of the day have been; and things will go on as before. This, and the vote of the Chamber forcing the French admiralty to keep in addition to the eight men-of-war at sea twelve more afloat, are the chief political events of the French session.

M. Thiers continues his *History of the Consulate*, keeps on good terms with the King and the Duke of Orleans, has made set speeches to keep up his character on material questions,—such as the railroads and the Port of Algiers,—and carries on a malignant war at once against M. Molé and M. Guizot, through the means of his organs of the press. M. Guizot keeps his ground gallantly, and struggles alone, like Pitt, against all the talent and warmth and prejudices of the country—arrayed against him. But M. Guizot struggles for Peace, and appeals to the better feelings of man's nature: Pitt laboured to evoke military passions and frenzy. It is not to condemn the one, or exalt the other, that the comparison is made. Both may be right.

Count Molé, who certainly holds the third rank as a French statesman, has greatly improved his hopes and his position. He seemed last year to have bade adieu to politics. But the fierce struggle between Thiers and Guizot, their incompatibility, the exaggeration of Thiers and his alliance with the downright liberals, and at the same time the unpopularity of Guizot, afford Count Molé the opportunity of erecting a kind of neutral standard between them. Count Molé pretends to be as determined to resist England, as M. Thiers,—to be as liberal as the said M. Thiers, yet without any alliance with the *Left*,—and as conservative as M. Guizot, without his reactionary tendencies, and over-rigid application of penal laws. Until a short time since Count Molé followed this line successfully, supported by his friend, Emile de Girardin, in *La Presse*. He then, however, made a serious blunder. The *Protocol* begging the Powers to extend the *Right of Search*, happened to have been signed under Count Molé's administration. Charged with such awful obsequiousness to England, Count Molé defended himself by alleging that Sebastiani signed it without his permission. The inference instantly was, that Sebastiani had signed

it by direct and secret orders from the king. This, though not true, was believed, was commented on. And his majesty was very angry at having his royal responsibility thus uncovered by the over-adroitness of Count Molé. His majesty called the Count to him, and rated him as sovereigns do, who are masters in politics as in everything else.

By the by, there has been a panic about the king's health; and his majesty, though he looks as well as ever and attends to business as usual, still does not take much exercise. His morning walks on the roof of the Tuileries can neither be long nor very healthful, and varicose symptoms in his legs forbid riding or standing. He is thus reduced to carriage exercise, which is a great change in the life of an active man. The London papers have talked of dropsy, but such secrets must rest between the king and his physician. His person at least shows no symptoms of it to an every-day observer. Nor is there the least diminution of royal vivacity. At a late race-meeting, Louis Philippe went over the stud of his son, the Duke of Orleans, who is a great amateur and a great breeder of horses. "Well," quoth the old king, after his inspection, "in my time we should have called these animals cats, not horses, and their limbs pipe-stoppers. You talk of improving the breed, Charles," continued Louis Philippe, "but I tell you, you will bring it to such perfection, that it cannot carry its own weight." He is very fond of making merry with his son's tastes.

Metaphysics and dogmatic philosophy occupy the French almost as little as ourselves. I say almost, for the leading men of the present day were, a great many of them, bred up at M. Cousin's school, and do not forget their early disquisitions on the *moi* and the *non moi*. Thus M. de Remusat, late home-secretary, has written and published some metaphysical essays, no doubt to calm down his irritation on the Eastern question. The Eclectic school, represented by M. Cousin and the late M. Jouffray, still remains in the possession of the university chair. But it is rudely attacked on one side by the popular and socialist philosophers, such as Fourier and Leroux; on the other, by the church. The French church party has raised its head proudly and actively of late. Its young people have founded a journal, called the *Univers*, which is as zealot and as intolerant as Youth when it embarks in an Old cause. The bishops, too, have taken to writing. The Bishop of Chartres resembles our own prelate of Exeter, and thunders in pastoral letters against the too-liberal university, and the minister of public instruction, M. Villemain. Count Montalembert is their organ in the Chamber of Peers. This is a curious struggle. The Ecclectics do not attack religion and its ministers, but say,—let them be contented with their churches, and leave to us, lay-universitarians, the care of the national education: for such are the prejudices of the French, that if the clergy monopolize education, all the enlightened and liberal classes will withdraw their children; and, instead of religion making progress, there will be a reaction against it, as in the time of Charles the Tenth. The universitarians are right. But the young seminarists will not listen to reason; they cl-

mour for freedom, at once to apostolize and regenerate the French. The aim of the liberals, on the contrary, is to humanize and secularize the clergy; to make them study with other professions in the same colleges; and bring them to be less dependent on the bishop and more on the parish or the minister of public worship. This is a very important struggle, though little attention be paid to it.

In the department of moral and political science, as the New Section of the Institute is called, there is little worth record, except the tilt against the Bonapartist *litterati* and men of eminence, made by Tocqueville at his reception, and rebutted by Molé. This is a subject that requires more development than a letter can afford. Blanqui has published a report respecting the Mahometan and Christian races in Europe; as M. Blanqui's knowledge of Turkey, however, was gained merely in a ride from Belgrade to Constantinople by order of the Institute, much dependence cannot be placed on his moral researches. M. de Tocqueville has something similar respecting Algiers; but he is a ruminating writer, *qui nonnumquam premit in annum*. There is one feature in Algeria that it is to be hoped will not escape Tocqueville, viz. that it is the most thirsty colony on record. The 100,000 French on the shores of Africa, consumed or imported from France, in 1840, no less than 22,000,000 quarts of wine!

Of historical writing or research we see no trace in France. This branch of literature, so flourishing and so promising twenty years back, has been strangled by the prominence and all-absorption of contemporaneous history. Young writers have turned from the old Chronicle to the modern Journal, and abandoned history for politics. Even the historical chairs of the university have ceased to be well filled. The last of the eminent, Lermnier and Michelet, have withdrawn, the one from unpopularity, the other from ill health, and both had grown sadly mystic ere they did withdraw. Those who remain are young *suppliants*, too humble to attract crowds, or *faire école*.

In lighter works, also, this has been an unproductive season. Lamartine is mute, and Hugo has taken to prose, since they have become grave academicians. Beranger lets the world alone, though his fingers itch, it is said, to lash it. And except "Mathilde," there is not a recent work of imagination that people care to read. Scribe's entrance into the academy has not, indeed, stopped his steam-going fabric. Scribe has followed Jules-Janin's example in marrying, and marrying wealth; but neither marriage has stopped the flow of *comédie feuilleton*. The *Mémoires du Diable*, a nasty book to read, has nevertheless furnished forth a very pretty drama. But not even the Vaudeville has produced its usual *chef-d'œuvre* this season.

#### RECENT LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.

ONE of the most recent literary speculations, is the series of popular sketches and characteristics, entitled *Nashi Spisaniye s' Nature Russ-*

*kani*, or "Ourselves Drawn from the Life by Russians;" similar in its plan to *Les Français*, and the imitations of it. Having only a few of the numbers before us, and they having just reached us, we shall say nothing in regard to the execution and literary pretensions of *Nashi* at present, but reserve our remarks of that kind till we can speak of it more at length, and give some account of its contents,—of the principal papers and their authors. In the interim we may observe that the work is got up in a superior style, both as to typography and paper,—with more ostentation, perhaps, than was necessary or desirable for a publication of this class; and the illustrations and embellishments are entitled to considerable praise: more especially some of the vignette subjects. These illustrations, which are by Russian artists and engravers, will probably recommend the work to—we will not say many, but some, to whom the graphic part alone is intelligible. To what extent it will be continued, is not said in the prospectus.

*Kartinki Russkikh Narov*, or "Vignette Sketches of Russian Manners," 16mo, St. Petersburg, 1842, may be classed with "*Nashi*," but is livelier, more playful, and more satirical withal; and far more copiously embellished, and the illustrations themselves are exceedingly spirited. Two humorous articles by Bulgarev contribute to give zest to the literary part of this publication.

Of the *Sto Literatov*, or "Hundred Modern Russian Authors," the third volume has not yet appeared—at least, has not yet reached this country. This is also an exceedingly handsome work, consisting of original articles by the more popular writers of the day, accompanied with their portraits; except, indeed, that of Marinsky, which, it seems, the censorship would not allow to be published, for political reasons, or rather, no reasons; Marinsky (Bestuzhev) having rendered himself obnoxious to the powers that be, some twenty years before! We are sorry that a gap is thus occasioned in this portrait-gallery, for it is really a very interesting one, and some of the subjects are admirably done. Conspicuous among them for beauty of execution, and for the look of truth impressed upon them,—as to actual likeness we can say nothing,—are those of the veteran Shishkov (lately deceased), Kukolnik, and Thaddeus Bulgarev.

This last-mentioned clever, entertaining, and humorous writer, has just put forth, under the title of *Komarie, Roi Pervoi*, or "Gnats, Swarms the First," St. Petersburg, 1842, a series of *stinging* satirical papers, which have been exceedingly well received, for it is one of those productions that highly displease a good many individuals, but are the reverse of disagreeable to the public.

"Finland and the Finns," by Th. Dertau, St. Petersburg, 1842, is a small work of considerable merit in point of interest, if not of literary pretension, as it communicates a good deal of fresh information in regard to the country and the people. "Among the learned societies," it is said, "the chief are, the Finnish Literary Society, having for its principal objects the



national language and history; and the Finnish Society of Arts, established in 1830, for the promotion of popular instruction in various branches of science. There are in all ten printing-offices in Finland, viz. three at Helsingfors, two at Abo, two at Viasa, and the others at Borgo, Viborg, and Uleaborg; a lithographic printing establishment at Helsingfors, and thirteen newspapers and periodicals, ten of which are in Swedish.

Notwithstanding the very great change which has taken place in Russian literature within the last quarter of a century,—and that in consequence of it, many poets and writers once considered eminent, are now nearly forgotten, or like Sumarokov, Kheraskov and others, enjoy only a traditional reputation,—the works, or rather the literary productions in prose and verse of Nakhimov, have been lately reprinted in a small volume at St. Petersburg; though, strange to say, Nakhimov himself is not even so much as mentioned either by Gretch in his History of Russian Literature, or by his translator, Dr. Otto, who nevertheless professes to make additions to the original. Their omission, in regard to Nakhimov, is all the more remarkable because he happens to be one of the very few Russian authors of whom there is any separate biography or literary memoir; and of him there is one by Maslovitch, published in 1818, just four years before Gretch's work appeared; so that, did not we ourselves happen to possess that piece of biography, we perhaps might never before have heard of Akim Nikolaevitch Nakhimov, the Kharkov Poet, who died, 1814, in his thirty-second year. Had he not been cut off almost at the very commencement of his literary career, he would probably have successfully completed his *Pursoniak* (a comic poem, of which now only detached fragments exist) and have thereby enriched the literature with an original work, replete with satiric humour. As it is, his literary "Remains" consist only of minor pieces, satires, fables, &c., which, however, attest his power of wit and sarcasm and his talent for pleasantry and humour, and are, therefore, well entitled to the attention they have just received.

If we may trust the exceedingly high literary character given of her by a St. Petersburg journalist, Zeneida R——, alias Mad<sup>e</sup> Helena Andræevna Han (*née* Phadaeva), is one of the most brilliant and eloquent prose writers that have ever appeared in Russia. "Zeneida," says the critic, "is the George Sand of our literature,—even something more, and entitled to rank higher. In their talent for invention, in the art of awakening and sustaining powerful interest, both writers are on the same level, and both indulge alike in bitter sarcasm, and in the eloquence of intense feeling; but the Russian is very far superior to the French writer in moral sentiment and purity, to say nothing of what constitutes the highest æsthetic charm of literary production considered as the work of an artist,—namely, style. Now, George Sand has, in fact, no style at all, either good or bad; while Zeneida, on the contrary, displays consummate mastery of style,—unless we choose to impute its beauty rather to the instinct of genius than to

the study given to it by the artist: in arrangement it is most perfect, in colouring most brilliant and harmonious. Zeneida seems to dip 'a pen of gold in the rainbow's hues.' She is a true poet, although she expresses herself in prose—a prose far more perfect and elegant than that which the most eloquent poets seem capable of commanding. Pushkin in prose, for instance, will bear no comparison with Pushkin in poetry: as soon as he abandons verse all the magic of his colouring and expression is gone, and all that we obtain in exchange for it, is an artificial and naked simplicity. It is the same with Kukolnik—but we may yet look forward to very much from him, since he has but just entered upon his career as a writer of prose fiction, in which, judging from his *Evelina de Vallerol*, he promises fair to become our Walter Scott." Instead of accompanying the critic any further in his remarks, we will only say, pray Heaven he prove a true one: but until we can actually verify, by perusal, how far the productions he so warmly extols are really entitled to the praise he bestows upon him, we dare not trust to the flattering anticipations he excites. We have our misgivings; we suspect he has dipped his own pen into the "rainbow," instead of the inkstand; for similar mystifications have been indulged in ere now. At all events, we shall make a point of reading Zeneida's *Theophania Abbiaggio*, and Kukolnik's *Evelina*.

Although no complete Russian translation of Shakspeare has yet appeared, several of his pieces have been, either partly or entirely, transferred into that language by different writers; and a Russian version of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, has lately been produced by Ivan Roskovshenko of Tiflis.

A publication was commenced last year, under the title of the *Portrait and Biographical Gallery*, which, according to its prospectus, is entirely devoted to memoirs of those who have distinguished themselves in literature, the fine arts, and science,—a class of persons whom Russian biographical works have hitherto taken very little notice of. Among the characters already given are Pushkin, Bruilov (artist), Krilov, Borstiniansky (composer), Platon (metropolitan), and Zhuskovsky.

#### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—OR—THE MANUSCRIPTS OF GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN.

[From a Correspondent at Stockholm.]

It was very generally known in Europe that certain chests had been bequeathed by king Gustavus III., to the university of Upsala, on condition that their contents were not to see the light till 50 years, reckoned from the king's death, had passed away; whereupon not only all Sweden but all Europe argued thus: half a century is a long time to wait; that which is kept so long must be worth keeping; king Gustavus was a man of letters as well as a king;—something great may certainly be looked for in 50 years time. Along with this reasoning the tragical end of the testator threw a deep shade of pity

over his whole life. His failings were forgotten. All that was seen was the legacy and the murder, and in the 50 years since the king's decease time enough had elapsed to mix up these two completely distinct facts (the first being four years at least before the last), till it was firmly believed, that the king, finding himself mortally wounded, made his bequest while lingering in torment; and, surrounded by conspirators, consigned to the safe custody of the university a mass of documents calculated to throw the greatest light on the secret history of his reign. And thus the world, allowing itself to confound two separate circumstances and fancying that antecedent in date to be the consequence of the latter, was most illogically wrought up into a high state of curiosity.

In Sweden, just before the opening, numberless reports were afloat concerning the contents. On the one point all agreed: that some very weighty state secrets had been given over to the keeping of the university by the king; but there unanimity ceased, and two great parties arose. One was positive the documents were yet safe, that the locks and seals had not been tampered with, and if they only lived long enough they should see with their eyes what they had so long believed in on faith; the other were sure that though the papers in question were once in the chests they were there no longer; that the Duke of Sudermania (afterwards Charles XIII.) and others implicated in the supposed disclosures, had made away with the evidence of their guilt. These last, it may be observed, were on much the safer side of the two. Nothing more easy than to join in the cry "we said the papers were there," if they were found; while their opponents if they were not forthcoming must leave the field completely worsted.

As the day approached public curiosity became rather feverish. The university appointed a grand commission of high functionaries, who, assisted by the Governor of the Province on the part of the Crown, were to superintend the solemn opening. On the 29th of March the committee first repaired to the consistorium, and there broke open, at last, a box containing the keys of the chests, and the autograph instructions of king Gustaf dated 1788, giving a general account of what was to be expected. To wit: "Letters, memoirs, trifles, projects, plans for court festivities," gossiping letters from kings and ladies of the court of Louis XV.—all which, containing, as his majesty was pleased to think, "curious and interesting anecdotes of his reign," "his respect for living personages would have induced him to destroy," had not the thought occurred to him that after 50 years they could hurt no one:—and therefore he bequeathed them as a token of his affection to the university of Upsala!!

It is not said how the committee looked when they learned what a mouse had crept out of the mountain that had been gathering over it for half a century; but on repairing to the library and breaking open the chests, his majesty's description was found perfectly true. A more

trashy collection of "trifles" were never heaped together for the purpose of cheating two generations of men. It is ludicrous to think of the taste of a man who could treasure up such absurdities, and then solemnly bequeath them to a venerable body like the University of Upsala, which is now repaid for the pains she has taken in the incubation of this monstrous wind-egg, by being made a spectacle and laughing-stock to Gods and men. His majesty should have had an adviser, like the curate in *Don Quixotte*, when he was packing up his bequests. "Out of the window with them"—into the fire with them. One thing seems clear from the whole transaction—that his majesty was by no means the great or the learned man he has sometimes passed for. A better proof of this could not be desired than in his deliberate instructions about his treasures. Seldom has such careless Swedish, or such a hideous French orthography, greeted the eyes of men. Judging from this specimen of his majesty's grammatical accuracy, one would be tempted to believe he must have procured some other hand to write his printed works, poor though they be. As to the guilt of the Duke of Sudermania, and the story of his having removed papers from the chests, it is to be remarked, that there is nothing in the bequest by which warrants the conclusion that the chests ever contained more than the trash found in them.

On opening the large chest, one bag was found lettered thus: "All papers marked with a cross, or inscribed, Freemason Packets, must not be opened by any other than the reigning king of my race." This injunction threw the university into another fever; it being quite impossible, for reasons obvious enough, to fulfil the command. At last it was resolved to lay the case before his majesty, and await his pleasure. A communication to this effect was accordingly made to King Charles John, through the Crown Prince, the Chancellor of the University. In the mean while many absurd notions were advanced, of which the most ridiculous perhaps was,—that the papers could only be given over to the Prince Vasa, a wanderer and vagabond on the face of the earth, though his wanderings and vagabondism were plainly against the injunction as to "the reigning king of my family." However, all speculation was cut short very properly by the appearance of a royal decree, directing that the sealed packets in question should be handed over by the university to the Society of Freemasons in Stockholm, there to be opened by the officers of the said society, in the presence of a member of the university, who was himself a freemason, and whose duty it should be to take care that no papers were passed over but such as related strictly to masonic affairs. And so for the present ends this *Much Ado*. The university are busy cataloguing their new treasures, which will doubtless be of the greatest service to any one who is ready to wade through an Augean stable of nonsense and filth, and not unwilling to write "a scandalous history" of Sweden during the last century!

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

### AUSTRIA.

THERE are in Austria 25,014,267 Roman Catholics, 3,855,298 members of the United Greek Church, 2,790,901 of the Schismatic Greek Church, 1,234,574 Protestants of the Augsburg Confession, 2,193,117 Protestants of the Helvetic Confession, 43,750 Unitarians, 699,057 Jews, and 1736 individuals belonging to other sects. In 1837 the Catholics in the German provinces were to those of other sects, as 11 to 2; in the Hungarian, as 73 to 74; in the Italian, as 258 to 1. In Carinthia, not a single Protestant was known to be a resident. In Gallicia, the Greek Church was the predominant.

In a recent number of the *Diario di Roma*, a complete list is given of all the monastic establishments within the Austrian dominions. From this it appears that there are within that empire 766 monasteries for men, and that there reside in those establishments 10,354 monks of twenty-seven different religious orders. The convents for women amounts to 157, of twenty-nine different orders, and contain 3661 nuns.

### BELGIUM.

The Brussels papers of the 12th ult. announced the death of one of the most prominent personages in the Polish revolution of 1830, and who, since the disastrous termination of that revolution, has been known as one of the most distinguished Slavonian scholars. "Just as we are going to press," says the *Courier Belge*, "we hear of the death of Lelewel, the Polish exile, who, when banished from Paris, found shelter in Brussels, where he lived in the most indigent circumstances. Several winters, spent without fire and almost without clothing, had gradually impaired his sight and undermined his health. In this condition, very recently, not having the means of paying his place in a public vehicle, he was obliged to walk from Charleroi to Brussels, the rain falling heavily all the time. A complaint of the liver, and the want of all suitable attendance, contributed to shorten his days. He had just concluded an important numismatic work, which would have formed about the hundredth volume of his complete works. M. Lelewel lived like a philosopher of antiquity, submitting to every species of privation. During the last twelve years the Ex-President of the Polish Diet has seldom been able to expend more than nine sous a day."

### FRANCE.

Marshal Soult has appointed a Commission composed of Messrs Amédée Jaubert, the translator of *Edrisi's Geography*; Delaporte, late consul-general at Magadore; Eugene de Nully; Charles Brosselard; and Sidi Akhmet Ben el Haggi Ali, imaum of the mosque of Bougia. This Commission is charged to draw up and prepare for publication a grammar and dictionary of the Berber or Kabyle language. The *Moniteur*, in announcing the appointment of this commission, observes, "It has hitherto been supposed that the various dialects of Africa were more or less corruptions of the old Arabic. This error has now been satisfactorily removed. It has been ascertained that the majority of the tribes scattered along the interior of Africa, from the Oases of Egypt to the Atlantic, and known by the names of Kabyles, Berbers, Showya, Beni M'zab, Amazigh, &c.; speak dialects that vary from each other only in a very slight degree. Their language bears no similitude either to the Arabic, the Coptic, or the Hebrew, but is a language perfectly distinct from any other that is known to us, though a few Arabic roots have been admitted into it." The influence which the various rulers of northern Africa may, during a series of centuries, have exercised over the language of the Aborigines, will form an interesting subject for inquiry for this commission. The Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, the Arabs, the Turks, and lastly, the French, may all have left traces of their presence, in at least some of the local dialects. The Imaum of Bougia has already been invited to repair to Paris.

M. Villemain, the Minister of Public Education, has applied to the *Chambre des Députés* for a grant of money to publish the works of Laplace. Most of them have become so scarce as to be almost inaccessible to private individuals, and the sale would be too limited, and the expense too great, to induce a publisher to reprint them as a private speculation. He proposes to obtain the copyright from the widow of Laplace, and to print 1000 copies of his three principal works in seven quarto volumes, part of the edition to be presented to all the public libraries and institutions of the kingdom, and the remainder to be sold.

A commission has been named to prepare for publication the works of l'Hôte, to form a sup-

plement to those of Champollion. He travelled to Egypt twice at the expense of the government, and has left behind him many valuable drawings of Egyptian antiquities and copies of hieroglyphic inscriptions.

In the Royal Library at Paris, a Bohemian manuscript was lately discovered, containing several theological essays by John Huss. It had long been looked on as a Croatian manuscript. It is supposed to have been written in the early part of the fifteenth century.

The Parisian press produced, in the year 1841, 6300 works, 1163 engravings and lithographs, 145 plans and maps, and 428 pieces of music.

#### GERMANY.

BERLIN.—Dr. Reinold Schmid, so well known to all students of Anglo-Saxon from his contributions on that subject to the German periodicals, and by his *Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, of which the first volume was published at Leipsic in 1832, at length announces the second volume of that work. In this he is understood to have made great use of the *Collection of Anglo-Saxon Laws*, edited by our accomplished countryman, Mr. B. Thorpe. We may take the opportunity of adding that it is our intention at no distant period to bring under the notice of our readers a short view of the most recent English and Continental publications connected with Anglo-Saxon literature. In the mean while we may mention that a new society, entitled "The Ælfric Society for the Illustration of Anglo-Saxon and early English History and Philosophy," is now in the course of formation, and already numbers among its members many of the most distinguished scholars of Europe.

While our London theatres are rivalling each other in the splendour of decoration, Ludwig Tieck is about to try the opposite extreme at Berlin, where he is preparing to bring out a series of Shakspeare's pieces, with all the simplicity of costume and scenery that prevailed in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

HAMBURG.—In the painful feelings awakened by the fearful calamity by which this city has been lately visited, literature has her share. The "Archiv" of the city was blown up with the "Rathhaus," and with it many most valuable documents connected with the history, not only of Hamburg, but of all the other principal cities and states of Europe, more particularly of England, have perished. Those who know the "History of England" by the keeper of those Archives, Dr. Lappenberg, and still more those who enjoy the acquaintance of that accomplished scholar, will learn with regret that his valuable collections for the "History of the Northern States of Europe," have also been entirely destroyed. Art, too, has had her losses. M. Haasen, a gentleman well known to all lovers of engravings, who has devoted upwards of forty years to the gathering together of materials for a "History of Engraving," lost the whole of them,—the result of a life's labour and of a large fortune devoted to their collection.

The railroad from Vienna to Raab was opened on the 5th of May, as far as Glucknitz, being a distance of ten German (forty-five English) miles.

It remains for the Austrian government to decide whether the work is to be continued to Trieste, an undertaking of too great magnitude for the company to enter upon, unless supported by the state.

Wilhelm Schlegel, whom we had almost considered as lost to the literary world, seems to have again awakened from his lethargy. He not only announces a series of lectures on Ancient and Modern India, but has just brought out the first volume of a collected edition of his French writings, hitherto very little known. They contain, we understand, several highly interesting papers, and are written with great elegance.

The commission that is to publish the works of Frederick the Great at the expense of the government, (we mentioned it in a former number,) continues to collect many valuable materials. Much of his correspondence, hitherto not only never printed, but even kept secret, has been placed at the disposal of the commissioners. The Letters of Frederick to the Landgräfinn Caroline of Hesse Darmstadt, one of his favourite correspondents, preserved with the records of the court in Darmstadt, have, however, hitherto not been obtained, as this princess by a clause in her will desired them to be kept secret *for ever*. But it is to be hoped that a request, which certainly never can have been seriously meant, will be disregarded.

The University of Tübingen was agreeably surprised a few weeks ago by a present from the Directors of the English East India Company, of sixty-seven Oriental works, chiefly in Sanscrit, printed at Calcutta.—*Prussian State Gazette*.

Some very inaccurate statements relative to German railroads, made by M. Thiers, in a somewhat self-sufficient manner in the French Chamber of Deputies, have provoked a severe but well-merited castigation from a writer in the Prussian State Gazette. "It is to be lamented," says the writer in question, "that M. Thiers, before he ventured to speak upon the subject in public, should not at least have informed himself of the relations of his own country." The writer then proceeds to say that there are now in France, not as M. Thiers says, 200 *lieues* of railroads completed, but 173 *lieues* only, even including all the small railroads constructed for the use of individual mines and collieries. Besides these, there are in France seventy-five *lieues* of railroads in a course of construction. In Germany, 350 *lieues* of railroads are now complete, and 332 *lieues* are in course of construction.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Agriculturists of Germany is to be held at Stuttgart in September, when the presence, for the first time, of a great number of wine and fruit growers, is likely to make this year's meeting of greater interest than those of former years. The first public day is to be the 21st of September.

The Wurtemberg Chambers have increased their yearly grant to the University of Tübingen by 18,000 florins (1500*l.*), with which the university proposes to cover the expense rendered necessary by the appointment of six new professors, the number of whom is to be raised from thirty-one to thirty-seven. The Chambers have likewise voted 12,000 florins for additional build-

ings for the university, and 7500 florins by way of assisting scientific journeys.

The customs duties received by the German *Zollverein*, or Commercial League, amounted in 1841 to 21,915,921 dollars, being 622,699 dollars more than in 1840. This revenue is divided among the several states of the League, in proportion to the respective population of each. According to the estimate of 1840, the population of the several states forming the League, is as follows:—Prussia, 15,159,031; Bavaria, 4,375,586; Saxony, 1,706,276; Württemberg, 1,703,258; Baden, 1,294,131; Electoral Hesse, 666,280; Hesse-Darmstadt, 820,907; the Thuringian Union (comprising Weimar, Schwartzburg, Reuss, the four Saxon dukedoms, and detached portions of Prussia, Hesse, and Bavaria), 952,421; Nassau, 398,095; Frankfort, 66,338; making the total population of the *Zollverein*, 27,142,323.

#### NECROLOGY.

SCHORN.—Art and its literature have recently lost a most valuable and zealous cultivator in Dr. Johann Karl Ludwig Schorn, the editor of the *Ubingen Kunstblatt*, who died at Weimar on the 17th of last February, in his 49th year, having been born June 9, 1793. Besides a number of interesting papers in the *Kunstblatt* itself—which work, we may observe, contains a fund of materials relative to the history and archaeology of art in all its branches, together with many important pieces of criticism,—he contributed not a few articles on similar subjects to Böttiger's *Amalthea*, the *Heidelberger Jahrbücher*, and other journals; and also published several separate works. In that entitled *Ueber die Studien der Griechischen Künstler*, Heidelberg, 1816, he was almost the first who threw additional light upon the subject by availing himself of recent researches and discoveries. We have likewise by him *Umriss einer Theorie der Bildenden Künste*, Stuttgart, 1835; and *Ueber Altddeutsche Sculptur, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die in Erfurt vorhandenen Bildwerke*, Erfurt, 1839.

BÜSSEL.—Aloys Joseph Büssel, a very fertile novelist, but one whose fame can scarcely be said to have extended beyond his own country, died at Munich, on the 26th of May last. Yet Büssel deserved a greater degree of popularity than he enjoyed; for though his numerous novels and poems were written only during the few leisure hours which his arduous and engrossing public duties left him, still there is much excellent thought in what he has written, and his works betray no signs of haste. He was born in the Austrian dominions, near Salzburg, in 1789, but at the age of twenty-five obtained a situation in the Bavarian post-office, to which he continued attached to the day of his death. He published a volume of poems in 1819, under the title of *Poetische Blüthen*; his plays are: *San Pietro von Bartelica*, *Hero und Leander*, *Graf Albrecht von Altenburg*, *Zappolyas*, *Prokris und Kephalos*, *das Johanniskind*, and *Winckelmann*; among his novels may be named, *die Hochalpe*, *die Pilgernächte des Meisters Tisotheus*, *Stainer der Geigenmacher*, and a multitude of others scat-

tered through the various periodicals of Germany.

BUTENSCHÖN.—The city of Speyer, in the Palatinate, lost, on the 16th of May last, one of her most valuable citizens in Butenschön, who, from 1816 to 1821, edited the *Speyerer Zeitung*, in a manner to obtain for the paper a great importance throughout Germany. Butenschön might be mentioned among the distinguished instances of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He was born in Holstein in 1764, lost his father when young, was for many years struggling with extreme poverty, and at an early period of the French revolution entered the republican army as a private: a pocket Horace furnished at that time his chief enjoyment. During the Reign of Terror, he was arrested and sent to Paris, but had the good fortune to escape the guillotine, and obtained some time afterwards an appointment as librarian at Strasburg. From this time he advanced slowly. He became a professor at Mayence, undertook the editorship of the paper already mentioned, and died in the enjoyment of several public offices, from the active labours of which he had retired some years previously. Many important ecclesiastical reforms were brought about in the Palatinate through the active exertions of Professor Butenschön.

#### HOLLAND.

In a marsh in the commune of Broek Sittard, in the duchy of Limburg, a discovery of high interest to all antiquarians has just been made. This is a wooden bridge 1250 ells long and about three ells broad. The principal beams are as hard as stone, but the cross-beams are completely decayed. They are covered with an unctuous mass, supposed to have been a kind of cement; the bridge is supposed to have been constructed by Roman soldiers.

Dr. Siebold has just added three new parts to his *Description of Japan*. He has also published several new works on the Japanese language and literature, and a map of that country containing all the latest corrections.

#### HUNGARY.

Ten political journals are at present published in Hungary. Of these, five are in the Hungarian, three in the German, one in the Servian, and one in the Illyrian language. Six (four in Hungarian, one in German, and one in Servian), are published at Pest and Ofen; two (one Hungarian and one German), at Presburg; and two (one German and one Illyrian), at Agram. The *Pesti Hirlap*, published by Kossuth, has the largest circulation, and is supposed to sell upwards of 4000 copies. The next in importance is the *Ofener und Pesther Zeitung* (printed in German), which is supposed to have from 2500 to 3000 subscribers. The German paper, published at Presburg, has for some time past been very carefully conducted by Mr. Adolph Neustadt.

#### ITALY.

Few commercial cities have been rising of late years more quietly into importance than the little Illyrian seaport of Fiume, which has gradually become the naval entrepôt for nearly the whole

trade of Hungary. After Trieste and Venice, Fiume ranks now as the third in importance of all the maritime towns of Austria. Its fixed population amounts to 12,000, and the extent of its trade may be in some measure estimated from the fact that the arrivals and departure of vessels during the last three years have averaged 9000, including small coasters. The growing activity of the place has induced the Austrian Government to undertake some extensive works for the enlargement and improvement of the harbour. The shipping belonging to the place amounted about the close of last year to 301 vessels, carrying 49,141 tons, and navigated by 2123 seamen. Of these vessels 75 were of a large size, with an aggregate tonnage of 22,661, carrying 828 seamen.

A work of some importance to the scientific world has just been published at the cost of the Papal Government; namely, a description of all the obelisks of Rome, accompanied by as complete an explanation as the recent discoveries relative to the Hieroglyphics of Egypt permitted. This important work was interrupted for some time by the decease of its accomplished author, Fea, but has now been completed by the learned Pater Ungarem. The Etruscan Museum is another work of the highest importance, for the publication of which we are indebted to the liberality of the reigning Pope. The literary part of this publication has been superintended by Achil Genarelli, a young man who not long ago distinguished himself by some papers on Italian antiquity, read at the Papal Academy of Archaeology.

Letters from Venice in the French papers state that the Emperor of Austria has assigned a sum of 230,000 florins towards the erection of a monument to Titian, to be placed in the same church in which stands the statue of Canova.

The University of Pisa was closed in April last, in consequence of a murderous assault committed by a number of students on the person of Professor del Rosso, whom they attacked at his own residence, and nearly beat to death with sticks. The Professor, it seems, had given offence to the students by insisting on the expulsion of some young men who had recently committed themselves similar excesses. The Government, it was believed, would carry through some searching measures of reform in the statutes of the University.

Valery's new work on Italy, "*Curiosités et Anecdotes Italiennes*," contains some interesting details concerning the remuneration of authors. In Italy Science and Literature are cultivated for their own sakes only, and not because they are lucrative; for it is necessary to be rich in order to write, or rather, to print. Ariosto printed his "*Orlando*" at his own expense, and the first editions of the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" were published in fragments and very incorrect, contrary to the wish of Tasso. The greater number of authors consider themselves fortunate if a publisher will take upon himself the risk of printing their manuscripts. Milan, Venice, and Florence, are the only places in which manuscripts are occasionally paid for; but even there, more than forty francs a sheet, or one thousand francs for a volume of five hundred pages, is seldom given.

Monti's translation of the *Iliad* brought him only four hundred francs, and Parini was considered exorbitant in demanding one hundred and fifty zechines (1792 francs), for the reimpression of his charming poems, "*Il Mattino*" and "*Il Mezzogiorno*," to which he added "*La Sera*." The first edition of Manzoni's beautiful tragedy, "*Adelchi*," never paid its expenses; and the popular "*I promessi Sposi*" did not bring him more than one thousand francs for the first large edition. Silvio Pellico received the same amount for the only Italian edition of his "*Prigioni*" from a bookseller in Turin. The first lyric poet of Italy, Giusepe Borghi, lost money by publishing his hymns, which reached twenty-six editions. Grossi, who a short time since was considered the hope of the Italian Parnassus, has been obliged to abandon the muses and gain his bread as a notary in Milan. This melancholy state of affairs has improved a little since literary property has been recognized in every state of Italy, with the exception of Naples, and authors are now at last beginning to reap some benefit from the labours of their minds.

Cardinal Maio's edition of the New Testament, on which he has spent a greater part of the last ten years, is at last mentioned. The Cardinal, already so well known for his profound learning, has spent a considerable time on the study of the writings of the New Testament, and compared, for the purpose of this edition of the New Testament, the different MSS. in the libraries of Rome and Italy. He has founded the text of his edition on the MS. No. 1209 of the Codex Vaticanus. This MS. was produced towards the end of the 5th century, is acknowledged to be pre-eminently valuable, and written in *Scripta Continuata*, the words not being separated by spaces. He formerly projected to give *fac-similes* of the whole MS., to be engraved by Ruspi; but we hear that only a part is executed, and the completion abandoned.

From another source we learn that the Cardinal is going to publish a new collection of "*Fragments of Unpublished Works, by Greek and Latin, and old Italian Authors*," which are said by persons who are excellent judges, to be as highly interesting as those already published. Six of about eleven or twelve volumes are already printed, and the remainder are said to be already in the press.

The college of the Propaganda at Rome, intended chiefly for the education of natives of eastern countries as Catholic missionaries, contained in May ninety pupils. Of these five were Chinese, ten Chaldeans, six Armenians, four Georgians, five Syrians, five Maronites, four Egyptians, nine Greeks, five Albanians, three Bulgarians; one Illyrian, three Wallachians, four Germans, six Dutchmen, four Englishmen, five Scots, five Irishmen, and six Americans. After a pupil has been six months in the establishment, he is expected to bind himself by oath, to devote himself to the foreign missions. The usual period of study is ten years, but this is frequently shortened. When the pupil has finished his studies he enters into priest's orders, and is furnished with the means of returning to his native country, where it is intended he should devote himself to the duties of his vocation as a

missionary. If he is sent to any country but his own, his free consent must first be obtained. Every missionary residing in Europe is expected to furnish an annual report of his labours; those residing out of Europe are expected to send in a report once in two years. Many of these missionaries have established thriving schools in their native countries. Six such schools exist in Egypt, four in Illyria, two in Transylvania, and others in Albania and among the islands of the Archipelago. The revenues of this establishment amount annually to 80,000 scudi; of which, 24,000 are a gift from the Pope. The sum annually expended on the foreign missions is estimated by the *Anali di Statistica* at 18,000 scudi; but this calculation, we are assured, is below the truth. There are in addition to the Propaganda, several colleges at Rome for the education of foreigners. The German college, established by Julius III., at the request of Ignatius de Loyola, is calculated for the reception of 150 pupils. The English, the Scotch, and the Irish colleges contain about seventy: and the Armenian college fifteen.

A favourite topic among the politicians of Italy has been of late the question whether an Italian commercial league might not be brought about, on principles similar to those by which the great German Confederation is governed. In Germany the confederation is generally, almost universally, popular, even among those who are clear-sighted enough to see the impolicy of high protective duties; for those protective duties, although taxes levied on the community for the benefit of small classes, chime in with the prejudices of the day, and appear in the light of a trifling evil, when set against the immense political effect which the League is exercising in uniting the various states of Germany more and more into a nation. The same result is anticipated by many from a similar union in Italy, and it is not wonderful that the adoption of a similar plan should have become a favourite day-dream there with many amiable men. An Italian writer of some repute, Count Pettiti di Roreto, a counsellor of state of the King of Sardinia, and author of an esteemed work on prison discipline, made the question of a commercial league in Italy the subject of a discourse which he delivered at a recent sitting of the *Accademia de' Georgofili* (the agricultural association) of Florence. The count looks upon the proposed union as impracticable. "Were the several governments," he says, "among whom our peninsula is divided, confined to Italy, few countries would be better adapted for the formation of such a commercial league and political union, as those by which Germany is now directed; but the circumstance that an important part of Italy belongs to a great foreign power seems to place insurmountable impediments in the way of such a combination. It could not suit the other states of Italy to adopt the prohibitive tariff of Austria, and on the other hand it would be idle to expect that Austria would sacrifice the supposed interest of her German provinces. To the continental portion of the Sardinian monarchy, it would also be highly injurious to abandon the present intimate connection with France, the loss of which would hardly be compensated by any advantage to be

derived from an active commercial intercourse with Austria. To these economical considerations those of a more political character have to be added. In a commercial union the immense preponderance of Austria could not but endanger the political independence of the other Italian states." The count proceeds to point out agriculture and navigation as the pursuits for which, owing to her geographical position, Italy is particularly qualified, and advises the Italian governments to encourage those two branches of national industry, rather than to waste their energies upon the establishment of domestic manufactures.

A German baroness has become the subject of much conversation in Rome, in consequence of having carried her passion for the fine arts so far as to steal a number of marble ornaments from different churches. The crime of sacrilege, according to the Roman law, carries with it a condemnation to the galleys for life, but it is thought in Rome that the powerful connexions of the fair offender will obtain a mitigation of the sentence.

#### POLAND.

Poland is slowly recovering in a material point of view, from the calamitous effects of the unsuccessful revolution of 1830. The Russian government pursues, indeed, with stern resolution, its design of extinguishing Polish nationality altogether, and converting the country into a Russian Province, not only by a political incorporation with the great empire, but also by a substitution of the language and religion of Russia. No public office, however trifling, is given to any one not well versed in the Russian language; and the rigorous laws by which the Greek church is guarded, are not without a sensible effect in promoting the rapid diffusion of that confession. While the government, however, is pursuing these plans with a severity that necessarily leads to many individual acts of tyranny, the material interests of the country are not neglected, and sensible improvements have lately taken place. Agriculture is in a flourishing condition, and the manufacturing establishments are recovering their lost ground. M. de Uvaroff, the Minister for National Instruction, has given a new form and spirit to the public schools. Last year (1841) Poland contained 37 public schools of a superior class, 916 elementary, and 69 special, or mechanical schools. There were at the same time 58 private schools of a superior class (only five for boys), and 147 for the humbler classes. To every superior school, public or private, there must be attached a native Russian, as a teacher of his language. The Catholic religion is still the predominant one in Poland. In 1840, the parochial clergy of that confession amounted to 2598, and the monastic clergy to 1768. There were 1873 churches and chapels, 150 monasteries for men, and 32 for women. Of late years there has been an ecclesiastical college of Warsaw, with 12 professors and 40 students. The 12 eparchial seminaries contain 74 teachers and 313 pupils. The latter, when they have finished their course of study, are qualified for the office of parochial priests. The Russian Greek church is rapidly increasing the number of its flock, and has now a cathedral at Warsaw, and eleven

churches in other parts of the country. Of Lutherans there are 51, and of the Reformed Church 10, congregations. The English have a chapel of their own at Warsaw. The government, according to the budget of the last five years, has contributed during that time 7,533,319 florins to the maintenance of religion, and 1,701,000 florins to the building of new churches and the repairing of old ones. The population of the kingdom, according to an official statement just published, may be estimated as follows:

Roman Catholics . . . . .	3,501,494
Russian Greek . . . . .	7,200
United Greek . . . . .	227,767
Protestants of various sects . . . . .	221,591
Jews . . . . .	463,930
Mahometans . . . . .	564
	4,427,546

The press is subjected in Poland to exactly the same system of censorship as in Russia. In 1840 there existed in Poland six political papers, and 19 other periodicals. The public libraries, which suffered terrible devastations in consequence of the insurrection, have been to some extent refurnished, through the exertions of M. de Uvaroff, who has directed the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg to forward its duplicates to Warsaw. This is in some measure the repayment of an old debt, for the Imperial Library was originally formed by spoiliations from Poland.

#### PRUSSIA.

The Jews in Prussia according to a recent statistical table published in the *State Gazette*, amount to 194,558. In the province of Posen there are 77,102; in Silesia, 26,703; in the Rhine province, 26,367; in the province of Prussia, 25,779; in Westphalia, 13,766; in Brandenburg, 13,747; in Pomerania, 6832; in Saxony, 4262. Two-fifths of all the Jews in Prussia, therefore, resided in the province of Posen, or Prussian Poland, where they form one-sixteenth of the population.

By a decree dated the 31st of May, 1842, the King of Prussia has instituted a new branch of the Order of Merit, for the purpose of conferring a distinction on men eminent in science, literature, and the arts. The German Knights of the civil branch of the Order are to be thirty in number, one of whom is to be the Chancellor of the Order. In case of a vacancy, each knight is to have the right of proposing a successor. These votes are to be collected by the Chancellor, and submitted by him to the King, who reserves to himself the ultimate selection of the new knight. In addition to thirty German Knights, there are to be foreign knights, who are never to exceed thirty, but need not always amount to that number. The following is the list of what may be called the *original* members of the order.

#### GERMAN KNIGHTS—OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE.

W. Bessel, Director of the Observatory at Königsburgh, and Member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

A. Boëkh, Secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

F. Bopp, M. A. S. B.

L. von Buch, M. A. S. B.

F. Dieffenbach, Professor at the University of Berlin.

G. Eichhorn, M. A. S. B.

G. Ehrenberg, S. A. S. B.

F. Enke, Director of the Observatory at Berlin, and S. A. S. B.

F. Gauss, Director of the Observatory at Göttingen, and M. A. S. B.

J. Grimm, M. A. S. B.

A. von Humboldt, M. A. S. B.

J. Jacobi, Professor at Königsburg, and M. A. S. B.

Prince Clement von Metternich-Winneburg, at Vienna.

E. Mitscherlich, M. A. S. B.

J. Müller, M. A. S. B.

C. Ritter, M. A. S. B.

F. Ruckert, Professor at Berlin.

C. von Savigny, M. A. S. B.

J. von Schelling, M. A. S. B.

A. W. von Schlegel, Professor at Bonn, and M. A. S. B.

L. Schönlein, Physician to the King, and Professor at Berlin.

L. Tieck, of Dresden and Berlin.

#### GERMAN KNIGHTS—OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ARTS.

P. von Cornelius, Member of the Academy of Arts at Berlin.

F. Lessing, Professor at the Academy of Arts at Düsseldorf.

F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, M. A. A. B.

J. Meyerbeer, M. A. A. B.

C. Rauch, Professor and M. A. A. B.

G. Schadow, Director of the Academy of Arts at Berlin.

(W. Schadow, Director of the Academy of Arts at Düsseldorf, is to have the reversion of his father's vote.)

J. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Professor at the Academy of Arts of Munich.

M. Schwanthaler, Professor at the Academy of Munich.

#### FOREIGN KNIGHTS—OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE.

Arago, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

Avellino, Member of the Herculanean Society at Naples.

J. von Berzelius, Secretary to the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm.

Count Borghesi, of San Marino.

Robert Brown, Member of the Royal Society of London.

Viscount Chateaubriand, Member of the Institute at Paris.

Faraday, Member of the Royal Society of London.

Count Fossombroni, of Florence.

Gay-Lussac, Member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

Sir John Herschel, of Hawkhurst, in the county of Kent, Member of the Royal Society of London.

Was de Jukoffski, of St. Petersburg.

Kopitar, Professor of Slavonian Literature, and Custodian of the Imperial Library at Vienna.



B. von Krusenstern, Admiral, and Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

Letranne, Director-General of the Archives, and Member of the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris.

Melloni, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Naples.

Thomas Moore, of Great Britain.

Oerstedt, Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Copenhagen.

#### FOREIGN KNIGHTS—OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ART.

Daguerre, Landscape Painter at Paris.

Fonsine, Architect to the King, and Member of the Institute at Paris.

Ingres, Member of the Institute at Paris.

Fr. Liszt, of Paris.

Rossini, of Bologna, Member of the Institute.

Thorwaldsen, of Copenhagen.

Toschi, of Parma, Member of the Institute.

Horace Vernet, Member of the Institute of Paris.

#### RUSSIA.

There are 139 periodicals and newspapers now published in Russia, being five more than were in existence a year ago. Of the existing publications, ninety-eight are printed in Russian, twenty-two in German, eight in French, four in English, three in Polish, one in Italian, and three in the Lettish dialect. Three only of these periodicals are of a decidedly scientific tendency: namely, "The Journal of the Ministry for Public Instruction," "The Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences," and "The Memoirs of the University of Kasan." An imperial order was issued in 1837, to establish local newspapers at the chief towns of the different governments. Of these provincial papers, forty-one only have as yet been established. Their contents are almost exclusively of local interest.

M. Karelin is still engaged in his scientific journey through south-eastern Siberia, which has now lasted for upwards of two years. He commenced his undertaking in 1840, at the expense

of the Society of Naturalists of Moscow; but, towards the termination of the second year, the society notified to him that its pecuniary means would no longer allow it to defray the charge. M. Karelin has, however, been directed by the government to continue his investigations, which he will now extend to the frontiers of China. During the first two years he forwarded to the Society of Moscow twelve chests of zoological, botanical, and mineralogical specimens. Among the botanical specimens sent home in the first year, 190 were collected among the Altai Mountains, and previously unknown to naturalists.

Kohl's works on Russia have been placed among the books, the importation of which into Russia has been prohibited. His work on Southern Russia is indeed allowed to circulate there, but not till several passages of considerable length have been carefully obliterated. Yet Kohl, though he speaks with frankness, manifests throughout all his works a decided partiality for Russia and the Russians. Nämberger's *Stille Leben, oder ueber die Unsterblichkeit der Menschlichen Seele*, and Weiss's *Philosophische Geheimlehre von der Unsterblichkeit des menschlichen Individuums*, have shared the fate of Kohl's amusing works. Among the works, the introduction of which has long been and still is prohibited, are:—the historical works of Rotteck and Pöhlitz, the *Conversations-Lexicon* of Brockhaus, Keller's *Andachtstunden*, Malten's *Beiträge zur neuesten Weltkunde*, Cotta's periodical *Das Ausland*, &c.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, celebrate this year (on the 13th of July) their silver wedding-day, as it is called in Germany, namely, the 25th anniversary of that happy event. The imperial festivities are to take place at the palace of Peterhof, and a million of silver rubles are said to have been set aside for the purpose.

#### SPAIN.

Spanish literature has suffered an irreparable loss by the death of Espronceda, the deputy, and the first lyric poet of Spain. He died on the 23d of May, after an illness of only two days.

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